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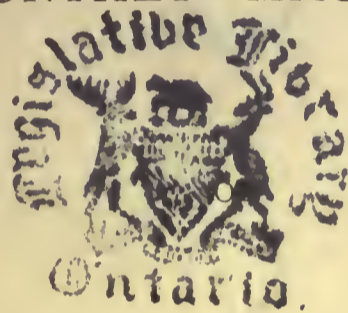


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MONTHLY MAGAZINE



GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

VOL. LII.

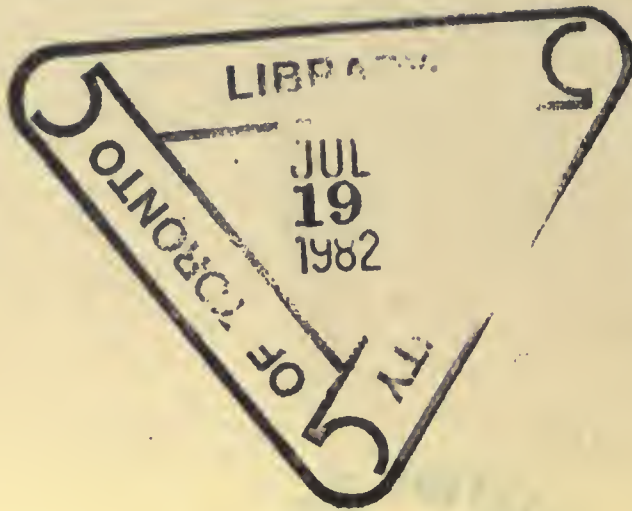
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THEOBALD MATHEW.

A NAME to conjure by! Be it in this year of grace, 1890, that of Theobald Mathew. The tenth day of the October of this year marks the centennial anniversary of the birthday of the hero of total abstinence. Shall it be for us a mere commemorative date, cold as the page of history that tells of the men and the occurrences of a by-gone age? Far from this! Be it a day diffusing over souls all the warmth, all the enthusiasm in well-doing, all the love for God and for fellow-man, with which throbbed during his life-time the heart of Father Mathew. Be it the well-spring of noblest inspirations to noblest deeds. The world has sore need of them: be they ours on Father Mathew's centennial day.

Theobald Mathew was born on the tenth day of October, 1790, near the ancient capital of Tipperary, in sainted Ireland. The great work of his life began on the tenth day of April, 1838, in the city of Cork. The story has been often told, but it is ever worthy of repetition. He had gathered around him in his humble school-room a group of friends. He spoke to them of the evils wrought by intemperance. "Indeed," he added, "if only one poor soul could be rescued from destruction by what we are now attempting, it would be giving glory to God, and well worth all the trouble we could take. No person in health has any need of intoxicating drinks. My dear friends, you do not require them, nor do I require them—neither do I take them. After much reflection on the subject, I have come to the conviction that there is no necessity for the use of them by any one in good health; and I advise you all to follow my example. I will be the first to sign my name in the book which

is on the table, and I hope we shall soon have it full." Father Mathew then approached the table and, taking the pen, said, "Here goes, in the name of God!" and signed as follows: "Revd. Theobald Mathew, C. C., Cove Street, No. 1."

Cove Street, No. 1! Three years ago, guided by the esteemed Bishop of Cork, Dr. O'Callaghan, I turned thither my steps. It was to me a shrine most sacred. Thoughts of it had visited me on trans-Atlantic ground, and had impelled me on a certain day, which I will ever reckon among the happiest of my life, to repeat, in earnestness which must cease only on the grave's brink, the words of Father Mathew: "Here goes, in the name of God!" I wished by the closest contact with scenes amid which he had lived to freshen in my soul my resolution, and gain new strength for it. Thence I wandered toward the blackened walls of the chapel, of penal day obscurity—now, alas! diverted to uses profane—in which for long years the "Apostle" had devoutly ministered. I tarried, too, in meditation beneath the roof of the old "Bazaar" building for which he had exchanged the school-room as the dozens of followers grew into the thousands, and I thought that I heard from the overhanging beams the echoings of his fierce denunciations of sin, and his fervid appeals to take the pledge. This were a work worthy of the attention of total abstainers, and entirely within their lines—to wrest from neglect and decay one or more of those birth-places of their cherished "cause," and bedeck them with ornaments of love and gratitude, guarding them as sanctuaries of zeal and self-denial, for the spiritual refectory of pilgrims from many lands.

Father Mathew, as revealed to us on that memorable April day, was a man of singular courage, and men of this stamp are, unfortunately, rare. The common man moves with the crowd, and keeps himself within beaten paths. The hardest thing to bear is isolation, moral or intellectual. Only the bravest, whose make-up is of the heroic kind, will step out by themselves and suffer to be aloof from their fellows. The tens of thousands of contemporary Irishmen bewailed, as Father Mathew did, the terrible evils wrought around them by intemperance. But the tens of thousands did nothing toward remedying the evils. Why should they? Those evils were of old standing; other men, wise and prudent in their generation, had looked on unconcernedly. Moral evil will endure whatever is done. If it is blotted out under one form, it will reappear under another. The use of liquor in itself is not forbidden; to ask people to abstain from it might be bordering on the old African heresy, which must be avoided at all costs. En-

mities, too, would be awakened, if action is taken against liquor; brewers, distillers, and publicans should not be ruffled in their temper. Besides, he who stirs will be called, even by good and pious men, a fanatic and a fool. By all means let us be quiet, and leave the world to Providence. Not so did Theobald Mathew argue. Sin and misery abounded; he felt in his heart that a remedy was nigh, however unusual and unpopular, and he vowed to apply it. He became a total abstainer, and he preached total abstinence. He stood out alone, the moment he had taken the pledge, from the whole priesthood of Ireland, many of whom, when his determination was made public, called him a "mad-man"; but his solitude revealed his grandeur of soul. He was the hero, too, in his self-denial. He imposed total abstinence upon himself, so as to be able to preach it with power to others, and total abstinence in him bespoke all the greater fortitude that it was new in the moral practices of the times. The self-denial which consists in depriving one's self of the use of intoxicating beverages must seem to many veterans of the "cause" the merest of trifles, especially in the priesthood, to whom self-denial under harshest forms presents itself as the daily obligation. Yet, as experience shows, men who apply midnight discipline to their shoulders, and who would face undaunted the martyr's pyre, tremble before the wine-glass, and dare not bid it to be gone. There is much, no doubt, in the fact that total abstinence has no command and no religious rule; it knows but the law of liberty, and the will must rise to it without prop or help, save divine grace; but precisely because of this must we recognize heroism in it.

"If only one poor soul could be rescued from destruction by what we are now attempting, it would be giving glory to God, and well worth all the trouble we could take." His own words give the key-note of Father Mathew's life and labors. He loved God, and for God's sake he loved the neighbor. Sin through excessive indulgence in drink was rife; souls were rushing into the jaws of hell; family hearth-stones were made desolate; despair and early death circled around the brow of youth, and old age was dishonored. Was he to fold in idleness his arms, and watch unmoved the swift current of destruction? Was he to hesitate before any sacrifice to self, any appeal to others, that might alleviate the sin and the misery? Assuredly not, so long as his heart was fully aglow with the fire of divine love. To spend and to be spent for souls—this is at all times the test and the measure of apostolic zeal. When sacrifices alarm, there is a cooling of the inward fire; when sacrifices are readily

met, it burns with celestial heat. O for a Paul of Tarsus! who cried out that he might be anathema for his brethren; who would never eat meat, or drink wine, if his weakest brother were, thereby to be scandalized; who lived and died a martyr of zeal and self-denial! The world is warmer and better for centuries from the life of a true hero of divine love, and it is well to gather men closely around one such, that they be permeated with his spirit, and reproduce in themselves his ardors. Such a man was Theobald Mathew, and hence his force of character, his strong resolve, his fearlessness in presence of criticism, and his perseverance despite impediments and contradictions.

That Father Mathew was not mistaken in his estimate of the efficiency of total abstinence in the eradication of the popular vice, subsequent events gave ample proof. Within a few years he regenerated Ireland, whose people became the most sober among the nations of Christendom, and rose to an unexampled condition of material prosperity and social peace and virtue. That the good he wrought did not continue unimpaired by time, was not the fault of Father Mathew; neither can the fact be construed as showing a defect in the means he employed. The dreadful famine of 1848 broke the energies of the people and arrested all upward movements. The cause of total abstinence necessarily emerged from it weakened and nerveless. Then, soon afterwards, the apostle himself passed away, and none were found who coveted the wearing of his mantle. He had, indeed, sought to perpetuate his kind. One day he had enrolled under his banners two hundred and fifty students of Ireland's far-famed seminary, Maynooth, and he had believed that a race of leaders had been created that should never fail in Israel. His hopes in this regard were doomed to disappointment. Yet not with himself did all his power go down into the grave. His name remained, and it has been fertile in inspirations. A great man never dies among his fellow-men; his activity never ceases. The total-abstinence movement of the present day in Ireland, in England, in the United States inscribes upon its banners the name of the "Apostle," feeds itself upon his principles, and lives off his very soul. The priest of Cove Street reigns to-day, and his realm embraces the whole English-speaking world.

In the centennial of Father Mathew there is a deep significance. It speaks to us, in accents that will not be stilled, of our own duty. Intemperance is among us, doing fearful harm to bodies and to souls. It has not the unlimited sway which former

years accorded to it: there are serried battalions in the field opposing it. Public opinion no longer fawns to it; both its victims and its agents are held in ill-repute. Yet, withal, the slimy serpent lives, and through all ranks of society it trails its poison-laden lengths, distilling in all directions its pestilential breathings. Who is there who has not sorrowed over its ravages? Let me speak as a Catholic. I know I will be blamed for my rashness and credited with unpardonable exaggerations, and, may be, with untruths. There are those who fain would veil from public gaze the gaping wounds; there are those who, limiting their observations to their immediate encircling, do not believe in the wide spread disasters, the knowledge of which appalls me. But speak I will, and let me be called, as Theobald Mathew was, a fanatic and a madman. Intemperance to-day is doing Holy Church harm beyond the power of pen to describe, and unless we crush it out, Catholicity can make but slow advance in America. I would say, intemperance is our one misfortune. With all other difficulties we can easily cope, and cope successfully. Intemperance, as nothing else, paralyzes our forces, awakens in the minds of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens violent prejudices against us, and casts over all the priceless treasures of truth and grace which the church carries in her bosom an impenetrable veil of darkness. Need I particularize? Catholics nearly monopolize the liquor-traffic; Catholics loom up before the criminal courts of the land, under the charge of drunkenness and other violations of law resulting from drunkenness, in undue majorities; poor-houses and asylums are thronged with Catholics, the immediate or mediate victims of drink; the poverty, the sin, the shame that fall upon our people result almost entirely from drink, and, God knows, those afflictions come upon them thick and heavy! No one would dare assert, so strong the evidence, that the disgrace from liquor-selling and liquor-drinking taken from us, the most hateful enemy could throw a stone at us, or that our people would not come out in broad day-light before the country as the purest, the most law-abiding, the most honored element in its population. And still—mystery passing strange!—the Theobald Mathews are few, and these few are timid. What, as a people, are we doing? We stand almost at the doors of saloons pelting nicknames at total abstainers, calling them cranks and Manicheans. We exhaust our speech in invoking maledictions upon the heads of prohibitionists and temperance agitators. We inveigh, of course, though often in softest tones, against the sin of out-and-out intoxication; but, while doing this much, lest the blows to alcohol be too se-

rious, we are careful to emphasize certain abstract principles as to the licitness, *in se*, of saloon-keeping and liquor-drinking. On the tables at great banquets the wines sparkle, and their fragrance is wafted through the air to cellar and tenement-house, tempting the miserable occupants to rush to *their* banquet-hall, the corner grog-shop. We philosophize, at times, of course, over the evil which we cannot totally conceal from ourselves; but very strange the cogitations by which we excuse our do-nothing policy. In other countries, say we, drinking goes on, and no noise is made about it; why should not drinking be as highly thought of in America as in Jutland or among the Carpathian Mountains? Others drink as much as our own people do, and, may be, a good deal more than they; and, if they are more temperate than our own people, they have vices more hideous than intemperance, from which ours are free. We must denounce divorce and Mormonism; we have no time to denounce intemperance. Then—who knows?—by opposing intemperance too strongly we might drive men into Manicheism, and, at any rate, we would offend the generous brewer and the jovial-faced bartender, men whose dollars are never held back from the charities of the church. Liquor is the poetry of life; a table without wine or beer looks like a funeral feast; those total abstainers are moody, dangerous men, hypocrites and misers. The proper remedy for intemperance, if a remedy is needed, should be prayer and the sacraments; but the drunkards will not come to the sacraments, and our obligation toward them ends. Thus do we act, thus do we argue, thus do we joke, and meanwhile the Church of Christ droops her head in shame, legions of poor people rot in sin and misery, and immortal souls are precipitated into hell.

Oh! for a solemn and enduring awakening from slumber and sloth, by virtue of the sacred memory of Father Mathew! Why dilly-dally another day with this monster-evil which is desolating the land? Why, when the enemy is upon us, slaying neighbors and friends, and damning souls, lose a moment in idle discussions and heartless pleasantries? For once let us be serious-minded, and zealous and active in well doing. One decade of years, in earnest warfare—the battle being general throughout the field, instead of being confined to some isolated bands of sharpshooters—and victory brilliant and complete shall be ours. The task is much easier than it was for Father Mathew. Total abstinence is no longer a novelty; it has made its record and proved its efficiency, and the church has set her seal upon it. The cry was in Father Mathew's time, and for long years afterwards, that

Rome had not recognized total abstinence. Indeed, the would-be-wise men knew that Rome never would recognize it; if she did, then assuredly they, loyal sons of hers, should recognize it too, and most likely practise it. Well, Rome has spoken; but those loyal sons of hers are so busy reading up her utterances on other subjects that they lose sight of her words on total abstinence. "Hence," wrote Leo XIII., "we esteem worthy of all commendation the noble resolve of your pious associations, by which they pledge themselves to abstain totally from every kind of intoxicating drink. Nor can it at all be doubted that this determination is the proper and the truly efficacious remedy [or, as some choose to translate, a proper and a truly efficacious remedy] for this very great evil." There remains, now, no excuse for indifference or inactivity.

All circumstances well considered, it is not too much to say that the practices of zeal and self-denial are very few, if there are any, that will give more public edification and bring greater glory to the church than that of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. Let this truth be pressed upon our Catholics, in season and out of season. Let pastors, in whose keeping primarily souls are placed, teach it by word and example. Let the religious orders in the church, that make of self-denial a chief duty, embracing through love for God fasting and flagellation, take front ranks in the new crusade. Father Mathew was a priest and a religious, and his example comes home with intensified force to priests and religious. We quote again from the brief of the Sovereign Pontiff: "So much the more strongly will all be induced to put this bridle [total abstinence] upon appetite, by how much the greater are the dignity and influence of those who give the example. But greatest of all in this matter should be the zeal of priests, who, as they are called to instruct the people in the word of life, and to mould them to Christian morality, should also, and above all, walk before them in the practice of virtue. Let pastors, therefore, do their best to drive the plague of intemperance from the fold of Christ by assiduous preaching and exhortation, and to shine before all as models of abstinence, that so many calamities with which this vice threatens both church and state may, by their strenuous endeavors, be averted."

To Ireland, Father Mathew's own land, do we send, on his anniversary, a message of love and gratitude. To her are we indebted for him, and for all the inspirations which spring from his name. Next to their own country, Ireland is of all nations dearest to the hearts of total abstainers, and for her salvation

their fervent prayers go up to the Throne of Grace. Heaven be praised that, her noble episcopate leading, a new era for total abstinence has dawned over her. She celebrates fitly the centennial of her "Apostle." How much there is involved in the triumph of total abstinence in Ireland, did but Irishmen understand it! For herself it means all blessings. "Ireland sober is Ireland free," said one who loved her well. For her exiled children, scattered to the four corners of the earth, it means their own sobriety, and their honor in the eyes of their fellow-citizens in their new homes. For the church, of which in the vast English-speaking world Irishmen and their descendants form a part so large and so important, it means undimmed glory. Total abstinence in Ireland is total abstinence across oceans and over continents. And total abstinence in Ireland is to be had for the asking. God has not created a people more docile to their spiritual leaders than the children of St. Patrick. May I dare speak across the Atlantic and name the means, so easy and so simple, by which Ireland will be made the most sober nation of earth, and without which labors most herculean must fail? It is this: let the words of Father Mathew reverberate in the seminaries, the monasteries, and the presbyteries of Ireland: "Here goes, in the name of God!" The magic persuasiveness of Father Mathew's appeals lay in his own total-abstinence pledge. In their own pledges will the priests of Ireland conquer.

"In hoc signo vinces."

JOHN IRELAND.

St. Paul, Minn



CARDINAL NEWMAN'S PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.

FOR at least half a century the name of John Henry Newman has called forth an interest so keen and so constantly recurring, that it would be no light task to measure the sum of what has been written about him. Circumstances led him to lay bare the most secret thoughts of his heart, and to trace in more than one volume that revolution of feeling and the building up of a new faith on the foundations of a strongly-marked individual philosophy, which was the chief outcome of the Tractarian movement and gave the church her most illustrious convert since the Reformation. But in spite of the familiar knowledge that every educated man must have of his works, and the unbounded admiration which their pure and classic eloquence has excited; nay, notwithstanding the passionate idolatry felt and expressed by so many for the greatest religious genius of our time, it remains an interesting question how far his principles have been generally seen into, and what influence they have exercised on the mind as distinct from the sentiment and imagination of the thousands to whom he was an object of perennial curiosity. Some of the things he accomplished are plain enough. He was the leader in a great revival of Christianity within the Church of England, and moulded the spiritual life of at least two generations of High Anglicans. He carried with him into a church from which their fathers had broken away a multitude of men and women, the transfer of whose allegiance from one side to the other has powerfully affected the history of England, and helped to make the Catholic name a reality in a country where it had nearly died out. Again, he set up more than one centre of enduring religious influence in the church that he joined; and the long array of his writings, so full of personal charm and subtle and fervent thinking, made him in course of time the main champion to whom Catholics looked when their faith was assailed, and almost its exclusive interpreter to English-speaking peoples at large. It was his good fortune, merited by no small share of disappointment and evil-speaking patiently borne, to be revered during his lifetime as a saint and a genius of the first order. He survived until his services and sufferings were adorned—they could not be rewarded—by the cardinal's crimson, and Englishmen and Catholics united in recognizing him as a spiritual power which seemed

all but unique in this day of other kinds of greatness. So much for the past. But the considerations I propose to submit to the reader's judgment in these few pages will be concerned rather with the time to come. Cardinal Newman will undoubtedly go down to the after world as an English classic. His memory will be cherished as that of a most fascinating and peculiar genius, in whom saintliness put on a high poetic coloring and was Dantesque and weird in its vivid perception of the unseen. But where will his place be as a master of thought? To what elements in his teaching will men turn for guidance? Or, in other words, what is the philosophy expounded in his volumes and what the key to their meaning?

I do not, of course, pretend in half a dozen paragraphs to discuss these questions adequately. Brief I must be, and therefore I cannot be adequate. However, it is possible even within so small a compass to indicate the lines on which an exponent of Cardinal Newman's philosophy would proceed if he were endeavoring to interpret the text by its various parts. And there is no other way to deal fittingly with genius. "I am myself alone," says King Richard in the tragedy. Genius cannot help being alone. Its greatness of spirit and breadth of contemplation lift it into solitary regions where other men cannot come. This was emphatically the case with John Henry Newman. He was impatient of being confused with other men; and even when he admitted that he thought like his fellows, he was not satisfied until he had set forth in his own unrivalled language the terms and limits of that agreement. He was the most individual of human beings, living, meditating, writing in a solitude which grew upon him with his years, and kept him at a distance from the great world and the honors that were his due. Something, doubtless, of his charm lay in the mingling of such deep and silent austerity with the intellectual frankness whereby his writings have become a direct, a strangely intimate message to those that never set eyes on him. To read them is like listening to a spirit; they seem to speak out of a sanctuary, a world of inward light, sacred and still, where, to employ his own beautiful expression, we look upon "those facts which fill eternity" and enter into their meaning. None other than himself, therefore, can be his interpreter. And all we may aim at is to bind his sayings together and compare them part with part.

This becomes the more requisite, since it lay in the nature of the man to give us fragmentary views, glimpses, and sudden flashes of thought, rather than complete theories or expositions

rounded off as in a system. His insight was of the keenest; his explanations—witness that remarkably original book, *The Grammar of Assent*—were often intricate. And the root of all this we must seek in his profound and pervading sense of his own personality. Cardinal Newman took his own mind, nature, and temperament as the clue by which to feel his way through the world's mysteries. He declares with trenchant emphasis: "If I may not assume that I exist, and in a particular way, that is, with a particular mental constitution, I have nothing to speculate about, and had better let speculation alone. Such as I am, it is my all; this is my initial stand-point, and must be taken for granted." And again: "I am what I am, or I am nothing. I cannot think, reflect, or judge about my being, without starting from the very point which I aim at concluding. My ideas are all assumptions, and I am ever moving in a circle. I cannot avoid being sufficient for myself."* The key-note of his philosophy is struck in these bold words, which remind us of Descartes' last refuge against doubt; *Cogito, ergo sum*. Cardinal Newman's merit and distinction as a thinker consist in the deliberate, self-reliant use which he makes of this "initial stand-point" and necessary "assumption." From himself, looked upon as an undeniable fact, an ever-present experience, he is always setting out to discover the laws of the universe wherein he has to play his part, and with this *datum* of personality to ascertain the end of life, the path of duty, and the answer to the great enigma of Being.

"The personal, not the abstract," as the light of human action. It is the cry of genius protesting against the cramped system which can find no room in the world for life, against the pedantry of a science professing to be all sufficient, while it can but dissect and has never created. With a dead universe we may well accept a blind God for its author. But Newman, like Carlyle, like Goethe, though in other ways so different from them, had the strongest conviction that life and not death is the last word of wisdom. He has been taunted with endeavoring, by means of sentiment, to fill up the abyss of scepticism in his own heart; nor is it difficult for a clever man to present the contrast between concrete methods and abstract in Cardinal Newman's pages, as if it were contradiction, and to show that the *Grammar of Assent* maintained that all science, metaphysics, and *a priori* reasoning were false, while the only means of attaining truth were fanaticism and enthusiasm. Let us, however, be candid enough

* *Grammar of Assent*, sixth edition, p. 347.

to deal out to Newman the measure of justice we do not refuse to Carlyle and Goethe. Science has an objective worth; metaphysics is truly the crown of knowledge; and the intellect untinged with enthusiasm and free from fanaticism has a light within itself. But the path of genius does not lie simply through abstractions. Is there no objective worth in poetry, music, the plastic arts, in the various forms of literature which are not scientific but are transcripts of experience, nay, in experience itself before reflex methods have manipulated any of its data? Must we deny that feeling, passion, sentiment have a value, not only for the subject of them, but as facts which are ascertainable like the dimensions of a surface, and, being facts, are real and not illusory? But we may go further. The distinction to which Newman is ever returning has given rise to philosophies, like those of Hartmann and Schopenhauer. It has a close resemblance to that which Kant lays down between the speculative and the practical reason. It will explain the upgrowth in churches, Christian and non-Christian, of a mystical theology to regulate the life of devotion and prayer, not superseding while it completed the rational theology whose home was in the schools, and whose method was tradition and the syllogism. For there is a high and true sense in which religion, of whatever kind, goes back to the idea of personality, and through that idea must be developed. But as we do not charge a mathematician with denying the worth of history because he follows his own line and knows nothing of the historian's, so neither can we, with any show of justice, blame the mystical theologian for a scepticism, in respect of science or metaphysics, which is not in the least implied by his using a distinct key to explain life and religion. So much at the outset; and now let us consider more closely the idea of the personal, as we find it employed in Cardinal Newman's writings.

To him, I say, the most momentous, direct, and deep experience is that which personal beings have of one another. In comparison with persons, all things else are shadows. Nature, apart from that life of the intellect and emotions which makes up human experience strictly so-called, is a parable without a meaning. For every man "the one luminously self-evident being" is himself; "each in his hidden sphere of weal or woe, our hermit spirits dwell." While a boy Newman was always thinking of the material world as a semblance, not a reality, which his fellow-playmates, the Angels, put between themselves and him to deceive him. Later on he learnt, from Clement of

Alexandria, from Origen and Dionysius, to view "the exterior world, physical and historical," as "but the manifestation to our senses of realities greater than itself." He read the same meaning in, or into, Bishop Butler's *Analogy*, and concluded thence to the "sacramental system" whereby Nature becomes a vehicle for influences not its own and the shadow of good things yet to be. Carrying out the same principle, and personifying all that common observers dealt with merely in the abstract, he referred every kind of phenomena in some way to spiritual life as its origin; instead of mechanical forces, he spoke of Angels, and "considered them as the real causes of motion, light, and life, and of those elementary principles of the physical universe which, when offered in their developments to our senses, suggest to us the notion of cause and effect, and of what are called laws of Nature." And thus, in a sermon full of vivid poetry, on Michaelmas Day, he resolves physical science into angelic influences. "Every breath of air," he says admirably, "and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God."*

From first to last, therefore—from the fresh imaginings of the boy to the tender and severe *Dream of Gerontius*, when the poet, like St. Paul, might say of himself, "I now am an old man"—the nature of things appeared to him not as an immense laboratory of unconscious forces, nor an interaction of dead laws with one another, but as life in its most personal and self-conscious expression. Abstract thought is never more to him than the empty formulas of algebra, a picture of something greater which alone is real and from which the abstractions are derived. Primal being, true being is concrete, individual, in the sense of Aristotle's *prima substantia*; it is not universal nor the creation of the laws of mind. Now, the heart of personality is *will*; and we are almost startled on finding that Newman, who had never read a page of Schopenhauer, decides with him that the initial force, by comparison with which all other forces must be understood, is "effective will." He does not shrink from interpreting in this sense the doctrine of causation. To the unchangeableness of the Divine Will he ascribes whatever uniformity scientific men may discover in natural laws.† He is ready, in accordance with Catholic principles, to distinguish between the substance of the material world and its manifestations. But I cannot perceive that he anywhere grants the existence of physical forces corresponding to

* *Apologia*, second edition, pp. 2, 10, 26, 27, *seq.*

† *Grammar of Assent*, pp. 68, 72.

the nature of the extended universe. And how there can be a nature without its proper force I do not understand.

But to return. As Newman proceeds from personality to will, so does he proceed from will to conscience. The acts of will are loving, hating, choosing, and the like, none of which can exist without reference to an end, while if we look into ourselves we shall become aware that they fall under a standard and bring with them the notion of right and wrong. In other words, our moral being is to be explained in the light of the Good. Newman, however, does not pursue the line of reasoning which was suggested to Aristotle, as to his Christian disciples, by the universal idea of the Good. While fully granting the moral sense which apprehends it, he passes at once to the concrete phenomena in and through which it discloses to the individual a personality higher than his own. Thus he proves that conscience is "a voice, or the echo of a voice, imperative and constraining, like no other dictate in the whole of our experience." Man recognizes, in conscience, that he is "alone with the Alone," subject to a supreme personality who is holy, just, all-seeing, and retributive, the Judge of his actions from whom there is no appeal.*

Over and over again, with most melting pathos and heartfelt conviction, does Newman recur to this sovereign fact of every man's experience. The pages in which he dwells upon it are the tenderest, the most majestic he has given us, and all English-speaking peoples have learnt them by heart. On the deep foundations of conscience he builds the tabernacle of God with man, and prophesies truly that it will endure unto everlasting. And in doing so, he does not "fall into metaphysics"; he goes by observation of fact, by induction, if you please. With irresistible logic, he instances our perception of the beautiful as like and parallel to the recognition that takes place within us, spontaneously and often against our will, of a living law of right and wrong; not a law in general, but a command here and now binding on us. The sense of obligation is no more of our devising than the delight we take in seeing lovely shapes or the disgust with which we turn from deformity. If, then, we admit a difference in the nature of things between the beautiful and the hideous, how, in the name of fact and of science founded on fact, can we decline to believe that the law of conscience, commanding and forbidding under sternest threats of punishment, nay, with an instant sanction in the feeling of remorse or in-

* *Grammar of Assent*, pp. 107 to 118, etc.

ward tranquillity, is a part of the nature of things also? But reflect how much is contained in our admission. For it is nothing less than allowing that experience reveals to us, by one stroke as it were, a religion whose essence is morality and whose object is the personal, living God.

Here is a magnificent commentary on that saying of Pascal's—whom in so many ways Cardinal Newman resembled—that “the heart has its reasons which reason does not comprehend”; and that other, “this is perfect faith, God made *sensible to the heart*.”* We may call it faith, for it is not the outcome of the senses, nor of that logical, reflex faculty which proceeds on general principles, and is named *par excellence* reasoning. “This instinct of the mind,” Cardinal Newman remarks elsewhere, “recognizing an external Master in the dictates of conscience, and imaging the thought of him in the definite impressions which conscience creates, is parallel to that other law not only of human but of brute nature, by which the presence of unseen individual beings is discerned under the shifting shapes and colors of the visible world.” † It need not depend on previous experience or analogical reasoning. And the native power to which Cardinal Newman would refer these kindred perceptions is the Illative sense. Its characteristic is that it pierces through phenomena to the realities which underlie them, enabling us to affirm the existence of an objective world—no mere curtain of dreams but substance and enduring fact—of our own individual persistent selves and of other selves like them, and of the Eternal Cause who is the stay and support of all things and their final end. But mark that its affirmations are categorical, not “It must be so,” but “It is so.” By the illative sense we cry out *Ecce mundus, ecce homo, ecce Deus*. It reaches to the reality, but is not concerned with the process, which may remain a problem for the philosopher. But the determining acts of our life flow from it. “The heart,” again says Newman, illustrating his own principle, “is commonly reached, not through the reason, but through the imagination, by means of direct impressions, by the testimony of facts and events, by history, by description. Persons influence us, looks subdue us, deeds inflame us. Many a man will live and die upon a dogma; no man will be a martyr for a conclusion.” ‡

Religion is, then, a dogma resting on each one's secret personal

* *Pensées*, edition 1874, p. 169.

† *Grammar of Assent*, p. 110. Compare with these words the modern notion of “autonomous morality,” which they explain or condemn.

‡ Quoted in *Grammar of Assent*, pp. 92, 93.

experience, not a bare conclusion from abstract premises. God dwells within us and makes his voice heard. But now comes the critical point in the process of appeal to fact. Since God is in the conscience of one, is he not equally in the knowledge of all? What is, therefore, the witness of the world—I do not mean of inanimate nature, but of the human race, of history and daily life?

Alas, alas! "I look out of myself," exclaims this noble and sincere thinker, "into the world of men, and here I see a sight which fills me with unspeakable distress. The world seems simply to give the lie to that great truth of which my whole being is so full; and the effect upon me is, in consequence, as a matter of necessity, as confusing as if it denied that I am in existence myself." So sure has conscience made him that a God there is! He continues: "If I looked into a mirror and did not see my face, I should have the sort of feeling which actually comes upon me when I look into this living, busy world, and see no reflection of its Creator."* It is a great difficulty; he admits it. He is willing even to say: "Were it not for this voice, speaking so clearly in my conscience and my heart, I should be an atheist, or a pantheist, or a polytheist when I looked into the world." Again we are reminded of Pascal, where he declares that the evidence of a God, while too clear to be denied by those that seek him with all their hearts, is yet so far from being manifest on the surface of things that wherever we look we perceive only darkness.† Why, in spite of such obscurity, was Cardinal Newman neither atheist, nor pantheist, nor polytheist? Because always, on turning to the holy place within, he found there the living God, commanding, entreating, threatening, enlightening. It was a direct Divine experience which neither the confusion of history, dreadful as he thought it, nor the misery clouding over men's lives could take away. It cannot be true that there is no God, for the depths of our being bear witness to him. How, then, shall we account for his absence from his own world? If he is light, why do men live in the Valley of the Shadow of Death? "I see only a choice of alternatives," is the reply; "either there is no Creator or he has disowned his creatures." Man is estranged from his Maker. The world is out of joint with God's purposes. We turn from the light because we are in love with darkness; our deeds will not bear the searching gaze of Infinite Purity. Somehow, somewhere, it is evident that mankind has revolted from the First and Fairest. And here again

* *Apologia*, p. 241.† *Pensées*, p. 47.

“my true informant, my burdened conscience, gives me at once the answer. It pronounces without any misgiving that God exists, and it pronounces quite as surely that I am alienated from him.”* It is the philosophy of the *Pensées*. The corruption of our nature has hidden the face of God. Original sin, intensified by daily transgressions, a fallen universe, a discarded humanity—in these, and not in atheism, Pascal finds an explanation and takes refuge from doubt.

The doctrine of the Fall, which is a Christian dogma, becomes in this manner a fact of experience to Newman, “almost as certain as that the world exists, and as the existence of God.” It is remarkable that, in taking up such a position, he differs not only from the ordinary teaching of modern science, but from the views held by the majority of theologians. With the latter point I am not now concerned. Nor have I any intention of discussing how far the doctrine of the Fall is compatible with theories of evolution which represent man as rising by degrees from a pre-human stage to reason and civilization. Without entering for a moment on so vast a subject, I may be permitted to suggest that there is, and must be, an element of fact common to every view, from which the existence of God is demonstrable. Darwin, apparently, maintains that we are ascending; Newman that we have fallen. Both, therefore, imply that human nature has reference to an Ideal which it does not realize. Now, the being of a God may be as clear from the tendency towards an Ideal as from the misery and darkness which have followed on the loss of it. Those passionate regrets and longings after Paradise Lost, doubtless, to Newman’s apprehension were a token that we had once dwelt within the gates of Eden. But upward progress, continuing through the ages, and issuing in the appearance of a race whose nature is moral, and their supreme law conscience—does not that likewise prove that the Power which shapes and governs the universe is itself a Moral Nature, a God who is Holiness, and Justice, and Truth?

Meanwhile, a great darkness lies upon the world; and though conscience is equal to founding Natural Religion, we must remember, with Cardinal Newman, that history does not show one single nation or city that has ever been set up in Natural Religion alone. “No religion yet,” he truly affirms, “has been a religion of physics or philosophy. It has ever been synonymous with Revelation.” There is, he argues, a presentiment in

* *Grammar of Assent*, p. 398 seq.

human nature that a Revelation will be given, and it is founded on our sense of the infinite goodness of God and of our own extreme misery and need—two doctrines which are the primary constituents of Natural Religion.* The conviction of sin, the instinct of prayer, the faith in Providence—all exhibited, as we know, under grotesque and terrible no less than gracious and consoling forms—result for mankind at large in an expectation directly opposed to such philosophy as Hume's, which lays down that the order of nature is fixed in a way to forbid Divine interpositions. In like manner the doctrine of atonement, including vicarious satisfaction, is enforced by the providential system of the world. Men are brethren one of another, even on the showing of nature; and the very net-work of causes and effects in which at times we seem to lie helpless, carries with it the possibility that what is capable of doing us so much hurt may likewise redeem or abolish the evil it occasions. If we obey the monitor within, one of its chief dictates would appear to be that we should seek in History for the completion of its teaching. Man cannot live alone; the individual is not sufficient for himself; and the very obscurity which perplexes him when he would fain catch the whispers of the Eternal Spirit, should lead him to ask whether an oracle from on high does not exist somewhere in human society to which he may have recourse and be enlightened.

Conscience brings him to the parting of the ways. One there is that takes us step by step to the door of the Catholic Church; and another which in no long time loses itself in the wilderness. How, now, are we to follow the right road and attain to truth? Cardinal Newman replies in one sentence, "By coming to Christ." Not, therefore, by making out a philosophy on our own account, nor by abstract methods at all. The same process whereby we discover God in the depths of conscience, is that which reveals Christ as the one Teacher sent from God amid the tumult and discord of the world's history. Hence he believes that "instead of saying that the truths of Revelation depend on those of Natural Religion, it is more pertinent to say that belief in revealed truths depends on belief in natural." Life is governed by faith, guided by personal influences, shaped by living examples. This, Cardinal Newman would insist, is matter of fact. And, therefore, if the God who makes himself known in conscience, should deign to perfect that natural revelation by another, it is reasonable to expect that he will proceed on the

* *Grammar of Assent*, pp. 96, 422.

same principles, and will teach us from without, not by any system of formal axioms, nor by training the speculative intellect, but in ways already familiar to us, by the sovereign authority of a Person whose command is righteous and loving. Is the corruption of man in his fallen state due to his not having loved God? The sum of revelation will be, then, to make the love of God once more easy and natural. We have the Image of God in conscience; Christ is the Image of God in History. And the purpose of his coming is to reconcile man with his Maker, by atoning in his own Person for man's transgressions and enabling him, as a new creature, to love the Father in the Son.

Undoubtedly, this twofold argument, by which first Natural Religion is built on conscience, and then Revelation on Natural Religion, and both are made the outcome of an intercourse between the finite personality of man and the infinite personality of God, is consistent in itself and accords with the constituent elements and laws of our being. It can be met only by calling the facts in question; not at all by refusing to admit the validity of the process. For are we prepared to say that there is no truth except in abstract science, to deny their work as vehicles and representations of truth to poetry, art, sentiment, the experience of the uneducated, and the ten thousand incidents of common life which defy analysis yet have their roots in a reality? Why should we suppose that religion must take a way which no other kind of experience follows? If we do not wait for the results of pure speculation before hazarding our dearest hopes, or committing ourselves to a cause of which the issue may be death, where is the ground for declining to believe in natural or revealed religion because we do not find demonstrative evidence for either? Have we not, in regard to them, that certitude which is rightly called moral, as adequate in itself to determine the action of rational beings? Observe that, unlike Butler, Cardinal Newman does not enunciate as his leading maxim that "probability is the guide of life." He contends that in concrete, as distinct from notional assent, we may by an accumulation of probabilities arrive at a ground of action which is more than probable, which is certain, and therefore sufficient to carry with it an absolute and irrevocable decision. And though it should be objected that he has not, in the Illative sense, found the true solution of the problem of moral certitude, yet the fact remains that by some process, whether we can define it or no, we do arrive at conclusions in concrete matters which are and ought to be binding on the conscience. Let this

be allowed, and it is not difficult to show that the reasonings which have made men Christians, and brought generation after generation into the Catholic Church, are among the strongest of their kind, and therefore in the highest degree legitimate. Fanaticism can never be justified; but a deep and humble enthusiasm, a returning of love for love, is a reasonable state of mind in the presence of the Infinite and All Holy. God is not a pale idea, but a living Ideal; not a notion, but a Person. And it is the Image of Christ, as the only begotten of the Father, which is the life of Christians; of "Christ as he" fulfils the one great need of "human nature," and becomes "the Healer of its wounds, the Physician of the soul." This Image it is, miraculous in its origin and continuance, in its power and its effects, "which both creates faith and then rewards it."*

Hence it follows that, as Revelation came from a living source, and is summed up in the Person of Christ, it has likewise been committed to a living organism, not to a speechless book. It is bound up with a church in whose mind it lies implicit, and by whose mouth it is expounded from age to age. It is perpetuated in the tradition of the faithful; and the action and reaction of one intellect upon another, the various degrees of understanding in which the millions must needs possess it, give rise to the phenomena of development of dogma, justify a certain economy or adaptation of the Christian doctrine to various minds—so long as the truth is not thereby violated—and enable us to see how the elements of stability and progress may and do exist together in the universal church. Thus we have found the social conscience with Christ for its light and sovereign, not doing away but leading to perfection the teaching of that conscience in the individual from which we set out.

Contrast with this general view, gained from the idea of personality, the so-called scientific method and its results. Both principles appeal to experience and make it their starting-point; but the conclusions at which they arrive, when employed in a certain way, are the most unlike that can be imagined. While Cardinal Newman, at every step in advance, finds his idea becoming more concrete and taking in more and more of history, the scientific observer proceeds from law to law, and as he enlarges the circle of his knowledge grows more abstract. Look, for example, at Spinoza, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and the experimental philosophers of our day. Their ultimate conclusion is a formula. By the aid of chemistry, physiology, cosmology, they resolved

* *Grammar of Assent*, p. 464.

experience and all its laws into forms of the Absolute; and of nothing are they so firmly convinced as that the Absolute cannot be a Person. The being they admit is, because it has no limits, indeterminate, and rejects all qualities; it is being in general without attributes, without life, without consciousness. If to deny the personality of God be atheism, then these men are atheists. And whether the fact be so or no, this we may take for certain, that their method of reducing all to abstractions is the death-blow of religion, for upon abstractions no religion was ever founded. Its essence, as we have seen, is love, resignation, glad submission; but we cannot feel attachment for a law or be resigned to a formula. And so strongly has this been felt that in proportion as the prophets of agnosticism have weakened the faith of men in a personal God, we have seen a fresh religion founded on personality—but on the human, not the Divine—advancing to take the place which it seemed that the Christian churches were abandoning, but which agnosticism could not, and never can, make its own. The rise of that grotesque superstition called Positivism is an answer to those who fancy that religion can dispense with a personal element in its object. It is not that man desires to worship man; but he knows that God is neither a law nor a formula, and he asks for a Divine Life upon which to stay his spirit. He is not to be persuaded that conscience has no sanction beyond the tomb, or is merely a tribal instinct, founded on considerations of the common utility. A God in whom there are mere human attributes no thinking man will worship; but still less can he worship a God that has no attributes at all. The true religion must combine the Absolute, or the Infinite, with the Personal. And if it be said that to comprehend their union is beyond us, I answer that religion being an indispensable part of human existence, and such a union being necessary to its object, the reasonable conclusion is that Absolute and Personal are but different aspects of the one self-subsisting nature, and that while their union may be a mystery its reality is certain.

But, for my part, I should go further, and say that the scientific method, when rightly used, does not lead to impersonal abstractions or to laws of which the root is unknowable. Of course I do not credit Cardinal Newman with the sentiment that science in the long run means atheism; but I think he has nowhere plainly indicated the connecting link between his method of reaching concrete truths and the scientific which, at first sight, may seem to disregard the concrete, according to the ancient dictum, *De contingentibus non datur scientia*. That middle point,

common to both, is the intellect itself. True as it is that the intellect cognizes universal ideas and founds on them laws, principles, axioms, and the like, it is equally true that the intellect cognizes its own existence as concrete and personal. The difficulty which has induced so many to deal with the First Cause as an abstract universal might have been lessened, if not entirely dispelled, by reflecting on the nature of their own intellect. For it is, on the one hand, the most individual of individual entities, yet on the other has in it the forms of all things that are or may be, and in the well-known words of St. Thomas Aquinas, *quodammodo fit omnia*. It possesses and can body forth the perfections of the whole material universe, as we see in the artist and the poet, whose mind directs his hand or inspires his song. There is no reason, then, why intellect should not be endowed with that infinitude of being which our agnostic friends mean when they talk of the "Absolute." But to conceive an intellect, and much more the first and perfect intellect, as not self-conscious, as not personal, is, I had almost said, a contradiction in terms.

I have now suggested a very different way of coming to know the "Author, Sustainer, and Finisher of all things, the Life of law and order, the Moral Governor" who is all perfection, than that taken by Cardinal Newman in his appeal to conscience—a different, not a contradictory, way. It is the way of metaphysicians and of the school; nor must I omit to add that it convinces many minds where the cardinal's argument leaves them hesitating. For it does not ask them to search into their moods of feeling, and it puts emotion on one side. It denies the moral attributes of God from his infinite perfection as the self-existent; it shows that, as he is the necessary pattern upon which all things are framed, he must be the standard of beauty and of goodness. Since he is the First Cause, therefore he is and must be the Final Cause, too; and the doctrines of morality and religion flow at once from this conception. In like manner the light of intellect being spread over the face of the world, it is natural to see in matter itself and the myriads of lower lives those evidences of order, wisdom, and providence which have led many a man of science from the contemplation of the book of nature to the Divine Ideal so mysteriously hinted in its pages. And this again throws a tranquil light on the tumultuous scene of humanity. Physics, metaphysics, religion, thus lend one another a helping hand. The sense of personality is preserved; but as it is protected by a continual appeal

to that very intellect which builds up science and philosophy, there is felt, not an ever-returning antagonism or antinomy to be overcome, but a growing harmony which is its own evidence.

It were to have been wished that Cardinal Newman could have dwelt more on such considerations. But his aim, at all times, was practical, even when he touched upon matters of abstract philosophy; and he did not, it would seem, bring home to himself how many minds are open to arguments of the strictest metaphysical nature while suspicious, to use his own word, of appeals to sentiment. Reason demands that we should attend both to metaphysics, which are only reason made explicit, and to sentiment, which is the correlative of objective truth. Moreover, in a day like our own, when science is a power—and rightly so, for it has done wonderful things for the advancement of mankind—when, too, speculation is no longer the property of a few learned men, but has come forth into the highways and is published in popular magazines, it would have helped the cause he had so much at heart if Cardinal Newman had pointed to the affinities between belief in the personal living God and the processes whereby science has gained its triumphs. This, I cannot but remark in concluding, takes something from the persuasiveness, but nothing from the real force, of the method he has delineated in the *Grammar of Assent*. He has defended, with weapons taken from experience, the rights and claims of genius, art, poetry, life, enthusiasm, mystical theology, personal religion. He has shown that from communion with God through conscience we may advance to communion with Christ and his church in history. But the circumstances of his training, the date of his conversion to Catholicism, and a certain natural bent away from metaphysics, made it impossible for him to address, with much hope of being listened to, that growing multitude which is willing to accept Theism if it be founded on the principles of physical and metaphysical science, while it is too prone to imagine that sentiment must be delusive, and it has not yet understood the secret of knowledge conveyed in divine and human love.

WILLIAM BARRY.

THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE.

A REMINISCENCE OF FACTS.

Say, Paddy!

D'you mind the ould grog-shop that stood on the corner, down
the Ninth Avenue,

Kep' by Tim Hoggarty, back in the time whin the business—
bad cess to it!—

Didn't make headway up in our parish, thanks to the Fathers
Fightin' an' praichin' an' prayin' an' workin' an' writin' agin it?
Tim's was the place to get dhrunk like a baste for a dime, if you
had one;

“Hell's ouldest whiskey”—that was the name of it, so mortal
hot an' strong;

Dhrinkin' it giv' min the horrors so turrible hard they soon
died of it.

Sure 'twas no wondher the widows that suffered—poor crathurs!—
should christen it—

“Hoggarty's slaughter-house.”

Say, Paddy!

D'you mind poor Barney McSwiligan—fine, dacint man he was
whin he was sober—

Wint there one night—more than twinty years past now; but
who can forget it?—

Lavin' his wife an' the childher cowld at home, cryin' with
hunger,

Spindin' his last cint at Hoggarty's dhrinkin' his skin full;
Thin fallin' dead on the door-step with niver a priest to pre-
pare him;

An' Hoggarty sindin' his dead corpse home to the wife on a
hand-cart:

Sure, wasn't that a rale slaughter-house?

Say, Paddy!

D'you mind Mickey Bralligan's wife—Biddy Doolan that was till
she married—

Ravin' an' tearin' an' howlin' like mad forninst Hoggarty's she-
been;

Scraimin': "Come out, come out from the slaughter-house,
Mickey, I tell you!

Don't dhrink the stuff that'll knock the life out o' yer innocent
body,

An' sind yer dear sowl unprepared down to hell in a jiffy for-
iver.

Mickey, come out, come out from the slaughter-house!"

Say, Paddy!

D'you mind the great sarmon we heard in the church the
very nixt Sunday,

Praiched by one of the Fathers right from the althar, afther the
Gospel,

Givin' agin the grog-sellers one of their regular "sand-blasts"?
Och! how the blood run cowld to the very tips of me fingers,
Lavin' me pale as a ghost all shiverin' an' thrimblin' an'
spacheless;

Whin, of a suddint, out come his riverence thund'rin' an'
shoutin'

The very same words we heard Mrs. Bralligan scraim at
Tim Hoggarty's:

"Come out, come out from the slaughter-house!"

Say, Paddy!

D'you mind how you an' Mickey an' me wint up that same
evenin',

Thin an' there tuk the pledge for the rest of our lives an'
foriver?

Blessed be God! from that day to this not one of us
broke it.

An' what's more, we won't aither; eh, Paddy? Dhrink is a
poor man's desthruccion.

Aye! an' the rich man's too, as ye'll read ivery day in the
papers.

Raison's agin it, an' so is the Faith, an' our wives an' our
childher.

Many's the long, happy day, praises be to the Lord! that
we've had since we stopped it;

With many more yet, by His blessin', to come if we're throe
an' desarve it.

Sure the whole parish, youngest an' ouldest, all knows an' re-
spects us!

'Twon't be *your* wife, 'nor Mickey's, nor mine, that'll wondher
what's kep' us,

An' cryin' along with the childher, breakin' their hearts—the
poor crathurs!

Thin, gittin' desp'rate, flyin' down sthreet bareheaded an' ragged,
Poundin' the door of some divilish grog-shop, like to ould

Hoggarty's,

Shoutin' an' scraimin'—disgracin' our name, an' our faith, an'
our nation—

"Come out, come out from the slaughter-house!"

"BAITH FAITHER AND MITHER."

THAT was a hard day for Mrs. Ryan when her husband came home burnt from head to foot by fire-damp.

Ellen Mary had been sitting outside the gate on the coal sidewalk with Teresa, having a good, dirty time. It was in the forenoon, and all the men were off at their work; only women and children could be seen in or about the houses. Up at the end of the long street, with white-washed houses all exactly alike on either side, stood the Night-hawk breaker.

Ellen Mary was building a culm-pile and getting it into satisfactory shape, when Teresa poked her finger down into the middle of it—a proceeding utterly ruinous to culm-piles—and the elder sister had just raised her hand to slap the younger by way of righteous retribution, when she saw a number of men coming down the street carrying something carefully.

Now, Ellen Mary had not spent the six years of her life near the Night-hawk without gaining a certain sort of experience, and she knew well what this small procession meant. Reserving the merited slap for another occasion, she dashed into the house, calling out:

"Some un's hurted, mammy. Mammy, come see!"

Mrs. Ryan's hands were in the wash-tub, but she did not stop to dry them. She ran to the gate, and by the time she reached it there was a woman at every gate up and down the street; some of them, like herself, with dripping, soapy arms; some of them holding babies; all surrounded by more or less children, who wore expressions of curious, pleased expectancy, as if a circus were approaching.

The unfortunate one, whom his companions bore tenderly along, was so disfigured that recognition seemed impossible. Yet, before the slowly-moving group neared her gate Mrs. Ryan had met it, crying: "Tom; oh! it's Tom. Tom, dear, are ye hurted? O Lord! it's me own man!" And she threw herself in the way, trying to embrace the poor flayed body, but two or three women ran and held her while the men carried her husband into the house. Before long the ambulance came and took Ryan to the hospital; the gossiping crowd in the street dispersed, the particular friends of Mrs. Ryan, who had lingered to condole with her and to relate harrowing tales of their own misfortunes, returned to their work, while Ellen Mary and Teresa, finding that all excitement had subsided within, and forgetful of their recent misunderstanding, repaired amicably to the gutter to construct a new pile.

And the Night-hawk went on with its din and its dumping of coal and of culm, and everything seemed the same as before—except to Mrs. Ryan; things seemed very much changed to her. She sat before the kitchen-stove for a long time, with her baby in her lap, and thought and thought and thought. That is, she asked herself the same question a great many times over; and when Michael came in from school at noon she propounded it to him. She said: "Mikey, your father's burnt most to death, an' he's been took to the 'ospital—what's to become of us?" Not expecting an answer, of course, her words were rather ejaculatory than interrogatory. She appealed to her son for sympathy, not for aid. What then was her surprise to hear him say, "Guess I better go to slate-picking."

Michael felt surprised at himself; in all his ten years he had never before done anything quickly. In school they gave him the nickname of "The Race-horse," for the obvious reason that he never got ahead of anybody, either in mathematics or marbles; but to-day his mind was actually going at a dog-trot, and he seemed also to be developing a most astonishing skill in repartee. When his mother, who valued book-learning highly, considering that she had never had any, argued: "But ye'll be needin' all the schoolin' ye can get," he replied, "You'll be needin' all the money I can get." And when she further objected, "But ye're not old enough—ye're but ten; they won't take ye," he said that he knew he wasn't old enough for the Night-hawk, but he guessed he'd be old enough for the Rainbow, where they didn't know him. And so it proved, for Michael was a well-grown boy; and if, acting upon the principle

that the end justifies the means, he fibbed a little when questioned as to his age, is it really so much wickeder to add on to than to take off from one's years? Many respectable people have been known to do the latter.

Now, it must not be thought because Michael displayed such alacrity in assuming his father's place as the family bread-winner that he felt unalloyed pleasure in so doing. The truth is he was suffering a grievous disappointment. I wish I could make a more heroic figure of him by placing him above such feelings, but at least I can say that he bore his disappointment cheerfully, and that is about as much heroism as most of us are capable of. But it is hard to have a pin stuck in your swelling balloon, and to find yourself flat on the ground when you had hoped soon to bump your head against the sky; and if the Primary B room of a public school seems a not very giddy height to those who have attained unto A, or perchance soared into the Grammar department—let them try to recall the point of view from Primary C, and especially to imagine themselves plodding through that room for the second time. It had been lately rumored that "The Race-horse" would be promoted the first of January, but this is one of those things of which we shall never be sure; we can only know that all hope of promotion this year vanished for Michael when he engaged himself as slate-picker at the Rainbow.

He would have preferred to work at the Night-hawk since it was so near, the Rainbow being too far away for him to come home to dinner.

He had to make a very early start to get there by seven o'clock, but the first morning that he set off with his dinner-pail, and the first night he came back inky-black, were times to be remembered. It seemed to him that he was now the head of the family, and he resolved to imitate his father in everything except getting drunk and smoking a pipe—holding the pipe in reserve, however, until he should be grown-up. He even tried sometimes to take Ellen Mary on his knee after supper, but that young lady resented such paternal demonstrations, not unnaturally attributing them to a brotherly desire for teasing.

If there was one thing that made Michael feel grander than another it was the privilege of a daily bath; not because personal cleanliness had ever been represented to him as a luxury in itself, but because this bath was a mark of distinction; it raised him out of the common rank-and-file of small boys, and placed him on a par with all the men and youths he knew. He felt at

least twenty the first time his mother made ready the wash-tub for him, and the water being very hot, he scalded himself without flinching rather than have Ellen Mary and Teresa think him babyish. Ellen Mary and Teresa enjoyed the bath as much as he—albeit in a different way, for they were not allowed to get into the tub; but to see Michael go in black and come out white was quite worth living for. He used to scrub himself with a brush, and that made them think of the picture of the darky on the soap-boxes down at the store, except that the darky always remained half black, while Michael accomplished the business thoroughly and emerged glistening white all over, leaving only a line like a pencil-mark around his eyes.

Things now went along fairly well in the Ryan family, considering that they had only about a fifth as much to live on as formerly. But it was a hard winter; after New Year's the mines only worked half-time.

Mrs. Ryan tried to supplement Michael's poor little wages by taking in washing from town, and when at length typhoid fever broke out in the neighborhood of the Night-hawk she was so worn down as to fall an easy victim to this terrible disease. One evening Michael came home from work to find no water heated for his bath, no supper cooking, and his mother in bed. He had to wash as best he could, and make a meal off of bread and tea.

That night Mrs. Ryan was very ill, and no better next morning. Michael tried to get some one to stay with his mother, for this was one of his working days; but the fever had entered nearly every house, and while good-will and advice were abundant, nurses were not to be had.

There was but one thing to do, namely, send Mrs. Ryan to the hospital. So off she went in the ambulance that had carried her husband thither, commending her four children to the Virgin and their patron saints, for she was a good Catholic when it came to praying.

It was then that Michael's troubles began!

To work as a man and earn money had filled him with just pride; but to work as a woman—to cook and clean and care for two flibbertigibbets and one baby—humiliated him.

The flibbertigibbets were only too willing to care for themselves. They loved to live free, like the pigs and chickens of the village, that knew nor pens nor coops. But the baby was a fact to be dealt with! A live, squirming baby—a baby without teeth, though living in sorrowful expectation of them; a baby

so alarmingly strong that it was difficult to hold, yet so utterly helpless for its own good that it must be held; a baby that could wriggle itself into all sorts of danger if left alone for an instant, yet could not protect itself against danger of any kind! And its sole nurse a small youth, who had heretofore regarded infants much as he regarded brooms and coal-scuttles—things no family should be without though somewhat in the way, unavoidable though necessary.

And now, in proportion as the unavoidableness of this particular infant forced itself upon Michael, did his belief in its necessity desert him. He actually went so far, in his dissent from the established doctrine that there should be babies, as to ask himself why babies were made at all. He fell into this frightful heresy on the very day that his mother went away. The baby was asleep at the time of her departure, but soon waked, howling lustily.

Michael fondly hoped that more rocking would entice sleep back again; but more rocking only caused exasperation on the part of the infant, who knew very well when it had slept long enough. Then Michael was inspired by the happy thought that babies usually take nourishment after waking, and finding some milk in a tin pan, he administered the same straight from the pan, thereby drenching the baby with the larger part of it and causing temporary strangulation with the rest. Now, it so happened that this poor baby had never had anything cold in its stomach before, and soon it was in the agonies of colic, screaming like a steam-whistle, turning black in the face, and making frightful contortions with its little body.

Michael was shocked at the unexpected result of his well-meant attention. If the baby didn't want milk, what *did* it want? Perhaps its wet clothes were uncomfortable; perhaps a pin was sticking in somewhere; he vaguely remembered that pins had been known to prick babies. So he took it up and endeavored to undress it, a proceeding about as easy as putting a hook into the nose of Leviathan.

Where were Ellen Mary and Teresa? They could at least hold the baby while he took its clothes off! He called, but those heartless sisters were playing in the pool up by the breaker, and cared little that their brother was struggling, unaided and alone, with something compared to which multiplication and division were mere sport for an idle hour.

It is impossible to say what the end of these things might have been if Mrs. Lynch, who was ill in the adjoining house, had

not sent her eldest daughter in to inquire the cause of such unusual noise, for the Ryan babies were notably of a cheerful disposition, always being called "too good to live," in accordance with the universal opinion that this world is no place for saints.

The practised eye of Janey Lynch at once detected colic, for she had not had seven brothers and sisters for nothing. She gave the baby warm gin, and bestowed some cold advice upon Michael, who received it with meek thankfulness, as became an ignorant male creature wrestling with problems too high for him. He watched very closely while Janey warmed, diluted, and sweetened some milk left by good luck in the pan, and he blessed her in his heart when she went home leaving the baby in dry clothes and with a pacified stomach.

The next week was the most serious of Michael's life. These were off-days for work, but had they not been so he must in any case have stayed at home, for his own skin did not cling closer than did the baby, who appeared not to associate him with that unfortunate affair of the cold milk, but regarded him as its sole friend and protector, refusing to be fed, dressed, put to sleep, or even held, by any one else. This touching preference was not without its effect upon Michael. He did not remain quite twenty-four hours in that erroneous state of opinion into which we have already seen him fall.

Before the second night came, notwithstanding that the first night had not been one of undisturbed repose, if anybody had catechised him as to the chief end of babies, he would have promptly replied "to be loved." Janey Lynch came in every morning to start the fire, because fires would not burn for Michael, and Janey used to tell him that he was spoiling the baby. But what could he do but spoil it? He would have coined his heart's blood into copper cents and nickels for that baby's sake. The more bother it was, the fonder he grew of it, and he willingly put himself to every sort of inconvenience on its account.

To go down into the cellar and bring up a pan of potatoes with a baby on one arm causes considerable embarrassment, yet Michael managed to perform this feat because his little charge would not be left alone.

When it came to peeling the potatoes, he seated himself on the floor, took baby between his legs, and set the pan on baby's lap. There was some awkwardness about reaching round from behind in order to peel into the pan with baby clutching at the knife and the peelings, and not infrequently causing a wild dis-

persal of all over the floor. Then if Ellen Mary or Teresa were bid to pick them up their reply was, "You an't our mammy," which statement was so incontestable that Michael picked them up himself. This shows that, however skilled as a nurse or a cook Michael may have become, as a disciplinarian he was a most lamentable failure.

Sometimes he felt that he was not doing his duty by Ellen Mary and Teresa. True, he made for them "white gruel," which their souls loved, but he could not feel that his obligation stopped at merely supplying their inward wants; he believed that it extended also to their outward persons. They were going very dirty, and would not wash their faces, although Michael set them the daily example, backing it by mild precept. He often wished he really were their father and mother rolled into one! Then he would spank them both—he knew he would! He felt himself none the less valorous for being also discreet.

They did not give him much trouble so long as the weather was pleasant, but when it rained and they must stay in, Michael had a foretaste of Purgatory. Having escaped translation during the saintly period of their infancy, these two young persons now led charmed lives of wickedness; they egged each other on to mischief, and devised evil continually. Michael was but a weak brother, and they fully understood their advantage.

They insisted upon playing in the flour-barrel; they tried to shut each other up in the stove-oven; they got into the crib when Michael wanted to put the baby to sleep, and rocked so hard that the crib went over; then they both yelled and punched Michael in revenge for their hurt heads. But Michael did not punch back, because he knew that a fight would result in some injury to that darling parasite of his—the baby; and at present his sole idea was to keep it from harm. His best efforts in this direction, however, sometimes failed. One day he was making gruel, and, wishing to give his whole mind to the extermination of lumps, he set the baby upon the stove-ledge, guarding it with one hand; but those pretty burning coals were temptingly near, and baby proceeded to pluck one out with consequences that may readily be imagined. When Janey Lynch came over to see what the matter was, she found Michael filled with remorse at having actually placed his darling in jeopardy.

"I d-didn't want the gruel all l-lumpy," he sobbed; "but I dcn't mind if there *is* l-lumps in it now."

There were lumps in it, and it was scorched to boot; but

Janey was kind enough to make some more, and to withhold her usual lecture, seeing that Michael had suffered enough already.

As the week wore along Michael grew quite used to the mysteries of dish-washing, plain (very plain) cooking, sweeping, and bed-making.

The sweeping caused no serious alarm to the dust, and the beds, after making, bore somewhat the appearance of garden-beds that have been dug up, but not smoothed over. But then Michael was always in a hurry when he did these things, fearing that baby might wake, because anything might be neglected—except the baby. It was his anxiety on its account that made him think of going back to the breaker. The mines would start work again to-morrow, and he could not afford to lose his wages.

The little girls and himself would not suffer immediately, for the potatoes were holding out well, and it was yet some distance down to the bottom of the flour-barrel. But the small amount of money left in the house when his mother went away, and which he had carefully hoarded for baby's milk, was now gone. Twice had he been obliged to borrow milk from the Lynches, and borrowing would soon become begging unless more money came in; but how was he to get more? With whom could he leave that precious baby? His good friend, Janey Lynch, was now ill herself, and a girl of thirteen carried on the housekeeping and nursing next door. In nearly every house were some sick people, and the well part of the community was panic-struck, even fearing to go where the fever had been. Where could Michael turn for help?

The matter resolved itself thus: To stay at home and take care of the baby himself and continue borrowing milk, or to go to work and earn money to buy milk, leaving the baby—oh! unspeakable horrors—with Ellen Mary and Teresa.

As well leave two puppies to watch a kitten! Michael had never read his Bible, but he knew that the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. *Could* he bring himself to accept this latter alternative? The more he pondered it, the more convinced did he become that it must be accepted; for the flour and potatoes would be giving out some day.

Well, then, how was he to prepare Ellen Mary's mind for this grave position of trust—the sole care of the baby from seven in the morning until half-past twelve (for he resolved to come home at noon if he had to eat his dinner on the way), and then again until six at night?

Michael had not the gift of eloquence, and knew nothing of the art of persuasion, but he could state facts in a straightforward manner. He said to Ellen Mary:

"S'here, Ellen Mary, you an' T'resa's got to 'tend baby tomorrow, 'cause I got to go to work, an' I don't want no foolin'; you just got to look after that there baby *good*," accompanying the last word with a jerk of the head which seemed to imply that while intending to "speak daggers to her," he would not pledge himself to "use none." He delivered an intensified form of this same speech next morning, together with certain instructions which he deemed necessary, obliging Ellen Mary to watch him while he prepared baby's milk, and hoping in a despairing way that she understood all that was expected of her.

The fire would not burn that morning. It took a long while to make white gruel for breakfast, and to boil potatoes in their jackets, which might serve for cold dinner.

Between his anguish at having to go and his nervous desire to get away as early as possible, Michael grew very much flustered. Even had the baby not wriggled more than usual, he would have found the dressing it a difficult matter. Strings and buttons were as contrary as—as Ellen Mary and Teresa, and so it came to be nearly nine o'clock before he started for the breaker.

No mother leaving her infant in a cage of wild beasts could part from it with more agonizing apprehensions than poor Michael felt as he hurried along, each step taking him farther away from the light of his eyes—his treasure—his beloved baby. His heart almost broke in two when he had to tear himself away from its clutches, and its screams, which even now reached him, cut into his very soul. Duty lay before him, but duty—with inclination to boot—also lay behind him. Was he following the more important leading? How could he know? Undoubtedly they needed money; but *ought* he to have left the baby alone—nay, worse than alone? What had he been thinking of? Did he for one moment really believe that Ellen Mary would prove to be any kind of a nurse?

Michael stopped short. The breaker was now in sight; he had come nearly a mile; but it seemed to him that he still heard the baby's cries and saw its little outstretched arms. His blood turned cold. What might not already have happened? Suddenly he set down his dinner-pail, turned about, and ran homeward as he had never run before. Something helped him over the ground; he was not conscious of using his legs, nor of

becoming short-winded. "The Race-horse" was earning his name indeed!

When he found himself at a halt in front of the door out of which he had gone little more than half an hour ago, he was afraid to enter. He put his hand upon the knob, but did not dare to turn it; the house seemed ominously silent. At length, confused and trembling, he went in. No one was in either the kitchen or front room. He went upstairs; the two chambers were quiet and forsaken.

Returning to the kitchen he stood like a stock, incapable of thought, appalled at the stillness. His eyes fell upon the empty crib. That sight burst the floodgates, and throwing himself upon his knees, he wept grievously, beating his head upon the bare floor. So absorbed was he by his despair as to be deaf to a step outside, and until Mrs. Gwinney took hold of him and shook him he did not even know of her presence. Then he jumped to his feet and gasped out: "W-where's the baby?" "Sure an' the baby's safe, me darlin'," said good Mrs. Gwinney; "it's wint away wid two grand ladies what come up in a carriage afther ye'd gone. I wint over the street whin I seen 'em a talkin' t' Ellen Mary, 'cause I knowed *she* wasn't much good for infarmin' anybody; an' thim two ladies they told how they was visitin' the 'ospital and seen your pappy an' mammy, an' heard 'em tell how they'd left four youngsters to home a-lookin' afther thimsilves, an' so they come, these two kind ladies did, to carry 'em off, an' have 'em took care of good in a children's Home, till thim as they belongs to is well agin. So they took 'em—Ellen Mary an' T'resa and the baby—in the big carriage, an' I says to 'em there was a by too what'd need lookin' afther, an' they'll be a-comin' back to git ye this very day in the afthernoon."

Michael held his breath during Mrs. Gwinney's wonderful communication, of which two facts only impressed him: that the baby was safe and that he was to go to it.

In the reaction of mind following his anxiety and suspense he remembered his dinner-pail left upon the road, and returned for it, but not as he had come, upon the wings of the wind, thinking his darling in danger.

When Michael was taken into the infants' ward at the Home he knew his own baby instantly, and the little creature, who had been fretting all day, fairly sprang from the nurse's arms into his, nestling there lovingly, and no one looking on could say which was the happier—Michael or the baby.

EDITH BROWER.

THE BLESSÈD NIGHT.

O BLESSÈD night! how many days
 Shall come and go,
Until I meet Him who repays
 The least I do!
In darkness we shall meet, I know,
But I shall see Him by the glow
 Of my glad heart,
In whose deeps burns a fire so fierce
That through the gloom 'twill flash and pierce,
 And light impart.

O blessed night! within whose hours
 Strong love shall win:
When the pure soul shall yield to powers
 So deep within,
That it shall find its ecstasy,
O blessed night! in midst of thee.
 He shall be there
Whose voice is hope, whose touch is peace,
Whose kiss is bliss and full release
 From earthly care.

CHARLES J. POWERS.

Lake George, N. Y.

THE MORAL EFFECTS OF MISGOVERNMENT UPON
IRISH CHARACTER.

MY father—who burned his fingers smartly at amateur farming—had a herder in his employ named Claughessy—an interesting study. Truth lay in Claughessy's face, deep as in a well, wherein whoso looked saw only his own reflection. Whatever you thought, Claughessy thought; and whatever you said, he echoed; not in the far-off and faint-hearted way of a natural echo, but with all the volume and reverberation wherewith your voice is returned to you in the whispering gallery of St. Paul's. But the singular and entertaining thing to me in my boyhood about this assentation of Pat's was its flexibility. With the exercise of ordinary caution and ingenuity I could make Claughessy within a few minutes blame what he had praised, curse what he had blessed, burn what he had adored, with a lawyer-like faculty and facility, and felicity also; for he was always happy in his choice of telling points of criticism and of plausible arguments in their support. One specimen of this special and specious pleading, which remains in my memory, I may perhaps cite in illustration. Having drawn him into voluble and vehement abuse of a field of oats, which was foul to suffocation with weeds, I affected distress at the poor prospect for my father of a harvest of tares; whereupon this sympathetic soul—after a momentary flutter, like that of a ship in stays—went off upon the opposite tack with bellying canvas. He explained to me that oats was a weak, clinging, feminine sort of cereal, needing support—like a vine, I suppose—and that there were hardly more weeds in the field than were indispensable for this sustaining purpose. I thought that good at the time; and though I have since heard or read the speeches of a whole generation of chief secretaries for Ireland, I think it good still. I regret, however, to say that my father shortly afterwards had to dispense with the services of this village Balfour on grounds too characteristic to be omitted. Pat Claughessy's temper seemed to be that of the faithful watch-dog, which is meek in its endurance of cuffs, kicks, and execrations from its master, but is fierce to ferocity in the defence of that master's person or property. Nothing you could say to him would disturb the oily serenity of the man's surface, but what yeasty depths of fury were disclosed at the

mere thought of sacrilegious injury to you or yours! I have never since seen such disproportionate rage as he showed again and again against the unknown owner of a flock of goats, which did some damage by continual trespass upon my father's farm. If only he could get hold of the man!

“ I will do such things—
What they are yet I know not.”

For, indeed, like Lear, he was inarticulate with rage. However, he never did detect the miscreant, who fell at last and by accident to my father's spear. Upon meeting one day a little boy driving this very flock of goats my father asked: “ Whose goats are these, my boy? ” “ My father's, yere rivirence. ” “ But who's your father? ” “ Pat Claughessy, yere rivirence. ” And so poor Pat's curses upon the unholy scoundrel who owned the goats came home to roost. Claughessy, though a superb specimen of Chaucer's devil's chaplain—

“ Flatterers ben the Devele's chapeleyns that singen aye, *Placebo* ”—

was not in those days—a generation since—an uncommon type in Clare. He is not now so common there, because the Clare peasant has not the same need now of the serpent's subtlety and crawl and appetite for dirt—is not now under a curse to go always upon his belly and eat dust. But he is still to be found in sufficiently humiliating numbers in that county, and in the South and West generally; because the furtive instincts of a creature which has been hunted for centuries cannot be extirpated in a day. Let me ask my most self-respecting reader to suppose for a moment that his father and grandfather and great-grandfather, etc., had each in turn to cringe and crawl and feign and fawn and flatter and abase himself—as no man should abase himself except to his God—abase himself to the dust of the road and to the dung of the field before an insolent agent, in order to keep the thatch of his dog-hutch of a cabin above the heads of his little children. Let my reader imagine this, and from this imagine how much hereditary self-respect he would then himself have brought with him into the world; how much moral courage, and how much of that truthfulness which comes of moral courage, according to the fine saying of Lysander's, which Bacon erroneously attributes to Montaigne—“ To lie is to fear man and defy God. ” For no one now, I suppose, denies that the Irish peasant for centuries has been living in the abject state of a man under death sentence

whose respite depends upon his jailer's caprice. Not the *Times* even; for it is in the *Times*, and not in a speech of Mr. Gladstone's, that this "death sentence" image originally occurs: "If we turn now to those [the Irish peasantry] who suffer under this system our wonder at this dreadful tale will cease; but our horror and our shame will be but the more intense. The judgment of evictions to a tenantry of this description is in many cases a judgment of death" (the *Times*, May 30, 1850). Land being run up to the price of bread in a besieged city, its owners, like the regraters of old, could exact for it famine prices, and could exact in lieu of such part of the price as was impossible of payment the servility of a continually kicked cur. No one who did not know Ireland thirty years ago can have an idea of the pitiless insolence with which such servility was exacted. Not so long since I was dining with a gentleman, who gave me this among other instances (which had come directly within his own experience) of such pitiless insolence. In a certain district of Kerry the schoolmaster of the parish was allowed to live in the shooting-lodge of an estate, in default of a house which the agent declined to build, or to allow others to build, for him. In the shooting season, when the lodge was needed for the agent and his friends, the schoolmaster and his wife and children were shovelled into the stable, where cold kept the children awake and whimpering the night through. Upon complaint being made by the groom that their crying disturbed the horses, the agent warned the schoolmaster that if he could not keep his children quiet at night, he and they and their mother would be put out together upon the road-side. The white slavery of tenantry who were at this agent's mercy, not, like the schoolmaster, for their lodging merely, but for their living, was hardly a condition favorable to the growth of self-respect. To say to such tenantry, "There is a world elsewhere," would have been little to the purpose; since only those remained who had to remain, who had no relatives in America, or whose relatives in America were not sufficiently well-to-do or generous to send home their emancipation money. Besides, to the Irish peasantry exile seems almost more miserable than their misery. An oppressed people is patriotic in proportion to the oppression which not only crushes them closer together, as it were, but which also seems to press them closer to the country that is the scene of their suffering. Their very troubles, like Alpine storms, but bind them to their native country more:

“ Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother’s breast—
 So the loud torrent and the whirlwind’s roar
 But bind him to his native mountains more.”

In Kickham’s *Knocknagow* there is a story of a poor woman who, after the famine, found a home in the slums of Liverpool, where she died soon—of exile. When the priest standing by her death-bed had administered the sacraments of the church and was speaking of the better world to which her soul at that moment was poising itself for flight, she interrupted him to ask with her last breath: “ Father, will my soul pass through Ireland ? ”

Even, then, if what the *Times* justly called “ a judgment of death ” was certain to be commuted into sentence of exile, this alone was a whip of sufficient terror and torture to keep the peasant, whose head it was always held over, in demoralizing slavery. “ If I find,” said Fox the year before the union—“ If I find a peasantry cunning, deceitful, lazy, and vindictive, I cannot attribute it without impiety to the hand of God ; it must come from the iron hand of man—from the oppression of centuries.” Passing from deceit and cunning to laziness, lawlessness, and vindictiveness, let us see if Fox was not absolutely right in tracing these characteristics—so far as they are distinctively Irish—rather to our unhappy history than to “ the fault and corruption of our nature.” What is the meaning of the taunt which is always upon the lips of our detractors, that “ an Irishman gets on in any country but his own ” ? Surely it can mean only that every country has been more an Irishman’s own than his own country. It can mean only that in Canada, in the States, in Australia and New Zealand, an Irishman found that the work and labor of his hands, the fruits of his energy and enterprise, the fields he had reclaimed, the flocks he had reared, the harvest he had sown, the house he had built—were all his own and always his own. They could not be robbed from him in rent, nor could he be torn from them by eviction. And it means, or at least it suggests, that when an Irishman comes to find Ireland as much his own country as the States, and the produce and profits of his industry as absolutely secured to him at home as abroad, he will develop for the enrichment of Ireland that energy and enterprise he has hitherto developed for the enrichment of almost every country except Ireland. I admit that he has not hitherto in his own

country emulated the industry of the little busy bee; but then the little busy bee—however much those who steal its honey may flatter it in their own interests—is, from a tenant's standpoint, a consummate little idiot.

Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes

wrote Virgil centuries since; yet still the little busy bee passes its foolish life away storing up honey, of which it will be robbed and for which it will be murdered. If the little busy bee had the faculty of "looking before and after," it would inevitably become as lazy, listless, improvident, and unenterprising as an Irish tenant, who, for every shilling he put into the land, or into a bank, or even into a good coat upon his back, was sure to have a shilling put on to his rent. In truth, the real wonder is—not that the Irish at home lack energy and enterprise—but that the very roots of energy and enterprise have not been extirpated from their nature by laws which exterminated their manufactures, and by landlords who confiscated the produce of their toil for centuries. They have not been thus extirpated. When an Irishman escapes from his own country—where he had lived only on sufferance, and where he had breathed an atmosphere of social and religious inferiority—when he escapes from this Egypt to America and realizes its liberty, equality, and fraternity, his atrophied business faculties and energies develop—in some cases with really extraordinary vitality and vigor.

I was greatly struck three years since by the letters of a commissioner of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who was sent to report upon Irish emigration to the States. He went out in the steerage with a large consignment of Irish emigrants, to come back a month later with Irishmen who, after a residence of some years in the States, were returning to their own country. I have seldom read anything more instructive or more suggestive than the contrast between the tone of the earlier and later letters of the series—the contrast between the disgust and loathing, submerging all sense of pity, with which he speaks of the poor peasant outcasts from Connaught with whom he sailed to New York, and the admiration which he expresses for the men he returned with, who had found their manhood in America. Men, he wrote, more self-respecting and self-reliant, more shrewd and sane and reasonable (in everything but their hate of England) he had never met. I venture to say that no dispassionate reader of those letters could help asking

himself, Why should Irishmen have to go to the States to find their manhood? The answer given to us is that we cannot be allowed to find it at home, because we are so unfit for self-government. We have not mastered even the A, B, C of self-government—love of law and order. May I say that none of all the sermons which England has been ordained by Providence to preach to the world edifies me more than that favorite one to Ireland upon love of law and order? The English are themselves such a law-worshipping people! They killed one king, banished another, and reduced their successors to political impotence, because they would have none of the laws not made by themselves and for themselves. They have given what they call their “moral support,” in turn, to every revolution in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, while as travellers in all these countries they pride themselves upon resenting and resisting every law, order, or ordinance which happens to conflict in the slightest degree with their least convenience. Surely, if law-abidingness is to be preached to us daily, it ought to be by some other evangelist than the English people, and from some other pulpit than the English press. The English people are just as characteristically law-abiding as Sir Anthony Absolute was characteristically reasonable: “Harkee, Jack! I am compliance itself—when I am not thwarted. I’m led like a lamb—when I’ve my own way.” But thwart and cross this loyal people; try to drive them by imposing upon them laws not of their own making, or rules not of their own choosing, and half a million law-abiding Englishmen will know the reason why!

Of course this cant of worship of law as a fetich is foolish in any one’s mouth, and grotesque from the lips of Englishmen. Did, for instance, the sacred Lawgiver himself feel bound to reverence and obey law as law? Let this delightful story, which Sir Robert Peel told to Sir Francis Doyle, answer. Shortly after Peel had established the constabulary—hence called “Peelers”—he came over to Ireland as chief secretary and visited officially, among other institutions, a National school in Dublin. Its master asked him to test the boys’ knowledge, and Sir Robert accordingly put to the class submitted to him this question: “Now, boys, can any of you tell me, Why did Moses leave Egypt? You? You? You?” No answer from the class. But presently a little lad from the other end of the room shot up his hand: “Plase yere honor, I know—I know, yere honor.” “Well, my boy, why? Why did Moses leave Egypt?” “Because he shot a peeler, yere honor.”

Mutatis mutandis, pretty much what Moses did. Now, let me ask, was the misery of his countrymen, which provoked the meekest man in all the earth to slay the Egyptian enforcer of the law, deeper than the misery Mr. Bradlaugh was called upon to enforce in 1857, as one of England's janissaries in Ireland?

"In 1857," he said in a speech in Parliament made two years since, "while a private in a regiment of dragoons stationed at Ballincollig, County Cork, I was sent out as one of a detachment to protect an evicting party. It was a bitter winter day. Several of the evictions took place easily. The houses were levelled down, not burned down. They did not need much levelling; they were too small to be called houses, and no member on the other side of the house who had dogs would kennel them in such huts. Well, when the evicting party came to one of these wretched habitations, a woman ran out and threw herself down in the wet snow before the captain of the regiment, imploring him to stop the eviction; that her husband was lying sick inside, that he was born there, and to let him die there. The captain said he had no power, and the agent said he was in a hurry to get back to Dublin, and that the eviction should be carried out. The dying man was carried out and died shortly afterwards. The wife with her two children were homeless, and they could not, if they would, have taken re-possession. A few nights after I was sentry from one to three o'clock at the front gate of Ballincollig barrack. I heard a moaning outside, and on turning out the guard found the evicted woman lying dead, with one dead child at her breast, and the other, also dead, lying at her side."

I think it was fortunate even for Mr. Bradlaugh that Moses was not an Irish witness of that eviction. Surely, then, I might by the precedent of the sacred Lawgiver himself, suggest to the law-abiding Briton (who honorably acquitted Orsini, and whose rage at any Continental police regulation which restrains him from doing what he likes, how he likes, and when and where he likes, is inarticulate)—surely I might suggest to him what this Mosaic precedent suggests: that cases are conceivable of a law and order not divine. If I went further and suggested that there was no such divinity as made obedience a virtue about the system Burke describes "as well fitted for the oppression and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man," I should be told that the Penal Laws were ancient history. Still one cannot afford to overlook any source,

however far off or insignificant, of that Irish distrust of English law which so confounds the British Tory of to-day. But even he, perhaps, would admit that the Penal Laws were calculated to create such a presumptive prejudice against British law and order in the Irish mind as only a century of steady, wise, and benign government could efface. Must he not admit, also, that for a century Ireland has been made so much the shuttlecock of English parties that we never know from year to year where we are? This year it is government by coercion, next year, by concession; now by bribes, now by blows; now by kicks, now by half-pence. Some time since I overtook an old Irishman, who was driving a donkey under a cart, laden heavily with turf. Just as I came up with him I overheard the piteous adjuration to the beast: "Mary Ann, are yees goin' on, in the name of God?" and then followed without a pause, in the same breath, and with a thundering thwack of a cudgel—"Divil sweep ye! go an out o' that!" There, thought I, is the English government of Ireland! To-day it is, "Go on, in the name of God!" but to-morrow, before we have had time to move a foot, it will be, "Divil sweep ye! go an out o' that!" with a thundering thwack of the cudgel of coercion. And, if we do not know from day to day what government we may be put under, still less do we know under what law. "Under which king, Bezonian? Edward the Fourth or Edward of Saxe Weimar?" There is, however, I admit, a steady consistency in the administration of the law which strains every statute, twists every clause, presses every point pitilessly against the people. The resident magistrates are recruited from the class who at this moment are at internecine feud with the peasantry. The crown prosecutors know that their promotion to the bench depends upon their procuring convictions at any cost of honor, honesty, or even decency, and the judges on the bench, for the most part, remain crown prosecutors still. When a Catholic is to be tried, the jury is unblushingly packed with Protestants to secure a conviction. When a Protestant is to be tried, the jury is packed with Orangemen to secure an acquittal. Witness the shameless packing of the jury which convicted Coll at Maryborough the other day; while, on the other side, I cannot resist citing this delicious story (*si non è vero, è ben trovato*) I heard not long ago. An Orangeman, having murdered a Catholic in open day and before many witnesses, could hope for an acquittal only from a jury of Orangemen, and the box was accordingly well and duly packed with partisans of this color. The case was so crushing

against the prisoner that Chief-Justice Monahan, who presided, said that, as it would be an insult to the intelligence of the jury for him to charge them, he would simply beg the foreman to hand up the paper. The foreman, however, demurred, contended that their verdict could be given only upon consideration, and retired with his fellows to consider it. After the lapse of an hour the judge, waxing impatient, sent for the jury, who filed in solemnly.

“Well, gentlemen, surely you have agreed upon your verdict by this?”

“No, my lord,” replied the foreman, “we have neither agreed nor are we likely to agree.”

“What!” exclaimed the amazed judge, “not likely to agree! Where’s your difficulty?”

“We cannot convince this gentleman, my lord,” answered the foreman, shoving to the front a little, weazened man, who quailed and quivered under the judge’s angry eye.

“What is your difficulty, sir?—what is your difficulty?” cried the judge. “I have been thirteen years on the bench, and a clearer case of murder I’ve never tried.”

“Ye-s, my lord,” stammered the little man; “and that is what I’ve been trying to convince these eleven gentlemen of for the last hour.”

There are, I admit, two improbabilities in this story—that the jury should not have been unanimous for acquittal; and that a judge of Monahan’s experience should have expected a verdict from Orangemen against an Orangeman for the murder of a Papist. The truth is, that in every criminal case which has a tinge of a religious or a political complexion the crown prosecutor packs the box with Protestants as a matter of course; and this Protestant jury, being human and, moreover, Irish, do not put off with their hats, as they enter the court, their intense political or religious prejudices. Nor does the mischief end here. The crown prosecutor, who gains his promotion by thus loading of the dice against political prisoners and climbs to the bench upon the trampled body of Justice, is little likely to exhibit there “the cold neutrality of an impartial judge,” to borrow a phrase of Burke’s. Most certainly, speaking generally, he exhibits there, in political cases, anything but that; for, though none of our present judges is quite as frank as Chief-Justice Pennefather, who, upon the trial of O’Connell, spoke from the bench of the prisoner’s counsel as “the other side,” yet there is more than one of the Irish

bench to-day who leaves the political prisoner's counsel in no doubt whatever that he so regards them. Is all this calculated to efface the presumptive prejudice against British law created in the Irish mind by the penal code? Or would Englishmen, who had escaped from the honest ferocity of the penal code into this despicable thimble-rigging régime, be law-loving or law-abiding? In truth, it is not the paradox it sounds to say that the Irish hate law because they love justice, and in proportion to their love of justice. They have not yet lost that characteristic which in Elizabeth's day struck their English ruler: "No nation has such a reverence for justice as this Irish nation."

Not so long since I asked a county surveyor—a strong Tory and anti-Irish Irishman: "Don't you give dangerous offence by cancelling contracts and stopping pay for work ill-done or undone?" "Oh, no!" he replied, "they never bear a grudge of that kind; for though they might themselves consider your decision unjust, yet, if they were assured that you meant it justly, they would not resent it." Now, a keen sense of justice, involving, as it does, a keen sense of injustice, urges a recourse to the wild justice of revenge when redress cannot be had otherwise; and this brings one to the last count in the indictment of the Irish character—its vindictive ferocity.

Macaulay, speaking of the modern Greeks, contrasts "the abject vices which oppression generates in those who submit to it" with "the ferocious vices which it generates in those who struggle against it"—thus suggesting that these "ferocious vices" are but virtues soured, that ferocity of this sort is but manliness gone mad and at bay. We talk of the ferocity of the lion when it springs upon a sportsman who has just lodged a couple of explosive bullets in its chest; but the lion, as in the apologue, might give a different version of the affair. When the gentle poet Spenser suggests that the Irish should be prevented tilling the ground, as "thus they would quickly consume themselves and devour one another and there would be an end of them," an Irishman may be pardoned for thinking that the cold, calculating ferocity generated by oppression in the oppressor is more infernal than the frenzied ferocity of the oppressed creature at bay. Such creatures may even come to regard "the ferocious vices" thus generated by ferocity as virtues. Let me, at the risk of shocking my readers, give a striking instance of such moral perversity.

Many years ago I heard at second-hand in Cork the following confession of a dying man: "I shot ——" (a landlord), he

said. "Ay, it wor I done it. I lay waitin' for him about a mile beyant his house an the —— road; an' whin he come up, I covered him, an' pulled the thrigger. Begob! it missed fire! I thin run an along the hedge a hundhred yards or so, an' covered him agin as he come up. Agin it missed fire! Agin I run on, a bit further this time, an' when he was nearly foreninst me. I said, as I riz the gun, 'In the name of the Father, an' of the Son, an' of the Holy Ghost,' an' I pulled the thrigger, an' he dhropped like a burrd!" This is horrible, appalling, blasphemous! I admit it; but the pertinent question, Is it intelligible? remains. Is it intelligible that this man should have come, like the Jewish patriots—men and women—in the Old Testament, to consider assassination the religious "sanction" of an oppression for which there was no other redress, remedy, or revenge? In reply I would refer the reader to Mr. Bradlaugh's account of an eviction, cited above, and would assure him that this crime was committed under hardly less maddening provocation. The truth is, you may make any creature—dog, horse, or man—vicious by ill-usage; and the "oppression of centuries has," to quote Carlyle, "degraded and disordered the Irish national character"—not irredeemably. Having returned to Ireland after an absence of twenty years, I see on every side of me signs that Irish character is improving with the improvement in our history; and I see this improvement most of all in what is the very heart of manhood—self-respect—and in what is the very hand of manhood—self-reliance. With such signs on all sides of me I have no doubt at all that the time will come, it may not be now or near, but come it will, when the Irishman will not have to go to America to find his manhood, but will find it here at home; will here at home shake off from his shoulders the stoop and cringe of centuries of servitude, will lose its whine from his voice, and its insincerity from his words, and stand up erect, outspoken, self-respecting, self-reliant, fearing no man, and making none afraid.

RICHARD ASHE KING.

THE STORY OF A CONVERSION SIXTY YEARS AGO ;
OR, LA BEATA DI RONCIGLIONE.

THIS record of a conversion, or rather of two, nigh sixty years ago, was written at the time by one of the happy beings on whom God deigned to bestow the gift of faith in a remarkable manner. No one could have been brought up in a more Protestant atmosphere than Louisa Hartwell. Sir Francis Hartwell was a naval officer and director of Greenwich Hospital, and was created a baronet in 1805. By his express wish his eldest son took orders in the Church of England, and became chaplain to the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. Sir Francis married Miss Louisa Aldridge, and had six children, none of whom survived him, except Louisa, his youngest daughter. She was, indeed, the child of his old age, being born in the same year (1813) as the son of her eldest brother, who afterwards succeeded his grandfather in the baronetcy. Louisa was born on the 20th of June, eve of the Feast of St. Aloysius Gonzaga. It seems as if that angelic saint took his little namesake under his special protection. But we will now let Louisa Hartwell tell her story in her own words :

“My predilection for the Catholic Church was spontaneous. No one had ever spoken to me of it, nor recommended any of its doctrines. I can only look upon my preference as the fruit of the special grace of that God who has wonderfully led me through the whole course of my life. I know not what other way I became inspired with such respect and admiration for this church. My doubt with regard to the religious opinions of the Anglican Church, which my father and mother professed, began at an age when it is not supposed that children have arrived at the use of reason, since from the moment that they taught me the Apostles' Creed I was certainly not a Protestant. The words ‘I believe in the Holy Catholic Church’ were enough for me. That a person could be and could not be the same thing at the same time was, even to my childish understanding, a too evident absurdity to be believed. I said, ‘But we are not Catholics; why are not we Catholics? It is a lie to say that we believe that which we do not believe.’ ‘But we are Catholics, though not *Roman* Catholics,’ was replied to me. ‘No, I will never believe that,’ said I. ‘It is not true, because we are not called

Catholics, nor are our churches called Catholic.' No one could make me understand the Protestant and negative sense; all the same, they told me that I ought to say it because everybody said it, though I was too little to understand it; hence I believed in the Holy Catholic Church, but not in the English Church, since I well knew that was not Catholic, and very soon I was also led to conclude that she was not holy. It was very wonderful that educated as I was in a family who looked upon Catholics with contempt and aversion, and never having heard a word in their favor or praise, yet if I saw a Catholic, if I only heard the name of Catholic, or if I saw a building that they said was a convent or a Catholic chapel, I felt a fervor, an anxiety, a sensation which it is impossible to describe; and while I grew in years, in the midst even of the dissipation and vanity of the world in which I lived, I experienced a sadness which was irresistible and very often alarming.

"I was not more than four years old when I visited a monastery of Teresian nuns then resident in England (now at Valognes, in France), and although all the other impressions of my infancy have passed as a dream, that visit always remains fixed in my memory."

The Carmelite Convent then at Great Canford, in Dorsetshire, was an English foundation, an affiliation from the English Carmelites at Antwerp and founded at Hooghstraet in 1678. The revolution in Europe obliged them to take refuge in their native country in 1794. Circumstances forced them to move to Valognes, near Cherbourg, in 1828, but they always wished to return to England, and were enabled to do so some twenty years since, a beautiful convent having been built for them at Chichester, where they are now established. This community had always been renowned for its sanctity, and we may well imagine how the interest of the nuns would be attracted to the lovely, vivacious child, with intelligence far beyond her years, and how they would make her in future the object of their earnest prayers. Miss Hartwell continues:

"There was a very old *History of England* in my father's house, which gave me more pleasure to look at than all the other books. It contained various engravings, two of which, in preference to many more beautiful pictures that I could have seen, attracted my attention and remained so stamped upon my memory that even now I have them before my eyes, though so many years have passed since I saw them. One of them represented the martyrdom of the young St. Edward, King of England;

the other, that of St. Ebba and her companions. I left every game, every company, every book, to look at those two figures.

“When I was ten years old I went for some time to Ireland, and there, where there are many Catholics, my curiosity and anxiety increased greatly. In a town called Killarney I satisfied my desire to see the inside of a chapel; and I remember the silent scrutiny with which I gazed upon the interior. A ceremony was about to begin and I was taken away in much haste.

“In a town between Cork and Dublin I saw a convent, and I as well remember every particular of it—the little chapel, the superioress, some nuns who were teaching poor girls in a school, the garden—as if I had seen it yesterday. I recollect it all. For a long time I spoke only of that convent from morning to night, so that I am sure it became a weariness to all; but I thought of it even more.”

The convent was that of the Presentation at Kilkenny, the fifth offshoot of that institute in Ireland, founded by two Kilkenny ladies who went to Cork for their novitiate in 1797, at a time when the fastest coach took a week for the journey to Cork. They returned to Kilkenny in 1800 professed nuns and, with wonderful courage, established their convent, having no other companions and generously refusing a novice who would have been “a treasure in every respect” because they thought the Dublin house of their institute had the prior claim upon her, and such faith had these admirable nuns that they wrote their annals and recorded their resolutions for the future when they were only two in number. God rewarded their confidence, for the Kilkenny community is not only flourishing but has sent out ten affiliations, reaching even to the golden gate of San Francisco, and here again we may surely believe that the nuns were attracted by this beautiful and remarkable child, and that their prayers also were added to the supplications rising up to heaven for the conversion of Louisa Hartwell. She goes on to say:

“My father had a house in the country twenty miles from London, and from there we frequently went into town. On the road there was a convent, and I laugh now when I think of my desire only to see the exterior of it; and if at any time it escaped me, though I usually counted the houses until I came to it, I was discontented for the rest of the day. Once I saw a nun at the door, the portress; how fortunate I considered myself then! And after this, whenever I went to London, for the first seventeen miles I always wondered if it were possible that I might see

the nun, and when the carriage had passed and I had not seen anybody, nothing pleased me for the rest of the journey."

This was the convent at Hammersmith where the English Benedictine nuns, who were founded during the penal laws at Dunkirk, took refuge at the time of the French Revolution. They remained there for many years, until they removed to Teignmouth, in Devonshire, where a beautiful abbey had been built for them. The old dilapidated convent was then pulled down and the diocesan Seminary of St. Thomas erected on the site. To continue the narrative:

"When I was fourteen years old we went to live in London for the greater part of the year. It seems to me that about that time I found the 'Hail Mary' in Italian in a book (I forget what book it was); it pleased me, and I quickly learnt it, and said it more frequently than any other prayer. Perhaps that act of my simplicity (English Protestants would call it *perversity*) was of great service to me, and that Blessed Mother of Mercy deigned to intercede for the poor girl who, in her ignorance and need of instruction, addressed those words to her. During all this period my ideas of religion were so singular and indefinite that I believe all who had opportunity to observe me thought that I had no religion. That about which I had no doubt was, that the church to which my body belonged (for I cannot think that my soul was ever there) was not the Church of God, and was not the Catholic Church in which the apostles and disciples of Jesus Christ believed and taught. It was always an insupportable trial to me to go to the Protestant church. I considered it a hard punishment. There was nothing that fixed my attention; nothing that aided my devotion; all was dry, insipid, and burdensome. I never had any doubt as to the existence of a God; all around convinced me that there must be an Omnipotent Creator and Author of all things. But I can truly say that I knew not where to find him. If I ever doubted as to his presence, it was in Protestant churches, where, weary alike in body and mind at the end of two long hours, I remembered nothing—not a single thing that had been said, or a single thing that had been done. No one can imagine the disgust I suffered, and I sought every means to avoid church-going. In this way, up to the age of eighteen, I increased in dislike and contempt for the sect to which I was obliged visibly to conform. And at that time I remember that in the gayest society or the most brilliant balls, amongst a crowd of flatterers who surrounded me (oh! how false and vain it all was), if I ever heard it said that such a

one was a Catholic, or that such another had been to the Bavarian chapel*—which was then the fashion, and where the singers from the opera were to be heard every Sunday—I desired, with an eagerness which cannot be described by me, to know the one person and to get near the other.

“One Sunday in May, 1831, I obtained leave to go, out of curiosity, to the High Mass at the Spanish chapel, which was near to us. I shall never forget it. I—that grand lady, so well dressed and who, according to the fashion, never inconvenienced myself by kneeling in the large pew in church into which I was usually obliged to drag my unwilling body, and who could not even show courtesy if for want of room my leave was asked to put some one into our pew—I knelt through the whole of the High Mass upon a wooden bench in a seat open to all, and listened attentively to every word from the preacher during the sermon. It was the first I had ever heard or listened to with attention. Before that time I had read some books about the conversion of some Protestants to the Catholic faith, one of whom was a minister of the English Church; these books I had procured with others from a library. Several times I had thought that in the end it would be necessary to find some means to speak with some one, even at the risk of losing all earthly happiness and every comfort here below, and to profess myself a Catholic.

“None of those who saw me could imagine the conflict which raged in my soul, since I had learnt betimes to maintain a quiet and tranquil exterior, however agitated I might be. Oh! how different I was within to that which I appeared to be externally. Not, indeed, that I was not worldly; I was too much so. That I was not like some young ladies of the same age and condition as myself must be ascribed to such an education as was rarely given to women, and which made me almost masculine in my mode of thought, and steady, reflective, and courageous in my habits. I knew very few persons of my own sex intimately, only my mother and two or three of my relatives, and I received my education entirely from masters. Many gentlemen always frequented my father’s house, and also many of my cousins about my own age, and thus I was educated with them and was much more like a boy than a girl.

“At the age of eighteen I did not know how to sew or employ myself in such things as ladies generally do, and I had a very great contempt for the understanding and capacity of all

* The present Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street.

the other women that I met. My father had no other daughter who had survived infancy, but three sons (now all are dead), and I was educated as they were because he held in detestation *stupid girls*. From my constant intercourse with more experienced persons than myself, I had heard so much said of the deceitful vanity of the world that I entered it with my eyes open, and I distrusted everything and everybody; notwithstanding, seized with an almost delirious pleasure in balls, I danced, talked, and laughed like others; but when I returned home, which sometimes happened at sunrise, I looked at myself with a contemptuous disgust, over-heated by excitement, my curls in disorder, my dress ruined, my flowers faded, head and feet aching, white kid shoes worn but once, for which I had given fourteen shillings a pair (money which would have made so many poor happy), now spoiled. I threw myself upon a seat to undress, whilst the sun began to pour his rays into the windows of my room as if despising me, and to the astonishment of my tired maid I exclaimed: 'My God, this cannot be the end for which I was created! What good have I done this night? What good things have I heard? All vanity, all folly, all misery and deceit!'

"In the midst of pleasure I was never happy, never content; I had always a craving for something else; I wanted something which it was impossible to find in this world of falsehood—that thing was God.

"On the 18th of June, in that year of 1831, my father died. As long as he lived I am sure that I should never have had the courage publicly to embrace the Catholic religion, for he had the strongest prejudices against it, although he knew many Catholics and had many Irish Catholic relations; but all the same he had many times said in my presence that it was all folly and masquerading, in such a way that I dared not unclosethe my lips to contradict him so openly. I, who was the only and well-beloved child remaining to him of his family (he had lost five other children), could not bring myself to think that I ought to add to his sorrows or that he ought to cease to love me, which it was very evident to me would be the case if I manifested my desires. It seemed to me a very strong proof of the untruth of the Protestant church that although he was (I believe from political motives) a vehement supporter of the sect established by law, and although his dearest son, according to his father's desire, had been a minister of that church, yet for all that in his last illness he firmly refused to listen to any one who advised him to avail himself of the aid of a clergyman. I remember

often to have heard him say that such assistance was useless to him, for he knew more than all the parsons of the Anglican Church put together. I did not see him for eight days before his death, for at that time I was myself very ill, being prostrated with fever. During that illness, and in the silence and solitude of my apartments, I had more time to think of myself, and also to reflect upon the levity and frivolity in which I lived, and the constant dissipation I had endured for a year both in town and country.

“Two months after the death of my father we went into Germany to stay with the family of my mother’s brother, who was also one of my guardians, and for the three ensuing months many and grievous were the troubles I had to bear.

“May God pardon my enemies as fully as I have pardoned them! Since I then found myself in a Catholic country I was more anxious than ever about churches and convents. Many arguments were laid before my mind, and I am struck with astonishment when I begin to consider that I answered with regard to the Catholic religion, and in its favor, as though I had really possessed the knowledge of the things I said. It seemed as if the words were put into my mouth, for almost without reflection I refuted the accusations of its being superstitious to build chapels, to put up crosses in the public streets, and to implore with many prayers the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and of the saints. With much anxiety I visited the churches whenever it was possible for me (which was not often), and trembling and palpitating I walked round them, as if the place I trod were holy ground. I very often visited the cemetery, which was very beautiful in that German city in which we lived, and I admired the crosses which served to mark the graves. I looked at the confessionals with a great longing to draw near and tell my troubles to one who could understand them.

“I looked at a convent which was in one of our most frequent walks, and I would willingly have left all to be as those good nuns. Since my visit to the Spanish church in London, in May, I had never but once entered any Protestant church, and then had experienced such disgust that I resolved never to allow myself to be persuaded by any one to enter one of them again. On September 21, a few days before we left Germany, an accident happened to me, and although on account of it I have suffered much for these four years—for from that day till September last, 1835, I never knew an hour of health or even of relief from pain—all the same I can never sufficiently thank God, for without doubt

it was the work of his infinite mercy in order to detach me entirely from the world and make me see more plainly the necessity of consecrating myself to his service.

“In Paris, where my illness increased every day, I heard the celebrated surgeon Dupuytrien say that it seemed to him impossible that I could live another year, but that certainly if I ever were cured of that infirmity I should by degrees become wholly deformed. For the loss of personal beauty I cared nothing—it was rather a joy to me that no one would any longer care to look at me; but what if I had to die? That night I said to myself (it was one night at the end of October that seemed interminable to me, my pain was so great): “Oh, dear! now I must be a Catholic. What does it matter to me what the world will say? Perhaps no one will weep for my death except my mother, and she will be better off when I am dead, for then her relations will make friends with her again; but I must die a Catholic. If I died now what would become of me? I believe there is no salvation outside the Catholic Church!” We returned to London in the month of November, and I was so weak that to have lived through the next two months, and have endured my torments of mind and body, seems to me now a real miracle.

“I thought I should become mad, and my speech was so strange that I believe all who were about me were of the same opinion. The only way in which I occupied myself was in reading, and that by night because I never slept. I could not move myself, or turn in bed, or put a foot to the ground without fainting away. I read anew some books about conversions to the faith, but there did not yet come to my mind what step I must take with regard to my own so long desired conversion. It had been impossible for me to do it while I was in France, where I was surrounded by relations who would have treated me as a fool if I had said a word about religion, and where besides I was without helpers or acquaintances. And now I found myself again in London what could I do? I did not know one Catholic in that great city. At last I remembered one day that the Catholic Bishop of London was called Bramston. I looked out the name in the directory, found his address, and came to a fixed determination with regard to it. I made this discovery on January 10.

“My health was already much worse, and I was in great danger of death. I passed that night in so strange a delirium that even now I wonder when I only think of it. I heard the pulsation of my heart all night; I had the sound of music and the bells of a High Mass in my ears; I saw before my eyes priests, nuns, lights, and

crosses; there came before my mind all the unanswerable arguments that I had read or imagined in my thoughts. At last morning came, and when I saw my mother I said to her: "I entreat you to write at once to Bishop Bramston, who lives in such a house; I wish to be a Catholic; there is no other church, I am convinced of it; I wish to see a priest. It does not matter now what people will say about me. I shall die; it will not hurt any one if I die a Catholic; but certainly this is the only way to save my soul. If you have ever loved me write to that bishop."

"I seem still to see the surprise, the stupor that came over the face of my mother at that moment; but at the time I was too ill to be contradicted, or even hear more arguments, and she did as I had begged her, only saying, 'Well, if you will be a Catholic you must, but I hope I shall be allowed to remain as I am.' How I lived through that day I cannot tell, except for the aid of that God who has always so wonderfully sustained me. My suspense became a sharp torture to me, but on the morning of the 12th the reply to the note arrived in the person of Monsignor Gradwell, coadjutor to the vicar-apostolic (he died at Easter in the following year), who came to find me. My mother was in my room during his visit; and in that first conversation the Lord vouchsafed to open her eyes and her heart, and convinced her that up to that moment she had lived in darkness and error; and when the bishop visited me the second time my mother also believed in the holy Catholic Church, and commenced the practice of religion by abstaining on the next Friday and hearing Holy Mass on the following Sunday. Immediately, in the fulness of her faith abandoning all the prejudices of her life and education, she began to study the catechism and to listen to the instructions which were given to us by the bishop in his visits.

"The change that those few days had wrought in me seemed miraculous. I felt as if my heart were eased of a very heavy burden. I was content, I was in peace, I tasted the joy of Paradise; I could breathe, and speak, and pray; I even took pleasure in my sufferings; but I felt, on the other hand, that a very heavy veil of division had fallen between me and all my friends and acquaintances, and as if I had no longer anything to do with the world. From that time I have prayed for all of them, but I have always felt that it is no longer in my power to love any one except in God and for God. I have remained perfectly indifferent to every worldly interest or concern. At the same time I also pardoned all, and especially some who had been my very bitter and unprovoked enemies, and the only difference re-

garding them is that I pray more for their conversion than for those who were my friends.

“Also from that time I have been indifferent to all luxuries and conveniences, to all that in this world is called pleasure and enjoyment, to admiration, and equally so to injuries, contempts, and calumnies.

“On the Wednesday in Easter week, April 25, 1832, we made our First Communion in the Bavarian chapel in London, and two days after we left England for ever.

“For the first three months that followed our conversion great was the wrath and amazement which our determination excited among my friends. No opprobrious epithet was too strong for me? But what mattered it to me? I gloried in my faith; I did not feel any injury; I was satisfied; I was a *Catholic*, and knew the inexpressible advantages and consolations given by our holy religion. I sincerely pitied those poor souls who so bitterly condemned me, without knowing, and without wishing to hear, one single article of the faith which I had embraced.

“I had always experienced (and I believe that arose from the remembrance of my first friends having been the Carmelite nuns) a lively tenderness and a great devotion to St. Teresa; I determined, therefore, to put myself under her patronage, taking her name in addition to my own in the sacrament of Confirmation. For my patron, St. Aloysius Gonzaga, I have always felt much devotion since my conversion. My mother, who herself bore his name, gave birth to me on his feast—that is to say, on the eve of the same, June 20, 1813—and we were both called Louisa, though certainly those who gave us this name did not know St. Aloysius.

“What a marvel was the grace of our conversion! In all others of which I have heard there has been some visible instrument; in some cases conversion was the fruit of the prayers of others, but in mine it was solely from the inspiration of God. I did not know one Catholic, nor was there a single person in the world who prayed for me. Whilst I was still an infant, though I had not heard a word in its favor, the Catholic religion was in my heart; no one could give me a satisfactory reason for one single dogma of Protestantism; every history that I read increased my dislike for the sect in which I saw such contradiction, injustice, and crime; and as among all my numerous relations barely six were of the same opinion in religious matters, I very soon concluded that no truth, no unity could be found in a family of Protestants.

“January 18, 1833, we received the sacrament of Confirmation at the hands of Cardinal Weld, in Rome; I have never given one sigh over the separation from my relations and English friends, nor over the great worldly advantages I have left; I have never felt the least disquiet about my choice; every month that passes I always thank God with increased fervor for the graces that he has conferred upon me, and his great favor in choosing me, out of so many millions of unhappy souls who remain in darkness and the shadow of death, to be a daughter of his holy church and the bride of his Son Jesus. What have I done to merit such favors?”

“Now I have no more to add, except to beg all who read these pages to implore of Heaven grace that I may not prove unworthy of the holy favors and graces received, but may have such strength as will enable me to fulfil the sacred precepts of God and the evangelical counsels; to love him who has so loved me, and to suffer and die, after the example of St. Teresa, for his sake who has suffered so much and died on the cross for me.

“LOUISA TERESA HARTWELL.

“ROME, December, 1835.”

Here the narrative ends, but we must follow a little further the footsteps of this favored child of God. In her humility she does not speak of another miraculous favor conferred upon her. The opinion of Monsieur Dupuytrien had proved to be only too well founded. In 1831 Miss Hartwell had injured her spine, and the result was she became humpbacked and always exceedingly infirm and suffering. Her ardent desire ever after her conversion was not only to become a nun but a Carmelite. Her Catholic friends assured her that this was impossible, and that her only chance of religious life, if any, lay in her entering the Order of the Visitation should her health improve. But she still hoped on for Carmel, and in September, 1835, she was one night strongly impelled to offer herself to God as a Carmelite nun if he would vouchsafe to restore her to health. She went to bed, as usual, full of pain and suffering; she rose the next morning perfectly well, and all trace of her deformity had disappeared, nor did it ever return. She eagerly set about fulfilling her resolution of becoming a Carmelite.

She received the habit of St. Teresa in the Carmel of Via Quattro Fontane, Rome, April 12, 1836.

As may readily be supposed, she thirsted after perfection. The

Carmel was an ancient one, and she knew she would have more to suffer in one that had been recently founded at Ronciglione, and we may readily suppose that she wished to escape from the many visitors who would naturally seek to speak with the young English novice who had received such extraordinary gifts from on high. She accordingly obtained a pontifical brief which enabled her to be transferred from Rome to the Carmel of Ronciglione, a small town thirty-five miles from Rome. Here she made her solemn profession April 13, 1837, and thus her heart's desire was accomplished. Her name in religion was Mary Teresa Gonzaga of the Cross. Her mother also entered the convent, not as a nun but with the title of benefactress, as permitted by the constitutions of St. Teresa. She followed the life of a religious as far as her health permitted, edifying the community greatly.

Miss Hartwell employed some of her time in translating from the Italian the life of a Florentine Carmelite whose incorrupt body was preserved in the Carmel of that city. This holy Carmelite was called Sister Teresa Margaret of the Heart of Jesus. Besides her many virtues she was celebrated by her great devotion to the Sacred Heart, a devotion which Miss Hartwell seems to have shared. In this work, which was edited by Dr. Donovan and published in 1848, Miss Hartwell gives interesting particulars of the mother of Pope Pius VII., who before the accession of her son to the pontifical throne entered the Carmel at Fano, in 1761. She wore the habit, took the name of Sister Teresa Diletta of Jesus and Mary, and followed the rule, but without taking the vows. She gave the nuns the greatest edification for twelve years, dying in 1773. Pius VII., after he became pope, visited Fano in order to see his mother's grave and said Mass in the convent chapel June 20, 1800.

When Miss Hartwell's lungs became affected, it was thought that the soft climate of Naples would restore her, and her mother procured a papal dispensation allowing her to be transferred to a Carmel in that city, Lady Hartwell accompanying her. The change of air did her immense good, and her health was restored. During their stay in Naples Lady Hartwell died. Sister Teresa Gonzaga, while in Naples, contracted a strong spiritual friendship with a religious in the Naples Carmel, and when this nun was dying Sister Teresa Gonzaga asked her to obtain for her the grace that when her own time to die should come a warning sign might be vouchsafed. The sister's health being now restored, she wished to return to her own convent at Ronciglione, and accordingly did so.

In her Carmelite life Sister Teresa Gonzaga was a pattern of religious virtue. Her sisters held her in greatest veneration, and the belief that she had attained a high degree of sanctity grew and strengthened among them. At the beginning of 1854 she was attacked with bronchitis, and at the end of January she told the nuns that she had received the sign promised by her friend in Naples, and that death for her was not far off.

On February 21 death came—came in its sweetest aspect to this beloved child of God. “Behold!” cried the dying nun, “behold our Lady! She has come to fetch me.” And in that radiant joy she passed away, and, as we may surely believe, was carried in the arms of Mary to the heart of Jesus. And now the tongues of the Carmelites of Ronciglione and of Naples were unlocked, and they could speak of the saintly life passed under their eyes, and with one acclaim they called her *La Beata*. And by this name she is known to the present day, and in her intercession the nuns have a firm faith.

And may we not believe that the prayers of this valiant woman, and her brave mother’s also, have been rising up for their native land, from which for God’s love they had exiled themselves? It was about the time of their conversion that the first dawn of the “second spring” appeared in England. Since then the light and the warmth of the Catholic faith has been more and more shed upon the land. The few scattered churches and convents and priests have been multiplied by the hundred; many have been gathered into the fold, and the darkness of three centuries is over

AUTHOR OF “TYBORNE.”

STUDENT LIFE OF DANTE.*

(CONCLUDED.)

To the divers vicissitudes, political, poetic, and scientific, through which Dante passed, correspond three sorts of works, revealing his indefatigable activity: 1st, the treatise *De Monarchiâ*, a learned theory of the constitution of the Holy Empire, which, binding the organization of Christian Europe to the traditions of the ancient Roman Empire, looked for the ultimate origin of power and of society in the depths of the designs of Providence; 2d, the *Rime*, or lyric compositions, the *Vita Nuova*, an ingenious confession of the youthful life of the author, and the two books *De Vulgari Eloquentiâ*, a sketch of the philological labors by means of which he was enabled to make of the vulgar idiom, until then disdained, an instrument worthy of expressing the noblest aspirations; 3d, the *Convito*, or Banquet, wherein he proposes to place within the reach of the mass of men the bread, but too rare, of knowledge, and scatters abroad with a liberal and beneficent hand the philosophical ideas gathered by him in communion with the sages of antiquity and the doctors of later times. † These were all simply preludes or episodes. The entirety of his genius was to be brought forth in a unique work: the *Divine Comedy* was conceived.

V. The frame-work of the *Divine Comedy* was to be drawn from the usages of the period and the examples afforded by the ancients, or rather, from the entire past of poetry. Poetry, in its noblest flight, is an intuition of the infinite; it is the perception of God in creation; the unchangeable destiny of man represented amid the vicissitudes of history. This is why it appears at its origin clothed with a sacerdotal character, taking its part in prayer and in religious instruction; and this is also why, even in times of decadence, the employment of the marvellous remains one of the privileges, even precepts, of the poetic art. Thus, in pagan days, the great Oriental compositions, such as the Mahabharata; the Greek cycles, such as those of Hercules, Theseus, Orpheus, Ulysses,

* This article and the one in our preceding number, of which it is the sequel, are translated from Ozanam's *Dante*.

† We must add to these his Latin Eclogues, published by Dionisi, and his thesis *De duobus Elementis*, printed twice at Venice, in 1508 and 1708. These small works are not included in the edition issued by Zatta.

Psyche; the Latin epics of Virgil, Lucan, Statius, Silius Italicus; and, finally, works which may be called philosophical poems, such as the *Republic* of Plato and that of Cicero, all had their journeys to heaven, their descents into hell, their necromancies, and their dead resuscitated, or reappearing to tell of the mysteries of the future life. Christianity naturally, and to a still greater degree, favored the intervention of the supernatural in the literature formed under its auspices. From the visions contained in the Old and New Testaments descended the train of ideas whence arose the first legends; the martyrs were visited in their prisons by prophetic visions; the anchorites of the Thebaïd and the monks of Mt. Athos had narratives to proffer which found echoes in Irish monasteries and the cells of Monte Cassino. The Provençal Troubadours, the *Trouvères* of France, the German Meistersingers, and the later Scandinavian Skalds availed themselves of the data furnished by the hagiographers, and added to them the charms of rhythm and of song. Nothing was more famous in the thirteenth century than were the dreams of St. Perpetua and St. Cyprian, the pilgrimage of St. Macarius the Roman to the terrestrial paradise, the trance of the young Alberic, the purgatory of St. Patrick, and the miraculous voyages of St. Brendan. Thus, numerous examples and contemporary literary usages corresponded with the Faith, which shows us the eternal regions as the country of the soul, the natural dwelling-place of thought. Dante understood this and, overstepping the limitations of space and time to enter into the triple kingdom of which the gates are opened by death, he placed the scene of his poem, from its primal conception, in the realm of the infinite.*

There he found himself on the meeting-ground of all generations, in possession of a horizon which will be that of the Last Judgment, embracing within its limits all the families of the human race. He was present at the final solution of the enigma of revolutions. He judged the nations and the leaders of the nations; he stood in the place of Him who will one day cease to be patient, and he dispensed, according to his own will, the awards in the treasury of recompense and punishment. He took the opportunity of setting forth with epic grandeur his political theories, and of executing, with that rod of satire which prophets have not disdained to wield, his scheme of pitiless retribution.† And there, as a traveller whose arrival is duly awaited, he was met by

* On the poetic antecedents of the *Divine Comedy* there exists an interesting but too brief dissertation by Foscolo, *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxx.

† Psalms, *passim*; Isaias xliv. 12, etc.

Beatrice, who had preceded him but a short time; he beheld her such as his fairest dreams had represented her; he had his share in her triumph. This celestial triumph had, perhaps, been the primal and generating idea of the *Divine Comedy*, conceived as an elegy wherein should be reflected the sorrows and the consolations of a pious love.* In short, all things appeared to him from their proper point of view; he overlooked creation, of which no corner, however obscure, could escape his glance; he felt impelled to show the prodigious variety of his learning and the profundity of his views; as a didactic poet, he could here sketch out the entire system of an admirable philosophy.

Now, philosophy, with the severity of its learned forms, could occupy only a restricted space, and did not readily unite with the other elements of the poem; some means was needed by the aid of which it might be transformed, and, by an intimate transfusion, be felt in every part of the whole. This means was symbolism, a philosophical method of procedure, since it rests upon the incontrovertible law of the association of ideas, and it is, besides, eminently poetical; for while prose places immediately under the sign of the word the thought to be conveyed, poetry places there *images*, which are in themselves signs of a still higher thought. But the image destined thus to serve as a middle term between the word and the thought, ought not to be carelessly chosen; still less ought it to be composed of fantastic features, capriciously combined. The required image must be sought for in the order of realities, that it may offer a faithful analogy with the idea which it represents, that, indeed, according to the original force of the word (*ἰσμβολον*), one may really find it a symbol—that is, a throwing or bringing together. Combinations of this sort are abundant in nature—the song of the birds is the sign of the day, and the first blooming of a flowering plant that of the season; the shadow of a reed on the sand measures the height of the sun in the heavens. The poets of the olden times felt these universal harmonies; everything appeared to them environed by all its relations; for them every comparison was a serious matter; they regarded as positive beliefs the myths to which they gave ingenious interpretations. So, likewise, in the Holy Scriptures each event recorded has both a real existence and a figurative signification; each one of its most illustrious personages fulfils at the same time a historic part and a prophetic function. The

* Dante, *Vita Nuova*, *in fine*: "A wonderful vision appeared to me, in which I saw things that made me resolve to speak no more of this blessed one (Beatrice) until I could more worthily treat of her."

genius of Dante, nourished on the traditions of the Bible, naturally proceeded in the same manner. The persons whom he places on the scene are real in his thought and significant in his intention; they are incarnate ideas, living symbols.* The actions which he imputes to them express the relations of the ideas under the name of which they act. In short, the whole of the *Divine Comedy* is penetrated by an allegorical teaching which forms its inner life. He himself declares this in the dedication of the *Paradiso* to Can Grande della Scala: "It must be understood that the sense of this work is not single, but multiple. The first sense is that which is shown under the letter; the second is that which is hidden under the things expressed by the letter; the first is called literal, the second allegorical or moral. According to these considerations, it is evident that the subject must be twofold, that it may lend itself alternately to the two senses indicated. The subject of the work, literally taken, is the state of souls after death; this is the pivotal idea of the poem throughout its entire course. In the allegorical sense, the poet treats of the hell of this world, through which we are journeying as pilgrims, with the power of meriting and demeriting; and the subject is man, inasmuch as by his merits and his demerits he is subjected to the divine justice, remunerative or retributive. The species of philosophy which the author has embraced is moral philosophy or ethics, for the end which he has proposed to himself is a practical one, and not mere idle speculation; and if in some passages he seems to speculate, it is with a view to application, according to what the philosopher (Aristotle) says in the second book of his *Metaphysics*: Practical men sometimes indulge in speculation, but in a passing manner and with a view to subsequent application." †

Giacopo di Dante, as heir to the paternal traditions, develops still more clearly the moral purpose of the poem in the preface of the commentary undertaken by him, the correctness of which is guaranteed by his filial piety: "The whole work is divided into three parts, of which the first is named Hell; the second, Purgatory; the third and last, Paradise. I will begin explaining in a general way the allegorical character, by saying that the

* Thus Rachel and Lia, Mary and Martha, represent for him contemplation and action (*Purgatorio*, xxvii. 33; *Convito*, iv. 17). Also Peter, James, and John are figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity (*Paradiso*, xxiv.-xxv.) In the same way, even in his prose writings—as, for instance, in the *Convito*—he is fond of rendering his idea more striking by taking as types certain poetical personages. He borrows from Statius, Virgil, Ovid, and Lucan, four heroes, that he may the better represent in their persons the characteristics of the four ages of life (*Convito*, xxv.-xxviii.)

† *Epist. dedicat. ad Can Grande.*

principal design of the author is to show figuratively the three modes of being of the human race. In the first part he considers vice, which he calls Hell, to make us understand that vice is opposed to virtue as to its contrary, as the place chosen for its punishment is named *Inferno*, by reason of its low position, its remoteness from the heights of heaven. The second part has for its subject the transition from vice to virtue, which he names Purgatory, to show the transformation of the soul which is purged of its faults in time, for time is the medium in which every transformation must take place. The third and last part is that wherein he treats of men made perfect, and he calls it Paradise, to express the loftiness of their virtues and the greatness of their happiness, two conditions without which we could not discern the sovereign good. Thus is it that the author proceeds in the three parts of the poem, always by means of the figures employed progressing toward the accomplishment of his design." The earliest commentators adopt and reproduce this explanation.*

* Giacopo di Dante comprises in his commentary only the first part of the *Divine Comedy*. This commentary, valuable through the biographical information it may contain, ought to be brought to light. We found the preface to it, interesting in divers respects, in a manuscript contained in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*. It bears the number 7765.

Another beautiful manuscript, numbered 7002, contains the *Divine Comedy*, preceded by the prefaces of Benvenuto da Imola, and accompanied by the commentary of Giacopo della Lana, the two earliest interpreters who undertook a complete explanation of the poem. The following extracts relate to the subject occupying our attention at the present moment.

Benvenuto da Imola: "The matter or subject of this book is the state of the human soul, both as connected with the living body and as separated from it. As the state of the whole is threefold, so does the author divide his work into three parts. A soul may be in sin; such a one, even while it lives with the body, is, morally speaking, dead, and hence is in the moral Hell; when separated from the body, if it died incurably obstinate, it is in the actual Hell. Again, a soul may be receding from vice; such a one, while still in the body, is in the moral Purgatory, or in the act of penance in which it purges away its sin; if separated, it is in the actual Purgatory. Yet again, a soul may dwell in the perfect habit of virtue; even while living in the body it is already, in a manner, in Paradise, for it exists in as great felicity as is possible in this life of misery; separated from the body, it is in the heavenly Paradise, where there is true and perfect happiness, where it enjoys the vision of God."

Giacopo della Lana: "And since our author, Dante, considers human life to exist in three conditions—the life of the vicious, that of the penitent, and that of the virtuous—he has divided his book into three parts, namely, Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise."

One might perhaps object to these testimonies the example of Tasso, who also wished to apply to the fictions of the *Jerusalem Delivered* an allegorical sense, justly set aside by his admirers. But this afterthought of Tasso, a caprice of his later days, can by no means be compared to the tenacious habits of mind influencing the poet of the thirteenth century, habits betrayed in the first writings of his youth (*Vita Nuova*), set forth without circumlocution in those of his maturity (*Convito*), and several times referred to in the course of the *Divine Comedy* (*Inferno*, ix.; *Purgatorio*, viii.), as if indeed, by a fortunate solicitude, to meet any possible hesitation on the part of future readers.

We will not conclude this note without rectifying an omission which would be unjust. When we were presuming the poetic intentions of Dante to have been almost entirely misunderstood by French critics, we were not acquainted with the dissertation of the late M. Bach on the state of souls after death according to Dante and St. Thomas, nor with the interesting chapter which M. Delecluze devoted to Dante considered as a philosophical poet. (*Florence et ses Vicissitudes*, vol. ii.)

VI. Before proceeding farther, we shall do well to glance backward for a moment. We have seen how the general transitional movement which was accomplished in European society, from the thirteenth to the fourteenth century, was to make itself felt in the progress of the human mind; how philosophy, having reached the highest point of its scholastic period, felt the need of popularizing itself, and of taking on an enduring form in the songs of a poet; how it found the required singer among the pupils of that old Italian school in which the service of the true was never separated from the service of the beautiful and the good; how, finally, the vicissitudes of Dante's life developed in him the threefold sense: moral, æsthetic, and intellectual. This triple germ, which obtained its growth under the influence of a persistent course of culture, was destined to bear wondrous fruit—the *Divine Comedy*; and this fruit, laid open by analysis, was to liberate from its brilliant and odorous envelope the seeds of philosophy therein enclosed.

Thus have we watched the advent of a great man. Like to one of the double-visaged divinities adored by the Romans, he has appeared to us as if looking in two directions—toward the past, of which he is the representative, and again toward the future, of which he is the precursor. His is a generous nature, giving out more than it has received. He is the epitome of an epoch and of a country—to speak in the language of the scholastics, the period and the land are the matter composing him—but he epitomizes them in a powerful personality, and this is the form which constitutes him. We have followed the formation of an immortal book; such works last as long as humanity itself, which they never cease to interest, because they have given expression to an entire phase of human history, and are connected with all that is immutable in the thoughts and affections of the human race. While pointing out some of the sources of the *Divine Comedy*, we have found them extending back into the farthest depths of history; but we likewise find in the poem the expression of all the subjects of interest—political, literary, and scientific—of contemporaneous society. Also, in the principal work, and in the lesser writings that form its complement, we have traced the presence of a wide philosophical system, the detailed exposition of which must now occupy us, and of which we may lay down beforehand the general characteristics according to the correlated facts which have been the object of our preliminary researches. This philosophy will be eclectic in its doctrines, as were all the most illustrious teachings of the time; poetical in its

form and ethical in its direction, as was required by the habits of thought of the nationality to which Dante belonged; it will be, like the mind of its author, bold in its flight and encyclopedic in the extent embraced by it. For a philosophical system may be compared to a placid spring of living water: the genius of him who professes it is like the basin containing it and giving to it its configuration, while the circumstances of time and place resemble the atmosphere which environs it, influencing its temperature, and supplying the currents of air by which its surface is ruffled.

LUCIA D. PYCHOWSKA.

THE LAND OF THE SANCTUARY; OR, BIRTH OF RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.

AMID the fierce religious conflicts that marked the earlier half of the seventeenth century the principle of religious toleration had its birth. To Cecilius Calvert, second Baron of Baltimore, a faithful son of the Roman Catholic Church, is due the glory of proclaiming for the first time in the history of the world liberty of conscience for all professing a belief in our Lord Jesus Christ! Sir George Calvert, father of Cecilius, descended from a noble family of Flanders, was born at Kepling, Yorkshire, in 1582, and after holding many places of honor and trust under the patronage of the famous minister of Queen Elizabeth, Robert Cecil, received from King James the appointment of chief secretary of state. As the reward of his faithful services the king bestowed upon his secretary an extensive estate in Ireland, from which he subsequently derived his title. In 1620 Sir George was elected to Parliament by the University of Oxford.

In 1624 Calvert, who had been baptized in the Established Church, embraced the faith of the Roman Catholic Church and, contrary to the wishes of his master, King James, resigned the office of secretary of state, which required the enforcement of the penal laws against his co-religionists; thus proving the sincerity of his religious convictions, not only by the relinquishment of that honorable and lucrative office, but also of the most brilliant prospects of further preferment, and the adoption of a faith proscribed by law and the object of popular hatred. In 1625 Sir

George was raised to the peerage under the title of Baron of Baltimore.

Desirous of founding a refuge in the new world where his persecuted brethren might freely enjoy the inestimable privilege of worshipping God according to the dictates of conscience, Lord Baltimore obtained a charter for the province to which the name Maryland (Terra Mariæ) was subsequently given, in honor of the queen of Charles I. In April, 1632, Lord Baltimore died, before the charter had passed the great seal. Bancroft, the historian, says: "Sir George Calvert died leaving a name against which the breath of calumny has hardly dared whisper a reproach."* Passion and prejudice have in vain attacked his memory, and, since facts cannot be controverted, his motives have been assailed, even by some professing to be ministers of Christ.

On June 20, 1632, the charter of Terra Mariæ, the Land of Mary, was granted by King Charles I. to Cecilius, second Baron of Baltimore. Let us examine the provisions of the charter concerning religion. The objects of this instrument were the extension of the Christian religion and the territory of the empire. The fourth section of the charter grants to the proprietary "patronages and advowsons of all churches which, with the increasing worship and religion of Christ† within the said region, shall happen to be built, together with license and faculty of erecting and founding churches, . . . and of causing the same to be dedicated and consecrated according to the ecclesiastical laws of our kingdom of England."‡ Reference is made to the Christian religion in general, not to any particular form of it—*e.g.*, the Established Church. The words "license and faculty" are the grant of a power not coupled with a trust, and not mandatory in its character, the execution of which rested solely in the discretion of the proprietary. (For execution of powers *vide* Sugden.)§

The charter simply provides that the ecclesiastical laws of England should be observed in the consecration of such churches as the proprietary, in his discretion, might erect, but does not prohibit him from using a ritual different from that of the Established Church. The historian Scharf says: "The whole control of ecclesiastical affairs in the province was granted to the lord proprietary." "The power over all church matters was vested in him, and was to emanate from him, and not from the people, as it does where religion is left free." "The pastors were to be chosen, not by popular election, nor were the hearers

* *History of the United States*, i. 214.

† *Juxta ecclesiasticas regni nostri Angliæ.*

‡ *Crescente cultu Christi, et religione.*

§ *On Powers*, i. p. 158.

to have any voice in their election, but by appointment of the owner of the soil." "The proprietary might prevent the erection of any church which he chose to forbid, and by exclusive power of appointment, dictate the faith of the province." "The proprietary might renounce all these rights, if he chose, and proclaim entire religious freedom; but *there is no provision made for the exercise of that freedom in the charter.*" "That instrument makes provision for the support of the clergy, not by the people, but by the rent of lands or other property bestowed upon each individual church by the proprietary, or those to whom he might convey landed estates."*

If, as has been contended, the words "worship and religion of Christ" are qualified by "the ecclesiastical laws of England," then the charter simply provides for the erection of churches for members of the English Church; consequently there is no toleration either for Roman Catholics or dissenters from the Established Church. This interpretation would have defeated the cherished purpose of Lord Baltimore of providing an asylum where his brethren, unawed by the bloodthirsty provisions of the penal laws, could enjoy "freedom to worship God." This section further contains a grant to the proprietary of prerogatives and royal rights as ample as those exercised by the Bishop of Durham in his palatinate. The historian Scharf says: "The heads of these palatinate governments were invested with powers and prerogatives which fell little short of royalty itself." "The sovereign, however, could grant no powers of which he was not himself possessed; so that if he were bound to govern a certain territory by peculiar laws, or to respect ancient customs, the count palatine was under the same obligation." "But in a newly-discovered country, such as America, there were no such limitations. The power of the sovereign over the land and the original inhabitants was absolute; and hence a palatinate there could approach much nearer to absolute sovereignty than it could in Europe; and this is shown in the charter of Maryland."†

In consequence of this grant of power the proprietary was, in his province, almost a king, saving only the allegiance due from him to the kings of England. Of the beneficent effect of the government of the Calverts history affords most ample testimony. Section v. of the charter constitutes Baron Baltimore absolute

* *History of Maryland*, vol. i. p. 165.

† Scharf's *History of Maryland*, i. pp. 60-1. For semi-regal powers of counts palatine *vide* Blackstone, *Commen. Laws of England*, i: sec. 4, p. 117. Story, *Commen. Laws of U. S.*, i. ch. ix. pp. 69-70. Declar. of Lord Baltimore, Mary. His. Soc. Pub., 1883, p. 264.

lord and proprietary of the province, saving allegiance due the king of England. An acknowledgment of the "supremacy" of the king is not exacted by the charter; for as a loyal subject the proprietary owed allegiance *in ordine ad temporalia*, but, as a Roman Catholic, he could not conscientiously admit his supremacy *in ordine ad spiritualia*. Section vi. grants the proprietary full power to enact laws, according to his sound discretion, for the government of the province, with the advice and consent of the freemen thereof or of their delegates, to be summoned by him to an assembly; also to enforce such laws by penalties extending in certain cases to deprivation of life or limb, with further power to erect courts of justice with ample jurisdiction, provided that such laws "be consonant with reason and, so far as conveniently may be, agreeable to the laws, statutes," etc., of England.

The power not only of approving and executing laws, but also of originating them, was vested in the proprietary, and they were to become operative without the assent of the English crown; "nor," says Chalmers, "was there any saving of the royal interference in the government of the province."

Section xviii. gives the proprietary "full and absolute license and power" to grant land in his discretion. Mr. Gladstone, notwithstanding this clause, asserts that as "immigration into the colony was by the charter free, and only by this" (religious toleration) "and other popular provisions could the territory have been extricated from the grasp of its neighbors in Virginia, who claimed it as their own, it was apprehended that the Puritans would flood it, as they did; and it seems certain that, but for this provision, the handful of Roman Catholic founders would have been unable to hold their ground." In answer to this, it should be remembered that the charter did not prevent the proprietary from excluding any class of persons from the province whom he did not desire, nor from enacting laws prohibiting the exercise of a particular form of worship, nor refusing to sell, lease, or grant land to Protestants. Scharf says: "If this policy had been followed, how could Protestants have obtained a footing in Maryland?"*

Section xxii. of the charter declares that in all cases of interpretation that may arise the provisions shall be construed in the sense most favorable to the proprietary, "providing always that no interpretation shall be made whereby God's holy and true Christian religion (*sacro-sancta Dei, et vera Christiana religio*), or the allegiance due to us may in anywise suffer prejudice," etc.

* *Hist.*, i. 162.

The words *sacro-sancta*, etc., refer to the Christian religion in general, without reference to any particular form of belief, consequently the establishment of a state church was not provided for by the charter, being left to the discretion of the proprietary. *

Armed with powers the most ample that ever emanated from the English crown, and notwithstanding the untiring efforts of his enemies to defeat the establishment of the proposed colony, Baron Baltimore, after expending £40,000 from his private estate, despatched to his province two vessels, the *Ark* and *The Dove*: names emblematical of the purposes for which the colony was to be established—Religious Security and Peace. Speaking of the character of the first colonists, the late Mr. Justice Story says that they “consisted of about two hundred gentlemen of considerable fortune and rank, and their adherents, being chiefly Roman Catholics.” †

These men, chiefly English Roman Catholics, descendants of the mail-clad barons who wrested Magna Charta from King John at Runnymede, left their ancestral estates in Old England that upon the virgin shores of the New World they might freely enjoy the priceless privilege of worshipping God according to the dictates of conscience. ‡

On November 23, 1633, the expedition set sail; and, after a dangerous voyage, in which it was driven far from its course, upon the Feast of the Annunciation, March 25, 1634, the pilgrims landed on an island in Chesapeake Bay, to which the name of St Clement was given, and offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in thanksgiving to God for their escape from the perils of the sea. The governor, Leonard Calvert, and associates planted a huge cross as a trophy to Christ the Saviour, while reciting with great devotion the Litany of the Holy Cross. §

Maryland might justly be termed Paradise Regained, since the government of the province was administered in the spirit of that Prince of Peace whose religion was its corner-stone. While the cavaliers of Virginia were disfranchising and expelling the Puritans, and the Puritans of Massachusetts banishing and persecuting the Episcopalians, the Roman Catholic proprietary of Maryland, animated with a nobler spirit, afforded them both a “sanctuary” where they might freely exercise the practice of their religion. Invested with almost regal powers in his province, Cecilius Calvert, the lord proprietary, granted unlimited toler-

* For the original Latin of the charter *vide The Laws of Maryland*, Annapolis, 1799, vol. i., or a translation in Scharf's *Hist.*, i. 38.

† *Commen. Const. of U. S.*, vol. i. ch. iv. p. 70.

‡ *Vide Scharf's Hist.*, i. 66.

§ *Vide* Father White's *Narrative of a Voyage to Maryland*, in Scharf, i. 69.

ation to all persons professing a belief in our Lord Jesus Christ, by prescribing an oath of office to be taken by the lieutenant-general of the province, that he would "not, directly or indirectly, trouble, molest, or discountenance any person whatsoever professing to believe in Jesus Christ, for or in respect of his or her religion or the free exercise thereof, and that he would not make any difference in the conferring of offices, rewards or favors, for or in respect of their said religion; and further, that if any officer should molest or disturb any person within this province on account of his religion, he would protect the person molested and punish the wrongdoer."*

This oath prescribed in 1648 was merely an extension of the act of 1638, couched in the words of Magna Charta, and was incorporated in the famous Act of Toleration passed by the general assembly of the province in 1649, and confirmed by the proprietary in 1650.† Chief-Justice Kent, in his *Commentary on American Law*, says: "This legislative act of Maryland in favor of religious toleration was prior in time to any in America, if not in any country."‡ The charter of Rhode Island declaring freedom of conscience and worship was not granted until 1663.

Various attempts have been made by certain writers, influenced by bigotry and prejudice rather than love of historic truth, to deprive Lord Baltimore of the honor, justly his due, of being the Day-Star of Religious Freedom; one of which is the assertion that religious toleration became effectual only by the consent of the General Assembly, a majority of which were Protestants.

This assertion is conclusively refuted by the historian Mr. George Lynch-Lachlan Davis, who, after a most critical examination of the question of the religious belief of the members of the assembly of 1649, says:

"If we take the religious elements of the population represented in the assembly . . . the Protestants would hold two-sixths, or one-third of the whole political power substantially represented during this year in the lower house of assembly—an estimate which also accords with the ratio of the Protestant to the Roman Catholic delegates. . . . But it is not improbable that the Protestants constituted only a fourth of the population."§

* *Vide* Bacon's *Laws of Maryland*, 1649, vol. i.; McMahan's *Hist.*, 226; Bosman's *Hist.*, ii. 335; McSherry's *Hist.*, p. 65.

† "Proceedings and Acts of Assembly"—Maryland Historical Soc. Publ., 1883, pp. 244-7; Scharf's *Hist.*, i. 174-7.

‡ Vol. ii. pt. iv. sec. xxiv. p. 36.

§ *Vide* *The Day-Star of American Freedom; or, Birth of Toleration in Maryland* (New York, 1855, chaps. x.--xiv. pp. 128-161). *Vide* also Addison's *Religious Toleration in America*.

Again: "I may also add that the supposition of two Roman Catholics out of three colonists comes nearer to the ratio of the former to the whole population.* That the great majority of the early colonists were Roman Catholics is well established by the authorities; *vide* letter of Gov. Sharp of Maryland to the proprietary, dated December 15, 1758, in which he says 'that the people who first settled in the province were, for the most part, Roman Catholics, and that, though every other sect was tolerated, a majority of the inhabitants continued Papists until the Revolution.' † This testimony of the *Protestant* governor of the province is conclusive. ‡ "It is beyond question that, whatever may have been the proportion of non-Catholics among the earliest settlers, the legislative and administrative powers were in the hands of the Catholics." § Wynne in his *History of America*, London, 1776, says: "His lordship was a Catholic, and had formed his design of making this settlement in order to enjoy a liberty of conscience which, though the government of England was by no means disposed to deny, yet the rigor of the laws threatened in a great measure to deprive him; the severity of which it was not in the power of the court to relax." "This settlement cost Lord Baltimore a large sum."

"It was made under his auspices, by his brother and about two hundred persons, Roman Catholics, and most of them of good families." "No people could live in greater ease and security; and his lordship, willing that as many as possible should enjoy the benefits of his mild and equitable administration, gave his consent to an act of assembly, *which he had before promoted in his province*, for allowing a free and unlimited toleration to all who professed the Christian religion, of whatever denominations." "This liberty, which was never in the least violated, encouraged a great number, not only of the Church of England, of Presbyterians, Quakers, and all kinds of dissenters, to settle in Maryland, *which before that time was almost wholly in the hands of Roman Catholics.*" "When, upon the Revolution, power changed hands in the province, the new men made but an indifferent requital for the liberties and indulgences they had enjoyed under the old administration. They not only deprived the harmless Catholics of all share in the government, *but they even adopted the whole body of the penal laws against them.*" "About 1751 the Catholics were required to pay on their lands double the amount of taxes exacted of Protestants." "Their petition to the governor to be relieved from this illegal and unjust imposition contained the following words, 'Many Roman Catholic gentlemen, of good and ancient families in the kingdoms of England and Ireland, and many other of lesser note, to avoid

* *Day-Star*, 246.

† MS. Letter-book in Maryland State Libr., Scharf, i. p. 155.

‡ *Vide* also article "Maryland," *Modern Universal History*; London, 1780.

§ Scharf, vol. i. p. 162.

the penal laws in force in their native countries and other vexations to which they were liable at home, quitted their countries, their friends and relations, and everything dear to them, to enjoy these privileges—that freedom, liberty, and equality in everything—here, especially a full liberty of conscience, and to that end only transported themselves into this province.’ Again: ‘For the province being granted to a Roman Catholic, the act concerning religion having passed, . . . the Roman Catholics looked upon Maryland as an asylum and place of rest for themselves and their posterity.’”*

In 1758 the upper house refused to exact a double tax from the Catholics, alleging that “the first settlement of this province was made by the Roman Catholics, who had been driven from their native country by the severity of the laws, and an act for an unlimited toleration of all Christians passed in 1649.” Again :

“After the charter was thus granted to Lord Baltimore, who was then a Roman Catholic, emitting his proclamation . . . promising therein, among other things, liberty of conscience and an equal exercise of religion to every denomination of Christians who would transport themselves and reside in his province, and that he would procure a law to be passed for that purpose afterwards.” “The first or second assembly after the colonists arrived here, some time in the year 1638, a perpetual law was passed, in pursuance of his lordship’s promise, and, indeed, such a law was easily obtained from those who were the first settlers.”

It must be remembered that this declaration of the upper house is conclusive, since at this time it was composed exclusively of Protestants; for Roman Catholics were not only declared incapable of holding office, but were even deprived of the right of suffrage!

That Lord Baltimore in founding his province was influenced by religious, not mercantile, motives is undoubted. †

To refute the objection that liberty of conscience and toleration were granted by the *charter*, it may be asked by what authority the Protestants (after the assumption of the English throne by William III.), *although sworn to administer the government of the province according to its charter and laws*, enacted and executed laws which disfranchised and persecuted not only Catholics, but Protestants who dissented from the Established Church in England? Scharf says :

“If the charter did not prohibit nor prevent the Puritans in

* *Vide* Scharf, i. 153.

† *Vide* Robert Beverly, *Hist. of Virginia*, London, 1722; Scharf, vol. i. ch. vii. p. 152.

their ascendancy from passing persecuting laws, and did not interfere with the Established Episcopal Church, throughout its long supremacy, in enacting and enforcing persecuting laws, it is difficult to understand how it could have prevented those Catholics from such legislation as would have kept out of the province men who, when they had found there an asylum from the persecutions of their fellow-Protestants, and had become sufficiently numerous, turned upon the Catholic settlers, disfranchised and persecuted them."*

Dr. Ramsay, in the *History of the Revolutionary War*, says: "Never did a people enjoy more happiness than the inhabitants of Maryland under Cecilius, the founder of the province."

The late Dr. Hawks, the distinguished historiographer of the Episcopal Church, writes:

"He [Calvert] had carried out in good faith the principles which he had professed on the subject of religion." "The course of the government has been truly described as one which tolerated all Christian churches and established none." "To one conversant with the history of the times, and therefore but too familiar with many a bloody enactment elsewhere made, by which persecution was elevated into piety, it is refreshing to find in a little colony, scarce known by name even to the natives of the old world, the blessed influence of a holier principle, proving its goodness by its effects, and presenting a picture from which the legislators of ancient empires might have caught a lesson of wisdom, and learned, if not to condemn the wickedness of persecution, at least to avoid its folly." "But there is no prouder tribute to the memory of Cecil Calvert than is to be found in the oath of office which, from 1636 onward, he prescribed for his government." †

The venerable historian of the United States, George Bancroft, thus speaks of Maryland:

"Religious liberty obtained a home, its only home in the wide world, at the humble village which bore the name of St. Mary's." ‡ Again: "Such were the beautiful auspices under which Maryland started into being. Its prosperity and peace seemed assured; the interests of its people and proprietary were united. . . . Its history is the history of benevolence, gratitude, toleration." "Everything breathed peace but Claiborne." "Danger could only grow out of external causes, and were eventually the same consequences of the revolution in England." §

* Scharf, i. pp. 158-9.

† *Rise and Progress of the Protestant Episcopal Church*, 210; McMahan, *Hist*, 226.

Vol. i. p. 247.

§ *Vide*, also, Bancroft, i. 168-9 and 276.

To refute the claim that religious toleration existed in Holland prior to the founding of Maryland, it is only necessary to recall the fierce persecutions which were inflicted by the Calvinists upon their brethren, whom they contemptuously styled "Arminians." The illustrious Grotius gives a brief account of these persecutions, in which he says :

"The pastors opposed to Calvinism were deprived of their congregations and banished from their country, and upon returning condemned to perpetual imprisonment." "Congregations were scattered by force, frequently not without bloodshed."*

For fifty years the Catholics exercised toleration, which, during the Puritan usurpation of six years, was denied not only to them but also to the Episcopalians, and restored by the lords proprietary with the Restoration, until the throne of England was occupied by William III. and the establishment of the Church of England as the religion of the state, when those who had first proclaimed the doctrine of toleration, and generously afforded an asylum alike to Episcopalians and Puritans, were subjected to the rigors of the penal laws, until the war of the American Revolution brought them deliverance.

To the Roman Catholic proprietary and his co-religionists alone, not to the king or the charter, is to be ascribed the honor of proclaiming liberty of conscience and toleration.

WILLIAM GRAY BROOKS.

* *Memorials of the Life and Death of Hugo Grotius*, Clement Barksdale, London, 1654.

THE STRATEGIST: A GETTYSBURG SKETCH.

I.

LONG after midnight of the last day of June, 1863, the Second Corps, as the centre of the several columns of the Army of the Potomac, was pushing rapidly across the State of Maryland. It was a race of the Union army with Lee, who was moving in a parallel direction, but on the other or western side of the South Mountain range—Lee's force, however, being several lengths in advance. A soft drizzle of rain came steadily down on the troops, who, with the exception of an occasional few hours of broken and uncertain rest, had been going at much the same pace for several days and nights.

Lee had begun his second great march of invasion by sending off from Fredericksburg an advance corps, which hurried down through the Shenandoah Valley, driving before it the scattered little Union force under Milroy, and aggressively keeping on until it had penetrated into Pennsylvania. The latter half of June had, in fact, been spent by the Army of the Potomac in exhausting manœuvres and forced marches, consequent on Lee's swinging loose from the intrenched position which for six months or more he had held on the Rappahannock. Once again the Washington authorities had made a change in commanders for the army, Meade having been substituted for Hooker. But the army had long been used to these caprices of the War Department, and paid little heed to this change any more than to those which had preceded. Alike under McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, and Meade, as afterwards under Grant, the great mass of the men were chiefly concerned for the preservation of the Union, and they did their best under each.

The figures of the men afoot marching in fours, of the groups of horsemen at the head of the various brigades and regiments, and of the guns and caissons of the batteries, with the drivers mounted on the near horses of the long teams, were barely visible in the darkness of the night, and not a human voice sounded in all that toiling, steaming mass as it moved steadily on along the moist and slippery clay road. The chafing of the infantrymen's belts, the clatter of the ammunition in their cartridge-boxes and cap-pouches, the swish of the rubber blankets which they wore

across their shoulders, the tread and splash of their feet in the slime of the road, the regular rattle of the artillery harness and the rumble of the guns, all contributed to a general rhythm which marked the silence of the column. The effort of the march and the drowsiness of the men left little breath or little desire for idle talk. Thus it went on for hours.

At length the gloom grew perceptibly less as dawn approached, and through the straight downpour of the rain the men, looking out of their sleepy eyes, could now see the rough rail fences, or the rubble-stone walls that shut in the road, and soon could make out the farm-houses and barns farther away on either hand. As day began at last to break in the east, off to the left loomed up the dark line of the South Mountains, beyond which columns in gray were toiling on like themselves. Just as the chill of the morning air was adding to the discomfort of the clinging, wet clothes, a portion of the column was roused to angry complaints at being forced to give way and take the side of the road—where the march was on the uneven and slippery slope toward the ditch—in order to permit some wagons that were astray from their train to pass.

The sulky humor of these weary men then broke the silence they had so long preserved and vented itself in curses, jibes, and various forms of sarcastic and bitter abuse on the wagons, on the gawky civilian drivers sitting on the near wheel-horse, jerking the single check-line, and on the long, swaying teams of mules. All at once, amid the scoffs and jeers, a head issued in the yet uncertain light from the narrow opening at the rear of the canvas covering of one of these wagons. "What regiment is this?" the man inquired.

The question was met, but not answered, by jocose or insulting responses; but the orderly sergeant marching at the head of the company then passing rushed from the ranks towards the rear of the wagon where the man was and demanded, "Is that you, Strategist?"

The man had withdrawn his head after the offensive clamor which his inquiry had called forth, but at the sergeant's authoritative voice he appeared again, and, putting out one foot and then another, he stepped down to the feed-box fastened to the tail-board of the wagon and then sprang lithely to the ground. "Yes, I'm the Strategist," he said, "and I'm very glad of the luck that has brought me at last to my own regiment."

The sergeant, however, paid little heed to this somewhat voluble speech, and in a gruff tone inquired of the man where were his

musket and accoutrements. He had none. He was then commanded to fall in at the rear of the company. He obeyed, and there was silence once more in the march. The rain came steadily down and ran in rills along the rails of the zigzag fences, and dripped from every leaf and twig of the ragged-looking bushes on the side of the road, and coursed around the men's hats or caps and over the shining folds of the rubber blankets on their shoulders, and fell off from the blankets, beneath which the reversed muskets were sheltered, as from the eaves of a house. The rain lasted far into the next day, until long after the troops had halted for some hours' rest and to go through the bi-monthly ceremony of muster.

Many thrilling narratives, and as true as they are thrilling, have been written of the battles and combats of the Civil War. But how little does the world at large realize that it was, after all, the forced marches which brought out—almost as much as did the fighting—the determination which gives patriotism effect in war. Perfect physical soundness is, of course, a requisite for a forced march. The man whose body lacks any important element of strength is sure to fall out almost at the beginning. But a certain moral character comes into play as well. On all forced marches, even in the most rigidly disciplined armies, a large proportion of the stragglers are physically sound. Mere physical strength alone, even under the coercion of military rule, would scarcely suffice to keep a man up in his ranks to the very end of a long and trying march—of such a march, for instance, as that of the Army of the Potomac over the devious and arduous routes which it pursued from the time it left its camp opposite Fredericksburg until, on the three first days of July, it at last found itself face to face in deadly contest with its opponent on the heights around Gettysburg. Heat and chill, rain and sun, dust and mud; sides and waist and back aching, chafed, or strained from the pressure and constant rubbing of knapsacks and belts; stiffened joints, cramped muscles, tired limbs, bruised feet, want of sleep, hunger, thirst—all this and more was the lot of the rank and file of the army on a forced march, and, to a great extent, of the line officers as well. Of recent years there has grown up a fashion of fancied contrast between the share of hardships experienced respectively by the Union and Secession armies, much to the advantage of the latter in point of heroic endurance. Yet, from the glorious victory of Gettysburg itself, there were hundreds of commissioned officers and thousands of enlisted men of the Union army who marched barefoot and

scandalously ragged back through the rains and mud of Maryland and over the rough hillsides and the stony mountain roads of the Blue Ridge down again to the Rappahannock. Many a time during the progress of the war officers, no less than enlisted men, felt a sense of shame at their almost comically forelorn appearance in soiled and tattered garments when they compared themselves with the often spruce, neatly and completely attired Confederates whom they had taken prisoners. As for food, it has been said that the average Confederate soldier would have been content with an ear of corn a day, while the Union soldier had usually so much to eat that he was in the habit of casting surplus food away. This may occasionally have been true of new organizations on their first march. But the Union soldier in the field would often have been glad of an ear of corn—would often have eaten oats with the horses or mules, could he have done so. Those who actually fought and marched in the many campaigns of the Army of the Potomac know that—with the exception of the lank and slab-sided mountaineers, whom no plentifulness of rations could have fattened—the average of the thousands of Confederate prisoners taken from time to time were as well-fed in appearance as themselves. The fact is, that war and cruel privation always go together—or, at all events, always have gone together in North America. In the toy-house-like nations of Europe, where war may be wrought out like a pretty game of chess, where a good march of one or two days will carry an army, over splendid, wide roads, almost from one frontier across to the opposite, matters are naturally different.

The hot sun was pouring its rays over the rolling ground of woods and farm-lands around Taneytown, where, on the second day after leaving Virginia, the three divisions of the Second Corps had gone into bivouac while awaiting further developments of Lee's movements. The different brigades had on halting each, before breaking ranks, formed its four or five regiments into as many parallel lines, the batteries going into bivouac on suitable ground near their several brigades. At each brigade the commanding officer—having chosen the most comfortable available spot he could find—had dismounted with his staff, and there and then the guidon of the brigade had been set up to mark the place of headquarters, a white bunting flag bearing the Second Corps device, a trefoil or shamrock—red, white, or blue, accordingly as the brigade belonged to the first, second, or third division of the corps. The several thousand vehicles belonging to the corps—supply wagons, ammunition wagons, and ambulances

—had been parked in compact order, in long regular rows, the unhitched horses and mules tethered at the wagon-tongues and freed of their harness, so as to allow them to relax their overstrained muscles, and feed and stretch and kick at ease. The battery horses and officers' horses were rolling in the grass, to their evident refreshment, while the soldiers of the corps, themselves were getting what rest they could near their stacks of arms.

“I know I must have seemed to you boys to be what you familiarly call a ‘dead-beat,’ or what the dignified army regulations, borrowing the term from the medical profession in its hospital practice, describe as a ‘malingerer.’ But I am not.” This was said by the man to whom the orderly sergeant had applied the nickname of “Strategist,” as he ordered him out of the wagon two nights before. He was standing in an attitude of almost exaggerated grace in the middle of a little knot of his company, some of whom, sitting or lying down, were eyeing him with sarcastic expressions of distrust, and he turned, while speaking, slowly from left to right so as to face, one after the other, each of his hearers. He was of little more than medium height, of perhaps twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, and rather sinewy than robust of build. His hair was reddish and his complexion sandy, with full gray eyes, set wide apart, and a jaw which, in spite of the unshaven growth of several days, was seen to be remarkably square. His entire countenance seemed to betoken a singular mixture of keenness and boldness.

The orderly sergeant himself had just come up during the Strategist's short harangue, and having sat down and filled and lighted his briar-wood pipe, clasped his hands contentedly in front of his knees, as if conscious that—having finished up the morning report and his other routine company work—he was entitled to a few moments of relaxation from care.

“Let us hear what you have got to say for yourself, Strategist,” said the sergeant. “Here we have been two years in the field, and in the Lord alone knows how many campaigns and actions, and you have not yet seen a ‘Johnny’ except among the prisoners, or smelt powder except at volley-practice in camp, and as we have never seen any loss of appetite for your rations except just as a campaign was going to open, of course the boys would naturally think you are a ‘dead-beat,’ if there is such a thing.”

“Yes,” added a short, fat fellow, with a corporal's double chevrons on his sleeves, “and you have always been away just when we would have liked to hear your opinions. The boys

called you the 'Strategist' because you seemed to know all about the science of war. But when we are in camp the newspapers tell us all about how the war ought to be fought. What we want is a strategist who will march with us and fight with us, and tell us right on the spot all about it."

"That's so, corporal," said a private; "we find out from the newspapers, every day when we are in camp, what we are doing, and get scientific advice what we ought to do; but here is the Strategist, a man who carries a pocket-map of the country and seems to know the roads better than the men who lead the march themselves do, and yet he always gets sick and goes away from us just when his services would be most needed."

The Strategist listened in silence to these sarcastic speeches, beaming with kindly interest upon each of the speakers in turn.

"Has any one else any remarks to offer?" he asked, with a good-natured and tolerant smile. As no one responded, he said: "Boys, you shall not have reason to complain of me this time, at least. As it happened, I have not been with you in any of the great battles in which you have participated"—("Participated' is a good word," the eighth corporal said to a man beside him, lying on his back on the grass with his hands clasped beneath his head, watching the fleecy clouds that were moving slowly across the blue sky above him)—"and I have apparently done little military service of any kind since I enlisted with you at Camp Dennison in Ohio. But no one would blame me who knew all the facts. I cannot tell you all now. Some day, perhaps, you will understand me better and think differently about me. You remember, I took sick—'played sick,' some of you may prefer to express it—at Grafton just after our arrival in Virginia, and the surgeon of the post, who belonged to the regular army, ordered me off to the hospital in Washington. I am well aware"—here the Strategist lowered his voice, for he perceived that the captain of the company, some distance off to the rear of the stacks of arms, just awake from a nap, had risen to his feet, and, while slowly stretching himself, was eyeing the gesturing Strategist and the little gathering of listeners—"I am aware that that surgeon in refusing to argue the matter of my sickness with our captain was supposed by many of you to be merely combining the professional self-sufficiency of the physician with the customary insolent disregard of regulars for volunteers. Anyhow, I was more than a year in that Washington hospital, or on its muster-roll, at least, as our worthy orderly sergant knows—"I know," that sergant remarked, with

a half-humorous, half-indignant shake of his head)—“and then I suddenly joined you in blooming health as you were marching to Fredericksburg, in time to be captured on the picket line by the Rebel cavalry the day we reached the Rappahannock above Falmouth. But I came back to you, you remember, a few days after the bloody battle, in which you behaved so gloriously and suffered so severely; and then I did service with you for nearly two months while you were in winter-quarters”

“Oh, yes!” said a sullen-browed, full-bearded veteran who had so far been listening with many frowns of impatience and disgust. “That’s the only kind of service you ever have done. You stayed around as long as there was plenty to eat and drink, but as soon as a good march or a real fight was ahead you were off”; and the man gave the quid of tobacco in his mouth a malicious turn over and spat the juice far from him with a bitter scowl.

“Let us hear what he has to say,” said the orderly sergeant, impatient of the interruption, though it was plain that he was of the same mind as the one who had last spoken.

“A few days before the battle of Chancellorsville—.” “That’s it,” said another of the listeners. “It was always a few days *before a battle* that he got ready to go off on a vacation.”

“Go on, Strategist, and let us hear all,” said the sergeant.

“Well, a few days before that battle we were at work in front of army headquarters building a corduroy road when I fell in a fit, and the headquarters surgeon—who happened to be the one who sent me off to Washington from Grafton—came out. He did not seem to recognize me at first, though I knew before I fell down that he was in that house. But I told him as I opened my eyes—perhaps some of you who were in that fatigue party remember it—that I was suffering from the same trouble as at Grafton and probably needed the same treatment, and then he had some of his own men come out and carry me into his quarters. That was the last you saw of me until the night before last. You see, no matter what you may have thought, all my absences have been according to regulations, and the orderly sergeant knows that I came back with a correct discharge from Providence Hospital in Washington—where the kindest Sisters in the world are to be found, by the way—and here I am, on the eve of a great battle—one of the greatest you have ever been in—and so far I have no symptom of an approaching ailment.”

“But how are we to know that you may not be taken with a sudden fit to-day or to-morrow; in time to escape this great battle?” the orderly sergeant asked.

“As to that, all that I can say,” the Strategist replied, “is that I myself have always felt some of the symptoms a considerable period in advance of my having to go away from the regiment, and, as I have just remarked, I have no symptom so far; and yet, the probabilities are that we shall have the great battle, or the beginning of it, within forty-eight hours. That being so, I am unable to realize how I can be prevented from having the pleasure of fighting in the ranks of my own company—for this once, at least.”

There was an indescribable coolness about the man's impudence, if impudence it was, that disarmed in some degree the resentment felt for him as a shirker by the good soldiers who were listening to his narrative. For his record, so far as known to these men, was undoubtedly the familiar record of the host of shirkers, some of whom, probably, were to be found in every company, troop, or battery that did actual service in the field during the Civil War.

Nevertheless, the Strategist's whole manner seemed to change as he ceased speaking. His countenance, losing the half-quizzical smile that had played upon it while he, piquing without satisfying his hearers' curiosity, took on an expression of earnestness that almost convinced the men about him that he was anxious to go into the next battle and show his comrades that they had formed an erroneous estimate of him.

The orderly sergeant, at any rate, after an interview with the captain, had brought a musket and bayonet and a full set of accoutrements, and he laid them on the grass before the Strategist, who smilingly examined them to see if they were complete and in good order.

“All right, sergeant,” he said, and he was profuse in his thanks—suspiciously profuse, some of the dryer sceptics thought—as he received from the sergeant the ammunition—sixty cartridges and the requisite number of percussion caps—and stowed it with extraordinary care in the cartridge-box and cap-pouch.

It was mid-day. The birds in the shade of the woods around the Taney homestead, startled at first by the coming into the neighborhood of such great numbers of men, seemed now to have become reconciled, for they were singing and chirruping as merrily as if never disturbed. The greater proportion of the soldiers were making the most of the opportunity for rest, and were stretched asleep or in the grass under the awnings contrived by extending their little shelter-tents across the muzzles of standing muskets. Even the usually noisy mules of the supply train were still.

All the forenoon the corps, while marching up to Taneytown from the bivouac of the day before, had been hearing the distinct, but not close by, sound of artillery, indicating that the advance of the Army of the Potomac had come up somewhere with the enemy. There was a feeling of relief at this, which grew all the more confident when, after an interval of silence, there came a sullen, sustained roar that stopped the concert of the birds in the woods and brought many of the sleeping men suddenly to their feet. Now, at last, it was certain that Lee in force was not far off—in other words, that the Confederates had not yet reached Harrisburg.

In the midst of this rolling thunder of the distant cannonade the bugles all over the bivouac began to blare the "Attention!" Instantly throughout all that mile or more of fields and groves there was bustle and life. The artillery horses, just watered and fed, were being hitched up, the shelter-tent awnings were quickly disappearing from view; and, within five minutes from the sounding of the bugle-call, the men, horses, and mules of the Second Corps were ready for the next order that might come.

That order came immediately. The corps moved, in its brigade and divisions successively, out into the turnpike leading to Chambersburg, and the swinging route-step of the veteran troops was soon carrying them across and beyond that boundary line between Maryland and Pennsylvania to which the names of the surveyors, Mason and Dixon, has been indelibly fixed by the political controversies of half a century. The sound of the cannonading had grown in volume, in loudness, and in steadiness as the afternoon hours went on, showing that the contest was not far off, and that if it had begun as a mere affair between the advance guards of the hostile armies it had now taken on something, at least, of the character of a stubborn battle. From time to time, whenever an unusually heavy outburst of artillery made the marching men prick up their ears, the orderly sergeant of the Strategist's company would look back through the ranks to assure himself that that man was still in his place. But the Strategist was there, stepping along with as lithe a movement and as ready a gait as any. Once, shortly after the march had begun, a particularly loud peal reverberated through the hills and made all heads turn instinctively towards the direction of the sound.

"How soul-inspiring!" the Strategist muttered, and as another roll of war's thunder made the hearts even of the coolest leap with excitement, "It is emotions such as this which we feel now,"

he exclaimed, "which teach even the least ambitious, the least poetical-minded among us that we have a divine spark in our natures—something which raises us to an enjoyment of the sublime."

The others scrutinized the Strategist with suspicious glances, as if this eloquence, usual with him on ordinary occasions, must have been forced and unnatural just now. But there was no blanching of his complexion, no pinching of his features, nor was there any of that anxiety of expression in his countenance such as they were accustomed to observe in those who were marching to battle against their will, and who, either being wholly occupied by their fears of the approaching danger, were as dumb as if deprived of the gift of speech, or else sought to disguise their feelings from their comrades under a feigned easy flow of conversation.

"What do you think of the situation now, Strategist?" the fat eighth corporal called out to him from his place in the last file of the company.

"It strikes me," was the reply, "that the Providence of God, which watches over the fate of nations as well as of individuals, has once more set at naught, for reasons we cannot now fathom, the calculations of men's science, and is bringing the two armies together at a point where neither has expected to fight. All of our movements seem to indicate that General Meade's first intention was to take up and hold a position on the high ground along Piping Creek—which we have left behind us now—counting on being able from there to cover Baltimore from any attempt on Lee's part, or, on the other hand, to threaten Lee's right flank should he move against Philadelphia. But the direction of that cannonading and our march now show that Meade has abandoned this plan."

In the middle of the afternoon, during a halt, Meade's first general order was read to each command. It was an appeal to the patriotism and courage of the Army of the Potomac, tried in so many adverse circumstances, to make a supreme effort for the complete overthrow of the enemy; promising them the reward of their consciences, the gratitude of their country, and the assistance of the God of battles if they did their best, and threatening the rigors of military law against all, whether commissioned officers or enlisted men, who should fail of their duty at the critical moment.

"Now, that's the kind of an order I like to hear," said the Strategist to the other three men of his file—but, as usual, in

tones loud enough to be heard throughout the company—as the march was resumed after the reading of the general orders. “It contains a proper proportion of demand on the chivalrous sentiment which all decent men have in some degree, and, at the same time it gives would-be shirkers plainly to understand what they may expect if they do not control their selfish fears.”

The orderly sergeant smiled grimly at the captain, who was marching beside him, and determined all the more, because of the Strategist’s barefaced hypocrisy, to keep a sharp lookout for the man.

Late in the day the first visible indications of serious fighting began; stragglers seeming to be sick, lame, or to have received some slight wound lay by the roadside in apparent helplessness, or were gathered in groups in the open fields, or in the clumps of open wood to the right and left of the road. Such of them as had been in the fight, or professed to have been, told fearful tales, when questioned, of the carnage through which they had passed and of the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. Each of these heroes had escaped merely by miracle and was the “last” of his regiment, which had been “cut to pieces.” To most of these men—only a few of whom had in reality a reasonable excuse for not being now in the line of battle—the Strategist was almost cruelly severe.

“If you fought so hard and escaped so wonderfully why didn’t you, at least, bring off the colors of your regiment, so as to preserve them for a memorial of your slaughtered comrades?” he asked of one who, without arms or accoutrements, but with a haversack overflowing with the vegetable products of the region, was limping sadly along, supporting himself, or pretending to do so, on a forked stick cut from a young tree and fashioned like a crutch. “You must be the ‘last’ of your regiment,” he said to another straggler, “for the rest of your regiment is probably some miles further on towards the front.”

Darkness brought an end to the roar of cannon and to the first day of the battle of Gettysburg.

II.

Very early the next morning the Second Corps, under Hancock, moved up, after a hasty breakfast, and took position to the left of the troops engaged in the first day’s fight, deploying its line of battle along the high ground which stretches southwestwardly from the hill on which is the Gettysburg cemetery. Still

further on to the left the Union line was continued by the Third Corps under Sickles; this part of the line being carried down the slope and out into the farm-lands which stretch out in front of the rugged eminences known as Little Round Top and Big Round Top. The brigade to which the Strategist's regiment belonged held the extreme right of the Second Corps line of battle. It was drawn up on the crest of the ridge, behind a stone wall, its right touching the road from Taneytown, its left resting behind an open clump of oaks called Ziegler's Grove. From the Taneytown road, off to the right, over the swelling ground of the cemetery, and down to near the town of Gettysburg itself, stretched the divisions of the Eleventh Corps and those of the First, whence the Union line bent back again at a sharp angle to the bold and wooded crest of Culp's Hill, forming the right of the Union army, and held by the Twelfth Corps.

The men of the Strategist's brigade were standing at ease at the stone wall, surveying the ground in front and their surroundings, and discussing among themselves the advantages and disadvantages of the situation and the general prospects of the struggle yet to come.

"Look there!" said the Strategist to those within hearing, turning to the right and pointing across the Taneytown road to the tombstones, obelisks, and other monuments of the cemetery. "How little did the quiet agriculturists from the well cultivated valleys hereabouts, or the unambitious burghers of the little town down there, whose ashes repose beneath those quaintly inscribed sepulchral memorials, think that their final resting-place would some day be trodden by armed hosts, that their very epitaphs would be chipped and even obliterated by missiles of war—aye, indeed, that their sepulchral memorials themselves would be ruthlessly cast down by the wheels of brazen cannon and be trodden into the turf beneath the tread of artillery horses?" This last utterance of the Strategist was called forth by the movement of a battery which was lumbering into position in the cemetery, the heavy wheels of the brass guns knocking down moss-grown slabs and cutting furrows through the soft earth of the grave-mounds.

The Strategist had, meanwhile, taken a folding map from the inside pocket of his blouse and, having spread it out on the top of the stone wall, pointed out the road, which coming from the direction of the town, and passing along at the foot of the ridge on which the Second Corps was drawn up, bore away in a straight line diagonally across the valley and disappeared towards

an opening in the blue mountains off to the southwest. "That," said he, "is the turnpike road from Gettysburg to Emmittsburg, and you will notice that Sickles seems determined to push the lines of the Third Corps out to that road and even beyond."

Sickles, indeed, by early in the afternoon had to make head against a strong assault by the Confederate right wing, which advanced into the valley from the Seminary Ridge, a height which rises on the other side of the valley from the position of the Union force, and something less than a mile away. But Sickles' fierce combat out there on the Emmittsburg Turnpike at the left was soon lost to view under the folds of smoke of artillery and musketry fire. The Confederate troops could plainly be seen just opposite to the Second Corps, however, forming on the Seminary Ridge, and their skirmishers, coming down into the valley, were beginning to try their skill on the cannoneers of the Union batteries and on any others who offered a sufficiently conspicuous mark.

The Strategist's regiment, famous for its experience on the skirmish line, was therefore ordered to descend to the Emmittsburg Turnpike, whence it was to send a skirmish line out into the corn-fields beyond. In splendid style, with their colors waving in the breeze, the regiment, having climbed over the stone wall, moved in line down the grassy slope between the Taneytown road and Ziegler's Grove. The Strategist was in the front rank, and his breast throbbed with enthusiasm as he found himself, under such grand circumstances, facing glory or death in a line of battle. The enemy's shells saluted the colors of the regiment, whose step was only restrained from hastening into a double-quick and a charge by the constant caution of its commander's voice, "Steady!"

"This is magnificent!" said the Strategist in a low voice, as he marched proudly down and took in with the glance of his wide-opened eyes the pretty cultivated valley, with its farm-houses and barns, the Seminary Ridge beyond, and, in the foreground, the fields stretching out from the Emmittsburg Turnpike, and now appearing to swarm with the gray or butternut-colored uniforms of the Confederate skirmishers, showing head and shoulders among the swaying green corn-stalks. A bullet whistled past the Strategist's ear and his face seemed to flush with delight at the sound. "Let's get at them!" he exclaimed in a tone that partook both of rage and joy.

His comrades were mystified by his manner. Was he in earnest, or was he only disguising some plan to escape from this battle as he had done from so many before? However this might be, his

ardor, if genuine, had to be restrained for a while ; all but one company—which was deployed in skirmishing order and advanced out into the corn, and that not the Strategist's company—were ordered to lie down as they were in the deep ditch of the Emmittsburg Turnpike and keep out of the enemy's view.

The storm of battle which had seemed, late in the day, to die out altogether on the left, at dusk broke out with fury on the right, extending from Culp's Hill as far as the eastern slope of the cemetery near the town. The Strategist's regiment lying on their backs out there in the ditch of the turnpike, with their feet towards their own main line and their heads towards the Confederates, were watching the flight of the shells, whose fuses left streaks of light behind them as they traversed the dark sky far overhead. As the fight began to thicken in the hollow between the cemetery and Culp's Hill, Confederate shells flew across the cemetery and burst in and around the turnpike. "We are surrounded!" a veteran exclaimed.

"Pshaw!" cried the Strategist. "Don't you see that our main line is shaped like an A without the cross-bar, the cemetery being at the salient angle? Of course, then, a part of the Confederate projectiles hurled at our right fly over the mark and reach us out here." "See!" he added; "that's what I call interesting." A Union battery on the crest of the cemetery was reversing its action, and as the cannoneers turned their guns to the rear, so as to fire down into the hollow separating the cemetery from Culp's Hill, the manœuvre was distinctly outlined against the evening sky for those who were looking at it from the Emmittsburg Turnpike. It was the moment when the Confederate Ewell, rushing out of the town, had broken through a part of the Union line with disastrous prospects for the Union cause had not Carroll of the Second Corps, with the true instinct of battle, dashed across the Taneytown road with a few regiments and re-established the broken line.

These last particulars the Strategist could not, of course, have known just then, yet he sagaciously made plain to his more experienced comrades what most of them had not thought of or suspected, that Lee, having been foiled in his attack on the Union left earlier in the day, was now, as shown by the apparent indifference of the Second Corps line up on the ridge, where the men and guns were resting tranquilly unengaged, foiled in his attack on the right also. The combat on the right came to an end by nine o'clock, and then silence brooded over the four miles of opposed battle lines from right to left, and over the opposed skir-

mish lines, which in front of the centre were extended through the fields not more than a good stone's-throw apart, lying on their faces, kneeling, or sitting down, according to the ground, almost motionless, but with eyes and ears keenly alert.

Midnight had come and gone; and the Strategist's company had taken its turn on the skirmish line. It was a moonless and almost starless night, but warm. The katydids, frogs, and tree-toads chirruped, and croaked, and droned. Over towards the farm-houses within the Confederate lines there was, once in a while, a clutter of hens, disturbed, perhaps, by some man anxious to provide for the morrow. But there was no sound that told of war.

"I'm afraid I'll fall asleep," the Strategist was whispering to the orderly sergeant, who lay alongside of him. "Psh! what's that?" The clatter of a dismounted horseman's sabre was coming towards them and was but a few yards off. The sergeant put his hand in caution on the Strategist's shoulder, rose to one knee, and clutched his bayoneted musket securely in his grasp. Nearer came the sound, accompanied with footsteps, slow, as if in doubt.

Raw men would have sent a volley out there into the darkness, but these skirmishers, a dozen of whom, perhaps, had heard the sound and were peering keenly out, had had too many experiences of the skirmish line and outpost duty for that. "Where is Ramseur's North Carolina brigade?" the man of the sabre asked in the dark and in an accent that was unmistakably that of the South. But the question was scarcely finished before the Strategist, who had sprung upon the man like a cat and seized him by the throat, had dragged him in, and then, still retaining his threatening hold, had forced him on before him back to the ditch.

"What do you mean, sir?" the astonished man there inquired when he found himself released from the Strategist's grasp, and surrounded in the darkness by a crowd of soldiers. "I am of Gen. A. P. Hill's staff, sir, and will make you answer for this."

But the commander of the regiment, who had quickly come up to the spot and been informed of the matter, made the Confederate staff-officer—for such the captive was—understand that he had unwittingly put himself into the hands of the Union troops. In going with orders to the skirmishers of a Confederate brigade he had, without knowing it, passed out through an interval, and had thus come to grief. Quietly, however, as all this had taken place, it must have attracted the attention of the officer on duty at the Confederate battery just in front, and who, scanning the

surface of the fields before him, had descried the commotion at the Union skirmish line, and a minute or two afterwards had been able, perhaps, to make out against the background of the grassy hillside the group in conversation on the Emmittsburg Turnpike. For while the Confederate prisoner was telling his name, rank, and regiment, the stillness of the Centre was broken in upon by the flash and the report of a Confederate gun, and in another second or two its shell burst with a loud crash in the air just over the prisoner, the explosion lighting up for the instant all the ground in the vicinity and letting the commander, the prisoner, and the Strategist see one another's faces, while the splinters of the shell flew whistling to the grass beyond without harm.

"Who is this man who has captured me?" the Confederate quickly asked of the commander.

"Oh! he is a private of my regiment, whom the boys have nicknamed the Strategist," the commander replied with indifference, for his mind was momentarily occupied with the possibility of an attack following this sudden shot. But all remained silent; the Second Corps artillery on the ridge deigned no reply, and the Confederate shot was not repeated. Then, the commander's curiosity being moved by so unusual an inquiry under the circumstances, he rejoined, "Why?" The Confederate avowed a natural desire to know merely as a part of an interesting incident of his life.

III.

The third day of the battle of Gettysburg had opened at sunrise with a sharp contest of the skirmish lines at the Centre—a contest which, with occasional lulls, had continued on till near mid-day with no advantage to either side, but with dreadful loss in killed and wounded to both. It was the day before the anniversary of American independence. Thousands of both armies—a large proportion of whom were but little past the years of boyhood, many of whom, indeed, were still boys in age—must have been reminded by the constant explosions, little and great, the rattle of sudden but short outbreaks of musketry, and the heavier reverberations of the artillery, if not by the spiteful whiz of flying bullets and the strident shriek of passing shot and shell, of the celebrations which on the Fourth of July, in time of peace, had delighted them by noises somewhat similar in character, though not so appallingly loud, and not dreadful in their significance of destruction and death.

The Strategist's regiment was still at the Emmittsburg Turnpike,

where they were slightly protected in the ditch and by the gentle swell of the corn-field in front of it from any direct fire. The July sun shone unmercifully down on both armies alike. Gradually the firing had relaxed at the Centre and a strange calm at last seemed to have settled upon the antagonists. As far as the eye could reach the wounded lay strewn across and up and down the fields, from the houses at the edge of the town of Gettysburg to the peach-orchard on the Emmittsburg Turnpike far out on the left, where Sickles had fought with Hood the preceding day. Here and there stretcher-bearers were moving about through such depressions of the ground as offered a semblance of cover from random bullets and where—descending and ascending the slope from the Emmittsburg Turnpike to the rise—there was drawn up the Second Corps battle line. The Strategist's regiment, otherwise unoccupied, were watching with interest these little parties as they returned successfully from their search for the hurt and hastened away towards the temporary hospitals established at the rear.

A little cloud of chalky-white smoke rose straight up into the clear atmosphere from the muzzle of one of the Confederate cannon on the Seminary Ridge. The Strategist, who was standing on the edge of the corn-field in front of the ditch, turned towards his comrades down below him, and raising his hand, as if to say "Hark!" began to count the seconds—one, two, three, four; and then came the sound.

"About fifteen hundred yards, boys, more or less," he said, smiling in a satisfied way at his ability to estimate the distance to the Confederate gun. "Now we at the Centre are in for it," he added, as he got down into the ditch to his place in the ranks. The rest of the men, who had mostly been taking their ease for the last half-hour, stretching their legs by walking up and down the road, judged with the Strategist, and at that shot had instantly, without a word of command, run to the ditch and lain down in their place.

Full a minute's pause followed the firing of that Confederate signal gun, and then—but who, except perhaps a genius, endowed with the power of a Victor Hugo, would undertake to describe the awful sublimity of sound that belongs to artillery in a great battle? By comparison the pealing of heaven's thunder at its loudest is mild.

For an hour Lee's guns poured upon the Centre of the Union army, made up of the Second Corps and of parts of the First and Third, a rain of artillery projectiles, concentrated in a cross-

fire from his batteries along Seminary Ridge. The stretcher-bearers had vanished. Not a living object was seen along the ground in front of the main line of the Union Centre. If troops were there they had, like the Strategist's regiment—which was far out beyond the general alignment—crouched during this storm of death so close to the earth as to have ceased to be, as it were.

But close as the Strategist's regiment lay on the ground they were enabled from their singular position to see what few, if any, other Union soldiers could see from the front—the Union artillerymen of the Centre, bareheaded, stripped to the waist many of them, their sturdy forms in grand relief as they loaded and fired their guns, launching forth defiant reply to the Confederate attempt to crush and annihilate. Will the justice of history ever be fully done to those brave men of the Union batteries of the Centre for their glorious work during that hour when the Union and Confederate infantry lay still and held their breath, not from palsied fear, but from wonder at the terrible sight and sound, and from expectancy and preparation for the critical hand-to-hand struggle which they felt was to come, and in which they themselves would require all their strength for the part they would have to bear?

“It seems to me,” cried the Strategist, putting one open hand by his mouth and shouting at the top of his voice to those alongside of him, while with his other hand he pointed up the slope of the ridge to his own brigade battery—“it seems to me as if the Lord of Hosts had conferred for this occasion a supernatural courage on those always brave and trusty men. It seems to me,” he went on, sweeping his hand towards his right so as to take in the whole length of that line of Union batteries, from which the western breeze was blowing the thick smoke rapidly off to the rear, “as if it would make bad men good and good men almost saints to behold such exalted enthusiasm, such sublime devotion as those boys at the guns are displaying now.”

Nearly two hundred and fifty pieces of cannon on both sides were now engaged in this thunderous strife. “Watch any one of those batteries for a minute,” the Strategist yelled, “and you can form an idea of how the Secessionist guns outnumber ours.” He pointed again to a Union battery. In a line over its six guns eight small, spherical, intensely white clouds of smoke hung for a fraction of a second and then, as a glare of fire showed in the midst of each, broke, scattered, and sailed off with the wind, the splinters of the bursting shells doing havoc among men, guns, and horses.

Indeed, in some of the Second Corps batteries the horses had been killed at the rate of one a minute since the cannonade had begun. Many guns had been disabled. Not enough men now survived the terrible cross-fire to work the few guns that remained.

The men of the Strategist's regiment, lying out there in their isolated and exposed position, watched with anxiety for the issue of this tremendous duel. Could the Union artillery hold out much longer? Suddenly, from right to left, it ceased to fire. Had the batteries run out of ammunition, or had the ammunition run so low that it was thought best to save it for the assault which was certain to come? The men of the Strategist's regiment sat up in the ditch; some rose to their feet. The air was cut and blasted in all directions by the flight and explosion of the Confederate missiles.

From far off towards the Seminary Ridge there came a shrill sound like that of boys at play. The Strategist's regiment gripped their muskets with a tight clutch. Nearer and nearer, and louder and louder, came the cry. The Strategist had jumped up to the edge of the corn-field and was gazing off to his left front. "Here they come!" he exclaimed. "Steady, boys!" was the commander's caution, for the instinct of fight was prompting most of the regiment to rush forward, and this instinct was all the more vehement because their skirmishers, in obedience to orders, were retiring to the ditch, without any show of alarm but nearly all breathless from excitement, stopping from time to time to look back at the sight and shouting, like the Strategist, "Here they come!"

It was a great force that was coming, and a brave one—a dense mass, though its several brigades and regiments could easily be distinguished, both from the admirable order that was preserved and from their waving battle-flags, which through the thin veil of smoke then overhanging the field looked as if solid red, though each, in fact, was a white flag with a red St. Andrew's cross. In the forefront of these gallant men was one on horseback, spurring on as if he surely would ride to triumph. Half the field had been passed over by the approaching column, whose splendid march had so far been unchecked as it from time to time sank partly out of sight in the hollow of the ground and then rose again wholly into view. During all this time at the Centre there was no smoke from a Union gun. What could it mean?

The men of the Strategist's regiment looked back with some misgiving at the silent line of battle on the ridge. But the can-

noneers were plainly in view—that is, those who had survived the sweeping cross-fire of the last hour and a half—and they were standing coolly at their guns, looking out into the valley at the approaching mass that was coming to the assault. At the muzzle of each gun was the sponge-staff held erect, and at the rear a man with the lanyard held taut, ready to pull at the command. The heads of the Union infantry were upreared from behind the stone walls that ran in irregular lines along the crest and face of the ridge, and at intervals along those walls stands of colors waved, the blue silk regimental ensigns and the glorious stars and stripes of the national emblem.

The Confederates of Pickett's division of Longstreet's Corps—for they it was alone who had so far appeared as the assailing force—had now drawn so near that the men of the Strategist's regiment could hear the caution, continually repeated in their ranks, "Guide centre!" And now they sent up again their shrill war-whoop and, at a wave of the leading horseman's sword, took the double-quick, and with swaying shoulders and a gleam of the bayonets of their front rank brought down to the charge, they passed at a point beyond the flank of the Strategist's regiment, and with a rush swept forward across the Emmittsburg Turnpike. Scarcely, however, had they raised this new cry than a succession of broad cheers of defiance rose along the Union lines, a streak of smoke crowned the stone walls; simultaneously the lanyards were pulled at each Union cannon, the sponge-staffs turned, and from out the smoke and flame a driving rain of bullets and canister was poured out into the ranks of the oncoming mass.

For a moment the Strategist's regiment stood amazed and undecided, and then, with one of those grand impulses such as only religion or war seems capable of inspiring in men's breasts, advanced into the corn-field and, wheeling to the left, opened a galling fire on the flank of the Virginians. But Pickett's serried lines paid no heed to this small force nor to its taunting shouts, but, pressing on in all its weight across the road, ascended the slope and came face-to-face and hand-to-hand with the main body of the Second Corps. That assaulting line was the "high-water mark of Secession."

But as Pickett's men grandly went on past the turnpike, Pettigrew's North Carolina division—which had at the beginning of the movement joined on Pickett's left, but had hesitated—now at last advanced in good order, their batteries in the interval between the brigades coming forward at a gallop, unlimbering in the midst of the plain, and belching out shrapnel and canister

with damaging effect. With this new attack the Strategist's regiment, now greatly reduced, found itself instantly in contact; and forming spontaneously along the line of the broken farm-fence at which its skirmishers had been deployed it challenged the newcomers with the same spirit with which it had struck Pickett's flank, the men standing, or kneeling, or lying down, or sitting cross-legged, according to their humor or according to the advantage of the ground.

The orderly sergeant who had taken the Strategist from the wagon lay dead at the fence. The bodies of nearly half the regiment—dead, dying, or grievously wounded—were scattered over the ground between the fence and the ditch of the turnpike. The Strategist was kneeling at a solitary gate-post, all of the fence that was still intact. A bullet had shattered the stock of his musket, but he had picked up another, and, putting the barrel through a hole in the post so as to secure a rest, was taking careful aim at the North Carolina men, who were so close that he could have recognized an acquaintance among them.

The artillery fire was now so rapid that its sound must have been as connected and continuous as the long-roll beaten on the drum, but to the ears of the infantry out in this field of carnage there was no sound of cannon; the roar of musketry drowned all else, and was itself so rapid yet steady as to be without a break—one prolonged note of furious strife.

Pettigrew advanced no further. Pickett's men were now fleeing; they had abandoned every semblance of weapon or accoutrement; the fearless, desperate charge had become a pitiful flight. The brave division had done its best as soldiers, and now, momentarily released from discipline, were as individual men intent only on reaching safe ground. Singly or in groups they were scattered across the fields as far as one could see, making their way in haste back towards the Seminary Ridge.

In the meantime Pettigrew's line had disappeared. The Battle of Gettysburg was won and the Union of the States was preserved. The bravery and self-devotion of a few thousands of mostly obscure men had here in three days around this pretty Pennsylvania town, along with what had been done and was to be done on other well-fought fields, made it possible for millions of men, women, and children to live in peace and to thrive, to eat and drink in plenty, to sleep in comfort, to buy, and sell, and speculate, and grow rich—to enjoy all the good things of a republic great and free.

The Strategist's regiment, now a handful, perspiring, covered

with dust, their faces begrimed with powder, their eyes bloodshot from two days of almost ceaseless exertion and from the excitement of the last hour or two, came back in a huddle over the Emmittsburg Turnpike and ascended the slope of the ridge to rejoin their brigade at the main line. Tired as they were, they cheered lustily, though they sadly realized the death or irreparable hurt of so many of their comrades. Along with them and among them limped such of their wounded as, with arms around comrades' necks, could bear the effort without bad effect. Such of their dead as were recognizable and lay in their way they had picked up and carried with them. Before them and partly mingled with them were a crowd of disarmed Confederates, some of them of Pickett's and some of Pettigrew's divisions. Animosity seemed at an end between the blue and the gray, and, as they crossed the ridge and passed on, captors and captives discussed in friendly words of explanation the bloody encounter out of which they had just come.

Late in the afternoon a party was sent out from the regiment to bury such of their dead as they could find. The Strategist was found still kneeling at the gate-post, his rifle resting in the round opening. A bullet had pierced his left eye before his finger could press the trigger of his musket for one more shot. The cover of a biscuit-box was set up by this burying-party at the head of the shallow grave which they made for him, just where he had met death, and on this was an inscription written in pencil by the commander of the regiment from information obtained from the staff-surgeon, to whom reference had been made by the Strategist in his conversation at Taneytown:

"FELIX MARTIN,
Co. B, —th Ohio Infantry,
Killed July 3, 1863.

"He was humorously known in his regiment as 'the Strategist,' but was, in fact, for more than two years the secret and fearless personal agent of the President of the United States for his propagation of the Union sentiment in North Carolina, of which State he was a native.

"He cheerfully risked his life many a time, and finally sacrificed it for the cause he loved."

THOS. F. GALWEY.

THE LIFE OF FATHER HECKER*

CHAPTER XI.

STUDYING AND WAITING.



THAT “movable feast,” Thanksgiving Day, gave Isaac occasion for making this examination of conscience at five o’clock in the morning :

“When I cast my eyes back, it seems to me that I have made some progress—that I have grown somewhat better than I was. Thoughts, feelings, and passions which were active in my bosom, and which, in truth, were not to be well-spoken of, have given place, I hope, to a better state of mind.

“How am I now actualizing my spiritual life? It would be hard for me to answer at this moment. Am I less wilful? Do I sacrifice more than I did? Am I more loving? I am afraid that I am doing nothing more than I did; and therefore I took up this book to give an account of myself.

“Study occupies the best part of my time most generally. I recite lessons in Latin and in German every day, and now intend to study English grammar again. Then I read considerable, and write letters to my friends. All this, added to the hours I have to spend in business, leaves me not sufficient time to meditate; and there is no opportunity here for me to go into a retired, silent place, where I can be perfectly still, which is what has the most internal effect on me, and the best and most lasting. Two things I should and must do for my own soul’s sake: speak less, and think less of my friends. To do this will give me a retired place and an opportunity for silence in the midst of all that is around me.

“I feel that I am not doing anything to ameliorate the social condition of those around me who are under my influence and partial control. Just now there seems a stand-still in this direction. The Spirit promises to teach us in all things: what more would it have me do in this way? What should be my next step? My mind has been partially drawn away from this by the present poor state of business, which keeps us cramped in our funds.

“I fear that to take less food than I now do would injure my health—else I should fast often.

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“To-day let me put in practice the two above-mentioned duties: silence, and less thought upon my friends.

“And now, O God! if Thou helpest not I shall be worse than before. Heavenly Father, as the flower depends on the light and warmth of the sun for its grace and beauty, so, and much more, do I depend on Thee for life and progress. O Lord! from the depths of my heart I would implore Thee to aid me in all good intentions. My heart overflows with its fulness of gratitude for what Thou hast done for me, and I know Thou wilt not shorten Thy hand. Thy beauty, Thy loveliness, O, God! is beyond our finite vision, far above our expression. Lord, all I can utter is, Help my weakness.”

“*December 2, 1843.*—My heart, these two days back, has been filled with love. Oh, had I some one to whom I could unbosom myself! There is a something that affects my heart which is invisible, and to me strange.”

Here he seems to intend the literal, physical heart, making it the scene, at the same time, of a spiritual emotion. On the same day he writes:

“I will not feed my body with impure food—is it not of infinitely more importance that I should not feed my spirit with deeds of impurity? By this I mean my gaining a living by making and selling articles which, in my judgment, are injurious, being luxurious and altogether unnecessary. Should I cease from doing that which is contrary to my spirit, what else should I do? O Lord, enlighten Thou my path!”

With what zeal he still persisted in the practice of bodily mortification this entry bears witness:

“*December 6.*—Day before yesterday I fasted and took a cold shower-bath. My diet is apples, potatoes, nuts, and unleavened bread. No water—scarcely a mouthful a week.”

Then follow some thoughts on the solidarity of humanity, which retards individual progress by weighting each with the burdens of all others. He finds in this an explanation of the truth that our Lord took all the sins of men upon Himself and suffered for them on the cross. The blind ingratitude with which this sacrifice has been repaid cuts him with anguish, from which he rises into this cry of love and adoration:

“O Lord! my heart is choked from the utterance of its depth of thankfulness. O dear Christ! O sweet Christ! O loving Christ! oh, more than brother, friend! oh, more than any other being can be! O Son of God! oh, Thou who showest forth the pure love of God! oh, Thou inexpressible Love! draw me nearer Thee, let me feel more of Thy purity, Thy love! Oh, baptize me with Thy Spirit and loosen my tongue that I may speak of Thy love to men! Oh, it cannot be spoken of, nor can our hearts feel its greatness. God! what is Thy mercy that Thou sufferest us to live? Our ingratitude is too great to be uttered. Lord, I am silent, for who can speak in Thy presence? O Father! O Love! O Loving-kindness! My heart could fly away!”

On his birthday, December 18, 1843, having finished his twenty-third year, he puts down an account of conscience in the form of prayers and aspirations to God, breathing a deep sense of humility, expressing regret for his inactivity, his lack of gratitude for favors both spiritual and temporal, and adding a fervent appeal for more light and greater courage. In almost every entry of any length in the diary during this period he complains of his lack of solitude and of the means of obtaining it. His mind, after arriving home, was tossed with many interior distresses which he could not communicate to his brothers, nor even to his mother, with any hope of assuagement, but which silence and solitude enabled him to soothe by prayer. On the last day of the year he reverts to the great changes which 1843 had witnessed in his soul, and which, he says, were accompanied by bitter anguish. Twelve months before he had been with his “dear friend, O. A. Brownson, filled with an unknown spirit, driven from home by it, and like one intoxicated, not knowing who I was or wherefore I was so troubled”—then to Brook Farm, and to Fruitlands, and back again in New York for the previous five or six months, the same spirit still in sovereign mastery over him, and, “though regulated, none the less powerful.” He says that he is not so restless nor his mind so chaotic, but that he still has a pain at heart which he declares to be almost unbearable, joined to some nervous excitability.

Meantime, besides trying to employ himself actively in the business of the Hecker Brothers, he recited lessons daily in both German and Latin, and read much, chiefly on topics suggested by the difficulties with which his life was beset, such as philosophy, religious controversy, and the graver sorts of poetry, of which that of Goethe made a deep impression on him. The melancholy unrest

and longing which such poetry embodies sunk into his very heart. Often it gave perfect expression to his own doubting and distressed state of soul. He also found some relaxation in an occasional visit to the theatre and heard nearly all the lectures given in the city. One of the dreams of his life, the amelioration of the social condition of the working people, he found himself unable to actualize in any appreciable degree. It is evident that his brothers shared his philanthropic views; but when it came to set practically to work there was a lack of harmony. John Hecker was for attaining the object by stricter discipline, treating the men rather as servants; while "we," says Isaac, speaking of himself and George, "took the side of treating them with kindness, and, as far as possible, as brethren." In truth, it was evidence of nobility of character in these three brothers that they could so much as dream of actualizing so radical a social reform in but one establishment amidst so many in ardent business competition with each other. It may be said in passing that the practical charity of the Hecker Brothers continued to do credit to the spirit which originally prompted their attempts at social reform. During a period of general distress some years since they distributed bread free, sending their own wagons around the city for the purpose.

No small part of Isaac's distress arose from what the diary calls the ugliness, vulgarity, and discord everywhere to be met with in his daily round of duties. He had one refuge from this in his domestic life—a pleasant, pure, and peaceful home; and another in the inner chamber of his soul, better fitted every day to be a sanctuary to which he could fly for solace. But his heart fairly bled for the vast mass of men and of women about him, only a few of whom had such an outer refuge, and perhaps fewer still the inner one. This sympathy he felt his life long. He ever blamed the huge accretion of law and customs and selfishness which is called society for much of this misery of men, this hindrance to a fair distribution of the goods of this world, this guilty permission on the part of the fortunate few of the want and dirt and ugliness and coarseness which are the lot of almost the whole race of man. Yet he was not blind to individual guilt. Right here in his diary, after lamenting his enforced inability to succor human misery, he says that some words dropped by the workmen in conversation with him cause him to record his conviction that suffering and injustice, together with the deprivation of liberty, are due to one's own fault as well as to that of others:

"Every evil that society inflicts upon me, the germ of it is

my own fault; in proportion as I free myself from my vices will I free myself from the evils which society inflicts upon me. Be true to thyself and thou canst not be false to any one. Be true to thyself, and it follows as night follows day that others cannot be false to thee."

Of course this panacea offers only an inward healing, for none more readily admitted than he who wrote these sentences that in externals the true heart is often the first victim of the malice of the false heart.

Ever and again we find in the diary reflections on the general aspect of religion. The Protestant churches seemed to him to fail to meet the aspirations of the natural man; that is the burden of his complaint against them all. Some, like the Unitarians, did but offer man his best self, and hence added nothing to humanity, while humanity at its best ceaselessly condemned itself as insufficient. This insufficiency of man for himself, Calvinistic and Lutheran Protestantism in their turn condemned as a depravity worthy of the deepest hell, making man a wretch maimed in his very nature so cruelly and fatally as to be damned for what he could not help being guilty of. Meantime the Catholic Church was seen by Isaac Hecker as having elements the most attractive. It recognized in man his native dignity; it saw in him a being made God-like by the attribute of reason, and called him to a state infinitely more God-like by a supernatural union with Christ. It understood his weakness, pitied it, and knew how to cure it. True, there are passages here in which his impatience with the public attitude of the Church betrays that his view of it was yet a distant one; they show, also, an undue concentration of his gaze upon social evils. "The Church is a great almoner," he says, "but what is she doing to ameliorate and improve the circumstances of the poorer and more numerous classes? She is more passive than active." "Instead of the Church being in the head and front of advancement, suffering martyrdom for Christ, she is in a conservative relation with society." Yet he adds: "We speak of the Church as she is exhibited by her bishops and clergy, and only in this sense."

Isaac Hecker's renewed experiment of engaging in business and following at the same time the lead of the peremptory Spirit within him soon proved a failure. He complains, though not as bitterly as the year before when he felt the first agony of this suffering, that the greater part of his true life is lost in his present position—the thoughts, feelings, studies which are of supreme value to him, getting entrance into his mind almost by stealth, while,

at the same time, he is not of much use in the business and of little benefit to others in any way. On March 10 he wrote to Brownson that he was going to give up business totally and finally, and asked his advice about a course of study "for the field of the Church," not having yet fully settled as to whether it should be "the Roman or the Anglican." Upon his determination to withdraw from the secular affairs of life he experienced "such peace, calmness, and deep, settled strength and confidence" as never before. "I feel the presence of God," he writes, "wherever I am. I would kneel and praise God in all places. In His presence I walk and feel His breath encompass me. My soul is borne up by His presence and my heart is filled by His influence. How thankful ought we to be! How humble and submissive! Let us lay our heads on the pillow of peace and die peacefully in the embrace of God."

Brownson answered his letter with one of encouragement to carry out his purpose. Yet, there was a pang; Isaac laments "the domestic comforts, the little offices of tender love" which he should lose by going from home. And well he might, for tender love may well describe the bond uniting the dear old mother and her three noble sons. The present writer had no personal acquaintance with John Hecker, but we never heard his name mentioned by Father Hecker except with much affection. George always seemed to us something like a perfect man. He especially it was who all his life gave his entire unselfish love to his brother Isaac. The reader has noticed, we hope, that there has been no mention so far in the diary of difficulty in obtaining money for the expenses of his various journeyings and for his support when absent from home. The two brothers in New York appear to have held these pilgrimages in search of the truth in such reverence as to make Isaac their partner, only in a higher sense than ever before. And George Hecker, especially, seemed throughout his life to continue Isaac a member of his great and rich firm, lavishing upon his least wish large sums of money, and these not only for his strictly personal expenditure, but for any cause whatever he might have at heart.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MYSTIC AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

BEFORE summarizing and conveniently arranging Isaac Hecker's reasons for becoming a Catholic and narrating the accompanying incidents, we give the following profession of faith in the authority of the Spirit speaking within. It was written in the diary in the midst of his preparations for his baptism, and is an early witness of a permanent characteristic of Father Hecker's life. It is, besides, a fitting introduction to the description of his state of mind when he entered the Church, showing better than anything we have found what kind of man became a Catholic in Isaac Hecker.

"Man is a mystic fact.

"What is most interior is ever mystical, and we should ever be in the centre of the circle of the mystic life.

"We must unfold the mystical in all our expressions, actions, thoughts, and motions.

"It is the mystic life only which can fully interest man. This is deeper than all conditions, behind all organs, faculties, and functions.

"We must listen to those who speak to us in the interior world, and hear the mystic man speak through us.

"The mystic man is ever youthful, fresh, and new.

"The mystic sphere is the kingdom of heaven within.

"I can neither study nor sit down and read for any length of time. The inner man will not permit me. Ever he calls me from it to meditate and enjoy his presence.

"He says: I am all. Ask of me and I will give you more than has been written—more than you can ever find or dig out by study.

"Be my spokesman—this is your office. Submit to me—this is your glory. I have taken up my abode in you on condition that you will be faithful and submissive.

"You have no business to ask of me what I am going to set you about. I am, and you know it—and this is enough for you to know.

"This is my condition of remaining with you—that you entertain me, and me alone, and no other on any pretext whatsoever. I am all, and this suffices. You have nothing to say, to do, or

to be troubled about. Do only as I bid you, follow what I tell you, and be still.

“If you neglect me in any way, or forget me for any other object, now that you have enjoyed my confidence, love, and blessing, I will not abide with you any longer.

“I want all your time and to speak all that is to be said. You have no right to speak a word—not a word—of your own. You are not your own. You have given yourself up to me, and I am all. I will not leave you unless you leave me first, and even then I shall ever be the nearest to you, but you will not know it.

“I am your Friend; the One who loves you. I have discovered myself to you and will do so yet more. But the condition of so doing requires from you even more faith, tenderness, and submissiveness.

“Nothing is so real, so near, so full of enjoyment as I am to you, and you cannot leave me without giving up the greater for the less.

“I talk to you at all times and am near you at all seasons, and my joy is to be in your presence, to love you and to take delight in this love I bestow upon you. I direct your pen, speech, thought, and affections, though you know it not sensibly. But you shall know more clearly who I am, and all respecting me, if you but comply with my requirements. You need not fear: you cannot make any mistakes if you submit to be guided by me.”

Isaac Hecker had now tried every form of philosophy. Whoever sailed with Brownson on that voyage which ended on the shores of Catholic truth, had explored the deep seas and sounded the shoal waters of all human reason; and young Hecker had been Brownson's friend and sympathizer since the years of his own earliest mental activity. Pantheism, subjectivism, idealism, and all the other systems were tried, and when at last he was convinced that *Life is Real* it was only after such an agony as must attend the imminent danger of fatal shipwreck.

He had, meantime, given a fair trial to philanthropy. Theoretically and practically, Isaac Hecker loved humanity; to make men happy was his ever-renewed endeavor; was, in truth, the condition on which his own happiness depended. For years this view of his life-task alternated with his search for exact answers to the questions his soul asked about man's destiny hereafter; or, one might rather say, social questions and philosophical ones borrowed

strength from each other to assail him till his heart throbbed and his brain whirled with the agony of the conflict.

In a series of articles in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* published in 1887, and before referred to, Father Hecker called Dr. Brownson's road to the Church the philosophical road. Finding that doctrines which his philosophical mind perceived to answer the deepest questions of the soul were taught only in one society, and there taught with authority, he argued validly that that society could lay claim to the right to teach. From the doctrine to the teacher, from the truth to the external authority that teaches it, is an inference of sound reason. This applies to Father Hecker's case also, for he was of a bent of mind truly philosophical, and he has placed on record the similarity of his philosophical difficulties with those of Brownson. But in addition to philosophical questions, and far more pressing, were to Isaac Hecker the problems arising from the mystical occurrences of which his soul was the theatre. Were these real?—that is, were they more than the vagaries of a sensitive temperament, the wanderings of a sentimental imagination, or, to use Father Hecker's own words, "the mere projections into activity of feelings entirely subjective; mystical impulses towards no corresponding objective realities, or, at any rate, with objects which it is not possible to bring into the field of the really knowable? Some will admit that religious feeling is as much a verity as any other part of human consciousness, affirming, however, the subjectivity of all purely spiritual life; and no more can be said, they insist, for the principles, metaphysical and logical, with which they are associated in the spiritual life of man. Now, such a theory never leaves the soul that is governed by reason at rest. The problem ever and again demands solution: are these yearnings, aspirations, unappeased desires, or religious feelings—the ruling traits of the noblest men and women—are they genuine, real, corresponding to and arising from the reality of certain objects external to the soul? I think that in the solution of this problem Dr. Brownson fought and won his greatest victory; at any rate, it was to me the most interesting period of his life. No wonder, since I had the same battle to fight myself, and it was just at this epoch that I came into closest contact with him. We fought this battle shoulder-to-shoulder."—*CATHOLIC WORLD*, October, 1887, pp. 5-6.

Brownson's heavy heart was due to philosophical difficulties, and Isaac Hecker's to the same; but in addition the latter had a mystical experience to which Brownson was at that time, certainly, a stranger, and, as far as we know, he remained so; and these mystical difficulties demanded settlement far more impera-

tively than did the philosophical ones. Isaac Hecker's inner life must have an external adjunct of divine authority. Such aspirations of the soul for present union with God in love as he had, are more peremptory in demanding satisfaction than those of the logical faculty in demanding the ascertainment of the certain truth. Philosophy outside the Church is to the searcher after truth what St. Paul said the Law was to the Jews, a schoolmaster; but, to a soul in the condition of Isaac Hecker, the Holy Spirit is a spouse demanding union. Both Brownson and himself were men true to their convictions, courageous and unselfish. They were both firmly determined to have the truth and to have the whole of it, whether spoken *ex cathedra* in the divine court of the innermost soul, or *ex cathedra* by the supreme authority of God in the organism of the Christian Church. "Brownson was firmly persuaded," says Father Hecker, "and so am I, that the great fault of men generally is that they deem the life of their souls, thoughts, judgments, and convictions, yearnings, aspirations, and longings to be too subject to illusion to be worthy their attentive study and manly fidelity; that even multitudes of Catholics greatly undervalue the divine reality of their inner life, whether in the natural or supernatural order."

The philosophical difficulty was far less serious than the spiritual one. To the philosopher the fundamental truths of human reason are established as objective realities by processes common to every sane mind, and are backed by the common consent of men; and this is true also of the prime verities of ethics. But when a man finds himself subject to secret influences of the utmost power over him, able to cast him off or to hold him, to sicken his body and distress his soul, extending his views of the truth by flashes of light into vistas that seem infinite, making his love of right an ecstasy, his sympathy for human misery a passion, controlling his diet and his clothing, ordering him here and there at will and knowing how to be obeyed—when, in a word, a man finds himself treated by God in a manner totally different from any one else he knows or ever heard of, it is plain that he must agonize for the possession of a divine sanction to which he can appeal in common with all men, and which must therefore exist in the external order. He longs, above all things, to test his secret in the light of day.

The problem that Isaac Hecker had to solve, as he described it himself, was whether his life was real—using the word "life" to denote its truest meaning, the interior life. We have been careful to make the reader aware of how deep and continuous

were the inner touches of the Holy Spirit which led him on. Before applying for admission to the Church, there was no truth that he could believe more firmly than that he was the temple of the Holy Ghost. Of that he had the certitude which is called personal and the teaching of God which is most direct. Yet something was lacking, and therein lay his agony, for he knew that his fellow-men were entitled to all that he had of truth and virtue. The more distinct the Voice which spoke within, the more perplexing it became to hear no echo from without. He felt sure that what was true and holy for him must be so for all, and yet he could not so much as make himself understood if he told his secret to others. To the born Catholic there is no such difficulty. He is so fully accustomed to the verification of the inner action of God, enlightening his mind and stinging his conscience, by God's external action in the Church, that he often confounds the two. He knows the Voice better by its echo than by its own tones. There are many good Catholics, but few enlightened mystics. This is not for lack of guidance, so far as doctrine is concerned, for accredited authors on such subjects are numerous and their teaching is uniform and explicit, besides being of the most intense interest to those for whose instruction it is adapted. These masters of spiritual doctrine not only dwell upon the interior life itself, but also on the external order of God in His Church which brings His interior teaching into proper relation with the exterior. The interior life thus made integral is alone worthy of the term *real*; is alone worthy of the description of St. Paul when he calls it "the witness of the Spirit." Now, as a witness who cannot be brought into open court to give his testimony might as well be dumb, and is as good as no witness, so the inner life, lacking the true external order of God, is cramped and helpless; and cramped and helpless Isaac Hecker was. Whatever he did, therefore, toward investigating religious evidences was done primarily as a search for the external criterion which should guarantee the validity of the inspirations of God within him, and at the same time provide a medium of union with his fellow-men.

Those whose advertence is not particularly aroused to the facts of their interior life, have for their main task either the study of the Church as a visible society, claiming continuity with one established by Christ; or, preceding that, the question whether such a society was ever founded by God. Now, although such questions must be settled by all, they are not the main task of men like Isaac Hecker. In their case the problem

transcending all others is where to find that divine external order demanded for the completion of their inner experience. Such men must say: If there is no external order of God in this world, then my whole interior life is fatally awry.

The captain whose voyage is on the track of the trade winds nevertheless needs more than dead reckoning for his course; he needs to take the sun at noon, to study the heavens at night, and to con his chart. To follow one's interior drift only is to sail the ocean without chart or compass. The sail that is wafted by the impulses of the divine Spirit in the interior life must have, besides, the guarantee of divine veracity in the external order to justify him. This he needs, in order to safeguard him in the interior life itself, and to provide a common court of appeal between himself and his fellows, or otherwise he is in danger of fanaticism, and is certain of the mistrust of his fellow-men. No man, unsupported by external miracles, can claim to teach what is vouched for only by his own testimony; and this especially applies to purely subjective experiences. Isaac Hecker was a born teacher of men, and to be shut off from them by an isolated experience was to be robbed of his vocation. A soul like his, led to the truth along the path of social reform, will hail with delight a religion which organizes all humanity on a basis of equality, and at the same time verifies and explains the facts of each one's particular experience. Such a religion is to be longed for, not only because of its universal brotherhood, but also because it can decide between the inspirations of the Holy Spirit and the criminal conceits of passion or the dreams of an imaginative temperament.

Many years afterwards Father Hecker thus stated the harmony between the inner and outer action of God in the soul's life:

“In case of obscurity or doubt concerning what is the divinely revealed truth, or whether what prompts the soul is or is not an inspiration of the Holy Spirit, recourse must be had to the divine teacher or criterion—the authority of the Church. For it must be borne in mind that to the Church, as represented in the first instance by St. Peter and subsequently by his successors, was made the promise of her divine Founder that ‘the gates of hell should never prevail against her.’ No such promise was ever made by Christ to each individual believer. ‘The Church of the living God is the pillar and ground of truth.’ The test, therefore, of a truly enlightened and sincere Christian

will be, in case of uncertainty, the promptitude of his obedience to the voice of the Church.

“From the above plain truths the following practical rule of conduct may be drawn: The Holy Spirit is the immediate guide of the soul in the way of salvation and sanctification; and the criterion or test, that the soul is guided by the Holy Spirit, is its ready obedience to the authority of the Church. This rule removes all danger whatever, and with it the soul can walk, run, or fly, if it chooses, in the greatest safety and with perfect liberty, in the ways of sanctity.”—*The Church and the Age*, p. 35.

In transcribing the above we are reminded that St. Ignatius, who was the divine instrument in establishing and perfecting God's authority in the external order, yet left on record that so clearly had the Holy Spirit shown him by secret teaching the truths of religion, that, if all the Scriptures had been destroyed, his private revelations at Manresa would have sufficed him in their stead.

All that we have just been saying helps to answer the question why Orestes Brownson and Isaac Hecker did not set up systems of their own, and become Carlyles and Emersons or, especially in Father Hecker's case, Emanuel Swedenborgs or Edward Irvings. We find the following among the memoranda of conversations:

“June 30, 1886.—Why didn't I switch off from Christianity as Carlyle did? Because I hope that I was truer to natural reason; but chiefly because God had given me such an amount of infused lights and graces that I was forced to seek a guide or go off into extravagant fanaticism. They were ready to encourage me in the latter. George Ripley said to me, ‘Hecker, what have you got to tell? Tell us what it is and we will accept it.’”

The impression a perfectly “independent thinker” made on him, as typified in Emerson, is told in an entry in his diary, dated April 24, 1844:

“I have had a few words with Emerson. He stands on the extreme ground where he did several years ago. He and his followers seem to me to live almost a purely intellectual existence. His wife I have understood to be a very religious woman. They are heathens in thought, and profess to be so. They have no conception of the Church: out of Protestantism they are almost perfectly ignorant. They are the narrowest of men, yet they think

they are extremely 'many-sided'; and, forsooth, do not comprehend Christendom, and reject it. The Catholic accepts all the good they offer him and finds it comparatively little compared to that which he has."

That he recognized that the test of the character of his inner experiences, for good or ill, was to be finally found in what they led him to, is shown by the following passage, already quoted, from the diary: "What I do I must do, for it is not I that do it; it is the Spirit. What that Spirit may be is a question I cannot answer. What it leads me to do will be the only evidence of its character. I feel as impersonal as a stranger to it."

The aid which fidelity to the light of reason and the cherishing and obeying the inspirations of the Holy Spirit lends to the discovery of the fulness of truth is shown by the following extract from an article by Father Hecker in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* of October, 1887:

"The man who establishes the historical identity of the Church of to-day with the Apostolic college says the doctrines now taught must be true; the man who perceives the identity of the Church's doctrines with his own highest aspirations also proves them true. The man who has become responsive to the primitive action of his reason says that the Church, which is its only authoritative exponent, must be a divinely appointed teacher. The infallible authority of the Church in her past, present, and future teaching is established by the necessity of the truths which she teaches for the welfare of the human race, by thus completing the outlines of natural truth drawn by the divine hand in human consciousness."

By this we see that, if the divine inner life had need of the divine outer life for its integrity, it is equally certain that in his case, and also in that of Dr. Brownson, the intimate action of God within was a pointer to the true Church of the Divine Word incarnate in the actual world of humanity: for Dr. Brownson chiefly in the intellectual order, for Isaac Hecker in both the intellectual and mystical. We have no fear of wearying the reader with the length of an extract of such value as the following:

"The one who reaches Catholicity by the philosophical road, as Brownson did, by no means pretends that the problem of human destiny can be solved by mere force of reason: Catholic-

ity is not rationalism. Nor does he pretend that the product of reason's action, the knowledge of human immortality and liberty and of the being of God, place man apart from or above the universal action of God upon all souls by means of a visible society and external ordinances: Catholicity is well named; it is universal. But he knows that when a man is persuaded of a truth philosophically he is not called upon by his intelligence or his conscience to base it upon historical evidence; it is enough that he has one source of certitude in its favor. It may be a truth first known by revelation, but if the human intelligence is capable of receiving it in revelation it must have some element of kinship to the truths of pure reason. As in the order of nature men are like unto God, so is there a likeness between the truth of God naturally known and that known only by revelation.

“As there is an appetite in the human heart which not all the treasures, honors, joys of nature can satisfy, so there is a void in the mind which all the truth within reach of the unaided natural faculties leaves unfilled. When a man without guile is brought face to face with truth he spontaneously desires union with it. Appetite proves the existence of food, and the food affirms itself by satisfying the appetite.

“Where there is question of a principle there is a class of minds which must study the part a principle has played in history, and is mainly influenced for or against it from its effect on former generations of men. This class follows the historical road. Another class is so profoundly moved by the truths of revelation as soon as known, assimilates them so readily and perfectly, becomes so absorbed and lost in them, that the history of revelation is not of primary importance; it is only necessary in order to establish necessary facts, such as the divine institution of an external society, and of other external aids. But with this philosophical class of minds the truth stands sponsor for itself and is its own best witness. The impression produced by revelation here and now upon the soul without guile is one of the best probable proofs to that soul of the historical claims of the society to which God entrusted it. ‘The Church Accredits Itself’ was the title of one of the most powerful articles Dr. Brownson ever wrote for this magazine.

“Both the historical and the philosophical processes are necessary, but each is more so to one class of minds than to another. To the philosophical mind, once scepticism is gone and life is real, the supreme fact of life is the need of more truth

than unaided reason can know. The more this need is felt, and the more clearly the deficiencies of natural reason are known, the better capable one is to appreciate the truths of revelation which can alone supply these deficiencies. In such a state of mind you are in a condition to establish revealed truth in a certain sense *a priori*, and the method *a posteriori* is then outranked. The philosopher outranks the historian. In minds of a speculative turn the historian is never considered of primary importance. The principles which its facts illustrate are furnished him by human reason in philosophy, and by the divine reason in revelation. The historical mind has never been considered in the world of thought as sovereign. The philosopher is broad enough to study all ways leading to the full truth and joy of life, whether logical or traditional; but he knows that the study of principles is higher than that of facts. . . . No man can intelligently become a Catholic without examining and deciding the historical question. But back of this is the consideration that the truths the Church teaches are necessarily in harmony with my reason—nay, that they alone solve the problems of reason satisfactorily and answer fully to the wants of the heart. To some minds the truths standing alone compel assent; that is to say, the truths standing alone, and considered in themselves, demand the submission of my reason. Among these truths, thus imperative, not the least is the need of the very Church herself, viewed in her action on men and nations—viewed quite apart from the historical and Scriptural proof of her establishment by Christ. Once the mind is lifted above subjectivism and is face-to-face with the truth, union with the Church is only a question of time and of fidelity to conscience.”—CATHOLIC WORLD, *November, 1887, “Dr. Brownson and Catholicity.”*

CRITERIONS OF CATHOLIC TRUTH.*

THE objects the author had in view in writing this book were to allay the prejudices of non-Catholics and to aid sincere searchers after the truth in learning exactly what is and what is not the obligation of belief imposed on Catholics; so much he states in the farewell words printed on his last page. Without deciding for or against the solution of the many questions treated of in this book we shall give the reader a brief summary of its contents. It has excited widespread interest in Europe, and is certain to be fully discussed by the organs of all schools of theology. The work enjoys in the original Italian, in which language it has had two editions, the imprimatur of the Archbishop of Turin, and the writer prints numerous letters of commendation, as well from men in authority as from others distinguished for learning, the first of which is from the pen of Cardinal Manning.

The work opens with an introductory essay on the place of reason in Catholic belief, affirming in twenty propositions the various offices it holds as a criterion of truth, both primitive, in regard to metaphysics and science, and supplementary, in regard to revelation. The dilemma of the Christian scientist who is confronted with a scientifically established fact at variance with a revealed fact or dogma, is carefully discussed, and solutions are offered which, if they are bold, are intelligible and of apparent practical usefulness in dealing both with doubting Catholics and with non-Catholics. "Reason," he says, "if it finds a fact of nature or of history in opposition to a truth of revelation is not obliged to deny the former; it will await a time when an agreement shall be established between them. This will happen either by the discovery of solid motives for doubting the reality of the (scientific or historical) fact in question, or, on the other hand, by demonstrating that what was deemed revealed truth was but simply the opinion of theologians." This part of the work will be of much interest to students who seek a way out of current difficulties with scientists, or who are engaged upon the speculative departments of sacred learning.

This introduction, devoted to the subjective and natural cri-

* *Les Critères Théologiques*. Par le Chanoine Salvatore di Bartolo. Traduit de l'Italien par un prêtre de l'Oratoire de Rennes, sur la seconde édition, revue et améliorée par l'auteur. Paris: Berche et Trahn. (For sale by Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.)

terion of truth, will be to many the most important part of the work. In the rest of the work the author treats of theological criteria strictly so-called—the teaching church, general councils, the Roman Pontiff speaking *ex cathedra*, universal belief of Christians, tradition, and holy Scripture. To these he adds, or rather he interjects among them, two other criteria: treating, in the first place, of the formulas of belief given in the creeds as well as of the different kinds of dogmatic utterances of councils and popes; and, in the second place, of condemnations by the same authorities. Altogether he gives ten distinct theological tests of truth, exclusive of that of unaided reason, of which he treats in his introduction.

The manner in which he handles his subject is, to our mind, something akin to a stroke of dialectic genius, so much does it minister to a clear understanding between author and reader, and so greatly does it facilitate the brevity which is a necessary condition for securing numerous readers for a doctrinal treatise. Each division of the book is devoted to just one criterion, and is made up of affirmative propositions announcing the author's view of what the criterion does certify, followed by negative propositions rejecting what he deems the same criterion does not make certain; each proposition being briefly expounded and established. The whole treatise makes but a small octavo book of much less than four hundred pages.

It is not our purpose to presently analyze these series of propositions, much less to take sides on the questions discussed. The tone of the writer is, throughout, that of candor and truthfulness. He faces outward and seeks the ears of honest inquirers in order to tell them just what the church requires them to believe in order to enter her communion. He reminds us of Father Faber's methods in dealing with timid souls, willing to serve God but lacking courage. He entitled his first and perhaps his most popular book *All for Jesus; or, The Easy Ways of Divine Love*. Canon Bartolo might have named his book *The Easy Ways of Divine Truth*. He refreshes one, it cannot be denied, with the easy way in which he solves difficult problems—with the mention of a great name for his view, with the bold affirmation of some verity which an opponent cannot deny and which, nevertheless, involves the surrender of an interpretation of doctrine overstrained in the interests of conformity.

It is singular how wide an outlook the reader of this little book gains over the fair domains of the truth of God, natural and revealed. Compared to an ordinary theological treatise de-

voted to any one of his half-score of topics the book is brevity itself, yet the author's learning is plainly extensive, his references exceeding four hundred in number and indicating full acquaintance with both authors and subjects. After each proposition he offers a witness, then an argument, sometimes adds a paragraph of exposition—often of expostulation—and passes on. Yet, if every challenge here given to schools and opinions in secure place in the theological tilting-ground were fought out, the world could not contain all the books that would be written.

He has added to the body of the work a short appendix on the relations of church and state, in which he makes some suggestions about ecclesiastical administration and ventures to cast a glance into the future of Catholicity. This little annex to the main book will, we think, enlarge his public considerably, and also, we fear, thicken his battle indefinitely.

We shall now proceed to describe the salient angles of the fortress of theological liberty erected by our author. But the reader must always bear in mind that the citadel of the whole work is the common faith of the Catholic Church. If, therefore, the salients seem vulnerable, let no one suppose that the author is not securely entrenched in the solid ground of orthodoxy. This citadel is to be found in the positive propositions which Canon Bartolo defends concerning each of the criterions of Christian certitude, embodying the universal faith of Catholics on the location and extent of dogmatic authority. If we should compare the faith to a picture, we should say that our author has but given it a new frame and set it in a new light.

He teaches that in the canonization of saints the church is, indeed, exercising her sovereign authority, but that the note of infallibility does not attach to the judgments thus made.

What are known as "dogmatic facts," as well as all other facts not embraced in revelation, however fully subject in certain cases to the disciplinary and judicial authority of the church, cannot, our author teaches, be decided with dogmatic infallibility. The contradictory opinion, now so common, was, he maintains, almost totally without support prior to the Jansenist controversy, and was then assumed by theologians in a sort of panic on account of the rebellious abuse of the true opinion by the heretics of that day.

On the vexed and vexing question of the Syllabus, Canon Bartolo takes sides against its infallible authority. Without in the least degree touching its claims to authority of another kind, he affirms its lack of that supreme one. The Pope, he says, has

never declared it infallible; the Pontiff himself gave it its right name, a *list* of condemned propositions; it was sent to the bishops by the papal secretary of state and only by *order* of the Pope, who, it is admitted, cannot delegate his infallibility; and many portions of the Canon Law have received far stronger evidences of papal sanction than the Syllabus, and yet are admitted to be not infallible; and, finally, the references in the Syllabus to papal documents of every grade of authority make these the source to which one must go for fixing the dogmatic character of the several condemnations. In favor of this thesis our author cites, with some show of parade, Cardinals Newman, Lavigerie, Capecelatro, and Pecci, now the reigning Pontiff.

Not the least instructive part of the work is the series of propositions, positive and negative, dealing with the authority of the universal consent of the faithful on matters of doctrine. Among other things he maintains that devotional practices, however universal they may be, but which are not joined by a *necessary* connection with a revealed dogma, are not to be accepted as evidence of universal belief. The universality of the faithful, he holds, may have an erroneous opinion on a religious matter, as long as they do not hold it as revealed truth; though this state of things could not, he adds, be long tolerated by the infallible authority of the church.

A negative proposition which our author says is of much importance is that the common and constant teaching of doctors cannot make law in the face of solid reasons to the contrary. Besides opinions of theologians, he adduces in support of this the well-known fact that on the questions of the essential matter of the sacrament of Order, the verbal inspiration of Scripture, and the sinfulness of receiving interest on money lent, the scholastic doctors were once in common accord in a sense now just as commonly rejected; but the reasons for departing from the common teaching must, he admits, be truly solid.

On the inspiration of Holy Scripture Canon Bartolo holds views nearly identical with those of Cardinal Newman: that inspiration extends only to matters of faith and morals, and to whatever else, including facts, has reference to faith and morals. This excludes from inspiration what Cardinal Newman has called *obiter dicta*, words, phrases, and sentences which do not pertain to faith or morals.

In case of conflict between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities in a matter of mixed jurisdiction, reason corroborated by faith will recognize, he maintains, the distinct domains of the two

powers, and will obey the competent authority within the limits of the power belonging to it; such obedience will be paid either to one of the two, or to both within their respective jurisdictions.

He expresses a reverent wish concerning the exercise of the office of infallibility in papal teaching as follows:

“Obedient child of the Catholic Church as I am, full of respect for the ever-living magistracy of Peter, having in view the actual state of men’s minds and impending changes, out of love for revealed truth and for just theological freedom I humbly ask of the Sovereign Pontiffs that when, for the future, they shall in their prudence and wisdom exercise their infallible authority, to make use of the actual words of the Council of the Vatican; that is to say, that they shall declare that they speak *ex cathedra* and that they address all the faithful. If the words *Transubstantiation, Matter, Form*, etc., have passed from the schools into conciliar definitions, it will not be an untimely novelty if the words *ex cathedra* pass from the schools into the pontifical definitions; and the disciples of the Supreme Master will thus recognize the authority which the same Master has given to his teaching” (pp. 122–23).

As we have more than once intimated, we reserve our opinion on the subjects of discussion raised in this book. But we are in entire accord with Canon Bartolo’s demand for liberty from the encroachments of private theologians, setting themselves up as censors of their brethren. The office of theological censor is not given by God to learning or to ability, or to high company; it belongs to constituted authority, and to that alone. All correction which is not official must be fraternal, and must display the note of charity as a necessary credential; it can claim no note of supremacy other than that. Nor does this rule apply any the less to meddlers who are right in their opinions, but rather the more. Nothing so ill-becomes learned orthodoxy as disregard for the sensibilities of honest but unenlightened Christians; this may be called the stupidity of learning. To this vicious union of erudition in doctrine and stupidity in teaching is sometimes joined a cruel contempt for the weaknesses of the little ones of Christ; and this is the criminal pride of learned orthodoxy.

We trust our readers will thank us for the following extract:

“God has endowed the human soul with activity and with power to seek the truth in the vast field which is the domain of knowledge. When, therefore, man is not face-to-face with an infallible teaching authority, preserving him from error and presenting truth, the attempt to impose upon him a doctrine in which

he does not perceive the truth is to commit an assault upon a work of God, man's active spirit. The church respects the freedom of the human soul, not only in those sciences which are outside the domain of theology but also in theology itself. She does so for the reason that she will not offer the least violence to the nature of man's soul and because she has need of the labors of theologians, which prepare the way for the doctrinal definitions which she makes as occasion demands. We could offer many examples, ancient and modern, to show how the church protects theological liberty and reproves the insolence of theologians who would impose their doctrines upon men. . . . During the past century and in our own time St. Alphonsus Liguori was regarded as the great doctor of moral theology and the master of that science, by excellence. Nevertheless, an edition of Gury, with notes by Ballerini (*Compendium Theologiæ Moralis*), was published in Rome in 1867, with the permission of the Master of the Sacred Palace, in which the teaching of St. Alphonsus is frequently contradicted. . . . Again, the annotator of Gury, in his turn, holds that the opinion that the contracting parties are the ministers of the sacrament of marriage is the common one and is morally certain, and stigmatizes the contradictory opinion as almost heresy (*proxima heresi*). Yet, when the matter came into warm controversy in Rome on the eve of the Vatican Council, Pius IX. expressed the desire of the Holy See to have it freely discussed: '*Quæ adhuc liberæ disceptationi commissa sunt.*' . . .

"This theological liberty extends to the interpretation in a Catholic sense of expressions which are capable of a heterodox meaning. There can be no doubt that the science of theology demands precision of language, as does every other science—exactness of expression and of reasoning; but among the most orthodox theological conceptions an inexact idea will often slip in, one which an orthodox theologian cannot, after mature consideration, accept. On such accidental ideas the theologian of good sense will by no means fix his attention, or rather he will give them an orthodox interpretation, knowing, as he does, the soundness of his colleague's orthodoxy. . . . To call in question the faith of such a theologian, or to refuse him the praise due to the merit of his treatise, besides being a fault against charity, may have the effect of so frightening him off as to destroy the fruitfulness of his intelligence, or, at least, to render it sterile, turning him away from the researches which he has undertaken in the field of divine science. By this means it happens that men of remarkable talents are extinguished in the church, to the great injury of sacred studies and hindrance to the increase of faith in civil society. On the other hand, the supreme authority of the church has in a multitude of cases followed the prudent and charitable course which we recommend, a good example which the private theologian would do well to follow.

“Would that the enemies of Catholic authority learned what degree of liberty is left to the faithful whose intentions are upright; would that Catholics of narrow views and devoid of scientific gifts learned how to respect in discussion the opinions of their brethren! Liberty is a condition strictly necessary to the human mind for the search after truth. The private theologian who seeks to impose his views upon others without the guarantee of infallible authority assails liberty, and makes it impossible for the human understanding to possess itself of the truth; he is guilty of treason against humanity (*lèse-humanité*).”

To illustrate this point our author might have cited Benedict XIV.'s reproof of the Spanish Inquisition in the middle of the last century for proscribing the works of Cardinal Noris, and the clear distinctions made by that great pope between the true spirit of orthodoxy and the officious meddling of self-opinionated spokesmen of schools of theology.

Canon Bartolo has published his call for a relaxation of dogmatic restraint in the schools at a time peculiarly favorable to his purpose. Doctrinal unity has been made secure by the promulgation and acceptance of the Vatican decrees, and at the same time scientific progress demands, in the interests of intelligent orthodoxy, the restatement of many truths by competent representatives of revealed religion.

The uneasiness of many theologians for the security of the dogmatic authority of the Holy See, lingering, even after the Vatican Council, like the timidity of a convalescent, must at last give place to that generous recognition of liberty which is the proper accompaniment of assured authority; such, at any rate, is our author's view. The highest value of authority is to minister to a well-ordered aspiration for liberty. Therefore the present security of dogmatic unity, joined with the need of enlightened liberty in scientific investigation, makes Canon Bartolo's study of doctrinal criteria very opportune. But it must be said that both a free disposition to inquire and an instinctive readiness to obey are necessary credentials for the writer of such a book as this and for those who will become his disciples. The more secure the hold on the centre of dogmatic unity, the more safe the widening of the circle of rational inquiry in every direction. The more secure the right of authoritative definition, the less need of using it for the sake of signaling the point at which it is established.

“Taking into consideration,” says our author, “the mutability both of laws and of persons subject to them, ecclesiastical enact-

ments will in future be diminished, or, at any rate, their material and moral compulsion will cease, principles, meantime, ever remaining in vigorous activity." He believes in confiding the mission of Catholic truth to Christian love, acting everywhere by the spontaneous impulse of personal zeal, and succeeding in establishing the reign of Christ among men all the more certainly in proportion as the authority of the church shall cease to insist upon religion assuming a legal aspect. "The unity of the faith was founded by the sole efficacy of the word of God and of divine grace, exemplified by the spectacle of Christian virtue, and by the same means it ought to be and shall be restored." He quotes these words from Bishop Von Ketteler, and others like them from Cardinal Guibert, Bishop Mermillod, etc. He gives a paragraph from the venerable Paul Segneri, S. J., which tells in language of the highest eloquence how the noblest of Christian precepts, that of love, is the one which demands entire liberty as a condition for its fulfilment.

Whether the author gains our credence for his opinions or not, we should be wrong if we supposed him to wish to antagonize theories on controverted points simply because they are traditional. He seeks in nowise to discredit the past, either in point of view of policy or of doctrine. His main purpose is to give the Catholic public a plain statement of the scope and authority of the criteria of the orthodox faith. He treats of the divinely-established tests for finding out truth and for detecting error. He expounds the one only method of universal certitude, the use of the external criteria of revealed truth as they were established by Christ. If, in doing this, he separates matters of dogma from those of policy—as, for example, in estimating the dogmatic residuum of the pontificate of Pius IX.—he does but advocate his theories by applying them to well-known facts. Many will not agree with him, and for some of his propositions he will be violently assailed. But he is on the right lines, such lines as all theologians of our day should take. Unlike some, he is not color-blind to all signals of danger ahead except those that tell of rebellion to authority; he can see danger in over-restrictive measures as well. Nor does Canon Bartolo, with all his brevity, shuffle with fearful haste across the difficult places; he stops to inspect. Least of all is the voice of faith made to call out and to clamor, so as to deafen rather than to answer the difficulties of reason, and those of love of country and of material progress—difficulties which religion is confronted with on every hand in our day.

Neither the interest of the work nor the dignity of the topics is injured by the brevity already referred to. The book is anything but a museum of sorted and labelled dry bones. The writer states in a simple manner questions whose interest is universal; he then decides them by plain words and is done. He does not pursue his problems out of the fair fields of downright yes and no into the intricacies and obscurities into which expert theologians are apt to tempt us. Such refinements are like the swamps on the margin of a fertile farming country; they are a refuge for untamable beasts and birds and the scene of the sportsman's exploits. The average educated Catholic will prefer the husbandry of Canon Bartolo to the woodcraft and marksmanship of many a more pretentious theologian.

Those whose ears are turned to catch the harmonies of nature and grace will doubtless welcome this writer more than those who judge of a writer's orthodoxy chiefly by a perfect conformity with certain models; some of these are like critics who would consider musical proficiency to be found at its best rather in the perfect tuner of instruments than in the perfect performer on them.

THE SHADOW OF FAMINE.

IT is dreadful to stand in a country where thousands of people are doomed to die. Famine is on Ireland! It is not an entirely unmeaning cry to those who live far away; but, unless the eye hath seen it already in its ravages, it is all but impossible for any human heart to conceive it.

Around this island from hapless Donegal to fair and pastoral Wexford, travelling by the western coast, the dreadful scourge has drawn a line, marking out its possessions and claiming them as surely as the Spanish empire did its American dominions when Columbus planted on the New World, beside the emblem of Redemption, the flag of Spain. Fenimore Cooper has described the prairie on fire, and a company of whites caught within the circle of flames. In stratagem there was safety for them; but stratagem will bring no safety to the poor Donegal or Kerry cottier; of themselves they are unable to escape; private charity is a puny remedy and all but vain; and those who can and ought to assist them are blinding their eyes to the doom of fate, girding their loins but for frivolity and enjoyment while human beings are about to starve.

O stranger! if we stood within one of the cabins of the west of Ireland and set our eyes on the father of the family, whose little household was going to starve; were we able to search his heart and its pulsation, as the doctor's stethoscope its beating; were we lingering beside him all the day long as he thought and ruminated on it; did we stand beside him on the ridge of dried potatoes as he turned up the (God forgive us!) *ungrateful* earth, and viewed with pitiful sorrow the tubers small, few, and bad that his spade dug up; could we put ourselves in that poor man's position, we might then understand the terrible death knell that lies in the words: *Famine is on the land!*

CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE CASE.—On the western seaboard the land is light and poor. The constant drenching of a wet season perishes the soil. The grass, even when let grow to meadows, will never in such a season exceed a couple of inches in length; and when it is being saved, in a broken season, it is miserable to see the blackish little handfuls scattered here and there over the green slope. This is a type of all the produce got from the ground there. But in a wet spring or summer it is the potato crop fails worst. Any other green crop may thrive in soft weather; but the potato will waste all its substance in flinging up stalks, while the tuber at the root will remain small and sickly. The common description of such among the country-people is "They'd choke the ducks."

The people inhabiting those sea-coast districts are generally small farmers of a few acres of land and the laboring poor. And this is the way they live: If laborers, they work with the neighboring farmers when they are not engaged in fishing. Fishing is exceedingly precarious; one season they may do well, another season poorly. It is, therefore, impossible to average their earnings in this industry. If working on the surrounding farms, their wages all round the year will never average ten shillings a week. On ten shillings a week are to be supported the father and mother and (say) four or five children—clothed, educated, fed, six persons on ten shillings weekly. At three meals a day, it would be eighteen for the family; *one hundred and twenty-six meals in the week to be eked out for one hundred and twenty pence!* If the ten shillings were permanent that would be done, and not even a complaint would be heard. But the wage of ten shillings a week is by no means constant.

In order to supplement this they set a little "haggard" of potatoes. It may be half an acre; seldom is it a whole acre, as they are not able to compass so much. If the potatoes grow

well the poor people feel that they have "a back" (an assistance)—for, to use their own expression, "Nothing is so plenty for a poor man as the praytee." But if badly, then is the sign of woe. While the children of the poor laborer or the small farmer are young they are kept, of course, at home, and do whatever lies in their way. Indeed, it is a shame to see the way the poor little Irish children have to work; it is a shame to see the way they are clothed, and, could the parents afford better, it would be almost criminal; as to how they are fed—they are starved rather than fed. While young they are, therefore, of very little material assistance to the family; when they grow up they are hired to the farmers, the wages coming to the parents; or, if able, they go to America and send a large part of their earnings home. A good deal (it is safe to say) will come across the Atlantic this winter to Donegal, Mayo, and Kerry.

It is somewhat similar with the small-farming class. When they have done their own work they go out to labor for hire. The young people of this class go to service, or go to America and send their earnings home. The one difference between the two classes is, that the small farmers may have more potatoes set, on account of the larger share of tillage, and therefore the more to lose.

But why should the loss of the potato crop cause a famine? For two reasons: first, their principal dependence was on the potato; and, secondly, the flour-shops and the meal-shops which, under ordinary circumstances, would give credit to the poor people, now are forced, from the nature of things, to refuse it. Then, again, a plentiful supply of the potato crop cheapens the price of flour and bread; the scarcity, on the other hand, runs it up; thus putting the necessaries of life still further out of the reach of the poor man.

As a rule the Irish nature is sensitive, and will not readily run the risk of a refusal. A man will not, then, go to the flour-shop, even where he was accustomed to deal, dreading that without money he would not get what he wanted. "Of course they'd refuse," he'd argue with himself, "and small blame to 'em."

That, then, is the way the poor man stands; his little store of eatables—if diseased vegetables might be called *eatables*—are slipping away; wife and little ones are thereabout; "children calling for bread and nothing to give them to eat." Jeremias the prophet wept over the picture in the days of old; the poet

Longfellow has made many an eye weep over it in our own times. "The famine and the fever, the fever and the famine."

Now, what is wrong here? for, assuredly, something must be wrong when one wet summer will bring on a scourge of such magnitude. There are two things, at least, that the government ought to have done, and none other than the government of the country was capable of doing: the government ought to have so patronized and assisted the fishing industry as to have made it, as it was capable of being made, a source of considerable revenue. Larger crafts than the poor people of the seaboard are able to obtain are required for fishing on the dangerous west coast. These boats, properly equipped, should not be given, but loaned or rented in a way that would enable the fishermen, if they wished, to become owners. Harbors of safety or refuge ought to have been built along the coast; and, finally, light-running railways, that would take the fish at once to market, ought to have been laid down. This would be one way of endeavoring to meet and cope with the ever-recurring periods of starvation in the west. It has been done by Lady Burdett-Coutts at Baltimore, in the southwest of Cork.

Another way would be, that the government should have potato-depots scattered here and there, and in sufficient numbers, through all the west; at these depots good and sound seed could be had, and the country would thus have a young and vigorous crop instead of an effete and worn-out seed to meet the ravages of moisture and blight. I was greatly struck by what a witness at one of the royal commissions swore. He said that having gone into a potato-store in Antrim he saw the large and healthy potatoes all being separated for exportation, and the small and unhealthy kept for home. On inquiry he was told that the large potatoes were being shipped to Denmark; that there was no use sending unhealthy ones there, as they had to go through the government-inspection offices, and they would be sure to be returned if they were not perfectly sound.

In the year '80 or '81 the Irish party, led by Mr. Parnell, got the government to accede to the importation of a new seed, and the returns from that seed were so great that persons in the country were frequently heard to say, "The greatest reduction Parnell has got for us is the *Champion*"; in other words, that the *Champion* potato in its splendid crop was of as much value as the money that had been obtained through the pressure of the agitation and the machinery of the land courts; and Mr. Parnell himself at one time estimated this gain at

about one-quarter of the rental of Ireland, or about £5,000,000. If these two things had been done—and any government with an interest in the people would have done them—the case would be widely different indeed. But instead of comfort, contentment, and happiness, we see to-day what thrills and appals a nation—*misery, want, immediate starvation, disease and death.*

WHAT IS TO BE DONE?—One thing yet remains which may ward off the intensity of the scourge. The lives of thousands and thousands of fathers and mothers and little ones are hanging on that one thing; the palpitating heart of the nation, the pity of the world, rest on that one thing. O God of mercy! will our people still be saved? or will they be allowed to starve, with the father's breaking heart looking on his famished children; with the mother's scalding tears falling on her perishing offspring? The one thing, the only thing, to save them now, is a series of useful public works, instituted at once, before famine has undermined their credit as well as sapped their bodily strength.

This rests with a man who does not love our people, and whom (truth to tell) our people hate. The daily papers have it that the Queen has summoned this man to the palace and has demanded an account of his stewardship. Oh, for an Esther there! Queen Victoria has reigned over a twice famine-stricken Ireland; does she covet the horror a third time? The first was in '47, the second in '79; between the first and second there was an interval of twenty-two years; is there going to be only half that space between the second and third?

Irishmen, with pitiful hearts, look to humanity; not for mercy, not for charity, not even for compassion. They look to human hearts all the world over to set their eyes on this man, on whom God in his wisdom allows the fate and lives of tens, perhaps hundreds, of thousands of our people to rest, to see that this man will not shirk his duty; and, by their loud acclaim, to force him to that path which the least spark of humanity or kindness ought to have long since suggested to himself. Blessed is he that dries the mourner's tears; blessed is he that heals a nation's woes.

R. O. K.

INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION ON THE SLAVE
TRADE.

A MOST important step for the suppression of the slave trade was taken last June by the signing at Brussels of a convention between seventeen of the principal powers of the world. The importance of this convention it is impossible to exaggerate, for it must, if loyally carried out, result in the extirpation of a traffic in the last degree disgraceful to humanity. The movement began with Cardinal Lavigerie's mission to the chief European capitals; this mission included London; and before an audience, mainly consisting of influential Protestants, he so powerfully advocated his cause that Mr. Buxton, a member of a family long devoted to the emancipation of the negro, brought the matter before Parliament. This led to its being taken up by the government, and on its initiative the King of the Belgians called a conference at Brussels. The powers represented there by official delegates included not only the chief European powers, but also Turkey, Persia, Egypt, and Zanzibar. The interests involved were so great and the object to be attained so desirable that the United States, departing from the principle of non-intervention in foreign affairs, also sent its representative.

The scope of the congress was widened during its sessions so as to embrace the sale of liquors and of arms to the negroes; and this has led to an unfortunate hitch; for Holland, whether from jealousy of Belgium or (as is more likely) on account of its trade in spirits with the negroes, has, up to the present, refused to sign the convention. One year has been accorded to her for this purpose; and there is no doubt that, whether within that time she gives her consent or not, the conclusions arrived at will become international law and will be practically enforced.

These conclusions are very numerous and cover a wide field—maritime traffic, caravan routes, suppression of slave markets, and, what is of the greatest practical importance, the establishment of various institutions for the execution of the general act. The details are very technical and elaborate in their character on account of the large number of powers whose interests, prejudices, and rights had to be consulted. The right of search, or visit of

ships suspected of carrying slaves (which was one of the most delicate questions between England and France), has been satisfactorily settled, France yielding the right within a certain zone to search vessels of less than five hundred tons. Mohammedan powers like Turkey and Persia having accepted the conclusions, and thus co-operating, the provisions of the conference do not go beyond measures for the rooting out of the trade in slaves, domestic slavery being left to what it is hoped will be a natural death. We are glad to learn that within the last few weeks the Sultan of Zanzibar has issued a decree which will put an end in his dominions to this evil also, and in a few years slavery will entirely cease to exist in Zanzibar. It does not speak well for the self-sacrificing spirit of European nations that the greatest difficulty was found in adopting measures to restrict the trade in spirits; those proposed were whittled down, and, as we have said, entirely rejected by Holland. Catholics may be allowed to congratulate themselves on the fact that the opposition was offered by Protestant nations.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE (*A Summer Holiday in Europe*. Boston: Lee & Shepard) has an open and sympathetic mind, a poetic fancy, and a ready pen—three very good things by way of preliminary outfit for one who will not only travel but record the results of travel for the pleasure and profit of those of us who must needs remain at home. She is an optimist, moreover, on whom nothing less aggressive than the squalid misery and brutal degradation of the London poor seems able to produce a permanently painful impression. They are prominent enough, in all conscience, to account for the exception and make it do its proverbial work in proving a rule. As Mrs. Blake observes:

“Many different things in the political economy of kingdoms and empires puzzle the republican simplicity that is brought face to face with them for the first time; but the expression of antagonism to existing conditions, whether of men or things, that is written upon the face of the poor of London is hard to comprehend. There is only one thing harder, and that is the look of sullen and hopeless misery which sometimes takes its place and blots out all appearance of human emotion from the unfortunate creatures, who seem to retire behind it as a mask or a fortress.”

Mrs. Blake's voyage was made in the spring of last year, and its chief objective point must have been Paris at the time of the Great Exposition. She took Ireland, by the way; but she passed on to French towns, outside the capital, and thence into Switzerland, only when the great but easily conceivable spell of Paris began, not to weaken but to allow her to perceive with more or less distinctness that time is limited, and that until its conditions have been finally transcended even the good Bostonian may linger there too long. She has the pleasant faculty of admiration wherever any excuse for it exists, but her abiding enthusiasm is for Paris, whence it diffuses itself over most things that are French.

In Ireland, next to the beauty of the scenery and the courtesy and good will of the people, what chiefly impressed Mrs. Blake was, first, the “omnipresence of the military element,” which causes the “peaceful stranger, to whom the pomp and circum-

stance of this phase of human nature is unknown," to fancy himself "in the midst of war preparations."

"One feels as if revolution were in the air, and that at the next corner the troops, with drums beating and colors flying, will go marching by to the seat of war. But no! There is no war and no enemy. There is no *raison d'être* so far as common sense can reach. . . . When, now and again, one to the manner born attempts an explanation, it seems easier to remain within the safe shield of what the Catholic Church calls 'impenetrable ignorance.' What! a government constantly holding its place over its people by force! Not a sudden uprising in gusty passion over some real or fancied injustice, but a constant, undying, desperate protest against authority! This authority imposed upon instead of appointed by them! As poor Stephen says in *Hard Times*, 'It's aw' a muddle.' Let us leave it so."

Our republican traveller finds it almost as perplexing to grasp the fact that in Ireland—and she might have extended her generalization to Great Britain—"the whole visible earth is the personal property of this or that individual." Sometimes—and this is one of the times—Mrs. Blake strikes us as either over-artless in her confessions of surprise, or else as an unexpected confirmation of Valentine's verdict on the results of homekeeping on the wits. The absentee landlord and the miserable tenant—there is nothing about either of these which should produce an effect of novelty upon the travelled American who has Irish blood in his veins, although the experience at Killarney which dictated the following paragraph might fairly do so:

"Let us trust that you may grow accustomed to my Lord Kenmare and my gentleman Herbert asking a fee before they allow you to look upon park or pleasure ground, river or waterfall, mountain or valley. Is it not all theirs, to do what they please with; and, in a country where the beggar stretches his poor hand for a penny, why may not the gentle be allowed to stretch his itching palm for a shilling? It will be a blow to your republican prejudices. But by this time you have received enough delight from this lovely and kindly land to bear a few slaps. Besides, it is not the real Ireland that gives them."

In France it is not one thing but almost all things which delight, amuse, or edify this enthusiastic onlooker. The beauty of the landscape, the clean and airy brightness of Paris, the picturesqueness of Blois and its delicious strawberries and cream, the peasant proprietors, the women working in the fields, the long-aproned

children, the careful provision made for the rights and the comforts of the poor, the wisely paternal government which guards them against adulterations in their food and drink, and whose policy is to employ as many, instead of as few, as possible in the state's service. In Paris, she heard, "as a reason given for not hiring typewriting machines in the municipal-clerk's office, that a few men could then do the work which now required two hundred," and she goes on to remark, with an appreciation which is tolerably conclusive as to her attitude when at home toward protection and the Mugwump, that

"This is in keeping with the paternal policy the republic maintains toward its sons, partly, no doubt, from a feeling of its efficacy in government, partly from pride. In things that concern the beauty of the city there is no stint in appropriations. Departments are not put off with a miserly proportion of their demands for working capital; and no fraudulent scheme of economy to further the future campaigning policy of the ruling powers is allowed to interfere with the order, the cleanliness, or the educational projects of town or country. Young as the French republic is, it has already learned some lessons that older pupils in the same school find it difficult to commit to memory."

The book is very well got-up and printed; a fact which makes the three or four oversights in the proof-reading stand out with all the more distinctness. Among these we note the special infelicity by which Mrs. Blake is made to refer to the "*Cypress* collections which have been made familiar to designers by Cesnola." A more serious defect is what seems like flippancy, as, to take one instance, when in the Commons Hall of Trinity College, Dublin, she finds such "an indescribable smell of stale puddings and cold roast beef, one does not know whether the odor of sanctity or of victuals is the strongest." Curious, too, is the fact that, from one end of this bright and entertaining volume to the other, there is not one word which need betray the fact that it is the work of a Catholic, journeying, for the most part, through lands all whose traditions and whose sacred places are Catholic still.

From Worthington & Co. (New York) we have received a beautifully illustrated edition of Paul Hervieu's commonplacely bad novel, *Flirt*. The immorality of it, which runs on the usual lines of adultery and intrigue, is not in any appreciable degree retrieved by special truth to human nature, searching analysis, or charm of style. Perhaps Mr. Hugh Craig, whose translation is not over-well made, is in part responsible for its lack of attractiveness in the latter respect. But the photogravures from water-

color drawings by Madeleine Lemaire are clever in themselves, and have also the merit of very closely illustrating the text.

The same publishers bring out a tale of French country life by Camille Debans, which is called *Catherine's Coquetries*. It almost goes without saying that Catherine is a married woman, and that her coquetries lead to suicide and murder. The translation is made by Leon Mead. This book is also adorned with photogravures, but they do not attain the excellence of those just mentioned.

A Secret Institution (New York: Bryant Publishing Co.) has the external appearance of a novel, but seems to have been intended as a statement of facts concerning the way things are managed—or were managed eight years ago—in the Utica Lunatic Asylum. The author, Clarissa Caldwell Lathrop, says that in 1880, at the instance of her mother and sister, she was confined in that establishment and remained there for nearly two years, although she is confident of her sanity during that entire period. She was finally brought out on a writ of *habeas corpus* applied for by a Mr. James B. Silkman, whom she describes “as a descendant of a noted English family, who after leaving college was associated with a law-firm in New York, and soon after became assistant-editor of the *New York Evening Post*.” She says that, like herself, he had been shut up at Utica under a false charge of lunacy, trumped up by relatives, and that on regaining his freedom he caused to be published an announcement that he would “help any sane person out of an asylum who would communicate with him, giving his office address at New York City.” Miss Lathrop, having found means to notify this gentleman, he applied for a writ, on which she was taken to Poughkeepsie, where her sanity was established and she given her freedom by Judge Barnard.

Miss Lathrop tells some horrible stories, which may or may not be true, concerning atrocities practised upon herself, and known by her to have been inflicted upon others equally helpless. Her narrative is written in a way which is strongly suggestive of long standing delusions in her own mind. We suppose that the temptation to put away from home such a person as she describes herself to have been, especially when it can be done at the expense of the general public, may now and then be overpoweringly strong in the case of relatives whose purses are not long and whose natural affections are not strong. Miss Clarissa, with her singular whims about a married lover, and her suspicions of being poisoned by his divorced wife, must have been a tolerably uncomfortable person to have about. But she

was harmless, and that her delusions were such as to make her a proper denizen of a madhouse for an indefinite time at the public expense is palpably untrue. If every one of us who has "a bee in his bonnet" were to be locked up, how empty the streets would be! She says that county patients, such as she was, form by far the most reliable source of income for the institution, and that county commitments are apt to be

"preferred for sane people who are to be confined in the Utica Asylum indefinitely. The advantage is this: What is called a 'pay patient' can be taken out of an asylum at any time his friends see fit to do so, whether in accordance with the doctor's permission or not, whereas a county patient is entirely at the mercy of the superintendent as to the length of time he may choose to detain him, as the county allows him to keep a patient two years, a privilege which a mercenary superintendent like Dr. Grey was able to appreciate and take care not to lose sight of, for the county is sure pay, and the greater the number of patients the larger the revenue to the asylum; and any relative or friend wishing to remove a wife, child, or ward, believing them to be wrongfully detained, must have recourse to a writ of *habeas corpus*, or be forced to give bonds for the safe-keeping of the patient before allowed to remove him from the superintendent's custody, a fact which often prevented patients from being removed when their friends were most anxious to do so, believing them perfectly cured, and detrimental to their interests to remain longer, and also desiring to protect the patient from cruelties to which they might be subjected."

Miss Lathrop pays a tribute of praise, which we believe to be deserved, to the very different way in which the Hudson River Hospital for the Insane, at Poughkeepsie, is conducted by Dr. Cleveland.

Ginn & Co. (Boston and London) publish a volume of stories from Norse mythology entitled *The Nine Worlds*. The tales have been collected, arranged, re-written, and, in at least one instance, invented, by Mary E. Litchfield. Her aim, as she describes it in her preface, has been to write a story simple enough for children, but not so simple as to be uninteresting to older persons. A preliminary quotation from Thomas Carlyle embodies his opinion that it is a mistake to suppose that there is "no use in *knowing* something about this old paganism of our fathers. Unconsciously, and combined with higher things, it is in *us* yet, that old faith withal." Concerning one element of that faith—or, better, of its practice—there seems little doubt that there is a good deal of it yet in the Scandinavian races and their kinsmen in the British

Isles and elsewhere—that mighty thirst for beer, to wit, to satisfy which Thor made his famous journey in search of the giant Hymir's mile-deep kettle—probably the earliest example of the process known at present as “rushing the growler.”

To our own notion, there is nothing that is moral, little that is beautiful, and still less that is spiritual in such remains of the Scandinavian mythology as stand directly on their own feet in literature. They testify, indeed, to the primitive belief in a future life, judgment after death for the deeds done in the body, and rewards and punishments therefor. But they testify in a manner equally strong to the truth of that sentence of Scripture which declares that “all the gods of the Gentiles are devils.” The final triumph of evil, the real impotence of those more benevolent and subtle forces which were called gods, when matched against the greater natural forces typified as giants of the upper world, or the malignant evil powers who would in the end bring both the heaven of the gods and the world of men to utter ruin—this, if not all Scandinavian mythology had to teach, is at least all that gets into distinct shape in the traces of it that remain. True, they contain a prophecy that Baldur, the fair god, done to death by Loki, the principle of evil, would come back in the end from the under world and rule over a new heaven and a new earth; but it was not on a future they hoped for, but on a present which they saw, that Norse mythology was built. It is only a throwing up into gigantic proportions of man's own weakness in good and strength in evil. Moreover, the conceptions which underlie it are puerile, lacking in dignity as much as they lack in grace or beauty. There is something fantastic in putting before the children of this “scientific” age, who are to be allowed to forget or taught to scoff at the grave, majestic simplicity of the Scriptural account of creation, such a mean and trivial story as that of the primeval giant Ymir, who was the first of living beings; the cow which next followed him into existence; and the man who was produced by the cow in licking the masses of salty and frozen vapor which antedated the giant. Such as these legends are, however, it does not seem to us that in her original contribution to the collection, “Odin seeks Wisdom from Mimir,” Miss Litchfield has improved upon them. In the other tales there is neither sophistication nor adornment of a distinctly modern turn, while in this one there are both.

Mr. Barry O'Connor's *Turf-Fire Stories and Fairy Tales of Ireland* (New York: P. J. Kenedy) are of unequal merit; some of them are very good, however, and those that are flatly commonplace, like “Clouds and Sunlight,” are in a decided minority.

The spirit of these Irish fairy tales is very pleasant, especially in the confidence they show in the staying qualities of simplicity, loyal obedience, and honest industry, as opposed to laziness and cunning. "The Highest Penny," "Corney's Fiddle," "The Turf-Cutters," "The Cluricaun," and "The Golden Turf" are good examples of what Mr. O'Connor can invent or recollect in this line. As to the unconventional but even-handed justice done in tales like "The O'Sheas" and "How I Got My Passage Money," there may be two opinions expressed. To us there seems hardly a "superfluity of naughtiness" in the cunning by which the evicted Barney Brady made himself "even with the blood-squeezin' robber, Sir Peter Skinner," and something more meritorious than mere restitution in the generosity of the returned O'Sheas to their former landlords. The illustrations which liberally besprinkle this volume are, for the most part, so ill-made that it is a pity they were not altogether omitted.

Concerning *Kreutzer Sonata Bearing Fruit*, by Pauline Grayson, for which the publisher, J. S. Ogilvie (New York), begs "careful reading and fearless criticism," we have only to say that it does not seem to call for either. In writing it the authoress has somehow missed the woman's natural point of view without getting at the man's.

Mr. J. Maclaren Cobban's name is new to us, although the title-page of *A Reverend Gentleman* shows that this is not his first novel. We find it on our table in Munro's Seaside Library Edition, but do not know from what English publishing house it may have been pirated. It is a very clever piece of workmanship, both in manner and in matter. The portrait of "the Reverend William Merrydew, Master of Arts," is drawn with a vivid naturalness that drives one to consider it less as a work of art, the cunning invention of a novelist, than as an unflattered and truthful likeness of a veritable human being. Merrydew demands attention on his own merits as a fellow-creature. On his demerits let us say, then. They are many, they are distinctly human, and they follow the main road, not diverging to the heroic on one side nor to the unutterably vile on the other. The Reverend William is without honor and without conscience and without faith; he sits sipping whiskey and water and sniggering over *Tristram Shandy* when he should be preparing his sermons; he forges and lies and steals, allows his daughters to support him, and winks at or even counsels shame which will add to his comforts; but with it all he is not without natural affection of a low kind, and he has an excellent taste in literature as well as in

cookery. He seems much too plausible to have been invented. Mr. Cobban follows his career, however, with a skill which stamps him as an extremely clever student of human nature. We should be at a loss to name a situation in fictitious literature which, for cold-blooded selfishness and almost automatic lack of moral sense on the part of the two men concerned, could match that of the fortnight which Merrydew spends with Jack Parkin and his own daughter Ethel in Scarborough before the young people marry. Just here, too, occurs the great blot of the story—and that is Mr. Cobban's effort to palliate Ethel's sin by explaining that she fell, not "out of the abundant wantonness of the female heart," but "from the pure womanly desire to surrender, to sacrifice anything and everything to please the man she loved." Probably that is true of ninety-nine women out of every hundred who go astray in circumstances more or less resembling hers. But the sin remains a sin, and its consequences are the fatal wages of sin, whatever was the immediate motive of its commission. And that is a lesson which the novelist who respects his vocation enough to see in it something more than an effective theatre for the display of his own penetration might do some sorely-needed good by demonstrating. But, with this great drawback, it seems to us that the women of the story are well comprehended, although Kate Merrydew is the only one of them who can be commended from the moralist's point of view. To be just to Mr. Cobban, he has known good women and has an honest veneration for them, as well as a hearty contempt for the common verdict of the average man upon the sex in general. His story is ingenious in its plot and full of interest in many ways. Preaching is not one of these ways, and yet the ignoble career and the mean ending of men like Merrydew and his son-in-law, Jack Parkin, make a very telling sermon.

"*Vengeance is Mine*" (New York: Cassell Publishing Co.), by Daniel Dane, has much to recommend it in point of clearness of conception on the author's part as to what he meant to do, and the general vigor with which he has carried his scheme into execution. The underlying motive of the novel is much the same as that of Octave Feuillet's *La Morte*, but in working it out Mr. Dane has concentrated the chief interest of his story on a man—Arnold North—instead of on a woman. Given a powerful and highly-trained intellect, a determined will, and a strong passion, in nowise balanced by religious faith, what will the restraining force of social conventions amount to

when they come between these and their dearest object? North is a distinguished chemist, analyst, and surgeon, who lectures with great success in the Science Department of the South Kensington Museum, in London. He is a man of thirty, a bachelor whose heart has not yet been touched, and whose life is clean. He lives with his only intimate friend, a Royal Academician named Reid, who is an Irishman and a Catholic, while North has no religion except the mere belief in a Creative Intelligence. The novel occupies a good deal more space than strict necessity requires, but the story it tells is, in itself, long and complicated, and we do not mean to outline it. The gist of it is, that North falls profoundly in love with a woman who is unhappily married, and his passion is returned. But Mercedes, who is not a weak woman by nature, is fortified also by her religious faith, though not to such an extent as to absolutely refuse to leave her home for her lover's sake. That she does not sin is because North becomes firmly persuaded that she would die of grief and remorse should he succeed in temporarily stifling her conscience. He abandons, therefore, the attempt to corrupt her, but not the determination to possess her. Since she has so lofty an idea of duty, she shall cease to be bound by this one. North does not like the idea of murder, and he likes even less than that the treachery and deceit which must necessarily accompany it. The latter he conceives to degrade himself; the putting out of a life so horribly obstructive as that of the husband of Mercedes is, indeed, an extreme measure, which he would willingly spare himself were there any other way to attain the object which has become all-important to him. But he has no scruple on the score of conscience. Sin is a word which has no meaning to him.

North contrives to get rid of Richard Worden by an expedient which we have not before met in fiction. He administers the germ of typhoid fever in a drink of brandy for which Worden happens to ask him when already drunk, and his victim dies ten days later in a manner which cannot possibly awaken suspicion of foul play. Nor does any such ever arise. The plot, from this point on, is managed with real skill and much ingenuity. North's crime profits him nothing in the end, and it leads to others. It is avenged, but not by human justice. At the summit of his achievement retribution awaits him, and he is forced to see in it the hand of the God whose moral law he has outraged.

On the whole, the motive of this book is good and the exe-

cution clever, although in point of style it leaves much to be desired. But when one considers the amount of altogether objectionable matter, foul suggestion, and instruction in wickedness which nine novelists in ten—and Mr. Dane is not the one exception—find it to their interest to wade through in order to teach a good lesson, one finds that it would be better to dispense with the lesson than to take it with such accompaniments.

There is no lack of editions of Mr. Kipling's stories. They come in all shapes and sizes and from the counters of many publishers. One can only hope that their author reaps a more than nominal share of the profits which must accrue to somebody from his extreme popularity. *The Courting of Dinah Shadd, and other Stories* (New York: Harper & Brother) contains three or four of his best and most characteristic tales, and some others of less value. It contains, also, a biographical and critical sketch of their author by Andrew Lang, and what looks like a good portrait of him. Rudyard Kipling is not yet twenty-five, Mr. Lang tells us, having been born at Bombay on December 30, 1865. He seems to have accumulated an immense amount of singular experiences in his short life, and to have been able to focus them under the rays of an intensely vivid imagination. His sympathies, too, are broad as well as keen, so that his range has width as well as depth. And his manner is *sui generis* as well as his matter. He might have relieved Scheherezade in her night watches and caused the wakeful Sultan no suspicions; he can reel off short stories of such social life as has fallen under his ken with as quick a sense of essentials and as native a purblindness to accidents as any French past-master of that art.

As our readers observe, we are confessing to a singular admiration for Mr. Kipling's literary powers. It does not extend to all of his achievement. There are a few of the tales which we should be glad to see him cut out of the permanent collection which will, doubtless, yet be made. He loves well so many things that are well worthy of being loved, his hand is so responsive to his eye where little children or the honest joys of honest marriage are concerned, that we could wish in the interests of his art and his public that he might relax his worship of what he calls "the God of Things as They Are" when he devotes his attention to people who have been taught to reverence "the God of Things as They Should Be." Now that we have made acquaintance with almost all that he has yet written, what strikes us most in him is the well-nigh thoroughness with which he has learned the lesson which, as he quaintly says in the dedi-

cation to *In Black and White*, his father taught him: "To wayte tyl I could in some sort discerne from the Shadowe, that is not by any peynes to be toucht, the Small Kernel and Substance that might conforme to the sclenderness of my Capacitie." Among the tales those are least agreeable which deal with the immoralities of the English in India—soldiers and civilians. Some of these are singularly powerful—the "Phantom Rickshaw" is lurid with the retributive fire of hell, which shines also, and from the same quarter of it, in the "Story of the Gadsbys." Almost his best work is done in "Soldiers Three," when that is made to include "The Courting of Dinah Shadd," "On Greenhow Hill," and "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney." The children's stories are delightful: "Wee Willie Winkie" and "Baa! baa! Black Sheep"—which has an autobiographical flavor, by the way—seem to us to have struck the precise line where children's interest and that of their elders meet without colliding. The story of that "chubby little eccentricity," Muhammed Din, however, has a pathos which remains above that level. There is little room for choice among the tales devoted mainly to the men and women of various Indian races. "The Man that Would be a King" ranks high among them; so does "In Flood Time" and "Dray Wara Yow Dee." Now and then, too, comes a set of verses which recapitulate and condense into still more compact form than the tales, the special qualities which go to form Mr. Kipling's unique gift.

I.—THE UNKNOWN GOD.*

The gifted and learned author of this, we can honestly say, fascinating book, has departed this life since its publication. We cannot endorse all his views to the full extent. His general idea, however, that in studying ethnic religions we should seek out in them, amid all their errors and corruptions, what is true and good, is one in which we heartily concur. This was the idea of Clement of Alexandria. In respect to China it has been developed in a most learned and interesting manner by the brilliant professor at Louvain, Mgr. de Harlez. Bishop Keane, the rector of the Catholic University at Washington, has presented the same thesis with great eloquence in a lecture on "The Light of the World." Mr. Brace takes up in succession the chief ethnic religions and philosophies, from those of Egypt down to Buddhism. He shows how God has not left heathendom without light and grace, al-

* *The Unknown God; or, Inspiration among Pre-Christian Races.* By C. Loring Brace. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

though as compared to the light and grace of Christianity it is as starlight to sunlight. The book is a splendid argument against the gloomy opinion held by some Christians, and which makes a great prejudice against the claims of the Christian religion or belief, that all heathens are irremediably doomed to perdition.

We recommend it to all Catholic scholars as a valuable work which ought to be in every good library.

2.—ANSWER OF THE HON. HONORÉ MERCIER.*

The following extract from an exposition of the "grievances" of Protestants in the Province of Quebec shows one of the chief causes of discontent which gave rise to the Equal Rights Association. It is taken from a letter signed "A Quebec Loyalist," which Mr. Mercier publishes and answers in this pamphlet:

"I have seen this provision of the law, that Protestants are exempt [from parish assessments in the Province of Quebec] quoted by Ontario newspapers as conclusive proof that they have no cause to complain of the parish system. Were those who express such an opinion to come to Quebec and make personal investigation they would perceive their error. Let me give you an illustration from actual life. Fifty years ago a number of emigrants from the British Isles formed a settlement in the wild lands of this province. They prospered and increased for twenty years, when the Roman Catholic bishop issued his decree including their settlement in a canonical parish he had erected. The Roman Catholics were mainly laborers employed by the Protestants, several of whom contributed toward erecting a temporary church, which was followed by a convent school established by one of the great Montreal nunneries, partly to attract a Catholic population and partly to catch a few Protestant girls as pupils. When from death or other vicissitude a farm owned by Protestants was offered for sale the priest had a purchaser, who, if he had not sufficient money, got a loan from the city ecclesiastical corporations at a low rate of interest. A French storekeeper was brought in, a French doctor, and finally a notary. Then the colonization societies lent their aid, and the funds of these societies are supplemented by the government. The work went on slowly, but it went on steadily. If I were asked to name the most remarkable feature in the Church of Rome I would answer, its deliberate movements, its unalterable purpose, combined with patience. Nothing is done openly, nothing rashly, nothing violently. The tide is creeping upward and remorselessly swallowing everything in its way, but on the

* *Answer of the Hon. Honoré Mercier to the Pamphlet of the Equal Rights Association against the majority of the Inhabitants of the Province of Quebec.*

placid face of the waters there is not an eddy nor a ripple to indicate the resistless power that is impelling them. Farm by farm dropped into Catholic hands, and the area of lands liable to tax and tithe went on extending. In course of time the Protestants became so few that they found it difficult to maintain schools, and were it not for aid from outside they could not have retained a minister. Their farms were fertile and, materially, they were doing better than they could elsewhere, so that so far as dollars and cents are concerned they had no cause to move, yet, when they considered that their children were growing up imperfectly educated and that their neighbors were of different speech and creed, they were impelled to make a sacrifice and leave. Their farms were bought, and what was twenty-five years before an English-speaking settlement has become a French one, and from land that did not yield a dollar to the Church of Rome she now levies contributions that yield thousands. This is the history of scores of outlying settlements of Protestants in this province, and that they were extinguished by set purpose is not concealed."

How different is this history from the blood-stained page which tells of the Protestant planting of Ireland! Why should our loyal Protestant complain of being whipped in a fair fight with weapons placed in the hands of both combatants by English law?

It is quite refreshing to read Mr. Mercier's answer to the ridiculous charges of the Equal Rights Association. He simply demolishes them. He is clear, honest, and fearless. He is a good type of the noble people whose leader he is, and this little pamphlet is, in tone and in substance, a specimen of how they give an account of themselves when in conflict with Orange aggressors. It is especially valuable because it treats fully and descriptively of the parish corporation of Lower Canada, in which the lay element is so happily blended with the clerical in the establishment and maintenance of the material side of religion.

3.—THE CATHOLIC DEMOCRACY OF AMERICA.*

Mr. Bodley succeeded in arousing the interest of the English-speaking public in a remarkable degree by the publication of these two articles—one in the *Nineteenth Century*, the other in the *Edinburgh Review*. This was mainly owing to his calling attention in them to the popular aspect Catholicity has assumed

* *The Catholic Democracy of America*. Two Essays on the position, growth, and influence of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States. By J. E. C. Bodley, M. A. of Balliol College, Oxford. With a preface by James Cardinal Gibbons. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

in North America; for Catholicity and democracy are rather coy of each other in the old world. That they should be not only engaged in an ardent courtship in the new world but actually joined in the holy bonds of matrimony is a nine days' wonder to the European public. Perhaps a deeper study of the nature of things in Europe itself, political and religious, as well as a better knowledge of the secret forces now at work among the Catholic populations, would encourage some who would now forbid the banns to hasten the day of union between free institutions and the orthodox faith in Italy, France, and Spain.

To an American Catholic there is a sort of put-yourself-in-his-place interest in these articles. He smiles to think that a Catholic conscience need feel itself anywise perplexed by the duties of free citizenship; and is annoyed that there are Catholics who can suppose that there is a "tendency" or a "tradition" or a "spirit" in the true religion which hinders its members from being hearty lovers of a form of government founded on the dignity of human nature.

The author of these essays will allow us to set him right in a mistake he has made about what Father Hecker wrote of the cause of the decay of doctrinal Calvinism in New England. Mr. Bodley says (p. 64):

"An ingenious American priest has suggested that the rise of Roman Catholicism in New England was the logical consequence of the Revolution, inasmuch as the proclamation of man's natural rights involved the overthrow of the whole theological structure which the reformed theologians built upon the cornerstone of man's 'total depravity'; the Puritans, therefore, in signing the Declaration of Independence signed their own death warrant. The weak point in this philosophic theory is that two generations passed away after the Revolution before Roman Catholicism gained an extensive domain on Puritan territory."

What Father Hecker, who is plainly meant here, actually did say is found in *The Church and the Age*, pp. 74 and 316. He does not anywhere attribute the rise of Catholicism in New England to the destructive force of American principles on Calvinism; but the rise of Unitarianism and Transcendentalism he does:

"If we analyze the political system of our country we shall find at its base the maxim, 'Man is capable of self-government.' The American system exhibits a greater trust in the natural capacities and the inherent worth of man than any other form of political government now upon this earth. Hence all the great political trusts are made elective; hence, also, our recourse

to short terms of office, and the great extension among us of the elective franchise. The genius and whole drift and current of our political life runs in this direction. Now, what does this maxim mean, that 'Man is capable of self-government'? It means that man is endowed by his Creator with reason to know what is right, true, and good. It means that man possesses free will and can follow the right, true, and good. These powers constitute man a responsible being. It supposes that man as he is now born is in possession of all his natural rights, and the primal tendencies of his natal faculties are in accordance with the great end of his existence, and his nature is essentially good. But such views of human nature are in direct opposition to the fundamental doctrines of Puritanism and orthodox Protestantism. These taught and teach that man has been totally depraved, that his nature is essentially corrupt, and all his actions, springing from his nature, nothing but evil. . . . So that at the Revolution the political and the religious principles of the New-Englander entered upon a conflict with each other and, in the long run, the ballot-box beat the pulpit. . . . Herein lies the true genesis of Unitarianism and its cogenitor, the transcendental movement in New England."

We recommend Mr. Bodley to read and study *The Church and the Age*. In that book he will find a philosophical no less than a practical solution of the political and religious difficulties of our times.

4.—THE PERFECTION OF MAN BY CHARITY.*

The author of this book has given us the results of a very wide and thorough acquaintance with ascetical and mystical literature, together with an adequate knowledge of the ordinary dogmatic and moral theology taught in the schools. One meets with references to almost all the standard authorities on spiritual matters and copious extracts are made from them; something due as well to conscientious preparation for his task as, we trust, to long practical use of the guides to Christian perfection for his own personal benefit. It is certainly refreshing to see such solid and enduring treatises on the highest of all sciences, that of the ways of divine love, coming to us along with the multitudinous outpouring of mere devotion and religious sentiment, or the larger and smaller works of those who have the vocation to advance the practices of indulgenced confraternities. These are good, but the work before us is of a far higher order.

The plan of the author is that of nearly all the older writers on the spiritual life: the emphatic assertion of the essential element

* *The Perfection of Man by Charity*. A Spiritual Treatise. By Father H. Reginald Buckler, O.P. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

of love both as the end of Christian perfection and as the inspiring force of all its means. Hence he treats all the means of perfection in the light of the end, which is love of God brought to a state of union with the beloved. Mortification of the senses and purification of the intelligence and the will are explained in the light of love, and all ascetical practices are advocated because they prepare the way for love. Man not only is perfected by the possession of love, but the very steps leading to perfect love are taken by means of love striving to be perfect. Love makes the Christian obedient, makes him temperate, makes him patient; and the reason why he practices obedience, temperance, patience, is because he loves, and he knows that these virtues will make him love more and more. In true obedience there is more of love than of conformity, in patience more of love than resignation, in temperance more of love than of self-restraint.

“No small consolation,” the author says in his preface, “comes to souls anxious to advance in the ways of Christian and religious life when they understand that the work of their perfection lies in the development of their love.” Oh, how true that is! and how sadly true it is that men and women of much nobility of character are often hindered from enjoying this divine consolation because too little emphasis is given to LOVE in the invitations to a devout life which are addressed to them. And what a lofty purpose has Father Buckler set out to accomplish when he says that his book “aims at nothing more than a drawing out of this law of love in its due dimensions and happy results.” God speed him in his holy ambition!

The very abundant selections from the great masters of the science of holy living made use of by our author remind us of the celebrated treatise on Christian perfection by Rodriguez. In this respect the author has followed Rodriguez's method, though otherwise his plan is entirely different. All roads to Paradise go through the gate of love; yet not all are travelled in like manner. To a certain eager kind of souls it matters little what method they pursue, love is first, and last, and midway, and everywhere with them. But for ordinary souls the elaborate study of the means of perfection as given by Rodriguez has a tendency to produce a sort of detailed excellence. This is of wonderful value for the practical life of many every-day Christians. There is this drawback, however: a large class of souls mislearn from such methods to expend their entire spiritual energy in set devotional practices and examinations and specific resolutions, resulting in a routine spiritual character, often failing

of enduring fruits, and falling short of the development of interior character. In such cases external signs lead one to expect far more than the lapse of time or the day of trial actually brings forth. Furthermore, the necessary accompaniment of this method is the supervision of a director so constant and so minute as to result in the cramping of spontaneous action of the Holy Spirit in many cases where the divine work needs spontaneity rather than discipline.

Father Buckler's method—and it was once the universal method—is freer, tends to develop individuality and independence of character, and to consecrate the soul's inner longings and aspirations to the particular kind of influence towards which nature and grace point the soul.

Our final word of praise for this work is a tribute to its orderly treatment of the topics in hand, a quality which will make it quite possible to use it as a sort of text-book for the instruction of beginners in the spiritual life.

5.—CATECHISM OF THE CHILD OF MARY.*

The subjects treated of in this little book are: The Duties of a Child of Mary, The Duties of Religion, Exercises of Piety, The Practice of the Christian Virtues, and Practical Rules for the Spiritual Life. The book is intended not only for the members of sodalities of Children of Mary but also for parents and teachers, as well as others in charge of young girls. It is a practical catechism, presenting the matter it contains by question and answer, and will be found valuable by those for whom it is intended. The proceeds of the sale of the book are devoted to works of charity. It may be obtained by sending a postal-note for twenty-five cents, adding two cents for postage, to Sister Mary de Sales, Presentation Convent, Sneem, County Kerry, Ireland.

6.—VERSES AND A SKETCH. †

Mr. Acton has dedicated his verses to his preceptress, "who first taught him to value the beauty of the ideal." There may be no doubt about the beauty of the ideal or its value, but we would beg to remark that real things are far more valuable than ideal things. Real poetry, for instance, is far more valuable than poetry that is not real poetry.

* *Catechism of the Child of Mary.* By the Director of the Association of St. Charles Borromeo, Grammont, Belgium. Translated into English with the permission of the author. By M. I. C. † *Verses and a Sketch.* By John Acton. Philadelphia: Billstein & Son.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO THE READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

SEVERAL Catholic Reading Circles in the United States have taken the name of Newman, in honor of the late cardinal, who was not only a prince of the church, but also a monarch "whose sway there was none to dispute" in Catholic literature. His writings cover a large range of subjects. The ablest critics have praised his wonderful style of composition, which is no less remarkable in his sermons and historical essays than in his poetry and works of fiction. For general use among the members of the Columbian Reading Union we highly recommend the volume of extracts entitled *Characteristics*, containing some of the finest passages selected from the works of Cardinal Newman.

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From time to time we find obtrusive proofs that there are still living some unwise people who depreciate the value of all novels. In the hope of enlightening them we take this opportunity to quote Cardinal Newman's advice on the matter to the pupils of the Oratory School, established at Birmingham in 1859. A few years after its foundation Mr. W. J. Sparrow, now a prominent member of the Liverpool school board, was admitted as a scholar. In a letter lately written he gives numerous instances of the kindness, tact, and gentleness of the then Dr. Newman in managing school affairs. Mr. Sparrow then makes this positive statement, which we venture to emphasize by italics:

"When I was reading for the London University intermediate examinations in arts along with another Dr. Newman took us himself in classics and English literature, and I shall never forget those lectures, especially those in literature. He told us *he greatly admired* Sir Walter Scott's *novels* and regretted that they were, he believed, getting to be less read than formerly; he also expressed a great liking for the "Rejected Addresses" as some of the cleverest parodies he had read, and *encouraged us to read good novels.*"

Without the slightest hesitation we urge all Reading Circles and those who have any lingering repugnance to the modern

novelists to procure without delay the two novels written by Cardinal Newman, entitled *Callista: A Tale of the Third Century*, and *Loss and Gain*, a story based on the experience of a convert at Oxford.

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An objection has been made that the outlines of work presented by the Columbian Reading Union are too heavy. "Young people are expected to become too studious (?) and to plunge into ecclesiastical reading of a very ponderous character." We have no reason to think that our plans will exert an oppressive influence on the mental faculties of any one, nor can we perceive alarming symptoms indicating that the young people of America are in danger of becoming "too studious." We seek to provide lists of books on various subjects which will furnish interesting and profitable reading. From extensive observation, and a careful study of their likes and dislikes, we are convinced that our sensible young people will most cheerfully accept competent guidance in the selection of books. A large number read indiscriminately worthless and dangerous productions, which are extensively advertised and can be got at small cost. We hope to make it easier to get the *best* specimens of light literature and stories by Catholic authors, and to do the same work in other departments.

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Reading Circles are not required to submit for approval any plans that seem good and useful for the self-improvement of their members. In reply to numerous letters we must here declare that the Columbian Reading Union is not intended to make compulsory laws for its members nor to give absolute decisions on matters of taste, but rather to establish a system of co-operation among all interested in the diffusion of good literature. A Reading Circle can be organized either in connection with parochial or public libraries or on an independent basis. It makes a considerable saving of expense if the books to be used can be borrowed from a library. The Cathedral Library Reading Circle and the Ozanam Reading Circle, both of New York City, are associated with Catholic circulating libraries. Books recommended in our lists are purchased in each case by the parish library, and are made accessible without extra charge to the members of the Reading Circles. In many places the same plan could, no doubt, be applied to public libraries.

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One of the best catalogues sent to us this year comes from

the parochial library of St. Joseph's Church, New York City. It was prepared under the personal supervision of Brother Joseph, and rumor informs us that the anonymous preface was composed by Brother Azarias. Those familiar with his terse and luminous style will easily recognize it in the following passages:

"This is a reading age, and our young people must have reading matter. How much better is it not for them to read good books, and solid books, and wholesome books, under proper guidance, than to devour indiscriminately all kinds of printed matter? In the one case, whatever they read will aid in informing the mind or building up the character; in the other, naught comes of it all but distraction, brain-waste, and loss of time.

"The large majority of our young readers have their daily occupations, and their hours for reading are limited. It is to their interest to be choicé in the selection of their reading matter. Their great aim should be to cultivate a taste for the best. Why devour trash when all the great writers and thinkers and singers of the world are at their disposal, to inspire them with noble thoughts and glorious aspirations?

"Catholics need not confine themselves to purely Catholic literature in their readings. The talents of non-Catholic writers are the gift of God as well as the talents of Catholic writers. Not infrequently non-Catholic authors have presented truth with force, grace, and eloquence. And when they so write we should accept with gratitude their contributions to the world's thoughts. But Catholics should not, in the meantime, ignore all purely Catholic literature. They should read what their Catholic brethren took the pains to write. It should be their pride that there was no Catholic work of note with which they were not reasonably familiar. It is their duty to be able to give reasons for the faith that is in them. They should know the books in which the leading dogmas and doctrines of the faith are explained and defended. They should have a fair knowledge of church history and be able to point to the works throwing light upon its obscure points. By all means let our Catholic youth become intimate with the words and deeds of the heroes whose lives went into the building up of this great republic; but let them be no less familiar with the sayings and doings of those other no less heroic souls which reflect so brilliantly the sanctity of the church and the virtues of the divine Model. Above all, let our young people read the sublime history of our Lord as laid down in the Gospels; let them cultivate a taste for everything bearing directly or indirectly upon that sacred history. Books of travel which speak reverently of the Holy Land and describe the spots hallowed by the footsteps of the Redeemer; books of fiction which light up the customs and manners and give insight into the ways and doings of the time of our Lord;

books defending the divinity of Christ and showing forth the grandeur of his teachings and the beauty of his church, as Lacordaire shows them forth; books showing what the church has done for letters and science and education, such as Kenelm Digby's great work on the *Ages of Faith*; books in which erroneous opinions are combated and the truths of religion are reconciled with reason, as Cardinal Newman's works and the writings of Brownson and Cardinal Wiseman—all these it should be the first duty of the Catholic reader to become familiar with. We should know our own who labored for us through many trials and privations. We should show our appreciation of the sacrifices they made in writing for our benefit by reading their works.

“Moreover, the reading of Catholic books is essential to maintain a healthy and robust faith. It is the most efficient means to counteract the Protestant or anti-Catholic atmosphere in which we live. Our non-Catholic brethren are, as a rule, very careful not to touch our best Catholic works, while they devour everything calculated to strengthen their prejudices against the church and her institutions. There is in New York City a great college, with a library rich in many departments of literature and science. We turn to the catalogue and inquire what this library may contain upon the Catholic Church. Altogether there are not more than a dozen volumes and three-fourths of these are overflowing with gall and venom against the church. We fail to see a single volume written from the Catholic point of view. We fail to see a single church history in which the truth concerning the Catholic Church is told as only a Catholic can tell it. There seems to be a scrupulous care that in that library there shall be no possible means of getting at the truth concerning the Catholic Church. Presbyterians and Methodists and Episcopalians and Agnostics can speak to the students of that college through their writings. All are welcome to a place on its shelves—all but the standard Catholic authors. Again, we enter a great public library in New York City and ask for the works of Balmes. They are to be found in the Spanish, French, German, English, and Italian languages, and yet the only volume of Balmes' lying on the shelves of that library is his *European Civilization* in English. Certainly Balmes is one of the greatest Catholic writers and thinkers of this century and no library can afford to ignore his works.

“Let our Catholic readers cultivate a taste for our great Catholic writers; let the public libraries realize that these books are in great demand and the librarians will be forced to supply them to their readers. And every Catholic book we succeed in placing on the shelves of our public libraries is a great gain. It is a seed sown. Who can calculate the harvest of souls that may be reaped later on?

“Finally, let us remember that it is not only our duty to read

Catholic literature; it is also our duty to spread the good book. We must not be selfish. We must recommend the good book to our neighbor. We must speak to him of its merits, point out to him its beauties, and interest him in the reading of it. The good book is for all a boon and a blessing. It becomes a solace in trouble, an instructor in difficulties, a companion in solitude. It entertains us in polished language; it reproves us without giving offence; it strengthens our resolves for good; it interprets the undercurrents of our thought and the vague sentiments of our natures; it is an instrument of help, edification, and improvement."

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"A branch of the Columbian Reading Union—the Fullerton Reading Circle—has been started in Hoosick Falls, N. Y., by the young ladies of St. Mary's Church, its object being to cultivate a taste for Catholic literature among its members. Miss Mahar is President, Miss Campbell Vice-President, and Miss Turner Treasurer and Librarian. Meetings are held once in every two weeks at the home of one of the members, and a regular programme arranged by the president is carried out, consisting of quotations from some Catholic writer, questions on some article in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, essays, readings, recitations, vocal and instrumental music.

"At present the society is using the books in the Sunday-school library through the kindness of the pastor, Rev. J. D. Waldron, who is interested in the Circle, but hopes soon to purchase books of its own, which books will be selected in groups, according to the epochs in church history. Our Circle has chosen as its motto: 'The greatest good to the greatest number.' Starting with a membership of about twenty the number has been increasing since, and we hope before long to have a much larger membership. So far the Reading Circle has proved a success, and there is every reason to believe it will continue to do so.

MARY L. CARR,

Secretary."

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From the Rensselaer County *Standard* we quote a hearty endorsement of the new Reading Circle at Hoosick Falls, N. Y.:

"The zealous efforts of our Catholic young ladies in forming a literary society whose influence for good might extend far beyond its own immediate confines have culminated finally in the establishment of the Fullerton Reading Circle. The energetic staff of officers elected augurs well for the permanency and success of the society. The name chosen is indicative of the class of

writers most admired by its members and is a deserving tribute to the memory of a writer whose name has become a household word in many homes. Lady Georgiana Fullerton was a novelist of eminent ability. She belongs, however, to a class of writers whose works are little appreciated by the modern novel-reader, not through any demerit of theirs, but because wholesome food is unpalatable to a diseased taste. Long after the sickening sentimentalism of an Ouida or an Amelie Rives has been buried deep in the oblivion they richly merit authors of the Fullerton type shall live on for ever, bearing down to posterity a blessing in those works which will serve as their enduring monument.

“The plan of action adopted by the Columbian Reading Union, of which the Fullerton Reading Circle forms a part, is for each Circle to purchase a number of historical novels bearing upon a given period of time and written by persons whose regard for accuracy has not led them into the fatal error of confounding facts with the ardent ebullitions of their own fancies. These books are passed around the entire circle, remaining two weeks with each member. Persons who do not wish to become active members may thus enjoy reading a series of good novels without leaving their own homes. At the meetings, to be held fortnightly, a programme comprising select readings from historical works bearing on the epoch in question, recitations, debates, and music, will be regularly carried out. The advantages following upon such a systematic course of reading and study must be evident, and all are cordially invited to profit by them.”

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The Reading Circle of the Men's League of the Sacred Heart of St. Ignatius' Church, Baltimore, Md., was organized by a call of the Rev. Director, Father Ryan. After an explanation of the objects of the Reading Circle suggestions were asked for and the following officers chosen: President, Father Ryan, S.J.; Vice-President, Father Tynan, S.J.; Secretary, Dr. J. B. Saunders; Treasurer, J. J. Maguire. A committee on reading was also selected to consist of the officers and Messrs. J. I. Maguire, C. Parkhill, and M. O'Dea. Some of the important subjects chosen for essays and general discussion were: The right of a parent to educate: Power and right of the state to educate; The necessity and duty of home training; The discipline of the schools and the effect of secular education on the masses; Divine right of the church to provide for the education of her children; The right of the church to superintend all matters pertaining to education, especially in primary schools.

We offer sincere congratulations to this pioneer Reading Circle of Baltimore, which sends us the first favorable assurance of an organized effort for Catholic literature in the city of Archbishop

Carroll and Cardinal Gibbons. Every parish in the United States would derive immense advantage from a discussion of the question of education on the lines indicated by the Reading Circle of St. Ignatius' Church. It is not sufficient for bishops and priests to legislate for schools. Representatives of the laity can no longer be exempted from taking an active part in giving utterance to the convictions which every intelligent Catholic must feel concerning the true standard of excellence for American schools. With pleasure we note the fact that the members of a Reading Circle have taken a new departure by preparing a most suggestive outline of the education question which can be profitably discussed—and the sooner the better—by the laity in every parish in the United States.

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A clipping from a friendly writer in the *Pilot* has been forwarded to us showing a summary of the work accomplished by the Catholic Union Reading Circle of Boston. It is here noted to make evident the actual success of the plan of organization fostered by the Columbian Reading Union. The average attendance at the meetings was about seventy members. Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola*; Cardinal Newman's *Callista*, and the *Pearl of Antioch*, by Abbé Bayle, were read thoroughly with the attention due to accurate historical pictures of important epochs in church history. Through the associations rendered possible by the formation of the Reading Circle the study of these master minds of Catholic literature became very pleasant and profitable.

“The books are read by the members at home, and the time of the meeting is spent in the discussion of the plot and characters of the story, the life and times of the author, and his motive in writing the book, the reading of the extracts and sketches prepared by the various members in turn on the places and personages of historical interest referred to in the story. The writing of these papers has involved the reading of other books. The Reading Circle has brought to light an unsuspected amount of talent among our young people. The following is the list of essays read:

“‘Catacombs,’ John P. Leahy, Esq.; ‘Home Life of Early Christians,’ T. J. Monaghan, Esq.; ‘Similarity of Objections Urged against the Church in Early Ages to Those of the Present,’ Mr. Frank Martin; ‘Life of Cardinal Wiseman,’ Miss Mary B. Corr; ‘Life of Cardinal Newman,’ Miss Sarah Hughes; ‘Character of Callista,’ Miss Maggie Sheridan; ‘Character of Agellius,’ Mrs. Edward Kelly; ‘History of Carthage,’ Mrs. James L. Walsh; ‘Ass's Head as Symbol of Christianity,’ Miss K. Groll; ‘Oxford

Movement,' Miss A. Groll; 'Oxford Movement,' Miss Ellen A. McLaughlin; 'Oratory at Brompton,' Miss Mary M. McCluskey; 'Order of Oratorians,' Miss Clare; 'Life of Cyprian of Carthage,' Miss Halliday; 'Tractarian Movement,' Thomas A. Mullen, Esq.

"These papers were given and greatly enjoyed: 'Ideals of Christian Womanhood,' by Miss Katherine Eleanor Conway; 'First Impressions of Paris,' by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake; 'The Lessons of the Catholic Congress,' by Thomas H. Cummings, Esq.; 'St. Paula and St. Jerome,' by Miss Mary B. Corr; 'Cardinal Manning,' by Miss Julia M. Murphy, and 'A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land,' by Miss Julia Harrington. Musicales were also furnished by competent musicians."

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During the summer months considerable progress has been made on our complete list of Catholic authors now published in the English language. It will be a unique production. To gather the information requisite to justify the claim that the list may be relied on as complete is a task of considerable magnitude. Motives of self-interest should induce living Catholic authors and publishers to promptly co-operate with our plans. The objection that Catholics are not entitled to special recognition in literature will be definitely answered by the classified index of authors now preparing. Few can realize, even among those familiar with the book trade, the total number of authors representing Catholic thought or the extent of their influence in modern literature.

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As the exact site of the World's Fair of 1893 is now selected at Chicago it seems opportune to make a proposal on behalf of Catholic literature. Hoping for the necessary financial support, we wish to propose, in the name of the Columbian Reading Union, that a special World's Fair edition be gathered for exhibition of the Catholic authors whose works have contributed in any way to the spiritual and material welfare of America. It may be thought advisable to make, later on, some more specific limitations. Such a collection of books would be a manifestation of the intellectual qualifications of Catholics. We ask the members and patrons of our movement to take the matter into consideration and send us any suggestions they may wish to offer for publication.

M. C. M.

WITH THE PUBLISHER.

THE labor incident to the enlarged magazine which we this month present to our readers has given the publisher very little time for the preparation of his notes. But much as he has to say—and the new volume, its new dress, its greater size, and the many letters he has received since last month are all pleading for his eloquence—his hopes are dashed by the announcement that the most he can look for in this issue is two pages. He will not waste his space with vain regrets, but promises the many who look with interest to this department of the magazine more ample space next month.

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He cannot forbear, however, giving some space to the generous words of the *Le Couteulx Leader* of Buffalo in a recent issue. Speaking of the contents of the last issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, it says:

“With its September issue this admirable magazine closes its fifty-first volume—to begin the next with sixteen pages added to its already generous supply. How any Catholic family of fair means, pretending to an enlightened faith and any degree of ‘culture,’ can wilfully deprive itself of the intellectual and moral stimulant this representative periodical dispenses surpasses our understanding. We hope that the new volume will find its way to a greatly enlarged circle of subscribers.”

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We feel grateful for such generous words coming from a pen so just and discriminating as we know the writer of the *Leader* “Notes” uses. They are words which in various ways have been echoed by scores of private letters received during the past month. Better far than words are the generous deeds some of these letters record; not only has the Publisher been favored of late with a goodly number of requests for sample copies of the magazine, but he has received several letters recently—may their number increase!—of which the following is a sample. He commends it to his readers as a model of epistolary art.

“REV. DEAR SIR: I enclose my check for \$8.00, four dollars for my own subscription and four dollars for a year's subscription to THE CATHOLIC WORLD to be sent 'where it will do the most good.'”

* * *

Such a letter needs no comment even if space were not limited. As an “object lesson” it is worthy of a paragraph by itself, and we can give the writer our assurance not only of our thanks but of our belief that, under God, he will be a material help not to one but to many seeking the light. Another of our subscribers has been sending THE CATHOLIC WORLD for some time past to a club the greater number of whose members are non-Catholics, and others still whom we cannot here mention specially are making use of the magazine to further the interest of God's holy truth among those who know it not in its fulness.

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To know that our readers so regard THE CATHOLIC WORLD is a source of great satisfaction to us. It realizes the aim of its founder, who would have it among the agencies that make for truth among our people. Above literary excellence or mere commercial success is it the aim and end of THE CATHOLIC WORLD to be a missionary work by a missionary community. It was so conceived, and for over a quarter of a century has been carried out, and with God's help will so continue in the missionary spirit before all else.

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A volume of essays by Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, is announced by A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago. Though each is complete in itself, the eight essays have a certain unity of subject, and plead the cause of religion, culture, and the higher spiritual life.

Longmans, Green & Co. have purchased the publishing business of Rivington & Co., and will supply all books hitherto published by that firm.

The Clarendon Press, of which Macmillan & Co. are the agents in this country, has just issued a volume of interest to Catholics, entitled *English Miracle Plays, Moralities and Interludes*. Edited, with notes and a glossary, by Alfred W. Pollard, M.A., St. John's College, Oxford.

Macmillan & Co. announce :

- Landmarks of Homeric Study.* By Wm. E. Gladstone.
The Buccaneers and Marooners of America. Edited and
 illustrated by Howard Pyle.
The Fossil Insects of North America. By Dr. Samuel H.
 Scudder. 2 vols. quarto.

The Century Co. will issue shortly :

- Abraham Lincoln : A History.* By Nicolay & Hay. This
 work will be issued in ten volumes, and will be sold
 only by subscription.

Harper & Bros. announce a new volume by Captain Charles
 King, entitled *Campaigning with Crook.*

Charles Scribner's Sons have just published the fourth volume
 of Imbert de Saint-Armand's "Famous Women of the French
 Court." It is entitled *Citizeness Bonaparte*, and sketches the
 career of Josephine from the time of her marriage to the period
 of Napoleon's consulship.

G. & C. Merriam, of Springfield, Mass., announce :

- Webster's *International Dictionary of the English Language.*
 It is an enlargement of the "Unabridged" edition of
 1864.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- THREE LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE. By F.
 Max Müller. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Com-
 pany.
- THE LIFE OF OUR LORD. Prepared, chiefly in the Words of
 the Gospel, for use in schools. By T. Murphy, Master of
 the Preparing School, St. Mary's Training College, Ham-
 mersmith. London: Burns & Oates, limited; New York:
 Catholic Publication Society Co.
- PRINCIPLES OF ANTHROPOLOGY AND BIOLOGY. By the Rev.
 Thomas Hughes, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Ben-
 ziger Bros.
- THE CATHOLIC DEMOCRACY OF AMERICA. By J. E. Bodley,
 M.A. of Balliol College, Oxford. With a preface by James
 Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore and Primate of
 the United States. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. Defence of Poesy. Otherwise known as an apology for poetry. Edited, with introduction and notes, by Albert S. Cook, Professor of the English Language and Literature in Yale University. Boston: Ginn & Company.

INTERMEDIATE ENGLISH GRAMMAR AND ANALYSIS. By William Davidson, B.A., and Joseph Crosby Alcock. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

INTRODUCTION TO PHILOSOPHY. An Inquiry after a Rational System of Scientific Principles in their relation to ultimate reality. By George Trumbull Ladd, Professor of Philosophy in Yale University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE LIFE OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, THE ANGELIC DOCTOR. Edited by Father Pius Cavanagh, O.P. Illustrated. London: Burns & Oates, limited; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

THE CROWN OF THORNS; or, The Little Breviary of the Holy Face. A complete manual of devotion and reparation to the Holy Face of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. From approved and original sources. By the Sisters of the Divine Compassion. With an introductory notice by the Right Rev. Monsignor Preston, D.D., LL.D., Prothonotary Apostolic, Vicar-General. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

PAMPHLETS.

A RETROSPECT ON EVENTS WHICH MADE POSSIBLE THE LATE BALTIMORE CONVENTION, AND A COMPLEMENT TO THE SAME. By the Rev. E. A. M., of the diocese of Vincennes, Indiana. New York: D. P. Murphy, Jr., publisher.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA. Official Announcements for the Scholastic Year 1890-91. Philadelphia: Hardy & Mahony.

EDUCATION AND THE RACE PROBLEM IN THE SOUTH. Speech of Hon. James K. Jones, of Arkansas. Delivered in the Senate of the United States Monday, March 10, 1890. Washington.

THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS; or, Dr. Bascom and the Supreme Court. By Joseph Henry Crooker. Madison, Wis., *State Journal* Printing Company.

THE
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FATE AND DOOM.

THE term "Fate" denotes an unconscious, necessary, irresistible force determining the succession of events. It has a special application to events in the life of men, and a most special signification denoting those which are disastrous. "Doom" may properly denote a necessary and unavoidable determination to evil which proceeds from an intelligent and absolute power. In modern times the ancient doctrine of fate presents itself under the guise of a professedly rational and scientific assertion of the subjection of man to an iron law or set of laws which determine his destiny, just as the evolution and movements of the bodies of the solar system are supposed to have their origin and progress from necessary, physical laws. The logical tendency of this fatalistic doctrine is toward pessimism, which has been to a great extent its actual philosophical outcome.

To this dreary desert men have fled, as to a refuge from Christian and rational Theism. Strange phenomenon! That men of any kind, but especially that the offspring of a Christian ancestry should seek for and prefer such a desert as a refuge from revealed religion, and even the natural religion of rational philosophy, how are we to account for and explain it? There must be causes for this lamentable and extensive aberration of men from their native intellectual and moral country into the howling wilderness of atheism. For, as has been well said by a recent anonymous writer, "agnosticism is the modern euphemism for atheism."

There are several causes which might be proposed to account for the phenomenon, and different causes may be assigned as producing a similar effect in different individuals or classes of

persons. The similar effect produced is repugnance to belief in God, in God the First and Final Cause, the author and sovereign of the universe, the lawgiver to all creatures irrational and rational, to whom all men owe unreserved obedience, from whose will the final destiny of all men is dependent. This repugnance may be more or less in different individuals, may be in the reason or in the passions, and may take on various phases and expressions, according to the varieties of their mental and moral conditions. It may have a greater or a lesser intensity, and obtain a partial or an entire sway over mind and heart, inducing every degree of doubt or of positive disbelief. The man who is alienated from God has no refuge to flee to except the desert, a universe without God, existing by itself alone, either as a chance-medley universe, or as a universe controlled by blind, unconscious force manifested by the action of irresistible, mechanical laws.

Why is this idea less repugnant to many than the idea of a universe created by and depending from God? How is it a refuge either to the reason or the feelings?

Satisfactory to the desire of attaining to the true, the good, and the beautiful, it is not. It is professedly a renunciation of this desire and hope. It leaves to each individual only what this life can give him, short, more or less miserable, ending in extinction. For the race and the universe there is the prospect of continuous and indefinite evolution, without any goal, any finality, under the dominion of blind, unconscious law, from the obscure into the more obscure. The legitimate conclusion is the one which is drawn by pessimism, that conscious existence is an evil, and the only good to be desired is its cessation. Even if more optimistic views of the universe as a whole are entertained, so that good is looked on as predominating over evil and progressively subjugating all matter to beneficent law; yet, for the individual man, there is no hope of immortality, and no consolation except in the self-abdication of pure altruism.

These things being so, the attraction to and preference for agnosticism as opposed to theism must be referred to a conviction or sentiment that there is something in theism which is more repugnant to the mind and feelings than the atheistic concept of the world.

To one large class of persons theism is repugnant because it seems to involve the idea of "Doom" to final and unavoidable misery for a multitude of rational beings. This idea of doom must be carefully distinguished from that of ordination to final, irremediable misery as the consequence of the free choice of evil

during the time of probation. There are problems connected with the permission and the punishment of sin, the probation of rational creatures, and the whole moral order of the world. But these lie in a sphere totally separate from that of the idea of a doom fore-ordained by the absolute will of the Sovereign of the universe, and the consideration of them is outside of our present contention.

This idea of doom is the idea of a destination impressed on rational beings at their creation, which is an iron law of necessity, irresistibly determining them to a confirmed and perennial state of moral and physical evil. These unhappy beings are reprobates from the beginning of their existence, and cannot escape their doom. Their sins are an effect and not a cause of their reprobation. They are doomed to sin in order to make them more capable of suffering, which is the end for which they were created. The only reason for this is the absolute will of their creator, whose sovereignty includes in itself the power and the right to do whatever he pleases with his creatures, and who pleases to make some of them suffer for his glory.

According to this theory the universe is much worse than it is according to the chance-medley or the mechanical theory. According to these latter theories it is an *immoral*, according to the former an *immoral* universe. These take away predestination to everlasting happiness, it affirms predestination to everlasting misery. And this is the reason why agnosticism appears to some minds a welcome refuge; as a desert may be to men escaping from a dismal prison, or the ocean, even, to passengers on a burning ship, who prefer drowning to burning alive.

Doom is much worse than Fate. The victims of the latter have only a brief misery to encounter, the victims of the former one that is endless. There is nothing immoral in blind, unconscious fate, but in doom there is intelligent, voluntary malice joined with absolute power. The existence of a being having such qualities is the supreme evil, and a universe proceeding from and dependent on him must be essentially evil. Such a universe is the worst conceivable, and one which is chance-medley, having no first and no final cause, is infinitely less repugnant both to the sentiments of the heart and the dictates of reason.

Those who imagine that they are driven to this alternative are in a very sad condition, and every one who has any love for his kind must feel a deep pity and sympathy for them. They may be blameworthy for their deplorable ignorance of the

true God and the gloomy night of error which surrounds them. But their fault is none the less a calamity deserving compassion. Moreover, the entire and exclusive responsibility for their distorted idea of the divine sovereignty does not rest with them. Professed teachers of Christian Theism have presented certain doctrines in such a way that they have inferred, as a logical conclusion from their premises, the dismal and incredible consequence that if there be a supreme creator and sovereign of the universe he wills and determines, *a priori*, the moral and physical evil by which his rational creatures are degraded and made miserable. This is the way in which a writer in a newspaper, who fairly represents the view taken by a great many, presents this conclusion, and sums up one system of theology which has been widely prevalent:

“For his own purposes God chose to create man, and He did with him what He pleased without regard to what the creature himself might do. He decreed to save those whom He wished to save, and to damn those whom He thought best to damn; and neither can escape their fate. This is what Calvinism teaches and what Protestant orthodoxy generally believes. It is implied in the doctrine of God’s sovereignty, which is that He did what He did simply because it was His pleasure as the Ruler of the universe to do so. . . . Either there is no God, or God determined and determines whatever takes place and is to take place in all time and with every individual creature of His hands. On one side is agnosticism and on the other is faith, and they are absolutely irreconcilable. . . . But there is this harmony between reason and Calvinism: they both proclaim that mankind is under the iron hand of destiny; that man’s fate is sealed as firmly as the laws of nature are certain and infallible in their operation. He is and he is to be what he was made to become, a creature whose fate was determined from all eternity.”

I waive all inquiry as to the fact, whether this is or is not a just representation of the doctrine of predestination as taught by any particular theologians of name, or by any sect or class of them. I take the concept presented in an abstract and objective form simply as an agnostic view of what they would call the Theistic hypothesis in rational philosophy and the religion which is based on a belief in divine revelation.

My contention is, that it is totally contrary to the idea of God as contained in rational philosophy and in Christian faith. There is no foundation for this idea of doom, which is totally contrary both to reason and faith.

The notion it presents of the sovereignty of God, from which

depends the whole series of absurd and odious conclusions, abhorrent to reason and the moral sense, is a perversion and caricature of the genuine concept of the omnipotence and absolute dominion of God, as the First and Final Cause of the universe, specifically of rational beings. It is only of rational beings that doom can be predicated, and with them alone are we concerned in our present contention.

The radical falsehood in this notion is the denial or ignoring of all rights in rational beings. It is self-evident that a creature cannot have independent rights, since all the rights it has are inherent in a nature which depends on the creator for its essence and existence. The rational nature is given, and with it the rights which spring from its essence. One is the right to immortal existence, and another is a right to the destination due to the nature, with the opportunity and means which are necessary to attain it, and acquire that good or well-being for which the creature has the desire and the capacity. The rights of the rational creature are inviolable even by the sovereign. It is true that creatures cannot resist almighty power. It is true that God is not responsible to his creatures. It is true that he can do with them whatever he pleases. But he cannot please to violate their rights, and although he is above all law, the eternal law of right has its origin in his intellect and will, and all the effects of his almighty power in the universe must be in accordance with it.

It is impossible for God to deceive or otherwise injure his creatures. To implant a desire and capacity for happiness in creatures who were created for a doom of misery would be a deception and an injury. Moreover, there is no assignable reason or motive for such a doom. Caprice, and a purpose of exercising power merely because he has it, cannot be ascribed to a wise sovereign; especially when the capricious exercise of power is capricious cruelty. To do this is not merely anthropomorphism, or the making of an imaginary deity who is only an enlarged man. It is taking the ideal of the divinity from the most odious of human kings, from Nero, Ivan the Terrible, and Djezzar Pasha.

Men who delight in pain are in a morbid condition and are suffering from bodily or mental pain themselves. Those who are healthy and happy are not inclined to wanton and causeless cruelty. Much more are those who have the most perfected nature, in which the spiritual predominates over the animal part, and celestial, divine love has absorbed self-love, removed from all disposition to rejoice in or disregard common or private calamities which befall their fellow-mén.

The infinite beatitude of God does not leave any want in his nature which could cause him to seek for its satisfaction outside of his own being by the exercise of his power in creating and governing a world. The only motive can be disinterested benevolence, the communication of the good in which his beatitude consists. He extends the complacency which he has in his own perfections to the participation and imitation of the same by created beings.

Will it be said that God creates the world for his own glory, and that he glorifies himself in the doom which consigns a multitude of rational creatures to a state of sin and misery by manifesting his justice in their condemnation? What is meant by his glorifying himself? Is it having complacency in the exercise of sovereignty? Such an exercise of almighty power would be contrary to wisdom, goodness and justice, and no object of complacency. Is it receiving praise and honor from intelligent creatures? They cannot offer their homage to malevolence and injustice.

The motive for creating beings doomed to evil could only be malevolence, and this could not exist in the creator unless there were a principle of evil as well as of good in his essence, which destroys its unity and is the most absurd kind of dualism. Such an imaginary and impossible being takes a capricious pleasure in giving enjoyment to those creatures whom he has chosen for his friends, and suffering to those whom he chooses to treat as enemies. There is no moral reason for this discrimination between the elect and the reprobate, and no scope whatever for justice. Those qualities in the elect which make them capable of enjoyment are mere physical qualities put into their nature by the creator, and the conformity of their will to his will is necessarily determined by his power. They have no merit, and their happiness is in no sense a reward. The depravity and deformity of the reprobate are also physical qualities, and their transgressions of the law of their sovereign are necessary acts determined by a force outside of themselves. They are not to blame for what they are and for what they do; they have no demerit, and their sufferings are not a just retribution. It is a perversion of truth and language to call the elect holy and the reprobate sinners. There is no such thing as holiness or sin, right or wrong, merit or demerit; no moral element or order whatever in the universe. Power and pleasure are the only good, weakness and pain the only evil. The true concept of the supreme good, of the eternal law of right, and of the participated,

derived goodness of rational creatures is destroyed, and with it the concept of its negation, sin and moral evil in the creature endowed with free-will, and the reason is suppressed for the physical evil which is the antidote to moral evil, its just punishment and its compensation.

It follows that the idea of Doom, like the idea of Fate, viewed by itself alone, represents an absolutely *unmoral* universe. It is positively *immoral*, because it is contrary to the moral order of the real universe, and to the dictates of the human reason and conscience, as well as to the ethical doctrine of revelation. Unconscious force is neither moral nor immoral. Conscious, intelligent power is either moral or immoral. Fate is merely terrible, Doom is more terrible and also wicked. Both are unreal and unthinkable spectres of a disordered imagination, nightmares of sick dreamers, mere nonentities. Let the daylight of truth fall on them, and "the spectral camp has fled."

Being, unity, truth, goodness, beauty, are identical in their radical signification, as terms denoting aspects and phases of the same object of thought. God is self-existing, eternal, infinite being. His existence is in his essence, and so also are his unity, truth, goodness and beauty, attributes which pervade and interpenetrate each other and are only separated by passing through the spectroscopie of finite intelligence. He can only exist as good, just as he can only exist as one. His essence, which as absolute being is absolute truth as the object of his intelligence, and the same object is the term of his will, of his complacency in infinite being, one, true, good, and beautiful. It is a contradiction in terms to suppose that intellect can have any other term than truth, or will any other term than good. There is no place in the essence of God for any principle of evil. By his essence, God is First and Final Cause in power, and by his free will, also in act, as the creator of the universe. This causal power is determined by the divine essence. It can produce by creation what it virtually contains, which is finite being, unity, truth, goodness, and beauty. Nothing can be in the effect which is not in the cause. God finds in his essence the only archetype which he can imitate in the creation. The universe is a diminished image of the divine perfection, like the reflection of the sky in a raindrop. The reason and motive for creation is the love and complacency of God in his own being, as the supreme good, which he wills to extend to beings whom he creates.

There is therefore no possibility of the creation of any essence

or substance which is not good. There can be no end for which any creature can be destined which is not good. Moral and physical evil have no positive and substantial essence. They are a recession from being and good, made possible by the limitations of the finite. They are negative and privative, like darkness, cold, and vacuum. Evil is excess or defect in some being which is essentially good, or disorder in the relations between beings by which they are misdirected or displaced. Defect and disorder cannot be an object of the divine complacency. They do not imitate anything in the divine being, but are only a remainder of the not-being, the nihilism which preceded the creation, the chaos which was the state of the inchoate, incipient universe, from which, by the law of evolution, by development, and by continuity of creation, God is bringing the universe gradually toward that final consummation which he has eternally determined as the completion and end of the creative act. Physical defect and disorder are merely incidental to the progress from original nothing toward being, unity, truth, goodness and beauty, as a finite, diminished resemblance of God in the universe. He cannot will their existence as an end and for their own sake, but only incidentally in willing the perfection and order which is the aim and object, the sequence and the finality of that course and method of divine providence of which physical evil is an accident.

Moral evil, or sin, is exclusively within a separate and peculiar realm of the rational universe over which the free-will of rational creatures who are in a state of probation has dominion: All outside of this realm is governed by the Supreme Sovereign of the universe through infallible laws working out, notwithstanding accidental and temporary disorder, and even partly by means of it, that perfect development and order in which nothing inordinate will remain. Within this peculiar realm God has been pleased to commit the execution of his designs to created, subordinate agents, to whom he has given the power which is next to his own creative power, the power of free-will, so that they are truly concreative causes with the First Cause.

The motive and end of this endowment is the greater excellence and glory to be achieved by the intelligent and rational order of beings. It is more excellent to attain the end of creation by active concurrence than by passive reception of motion from the first cause. Therefore, all possible active force has been given to unconscious second causes. Voluntary activity is more excellent than involuntary, and free activity more excellent than

that which proceeds from necessary determination of the will. The destination of man is the most sublime possible for a creature. It is strictly and properly the divinization of his nature. The method by which he is to attain it, actively, voluntarily and freely, is the most excellent way. This way involves probation, and it is congruous to the inferiority of human nature, and to the supernatural height of the glory to be attained, that the probation of the human race should be long, complicated, and difficult. Liability to deviation and failure is incident to probation. Deviation by transgression or delinquency is sin, understanding by transgression the deliberate, wilful violation of known law. Sin, as an active, self-determined violation of known law, and as a passive disorder in the rational nature which is its consequence, is moral evil, from which many physical evils, indeed, the greater part of those by which the human race is afflicted, follow by a natural or moral necessity, and are employed by the divine providence, not merely as a punishment, but as a remedy for the moral evil.

Sin, and its consequences in this life and in the future life, must be referred to the free-will of those who sin, as its cause. God cannot will or cause moral evil; he cannot predetermine any rational creature to sin and suffer the loss of his immortal well-being, but only negatively permit and tolerate the existence of moral evil in the universe within certain limits. That order of probation in which sin is possible, in which it has actually occurred, has been decreed for the sake of the highest good and glory of the universe. Those who fail in their probation were placed in it for their gain and not for their loss. The endowment of liberty is a great boon, and the opportunity of winning a glorious immortality by its exercise is a great privilege. Those who abuse the gifts of God to their own injury, and forfeit the rights conferred upon them by their creator, cannot complain that he has not recognized in them any rights, that he has violated any which they possessed, or done them any injury. On the contrary, he has intended their good and offered it to them. Their free concurrence, which was necessary to the efficacy of the impulse which he has given them toward their supreme good, they have withheld. It is true that God makes their sins and the retribution which they receive contribute to his glory and to the highest good. But this is because they have refused to make themselves worthy to glorify God by their holiness, and to adorn the universe by swelling the number of blessed beings who walk in glory and wear the crown of merit among the stars.

The glory of God must be the final object of all creatures. God is Final Cause for the same reason that he is First Cause. As all things must receive their being from him, so they must return to their source by glorifying the author of their being in some way suited to their nature. But this extrinsic glory of God is not like selfish vainglory in men. It is a communication of the good of being in God to created beings, who reflect his glory. Rational beings are intended for a final state of perfection and happiness, in which they participate in that complacency in the infinite good which is the beatitude of God. They return to the source of their being in the love of God by loving him supremely, and finding supreme happiness in this mutual love. The glory of God in and through the creation is identical with the glory of the creation, and the love of complacency which God extends to his works is, in respect to the rational creatures who are made in his image, a love of pure and disinterested benevolence. This love of benevolence is not mere delight in giving pleasure. It is love of being, of the good, the true, the beautiful in itself, for its loveliness, the love of order. It is ethical and not hedonistic. The scope of its operation is a reproduction of the divine perfections, and principally of the holiness of God, in a finite mirror which reflects the infinite. It is a consequence of this love of God to his entire creation that the disorder of moral evil caused by transgressors of the divine law should be overruled for good, and compensation made by the divine justice to the violated order of the universe. It is a triumph of good over evil, enhanced by making evil the occasion of producing a higher good than that which would have resulted from its prevention by an exercise of almighty power, greater than that which has been destroyed by the abuse of free-will on the part of all who have sinned. This is a reason for the permission of moral evil, but not for its positive intention and efficient causation. Nor does it show that evil is the necessary means of the greatest good, but only that it is the occasion of an accidental mode of that essential good which is the glorification of the creation in God, and of God in the creation.

It is very strange that, at this late day, the old error that the foreknowledge of God implies a necessary predetermination of all the acts of free-will, should return again to obscure the minds and trouble the hearts of persons who are sincere in seeking after truth. That God knows all the acts of his creatures which are now past, that he sees them when they are present, evidently has no effect upon liberty of choice in free agents. A passenger

on a steamer notices in his stateroom that the ship has stopped for a few minutes. When he comes on deck he is told that a man has thrown himself overboard. Other passengers saw from the deck this act of self-destruction. The knowledge and the sight of this tragical event had nothing whatever to do with the cause of it. A spectator on a height sees the unavoidable collision of two trains coming at a high rate of speed in opposite directions around a curve. His foresight of the effect in its natural causes has no more influence upon it than the after-knowledge of those who read the account the next day in the papers. God, from the sublime height of his eternity, sees at one view all the events which succeed each other in time. There is no past or future in the eternal duration of his being. Free acts are known to him because free-will actually elicits them by self-determination, they are not determined and produced because he foreknows them. As finite knowledge has not of itself any efficient causality reaching the objects of knowledge, so infinite knowledge has not, by reason of its being eternal and infinite, any such causative force.

The omnipotence and omniscience of God are not a reason for dread and gloom but for trust and confidence. His absolute sovereignty is the security for a wise, good, and just administration of the government of the universe. Even Plato, whose theodicy is much better than that of some Christians, teaches that God is pure goodness in his nature, from whom only good can proceed.

Reason and philosophy suffice to establish the natural religion of pure Theism on an irrefragable basis; and in this natural religion the heathenish and heretical idea of doom has no place.

Nevertheless, there is a moral necessity for the brighter light of divine revelation, especially for the majority of mankind. Faith does not supersede, much less contradict reason. It presupposes and elevates it, confirms its dictates, enhances their power to give stability to the assent of the mind and the consent of the will to the sovereignty of God. It is by a rational act that the absolute truth and veracity of God are apprehended as the motive of faith in the truths which the Catholic Church proposes as revealed, with conclusive evidence of her divine authority.

Faith sets before us the perfect certainty that God is manifested in Jesus Christ as the author of a moral order in this world, which is not only an order of goodness and justice but also of mercy. The gospels present a most winning picture of

Jesus Christ, as the loving and lovable Saviour of men, into whose hands all sovereignty and judgment are committed, and must therefore be exercised under the dominion of a love which is universal, extending to every individual of the human race.

It is faith which gives a perfect and tranquil security in the wise and benevolent government of the universe, and the merciful providence of God over all those who give to him the filial love and obedience which are due to him. It is true that faith does not remove appearances to the contrary, or solve all difficulties. The moral and physical evil which exists in the world and is disclosed by human history, the conditions of human probation, the problems of the future and final destination of mankind, are and must remain an enigma, an obscure mystery, which the limited human intellect can only see into as through a glass darkly.

This is the case with all human knowledge, which always ends on the borders of what is to us, at present, the unknowable. The sublime science of astronomy appears to have nearly reached its outermost limits, and to be confronted by the undiscoverable. The most interesting questions which it suggests can only be answered by hypothesis or conjecture. What is the principle of the equilibrium of the stellar universe? What is the law of the movements of the stars in space? Are they centres of planetary systems? Are other worlds than ours habitable or inhabited? To what ultimate result are all their movements tending? These and other questions are unanswerable. Yet mathematical and physical astronomy is a science, whose principles and facts cannot be rationally doubted.

The same is the case with rational and revealed theology. It presents truths which are certitudes, and dogmas which are credible. It is irrational to fall into the intellectual and moral despair of agnosticism because theology does not furnish us with complete and comprehensive knowledge of the moral plan of the universe, and of the way by which God is directing it to its final consummation.

A. F. HEWIT.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I.

THE FIRST MASS IN THE PROVINCE.

THE first time the holy sacrifice of the Mass was ever offered in New Hampshire—at least, the first time on record—was the morning of July 18, 1694, and under circumstances of extreme horror. It was in the present town of Durham, at that time known as the “Oyster River settlement,” or simply “Oyster River.” Strictly speaking, this place formed part of the township of Dover until the year 1732, but it was five or six miles from Dover proper, and was always a distinct settlement, and had a separate history from the first.

The name of “Oyster river” was given by the early pioneers to the Indian Shankhassick, a branch of the Piscataqua, on the banks of which they had found a bed of oysters. This stream has a channel broad and deep enough for shipping as far as the head of tide-water—that is, to the falls in Durham village, which is about two miles from its mouth and ten miles from Portsmouth harbor. There was no village here, however, in 1694. At that time there was a *cordon* of twelve garrisons along both sides of the river below, in which, at the least signal of danger from the Indians, those scattered settlers took refuge whose houses were without means of defence. But the meeting-house, the parsonage, the licensed tavern, and the centre of local affairs were then on the south side of the river, more than a mile below the falls, on the tongue of land between the Oyster and Piscataqua rivers, now known as Durham Point. This point is a rough, hilly tract of land, whose heights afford some delightful views across the tidal streams that enclose it, especially at the very point itself, where the Piscataqua comes pouring out of Little Bay, its broad current dotted here and there by tiny verdant isles, beyond which may be seen the beautifully wooded shores of Newington, which two hundred years ago bore the ominous name of Bloody Point. At that time Durham Point was alive with the activity of the early colonists, who were more or less engaged in fisheries and in supplying lumber for a foreign market, as well as in agriculture. But it is now wholly given

up to a few scattered farmers. Not a garrison is left on that side of the river. The meeting-house, the parsonage, and the inn disappeared over a century ago. Its prosperity received a death-blow at the above-mentioned attack. On a pleasant slope near the point, overlooking the meeting of the waters, may be traced a mound where the victims of savage cruelty at the Adams garrison were buried together in 1694, attesting one of the most tragical scenes in the early history of this country.

No place in New England suffered more than Oyster River from the repeated attacks of the Indians between 1676 and 1725. But the most memorable attack, that which nearly ruined the settlement and left ineffaceable traces on the whole district around, was made on the night of July 17-18, 1694, when the Indians planned and almost accomplished its entire destruction. Belknap, in his *History of New Hampshire*, says this attack was made by the Sieur de Villieu, then in command at Penobscot, with two hundred and fifty Indians of the St. John, Penobscot, and Norridgewock tribes, attended by a French priest. Charlevoix says the Abenakis of the elder Father Bigot's mission joined two hundred and fifty other Indians. They arrived at Oyster River on a calm, moonlight night, and the inhabitants were mostly asleep, unconscious of approaching danger, a treaty of peace with the eastern Indians having been made at Pemaquid, August 11, 1693. The savages divided into squads, intending to attack all the garrisons at a concerted signal. But the premature shooting of a man who came out of his house near the falls gave the alarm, and one signal gun after another soon echoed from garrison to garrison all along the Oyster river valley. The people were hardly aroused before the enemy was upon them. Every garrison was attacked and fire was set to all the defenceless houses. The flames of the latter soon streamed up in every direction. Some of the owners, like the family of Parson Buss, escaped to the woods, but most of them fell into the hands of the Indians. Everywhere could be heard the sound of guns and cries of distress, and the terrible war-whoop of the savages, thirsting to revenge their numberless wrongs, and with but little discrimination in their vengeance. Charlevoix says two hundred and thirty people were killed and fifty or sixty houses burned. According to the local accounts five garrisons were destroyed and most of the defenceless houses, and ninety-four people were slain or carried into captivity. Fourteen were certainly killed at the Adams garrison alone, and in the most barbarous manner. These were afterwards buried in one grave, as stated above. The

memory of that night of horrors has never been effaced from the minds of the people.

But where were the Catholic missionaries during this scene of carnage? Belknap only speaks of one; but according to the Durham tradition there were two priests in the expedition. They are said to have taken refuge in the meeting-house, and, without doubt, saved that building from destruction when the neighboring houses, including the parsonage, were burnt to the ground. No credit has been given them for this protection, and a poor return was made when our troops afterward pillaged and then burnt more than one Catholic church among the Indian missions of Maine. In view of this the priests in the Oyster River meeting-house may certainly be pardoned for the trifling act that has been made almost a matter of accusation against them. The local accounts say that while there they "amused themselves" in writing on the pulpit. Belknap says: "The French priest took possession of the meeting-house and employed himself in writing on the pulpit with chalk, but the house received no damage." Hurd's *History of Rockingham and Strafford Counties*, page 617, says he "spent the time in *defacing* the pulpit"—an expression for which there is no warrant whatever.

We Catholics, however, can safely affirm that the two priests, instead of seeking amusement at so terrible an hour, chiefly employed their time in earnest 'prayer, as was their practice on similar occasions. At the attack on Pemaquid it is related that Father Thury divided the Indian women into bands that succeeded each other in continual prayer the whole time the fighting was going on. Belknap speaks of Father Thury in connection with this attack on Oyster River, and it is supposed he was one of the priests who accompanied the expedition—not to encourage the warfare, certainly, as many Protestant writers would have us believe, but rather to seize some favorable moment to soften the ferocity of the savages and to watch over the captive women and children, many of whom were spared and finally redeemed through their intervention. The other priest must have been Father Bigot or Father Rale.*

It is to be regretted that no record was made of the writing left on the Oyster River pulpit by these devoted missionaries. It was, doubtless, some Catholic truth, a passage from the Scriptures or from some father of the church, a clause of the Credo,

* Father Thury was sent among the Penobscots in 1687, at the request of the Baron de St. Castin, and died among them in 1699. Father Rale left the Abenakis early in 1691, but returned to them after an absence of two years. The two missionaries of Maine who bore the name of Bigot were of the family of the Viscounts Bigot in France.

perhaps a prayer, left to greet the sad eyes of the surviving colonists when they next ventured to assemble there, to mingle their tears and try to "justify the ways of God to men."

But whatever they wrote need not be considered any desecration when we remember that in those days, according to Whittier's line: "The stocks were at each church's door," and the "meeting-house" itself, to use the Puritan term,* was generally used for town-meetings, elections, and other civil—not to say profane—purposes, down to a recent day. John Trumbull, in his Hudibrastic poem of *McFingal*, which a recent writer in *Harper's Magazine* (April, 1890, page 786) styles "one of the potent levers of the Revolution," alludes to the once common practice of holding the grand parade of town-meeting in the house of prayer:

" That house which, loth a rule to break,
Serv'd heav'n but one day in the week,
Open the rest for all supplies
Of news, and politics, and lies."

And he goes on to depict the moderator in the pulpit—the sacred desk itself—

" In grandeur o'er the cushion bow'd ";

the constable on the pulpit stairs, bearing his staff; and, beneath, a rout of

" Voters of all colors,
Whigs, tories, orators, and bawlers,
With every tongue in either faction
Prepar'd, like minute-men, for action." †

But with the consecrated name of "church," at present in vogue among the descendants of the Puritans, has come greater respect for the meeting-house, which now remains, for the most part, decorously closed from one Sunday to another.

The Durham tradition as to the number of priests in the Indian raid of 1694 is confirmed by William Redford, deputy secretary of the province of New Hampshire, in his official report to Governor Phipps of Massachusetts, July 21, 1694.‡ He says there were "two Fryars among the Indians, who, after Victory, said Mass twice." That is, of course, they each said Mass. Unfortunately there is no record or local tradition to point out the

* Cotton Mather, speaking of the Puritan places of worship, says "meeting-house is the term commonly used by the New England Christians." But this unpretending designation is now generally discarded for that of "church," except in country places of conservative habits.

† *McFingal*, canto i., line 134, etc.

‡ *New Hampshire Provincial Papers*, ii. 128.

precise spot where these two first Masses in New Hampshire were celebrated. It might have been in the meadow above the meeting-house, where the Indians on the south side of the river are said to have assembled with their captives and spoils after their bloody work was accomplished. But it seems much more probable it was after they joined their comrades on the upper side. Belknap says "Both divisions then met at the falls where they had parted the evening before, and proceeded together to Captain Woodman's garrison."* This was the last attack they made. If the Masses were not said until the fighting was entirely over, as seems probable from the nature of things, as well as from Secretary Redford's report, it must have been on one of the heights near Woodman's garrison—whence a watch could be kept over the whole country around—that one Mass after the other was offered. That garrison itself is on a height, but the land rises still higher at the west, commanding an extensive and extremely beautiful view in every direction, especially down the valley of Oyster river, which had just been ravaged in so terrible a manner. It is a bald, ledgy spot, sufficiently spacious for the Indians and all their captives, and where there was no danger of surprise from any enemy in pursuit. No more suitable spot could have been selected for safety and for religious observances in the open air. But what a Calvary! The holy sacrifice offered in sight of smoking ruins and scenes of blood and awful human anguish—the altar, doubtless, a granite boulder,† surrounded by savages fierce from the slaughter, and terrified captives who had just seen some of their nearest and dearest relatives slain before their very eyes, and they themselves on the point of being carried into a dreadful captivity! *O Salutaris Hostia!*

II.

THE FIRST NEW HAMPSHIRE NUN.

These two first Masses in the province were by no means fruitless. It was at this darkest hour in its annals that begins one of the most interesting chapters in the history of the Catholic Church in New Hampshire. For out of its rocky soil a few children were then raised up unto Abraham, to verify, as it were,

* The Woodman garrison, built by an ancestor of the present writer, and successfully defended by him in 1694, as well as in several other attacks, is still standing, and in an admirable state of preservation.

† Fifty years ago, as the writer remembers, there was still a large granite boulder on Woodman's hill, flat on the top and somewhat altar-like in shape, but it has since been removed.

the words of the Vulgate: *Potens est Deus de lapidibus istis suscitare filios Abrahæ*. Several of the captives taken on this occasion and at other times embraced the Catholic religion in Canada, and chose to remain in perpetual exile rather than abandon their faith. Others returned home at the exchange of prisoners. But many of them were never heard of again.

The Catholic missionaries seem to have done their utmost to rescue the women and children, 'at least, from the hands of the savages and place them in good families in Canada, where they were treated with invariable kindness and Christian charity, as is manifest from the accounts given at their return, several of which have been published. Most of the children, at least the girls, were sent to the schools at Quebec and Montreal to be educated, and some of these it is difficult to identify, for they generally received new Christian names in baptism, instead of the Old Testament names in vogue among the Puritans, and their surnames, uncouth to French ears, were phonetically recorded, and thereby transformed almost beyond recognition. *Otis*, for instance, was written *Autes*, *Hotesse*, and even *Thys*; *Hubbard* was changed to *Ouabard*; *Willey* to *Ouilli*, *Houellet*, and *Willis*; *Wheeler* to *Huiller*; *Bracket* to *Bracquil*, etc. These are all Oyster River or Dover names. One pupil was registered at Quebec as "Nimbé II." Her real name was Naomi Hill. Many of the surnames were dropped in despair, and "*Anglaise*" substituted. Among the captives at the Ursuline school in Quebec, about the year 1700, were Marie Elisabeth Anglaise, Marie Françoise Anglaise, Anne Marie Anglaise, and so on, to the number of eight or more, with no other surname.

Among the captives taken at Oyster River, July 18, 1694, was Mercy Adams, daughter of Charles and Rebecca Adams of Adams garrison. She was born March 13, 1674, and was therefore twenty years of age when her father's house was destroyed and most of her kindred were butchered before her very eyes. After she was rescued from the Indians she lived five or six months at Montreal, where she was baptized conditionally on Holy Saturday, April 6, 1697, under the name of Ursula, given her by her godmother, "Demoiselle Marguerite, wife of M. Bourdon, merchant." She never returned home, but afterwards married Charles Brisebois and died before 1732, leaving at least two children, whose descendants could probably be traced.* An

* The writer is indebted for the above Canadian record of Ursula Adams to Miss C. A. Baker, of Cambridge, Mass., who is preparing an exhaustive account of the early captives from New England.

Ursula Brisebois, perhaps her daughter, married Alexis Lefêbre. Descendants of her sisters in Durham and vicinity are numerous. The late Judge Durell, of New Orleans, descended from her sister Rebecca.

The captives who were redeemed after baptism and returned home gradually lost their faith. This was almost inevitable. Among these melancholy instances were Thomas Drew and his wife Tamsen, a young married couple taken at Oyster River in 1694. He was carried to Canada, and she among the Abenakis of Maine, where she remained four years. They were both finally rescued, but it was over twenty years before they joined the Oyster River church. Then, strange to say, they were rebaptized by the Rev. Hugh Adams, as appears from the following singular entry in his baptismal records: "August 12, 1722, Thomas Drew and Tamsen, his wife, they both being so (but profanely and idolatrously) baptised by a Popish Priest or Friar in their captivity, for which I had the warrant of *Acts* 19: 3-5."*

But this unfortunate couple did not enter into full communion with his church till March 3, 1728, thirty years after their ransom. They lived to be very old, and, dying within two days of each other, were buried in one grave, still to be seen not far from Durham Point.

But the most interesting of the captives taken at Oyster River, July 18, 1694, was Mary Anne, daughter of John Davis, who, according to a constant tradition in Durham, became a nun in Canada and refused to return home at the redemption of captives in 1699. This was Sister St. Benedict, of the Ursuline convent, Quebec, the first native of New Hampshire, if not of New England, to embrace the conventual life.†

Mary Anne Davis was a mere child when the Indians, on the above-mentioned day, burnt her father's house and killed him and his wife and several children, as well as his widowed sister

* The passage which the Rev. Hugh Adams cites as his warrant for rebaptizing Thomas and Tamsen Drew is too extraordinary an application of Scripture to be overlooked. It runs as follows in King James' version of the Bible: "And he said unto them, Unto what were ye baptized?' And they said, Unto John's baptism. Then said Paul, John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people that they should believe on him who should come after him, that is, on Christ Jesus. When they heard this they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus."

† The Montreal records mention the baptism of Marie Madeleine Willis, daughter of Stephen Willis and Gabrielle (otherwise Abigail) Picman, June 23, 1692, at the age of sixteen. The Count de Frontenac was her godfather. She entered the service of the *Religieuses Hospitalières* at Ville Marie as their *économè*, and perhaps was one of the sisterhood. If she was the daughter of Stephen Willey and Abigail Pitman of Oyster River, they were, no doubt, taken captive in 1689. An Abigail Willey of Oyster River is mentioned among the captives who remained in Canada. The name of Willey is still a common one in Durham, as that of Pitman was in early times.

and two of her sons. They spared, however, his two young daughters, whom they carried into captivity, but who, unfortunately, were separated. One of them, named Sarah, was afterwards redeemed, and was living at Oyster River October 16, 1702, on which day her maternal uncle, Jeremiah Burnham, was appointed her guardian and the administrator of her father's estate.* She afterwards married Peter Mason, but was left a widow before 1747. With true Davis tenacity to life she was still living in 1771, when she sold part of her homestead lands to John Sullivan, afterwards general in the Revolutionary army. How much longer she lived does not appear. She left one daughter, at least, whose descendants can still be traced.

But to return to her sister, who chose the better part. Mary Anne was carried away by the Abenaki Indians, but was rescued not long after by Father Rale, who instructed and baptized her and conveyed her to Canada. In 1698 she entered the boarding-school at the Ursuline convent, Quebec. At her entrance into this "*Maison des Vierges*," of which she had heard among the Abenakis,† she was transported with joy. "This is the house of the Lord," she cried; "it is here I will henceforth live; it is here I will die." She entered the novitiate of that house on St. Joseph's day, March 19, 1699; and received the religious habit and white veil, with the name of Sister St. Benedict, the fourteenth of September following—the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. She took the black veil and made her vows September 25, 1701. Mademoiselle de Varennes, whose father was governor of Trois Rivières for twenty-two years, took the white veil with her and made her vows at the same time. The latter was only fourteen years of age when she entered the novitiate. Sister St. Benedict is said not to have known her own age, but was supposed to be a few years older. The trials she had undergone, however, must have given her an air of maturity beyond her years. The Durham tradition does not mention her

* It will be observed that though John Davis was killed in 1694 no attempt was made to administer on his estate till after his daughter Mary Anne's religious profession, September 25, 1701, when all hope of her return home was renounced.

† Several girls of the Abenaki tribe were pupils at the Ursuline convent, Quebec, in early times. Not to speak of Mlle. Brigitte de St. Castin of Maine, whose mother was the daughter of an Abenaki chief, the following pupils from that tribe are mentioned at the beginning of last century: Marie Anne and Louison, Anne-Françoise and Rosalie, Fanchonette and her sister Manette, Marie Agnès, Domitille, and Thérèse Haouendi, the last of whom was a girl of great piety, afterwards employed as a catechist among the Indians.

In 1671 there were fifty Indian girls from four nations at the Ursuline school. The B. Mary of the Incarnation called them her "*délices*," and shortly before her death in 1672 commended them to the special care and affection of the sisterhood.—*Ursulines de Quebec*, vols. i. and ii.

age, but speaks of her as "young" when taken captive. She died March 2, 1749. Her death is entered in the convent records as follows:

"The Lord has just taken from us our dear Mother Marie Anne Davis de St. Benoît after five months' illness, during which she manifested great patience. She was of English origin and carried away by a band of savages, who killed her father before her very eyes. Fortunately she fell into the hands of the chief of a village who was a good Christian, and did not allow her to be treated as a slave, according to the usual practice of the savages towards their captives. She was about fifteen years old when redeemed by the French, and lived in several good families successively in order to acquire the habits of civilized life and the use of the French language. She everywhere manifested excellent traits of character, and appreciated so fully the gift of Faith that she would never listen to any proposal of returning to her own country, and constantly refused the solicitations of the English commissioners, who at different times came to treat for the exchange of prisoners. Her desire to enter our boarding-school in order to be more fully instructed in our holy religion was granted, and she soon formed the resolution to consecrate herself wholly to Him who had so mercifully led her out of the darkness of heresy. Several charitable persons aided in paying the expenses of her entrance, but the greater part of her dowry was given by the community [*i.e.*, by the Ursulines themselves] in view of her decided vocation and the sacrifice she made of her country in order to preserve her faith.

"Her monastic obligations she perfectly fulfilled, and she acquitted herself with exactness of the employments assigned her by holy obedience. Her zeal for the decoration of the altar made her particularly partial to the office of sacristan. Her love of industry, her ability, her spirit of order and economy, rendered her still very useful to the community, though she was at least seventy years of age.

"She had great devotion to the Blessed Virgin and daily said the rosary. Her confidence in St. Joseph made her desire his special protection at the hour of death—a desire that was granted, for she died on the second of March of this year 1749, after receiving the sacraments with great fervor, in the fiftieth year of her religious life." *

By some unaccountable mistake it is asserted in the Abbé Tanguay's *Dictionnaire Généalogique* that Mary Anne Davis was from Salem.† This error may have sprung from the fact that

* *Les Ursulines de Quebec*, vol. ii. pp. 411, 412.

† The entry in the Abbé Tanguay's dictionary is as follows: "*Davis, Marie Anne*, née à Salem, près de Boston, en 1681, captive anglaise, rachetée à Québec, religieuse Ursuline dite St. Benoît, d. 2 Mars, 1749."

the earliest records of the Davis family are to be found in the county registry in Salem, Mass.

The history of the Ursulines of Quebec also states that "the Davis family, originally from England, was established at Salem, where it was overwhelmed in one of those nocturnal massacres of which the history of the colonies afford so many terrible scenes."

But the fact is, Salem is *not once mentioned* in the early records of the Ursulines in connection with any of the captives they received. The author of the interesting history of that convent, in her letters to the present writer in 1884, admits the insufficient grounds of a tradition on which she based the above statement, and acknowledges that Sister St. Benedict, from the date and circumstances of her captivity, so completely in accordance with the Durham accounts, must have been from Oyster River. She says: "Miss Davis was known to our ancient mothers by the name of *Des Visses*. The only place mentioned in connection with our captives is *Nouvelle Angleterre—Boston et ses environs*, and some one, I dare say, having caught up the name of Salem, held it fast."

The knowledge of New England geography was naturally very confused in those days, and to people at a distance every place along its coast was considered near Boston, which was then the seat of government for New Hampshire as well as Massachusetts Bay. A son of Thomas Trafton, taken by the Abenakis in 1693, is said in the Montreal records to be from York, "near Boston," though really in the province of Maine.

Some historical memoranda of a local nature published in Dover nearly half a century ago—many years, therefore, before the publication of either of the above Canadian works—makes mention of the daughter of John Davis of Oyster River, who was taken captive in 1694 and became a nun in Canada. This statement, among others, was based on the Durham manuscripts and traditions, some of which were collected by members of the Davis family—as will be seen further on—and others by the Rev. Hugh Adams, who came to Oyster River in 1717, at which time the previous pastor, the Rev. John Buss, who had escaped the Indian attack of 1694, was still living, and continued to live till 1736, and his widow, Mrs. Buss, lived till 1768.

There was only one other Miss Davis who became a nun in Canada in early times. She was, likewise, a captive from New England, and was also baptized under the name of Mary Anne.

She became a nun at the Hôtel Dieu, Quebec, in 1710, under the name of Sister St. Cecilia. She was taken to Canada by the Rev. Father Vincent Bigot, S.J., who had ransomed her from the Indians at St. Francis. She is mentioned as leading "a holy life" for more than fifty years in the religious state. She died in 1761, at the age of seventy-three.

There is no record of her birthplace or parentage. She may have been the daughter mentioned by the Rev. John Pike, of Dover, N. H., in his journal, as follows: "August 9, 1704, The wife, son, and daughter of John Davis, of Jemaico, taken by y^o Indians in y^r house or in y^r field." Jemaico was part of Scarborough, Maine.

Something concerning the family of Sister St. Benedict may be of interest. Her great-grandfather, James Davis, a native of England, came to America with his family at an early day, and at first lived in Newbury, Mass., but afterwards removed to Haverhill, where he was residing as early as 1640, in which year he is spoken of as a "freeman." He was the largest taxpayer of that town in 1646. In 1660 he was a member of the General Assembly of Massachusetts Bay, a proof in those days of his being a man of standing and ability. He died about the age of ninety, January 29, 1678, O. S., leaving seven children,* all mentioned in his will.

His son John, generally called "Ensign John Davis," was also born in England. He married Jane Peasley of Haverhill, Mass., December 10, 1646,† and in that town some of his children were born—among them, John Davis, Jr., father of the Quebec nun, who was born August 22, 1651. Ensign John removed to Dover, N. H., as early as 1653, and the following year bought a tract of land on the upper shore of Oyster river, near the mouth, where he erected a garrison and established his family. It is a pleasant spot between two creeks, with Oyster river in front, deep enough in that place to float a man-of-war at high tide—as was proved in the war of 1812—and in full sight of the mouth, where the river pours into the broad Piscataqua. Ensign John Davis was admitted freeman in Boston not long after, and was from 1662 to 1667 one of the "selectmen" of Dover, to which Oyster River then belonged. He died before May 25, 1686, leaving his homestead to his son James, the youngest of his eleven children. To his oldest son he makes the

* James Davis' youngest son, Samuel, was the progenitor of the Davises of Amesbury, Mass., from whom, it is said, sprang Jefferson Davis of the Southern Confederacy.

† Mary Peasley, niece of Ensign Davis's wife, married Joseph Whittier of Haverhill. They were ancestors of Whittier the poet.

following bequest in his will: "I do give to my son John Davis six score acres of land which I had by a town grant, situate and lying and being at Turtle Pond in Oyster river,* and my best feather bed, the ticking and feathers, after the decease of my wife." He also gives said John his corslet and best cloak, and one-fourth part of his guns.

This John Davis, Jr., was already married a second time and was living on his own lands, the south side of Oyster river, a little below the falls. His house, though not a garrison, was probably palisaded, for he made some resistance before he surrendered to the Indians July 18, 1694. It was here, no doubt, that Sister St. Benedict was born.

The most distinguished member of the family at Oyster River was Colonel James Davis, at once soldier, judge, and deacon. He was an uncle of the Canadian nun. He received a lieutenant's commission from the Massachusetts government in 1790, at which time New Hampshire was again united with that province. At an early age he organized scouting parties against the Indians, and was the companion-in-arms of Colonel Hilton, as related in Belknap's history, and took part in various expeditions to Maine and Port Royal (Annapolis, N. S.) Belknap calls him "captain" in 1703. He was appointed member of the council of war by the New Hampshire provincial government October 18, 1707, and was finally made colonel. He was likewise a member of the New Hampshire General Assembly for more than twenty years, and in 1717 was appointed judge of the Court of Common Pleas, which office he held the remainder of his life.

It was Colonel James Davis who inherited his father's garrison, which he successfully defended at the Indian attack of July 18, 1694, after taking the precaution to send his family off by water, to insure their safety. To his civil and military functions he added the office of deacon in the Oyster River church, and it is still related how the veteran officer and able magistrate used at times to lay aside his weapons and convene religious meetings in his garrison, in which he took a prominent part in prayer and exhortation, showing himself, as Butler says in *Hudibras*:

" Most fit t' hold forth the Word,
And wield the one and t' other sword."

He died in 1749, leaving nine children, whose ages at their death averaged eighty-seven years—the Davis family being remarkable for longevity. The cellar of his garrison can still be traced, and

* Turtle Pond is in the present town of Lee, which till 1766 formed part of Durham.

not far off is his grave, with its headstone of unhewn granite, gray and shaggy with moss.

Although Colonel Davis died peaceably in his bed, it cannot be doubted that the prominent part he took in early life in defence of the province drew upon the Davis family the vindictive hatred of the Indians. He accompanied Colonel Hilton to Norridgewock in the winter of 1704-5, when the snow was four feet deep, and the party of two hundred and seventy men were obliged to march through the wilderness on snow-shoes. There being no prohibition laws in Maine in those Puritan times, they were cheered and fortified for their work by a fresh supply of rum from the commissary at Casco Bay, to the amount of £4 7s. 6d.* Arriving at Norridgewock they found the place deserted, the Indians having received notice of their approach, and they had to content themselves with burning the chapel and wigwams. The Indians afterwards took vengeance on most of the leaders for these and other provocations. Lieutenant Chesley, one of the party, with his brother and others was slain by them at Oyster River in 1707. Colonel Hilton, who was specially obnoxious to them, continued his raids some years longer, but at last, June 23, 1710, while cutting down trees in the forest with his brother, a band of Indians fell suddenly upon them, clove asunder his brains with a tomahawk, and stabbed him to the heart with a lance, which they left therein. His brother was carried away and never heard of again.

The Davis family, too, were pursued by the Indians for years. In 1694, as we have seen, John Davis, Jr., and at least four other members of his family, were killed, together with his sister, Sarah Davis, widow of James Smith, and two of her sons; † and his two daughters were carried into captivity. Another sister, Judith Davis, wife of Captain Samuel Emerson, was also taken by the Indians and remained in captivity five years. ‡ David Davis, who had a garrison at Lubberland (a part of the Oyster River settlement), was killed August 27, 1696. Moses Davis, uncle of the Quebec nun, was another victim. He escaped the massacre of 1694 and accompanied his brother James in some of the expedi-

* *New Hampshire Provincial Papers*, iii. 317.

† Her descendant, John Smith, was an efficient citizen at the Revolutionary period. He furnished Dr. Belknap with the particulars of the Indian massacre at Oyster River in 1694, which he had collected from aged people in Durham. It was, no doubt, from his kinswoman, Mrs. Sarah Davis Mason—who lived, it will be remembered, till after 1771—that he derived the account of her sister Mary Anne, who became a nun in Canada.

‡ They were direct ancestors of the present writer, by virtue of which she may be pardoned for speaking with some degree of assurance concerning the history and traditions of the Davis family.

tions to Maine and Port Royal. He lived in a clearing of the forest about a mile from Oyster river falls, where, June 10, 1724, he and his son Moses were killed by a party of Indians, who lay in ambush to attack the settlement. He was then sixty-seven years of age. A negro slave of his avenged their murder by pursuing the Indians and shooting one of the leaders. Love Davis, daughter of Moses, in view of the fidelity of this slave, gave orders that at his death he should be buried at her feet. This was done, and their graves are still pointed out at a short distance from Durham village. Love Davis may be considered an important link in the chain of Davis traditions, for she did not die till 1805, when she was about one hundred years of age. Her nephew, Jabez Davis, furnished Dr. Belknap, the New Hampshire historian, with considerable information concerning his native town.

The Indian thus slain by the servant of Moses Davis is now generally supposed to have been a son of the Baron de St. Castin, who had married the daughter of an Indian sagamore of Maine. Dr. Belknap, whose account of the affair was derived from the Rev. Hugh Adams*—a man of extreme malevolence—implies that this young Indian bore a near relationship to the Rev. Father Rale, a suspicion wholly unfounded, as is now universally acknowledged. His equipment, moreover, proves that he held the rank of a chief. Dr. Belknap thus describes him: "The slain Indian was a person of distinction, and wore a kind of coronet of scarlet-dyed fur, with an appendage of four small bells, by the sound of which the others might follow him through the thickets. His hair was remarkably soft and fine, and he had about him a devotional book and a muster-roll of one hundred and eighty Indians." It was this book of devotion that excited the base suspicion above mentioned, but it is now known that the children of M. de St. Castin were educated in Canada, as were many full-blooded Indians of Maine in early times.

The scalp of this young chief was presented to the New Hampshire General Assembly at Portsmouth June 12, 1724, by Robert

* The Rev. Hugh Adams—mentioned more than once in this article—was a brother of Matthew Adams of Boston, the friend of Benjamin Franklin, who mentions the latter in his autobiography. He was a graduate of Harvard College and a man of considerable ability, but of great eccentricity of character, with powers of invective unparalleled among divines. He was of so belligerent a turn as to be in constant warfare with his parishioners, who—not having power to dismiss him, as he was settled by law—were finally compelled to pay him to stop preaching, as the Durham records testify. In one of his numerous petitions against them, addressed to Richard Waldron, secretary of the province in 1639, he signs himself after this singular fashion: "Your (yet well wishing) grateful Servant in the Gospel ministry of the Church true, Protestant Catholick." (*New Hampshire Provincial Papers*, v. 40.)

Burnham, son of Jeremiah before-mentioned, and a bounty of one hundred pounds was ordered to be paid to the slayer.*

A few weeks later the saintly Father Rale himself, the deliverer of Mary Anne Davis from the Indians, was slain at the foot of his mission-cross in the attack on Norridgewock by the Massachusetts forces, August 12, 1724, and his chapel pillaged and burnt to the ground. Most writers say he was killed August 23, which is the date given on Bishop Fenwick's monument to his memory erected at Norridgewock in 1833. Governor Hutchinson in his history of Massachusetts says it was on August 12, which is no doubt correct. Dr. Shea only gives the year. This discrepancy may have arisen from the difference between old and new style.

Colonel Thomas Westbrook in his official report from Falmouth, August 18, 1724, says: "Captain Harmon arrived *this day* with the *Fryar's* and twenty-six scalps more from Norridgewock." And Jeremiah Bumstead of Boston makes the following entry in his Diary, August 22, 1724—"28 Indian scalps brought to Boston, one of w^c was Bombazens, and one fryer Railes."

This was a crown of martyrdom indeed.

MARY P. THOMPSON.

Durham, N. H.

WAITING.

SEE how they gather on that further shore,
The pale gray shadows that were once our all!
See clasping hands and glances that implore,
From out those fiery mists that rise and fall!

The strong, dark currents of God's justice flow
Between them and their yearned-for rest.
'Tis ours to aid them in their piteous woe—
'Tis ours to ope the portals of the blest!

Dear angels, poised on gleaming wings above,
That far-off shore whence rise those sad alarms,
Bend from your certain heaven in tend'rest love,
And lift your brothers to their Father's arms!

MARY M. MELINE.

* *New Hampshire Provincial Papers*, iv. 140.

REMINISCENCES OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

As the British Empire is so scattered a domain, and as her shipping interests are so extensive, it is recognized by even the least bellicose of Britons that, on the lowest grounds of commercial prudence, this congeries of countries should be knit together by efficient bonds of union, and these fleets of wealth-bearing argosies secured from damage or destruction by possible foemen and insured to the full extent of the nation's ability. That this has been adequately accomplished appears more than doubtful; for which neglect our glorious government by popular representation is answerable—Tory and Whig alike when in office endeavoring to curry favor with the taxpayer by cutting down the expenses and starving "the service." At last, however, something substantial is being accomplished in the way of shipbuilding and making up arrears. Still the British navy at the present is an imposing force—witness the review of 1889 in honor of the German emperor. The annual estimates are nearly seventy million dollars, and the number of vessels of all classes 258, including 192 steamships in commission, of which 28 are armored. The number of officers and men employed is 62,400—composed, roughly, thus: 40,000 officers and seamen in the fleet service; 5,000 boys; 4,000 men in the coast-guard service, and nearly 13,000 marines, artillery and light infantry men. Of the boys a third part are under instruction in various training-ships on the English coast, and the remainder serve in the fleet. Half of the marines are afloat and half in barracks.

But we do not aspire to describe the British navy, either historically or actually, but merely to jot down a few incidents of our own experience and of points that would hardly be mentioned in books on the navy. One noteworthy point is, that the royal sea service is now, as ever, a highly honorable calling, both for officers and men. The Prince of Wales is an honorary admiral of the fleet, heading the list, of course; his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, is a practical seaman in command of the Mediterranean squadron, and his son, Prince George, is a lieutenant. In fact, so highly does the heir-apparent estimate the advantages of a naval training that his eldest son—now in the Tenth Hussars—was formerly, with his younger brother, a naval cadet. Old William IV., the queen's uncle, had also been in the

navy ; and this predilection for the sea in a nation whose interests and antecedents are maritime is matter of course.

In the times of the old French wars, when a line-of-battle ship mounted as many as one hundred and thirty guns, a large number of men was needed to work them, and, though the population of the country was small as compared with the present, the navy was composed of three hundred thousand men. It was no easy matter, even with pressgang aid and virtual imprisonment on board, to obtain and hold together so large a force. But all this has changed ; only London and the west country are used as recruiting grounds for the navy, and in certain places the naval service is regarded as the natural life's work for a boy. A raw curate from the Midlands, who was cajoling a Plymouth beldame into bringing her brood to the font, was staggered by the rejoinder that sprinkling was good for boys but not for girls ; and, referring in bewilderment to his rector, was thus enlightened. It had been customary, before government registration of birth became obligatory, to require of a boy entering the navy his certificate of baptism in order to ascertain his age ; now the certificate of birth will do equally well, "but there is no need to tell the people this," said the wily churchman to his assistant ; "we'll get them baptized somehow or other if we can." In the case of large, well-grown lads, coming up to the regulation measurements, an attempt is always made to add a year or more to his age, for at eighteen he is rated "ordinary seaman" and then draws higher pay than a boy. In the ancient days some Portsmouth dames used to make a fair living out of enacting the character of parent—for a consideration—for waifs and strays of boy-life desirous of naval honors and rations. The medical scrutiny for all branches of the navy and marines is pretty severe, and the recruiting medical officer in London told us that he ordinarily rejected seven out of every ten applicants, many for slight causes ; these he would send round the corner to the army department, where they would be accepted and endued with a scarlet jacket.

The pay is not overwhelming, from 6*d.* to 1*s.* a day for a boy and twice as much for a man ; but he also has rations and lodgement ; he makes his own clothes out of good material furnished him at a low price ; and, judging from the amounts deposited by him in the savings-bank whilst at sea, Jack cannot be badly off. But petty officers and leading seamen gain much more than this, and it is open to them to become warrant officers, gunners, boatswains, and carpenters. This, however, many of the best men,

decline. It is true they would have their cabin, dress in broad-cloth, and wear a sword, and occasionally in small craft keep a watch; but they would be obliged to serve to fifty-five years of age, which is a decided drawback. Warrant officers are good practical men, but their literary qualifications are not seldom scanty. The poor boatswain was sorely perplexed when the captain returned him his list of stores for orthographical emendation. "If," quoth he, "b-l-o-x doesn't spell blocks, I should like to know what it does spell!" The seaman's term of enlistment is for ten years from the time he commences man's service, *i.e.*, eighteen years of age. He is then free to retire, and many, led by a desire for "freedom," do so—and repent at leisure. For by enlisting for another term of ten years he would earn a pension for life of, say, £50 a year, a valuable nest-egg for a workingman of thirty-eight, and he is eligible for coast-guard service, or can get employ as a quartermaster in a mail steamer or in other ways. Neither officer nor man is the rough and somewhat objectionable personage of Smollett and Marryat; the seaman being, as we have seen, well educated for his class and fairly prosperous to boot. It is true he freely garnishes his speech with weighty expletives, and a sanguinary if unmeaning adjective, commencing with "b" and ending with "y," is in one dictionary defined as a term of endearment amongst seamen; but these modes of expression mean little, and fall far short in profanity of the *argot* of the Western cowboy. Jack also delighteth in strong waters, a taste which he can seldom gratify, for his allowance is but half a gill of Jamaica rum a day, qualified by twice as much water. He manages to enjoy an occasional feast of Bacchus notwithstanding. Reasoning that it's no use taking two bites at a cherry, the cook for the day and his mate, who bring the allowance of grog for their mess, drink nearly the whole amount, growing hilarious later on; they then possess their souls in patience during another week or two till their turn comes round again. Similarly birthdays are observed. We once knew a steady old marine, the first lieutenant's servant. He showed every sign of incipient delirium-tremens, yet had not left the ship for six months. His master thereupon locked up the mahogany polish—a filthy mixture of oil, turpentine, and spirit, which he had kept unguarded in his cabin—and the man amended from that hour. But Jack ashore is rather to be pitied. He has not left the deck for months, we will say, and confinement has grown intolerable. Then the ship reaches a convenient harbor, and each watch is in turn given forty-eight hours' leave ashore. Money

is drawn unsparingly from the bank, and Jack enjoys his holiday—such as it is. He pays extortionate prices for vile filth called brandy, and is lulled to rest by hideous houris on the filthy floor of a seamen's dancing-hall, being probably relieved during his stertorous repose of the coin not yet thieved from him in his waking moments. There are self-respecting lads, however, who refuse to be cajoled into folly, but they regard a holiday as a dubious advantage, a sailor being held fair game by the swarm of crimps and touters that buzz around the landing-place. The superior seaman illegally arrays himself in a suit of civilian's clothes, and the officer who may chance to meet him winks at the breach of discipline and is judiciously blind for the nonce. And then Jack's matrimonial conceptions are peculiar—or, rather, have adapted themselves to his peculiar conditions. Did the reader ever peruse Hume's *Essay on Marriage*? We knew once an Arab trader between Madagascar and Bombay. This was his year: A run north before one monsoon and another south with the other, with five months' rest at either port. His circumstances dictated a Hindoo wife in India and a Hottentot spouse in Africa, and the arrangement worked pretty well in the polygamous East. Cæsar in his Commentaries says that the original residents of Britain lived in socialistic communities of a score or so, half of either sex, somewhat analogous to Plato's conception of a model state. Well, the old sailor, on being reproved by the parson for his over-uxorious tastes, indignantly retorted:

“In every port I've got but one,
But I'm promised a dozen in Fiddler's green!”

So naval matrimony is a union *sui generis*, either party recognizing its exceptional nature, and making corresponding allowances for the conduct of the other. The man remits half his pay to his wife, enjoying in return the consciousness that he has a home and family somewhere which he may visit for a few weeks every three or four years, and to which he may retire, his term of service expired. The wife draws her thirty shillings a month, takes in washing, gossips with other sailors' wives, and takes an amiable interest in the marines and blue-jackets of the harbor ships—“the service” being regarded as one large family.

The officers, whose moral conceptions are naturally of a higher order, ordinarily recognize the fact that the navy and matrimony do not run easily in double harness, and it often happens that a lieutenant who has succumbed to some siren's charms sickens

of the unnatural life after one seagoing commission and retires, the service thus losing a useful officer, who tries on the shore his 'prentice hand at some department of commerce with indifferent success.

The day's routine on board ship begins at four o'clock by a commotion on the upper deck, which is liberally swilled with endless buckets of salt water and holystoned until it becomes a standing marvel how any deck remains, but the characteristic snow-white aspect of a man-of-war's deck is the result. The bugler sounds the *reveillé* at dawn, and this signal is remarkably pretty and inspiriting. When a fleet is together there is a race between the buglers of the different vessels which will conclude the soonest. Turning out in the dark chill mornings on the English coast is dreary work, for it is almost always winter; and for that matter, in those regions and seasons, it is dismal all day long—the upper deck enwrapped in a fog or dank from the dripping cordage, whilst below all is enfolded in gloom. Scarce a ray of second-hand sunshine penetrates to the lower deck, whilst a square patch of subdued light falls on the centre of the ward-room table, leaving the remainder of the apartment in Stygian darkness. Of all drab existences that in a guard-ship at some remote point on the English coast is the most sombre, and one is held fortunate the while for being on home service. Of course, at the two great naval stations of Portsmouth and Plymouth, where there are bustling dockyards, a great number of ships, and large garrisons, besides very considerable towns with civilian society, it is far different. But instance the case of a dull, obscure station at which the writer once droned out existence for a considerable period. At eight o'clock the married officers came off from the shore to breakfast, a cheerful repast enough, with abundance of good fare and interchange of ship and shore news; at nine was divisions, when the ship's company fell in on deck for inspection and the chaplain—or, if there were none, the commanding officer—recited a few collects. All then pursued their various avocations till lunch—another substantial repast—at one. Then followed gossiping, casting dice for glasses of sherry, and smoking at the appointed place on deck, where chairs were provided. In the afternoon some sought the shore, wandering mournfully along the one monotonous road, bounded as it was by sea and muddy estuary on either hand. At dinner the party was smaller, only the inmates of the ship being present, eight out of a mess of thirteen; but occasionally there were guest nights, when the steward excelled himself with choice fish, game, and toothsome

confections, and we entertained some artillery officers and country squires of the vicinity. There was naturally an exchange of hospitality in due course, making a break in the dull round of existence.

About eight times a year we used to steam some miles out to sea for gun practice, the concussion shattering a few windows in the town, and on one occasion throwing down a pile of round-shot in the antiquated old fort.

The African coast is usually regarded as the naval penal settlement, yet we enjoyed a great deal of fun there in spite of fever and mosquitoes. Neither of these drawbacks is encountered when fairly out at sea, but when they do appear they mean business. The writer got a drenching from a tropical rain one afternoon, and at divisions next morning toppled helplessly into the quartermaster's arms; and, on recovering intelligence some weeks later, learned that he had most narrowly escaped, thanks to quinine, champagne, and untiring attention, a boat-voyage across the Styx. One of our lieutenants, on boat-service and in the last stage of weakness, heard in an interval of delirium this conversation between a sub-lieutenant and a midshipman: "Have you got a prayer-book handy, old fellow?" "Well, no; but I think a spade will be more to the purpose," was the rejoinder. This roused the sick man's indignation, and, vowing to cheat these ghoulish messmates, he began to amend forthwith. Extreme joy may have the same effect as wrath. One of our "subs" was in a pitiful condition from dysentery on the coast of Madagascar, attended by two blue-jackets, and fed alternately with prawn curry and mangoes by an obese Hottentot lady. But we sailed into the harbor with our friend's promotion on board, which so effectually revived him that on his arrival at home soon after his admiring sisters regarded him as a second Hercules. Another method of treating disease is to disregard it. "How's your liver, old boy?" said an officer in India to a jaundiced messmate one morning. "Oh, bad, bad! confounded bad!" was the reply, "I've just drunk a couple of bottles of beer to float the beggar!" Liver trouble, undoubtedly, is often the result of over-eating and drinking, but not invariably so. It is a ghastly experience to be talking to a man one day and the next to see him carved up and his liver a mass of abscesses—yet, then, he is only a "subject." We knew three officers in one battery at a garrison town in Southern India who were all afflicted with the fell disorder; one died in India and the other two were invalided home with us in the same mail-steamer. The young veterinary

surgeon was an officer of splendid courage, and, in the absence of the doctor, would sometimes draw off nigh on a pint of matter from his own side, and he would never groan except at night, when he thought every one asleep. He just lasted by an effort to see his friends at Southampton, and died next day. The case of the captain was sadder. He succumbed during the year, leaving a courageous young wife and a fine little boy. He had lived long in India, drinking, by his own showing, ten or twelve bottles of Bass a day. How can any liver stand such inflammatory applications? In an enervating climate the craving for stimulants becomes intense; add to this the wearing monotony of long sea-voyages, and the marvel is, not that a few officers acquire a taste for strong waters, but that these instances should be exceptional. The Hindoos, with two spare daily meals of rice and curry and avoidance of stimulants, live in harmony with their surroundings, and their example might be laid to heart with advantage by our own people resident in the East. Our mess reduced its daily meals to two—breakfast at eleven and dinner at seven, with a cup of coffee and a biscuit on rising—and found this more agreeable and healthful than the regulation three meals a day. A divine there was in the ship who used to moan piteously: "Fifteen hours without food!" but took care to make ample amends when the flesh-pots appeared. As a result of his gluttony he fell into a similar condition to that of the prophet Job, his servant being fully occupied in dressing his sores. A debauch of plum-pudding during the temporary absence of the surgeon nearly terminated the career and sermons of the cleric, and he was finally sent home as of no further service.

The Arabs are models of temperance, the wealthiest of them faring as simply as their slaves. Intoxicants are forbidden, sherbet being their favorite beverage. However, the Sultan of Zanzibar's brother was solemnly reproved when he came ashore after a dinner in the British flag-ship. He pleaded in vain that English sherbet was far more tasty than that of his own people, and that, if its effect on him was to render his path devious and his step uncertain, it was, doubtless, from want of practice; but the stern doctors of Islam decided that the line must be drawn somewhere, and that the sherbet of *la Veuve Clicquot* was a drink forbidden to the sons of the prophet. In external observance the Moslem is unequalled, and one has seen with surprise a naked negro performing the prescribed ritual at the hour of prayer in a coal-lighter, under a burning sky. Sometimes this scrupulosity

is annoying, as when, at one of the Comoro Islands, a richly-arrayed Arab appeared on board, displaying a probably satirical testimonial from the British admiral of the station commending to the good offices of all whom it might concern "His grace the Lord Archbishop of Johanna." Nothing would the man eat or drink that we could offer him; the food had been cooked by Christians, the coffee roasted by them; nor would he drink water from a tumbler unless assured that it had never been used by one of ourselves. At last his private servant seized on an orange, and with his own knife divesting it of its peel, proffered it to the holy man, his master. But the treatment of the female slaves exposed for sale in the old slave-market of Zanzibar was too disgusting to be tolerated, and some passing blue-jackets, witnessing these atrocities, "sailed in," smote off the shackles from the captives' ankles, and sent off the Arabs in ignominious flight. "Verily," said the latter afterwards, in wonderment, "God is great to have created so remarkable a set of men as the English."

The Anglican bishop was an indefatigable worker, who drew up a Swahili grammar and erected a printing-press at one of the mission houses. He used to address crowded assemblies of Arabs in the new church on Fridays—the Arab Sunday—and he told us that the genealogies in the Gospels had more interest for them than any other part of the Bible. However, they naturally enjoyed a harangue on Abraham, Jacob, or Solomon. There Christian and Moslem met on common ground; but if any leading Arab had openly declared for Christ he would have been knifed to a certainty. There was a French missionary establishment, an offshoot of *La Société du Saint Esprit*, at Paris. They had also a large Christian village at Bagamoyo, twenty miles off on the mainland. The reason these missions are mentioned is that in various ways they were related to the navy. For instance, the English mission had its schools for girls and boys, liberated slaves handed over to them by the British cruisers, or rather by Sir John Kirk, the British consul-general, for all slave captures were passed over to the consular court to be adjudicated on. The French mission, also, had its boys' establishment. A dim knowledge of the ancient French and English rivalry had become known, somehow or other, to the swarthy and odoriferous young gentlemen at the English mission, who regarded baptism as conferring on them the full privileges of Britons. One Sunday they, to the number of some half a hundred, were walking two and two from town to their country home, looking most picturesque in their

red fezes and white embroidered waist-cloths. They met a similar array of youths in blue blouses and trousers and black glazed hats, attended by various Parisian clerics and lay brethren in black soutanes. These latter naturally exchanged salutations with the English missionary, and their boys likewise doffed their hats to him. The British neophytes, however, passed the others with stolid apathy, not even deigning to give them a friendly nod. Their tutor then halted them and remonstrated with them for their churlishness. "Why could you not salute the French gentlemen as their boys did me?" To whom, after a pause, a young negro replied: "We do not understand that, sir; but if you should say, 'Give stick,' we would give very much!"

The Arabs treat their slaves more as poor relations than otherwise. They can earn money for themselves, and old Bucket, the pilot of Zanzibar, was himself a slave. Yet he owned serfs of his own, and arrayed in turban, bare legs, and an English naval officer's old blue coat, he cut a certain figure. The cruelty of the system is most apparent in the capture of the slaves, their transit to the coast, and thence by dhow to the point of destination. One of our "subs" captured a large slaver near Madagascar and boarded her. The delighted negroes danced around him so frantically that he was hurled from deck to deck to the bottom of the dhow, a veritable Augean stable; his uniform had to be thrown away, and he himself swam, dived, and plunged around for half an hour in order to cleanse himself. It is not always, however, that the slaves wish to be liberated. The Arabs say to them: "The Feringees want to get you. They would give you plenty to eat. Why? They wish to make you very fat, and then they will eat you!" So when some of our boats drove a slaver ashore on Pemba Island Arabs and slaves alike made for the woods, and nothing worth mentioning was captured. The blue-jackets gashed their bare feet woefully in scrambling over the coral-reefs. A midshipman pursued an Arab, discharging every chamber of his revolver without effect. The other then turned to retaliate, but his sword was rusted into its scabbard and would not move. A seaman then appeared with a rifle, but he had no cartridges; so finally the Arab was knocked over with its butt-end. Occasionally these fights are very bloody. At French Island, the naval burying-ground at Zanzibar, we were once assisting in whitewashing the headboards. One of them was in memory of a captain of the foretop who had been killed in a dhow action. As the man-o'-war's boat grappled with the slaver every one of her crew was speared from above, their posi-

tion placing them completely at the mercy of the Arabs. The rule was then made that boats should cruise in pairs, one lying off on engaging a dhow, so as to protect the boarding party by their fire. The seaman we mentioned was an admiral's son and had been an officer. For wild conduct he lost his commission, and then re-entered the service in a humbler character, like the captain of the *Pinafore*. His messmates' request on his heroic death that his real, distinguished name might be inscribed on his tomb in place of his assumed one was disallowed. He was borne on the ship's books as plain John New, and such he must remain.

There is prize-money for slaving work, which is divided in fixed proportions between the ship's company—from the captain, who receives a tithe of the whole, to the schoolmaster and cook. The prize-money may be taken at will—either £6 10s. per ton on the tonnage of the dhow, or £5 per head on the slaves. When the carpenter is sent to measure a dhow (which is afterwards sunk) it is astonishing to new arrivals how her tonnage mounts up; but, after all, the prize-money is little enough to repay the men for their arduous work, and there is slight harm in forming a generous estimate of the prize's bulk. Whilst the boats keep the sea the work is healthy enough and they will make runs of over one thousand miles. But several of our boats went down head first, or were destroyed on the coral-reefs and part of their crews lost. Then men get moon-blind from exposure, paralyzed from wet and chill, or even lose their reason. When lying near the malarious shore two doses of quinine a day are of obligation, but Jack, misliking its bitter flavor, will throw the potion over his shoulder, unless watched, and chance the fever. One of our Seedee boys (black seaman) gained the Humane Society's medal by heroic conduct. A dhow, hard pressed, threw three children into the sea as a sop to Cerberus; the boats, however, sailed on and eventually completed the capture. But the negro leapt overboard and held up two out of the three castaways until the boats were at liberty to struggle back to his rescue against a strong head wind. These native seamen are unequalled as lookouts for slavers, their keen eyes discerning a distant object when a white man is conscious of nothing. Then for painting a ship's side under a tropical sun or other exposed work they are invaluable. Those from the west African coast, called Kroomen, are superior to the east coast men. Their discipline is left much to themselves, the head Krooman with a rope's end enforcing his behests. We had some half-dozen boys, obtained from slave dhows, whom the

captain clothed and maintained, designing them for future interpreters. Their mission was to act as cockroach-hunters in ordinary, and on Monday morning they appeared on the quarterdeck, each dangling a crawling chain composed of hundreds of these noisome pests, the one who displayed the largest list of victims receiving a rupee from the first lieutenant. Besides devouring boots and book-bindings and bestowing their unsavory odor on every object they touch, cockroaches are capable of some personal injury. The writer once woke from such a repulsive insect crawling into his mouth, while the paymaster, in toeless felt slippers, limped cripplewise for weeks, the animals having during the night gnawed the skin from his feet.

Interpreters, who also act as spies, are employed in slave-dhow chasing, and often gain intelligence of some hidden cove where a slave-landing is to be attempted. Pemba Island, north of Zanzibar, was a favorite *point d'appui* of the slavers. This lovely spice island is more suited for nefarious seafarers than any place in the world, and here Captain Kidd has left his concealed treasure. The eastern sea-face of the island is an unapproachable cliff. Towards the mainland the coast is deeply indented with sinuous channels, rendered impervious to strangers by hidden coral-reefs. Hence the pirate, apprized by his lookouts of the approaching Indiaman, used to issue out in his swift schooner; he was, ordinarily, successful, but if overpowered, his retreat was assured. An interpreter once volunteered to pilot a captured dhow up a river, with whose channel he declared himself familiar. Perching himself aloft like a dignified monkey, he magisterially advised the helmsman, "Port! port! starboard!"—then growing confused, "port a little, I think; I no certain!" and ran the prize high and dry onto a sandbank, being speedily kicked into the river to dodge the crocodiles by the irate blue-jackets for his reward.

Both Arabs and negroes are utterly improvident, taking no thought for the morrow. Doubtless, great part of the misery experienced by slave caravans is due more to their failing to duly provision the convoy than from any innate cruelty. We were on a shooting party up a river and had with us a Seedee boy. He disappeared, probably impelled by an instinctive love of freedom, leaving better pay than he could get elsewhere and a quantity of clothes and money in the ship. He was, most likely, eventually seized and enslaved by an ivory caravan that crossed the river hard by our boats. Ivory is marked by each trader with his particular brand. Even were this cut away, its absence would be noticed and lead to detection. Some thieves who robbed an

ivory train were unable to dispose of their plunder, and one sees valuable tusks lying with perfect security in the mud in the bazaars at Zanzibar. These narrow lanes possess a perpetual interest. The moneyed class is mainly composed of British subjects from India, showily attired in bright-colored silks. But the Arabs are the most imposing figures of all in build, demeanor, and apparel. They, however, have little business energy, being nothing but warriors. The Hindoo bankers are at a decided disadvantage. As British subjects they cannot own slaves, but here the labor goes with the land. A banker forecloses a mortgage on an Arab and acquires his estate; the British consul at once dispossesses him of the slaves, and he is left with land without labor, a useless possession. Great havoc was wrought by a hurricane, and on an estate known to us only four per cent. of the cocoanut-trees were left standing. As these properties are valued by trees and not by acres, and as they do not attain maturity under fifteen years, this implied ruin to many. Three hundred dhows were in harbor, about to proceed to Bombay. These were all wrecked and their crews drowned; only one vessel, an English merchantman, rode out the gale, her engines at full steam and she at anchor. Next year the cholera decimated the filthy place, and the natives, observing that white men enjoyed immunity, whitewashed their sick to delude the devil into the belief that they were Feringees, whom he would be afraid to afflict. There was a little French contractor and storekeeper at Zanzibar, resident there thirty years. He appeared a walking embodiment of filthy malaria and seemed to thrive on it, and it was supposed that a return to wholesome European air would be his death. On the mainland there was recreation, and game in abundance. We once counted twenty-six hippopotami in one herd, and, with an eighteen-pound elephant gun lent us by the British consul-general, secured one of them, whose jaw was borne off as a trophy. Our captain, being up a river in his galley, shot a hippopotamus cow; the week-old calf naturally remained with the carcass, and was given by the captain to a French lay-brother who was with him. He, assisted by natives, conveyed the calf to the Bagamoyo mission, where, dining a few months later, we found the little fellow in a comfortable tank. He answered to his name, followed us indoors like a dog, and fed from a bottle on milk and flour. He eventually was lodged in the zoölogical gardens at Berlin, the mission making a large sum by his sale. But our work was the suppression of the slave-trade, a task the German government has now tardily undertaken, inviting the

countrymen of Wilberforce, with sufficient assurance, to assist them, as if it were a new idea.

Our first lieutenant, after virtually living on the coast since his boyhood, say some dozen years, deservedly obtained his promotion, and is now a distinguished C. B. and post captain. He was known on the coast as Mumbo, was several times wounded and thrown from slave-dhows into the sea, and understood the native thoroughly. With them leniency is evidence not of humanity but of fear, and forbearance would be misplaced. Our captain—a man of five feet nothing, and later an Egyptian admiral—knew his work to a nicety. He had no fear and no mercy for himself or his crew. Once he wished to speak with the chief of a disaffected port; the attempt was extremely hazardous. Leaving his boat he entered the crowd on the beach unattended, having ordered the officer in attendance to keep afloat and fire on the mob, himself included, in case of his being attacked—an unpleasant position to place his lieutenants in, truly. To the chief's messengers, requiring his presence in that dignitary's house, the captain replied that he would see the Arab on the beach, and calling for a light for his pipe, calmly awaited his arrival. This action produced the required effect; weakness would have resulted in disaster.

The work was by no means a picnic, as some supposed. One man was three hundred and twenty days on boat service in a single twelvemonth; and at one time the dingy and captain's galley were the only boats remaining in the second ship on the station, and in case of fire we should have either roasted or drowned. This work peculiarly develops the characteristic individuality of the seaman, officer and man, in which he is the antipodes of the mechanical soldier. Jack, though disciplined in a way, thinks for himself, and might refuse obedience to an incompetent officer. But Lord Wolseley says there is none such in the navy, giving as a reason that a ship's commission never exceeds four years, and a useless officer after one trial would never be again employed; whereas in the army an ignoramus, if respectable in conduct, may vegetate in his regiment until superannuated. The blue-jacket is infinitely more helpful and full of resource than Tommy Atkins; he can make a good dinner of an old saddle, and on a campaign the naval brigade is always cheery when his red-coated brother is in the dumps. But his independent conduct is the despair of the luckless soldier-officer who may chance to be left in command of him. Some blue-jackets were passing under a hedge in East Africa from which

their commander anticipated that fire would open at any moment, consequently he wished to get them clear of it without loss of time. "Come, double up there, double up!" he shouted to a deliberate seaman, picking his way barefooted over the flinty ground. "Them may run as has boots on," retorted Jack to his superior; "I'm not going to gash my feet for any one!"—and he didn't. The officers are not Ciceros and seldom make a good after-dinner speech. But they can, on occasion, harangue their men with laconic effect. Thus, during the Egyptian operations a captain thus bespoke his command: "Lads, there's the enemy. We have to fight him and he outnumbered us ten to one. I'm not much used to speaking, but this I will say: we're now in the land of Egypt, and if you don't fight like demons we shall soon be in the house of bondage!"

LIFE.

THE crag which moulders piecemeal to the wave
Heeds not the tide that works its slow decay,
But stands majestic o'er the secret cave
Sapping its base of ages day by day.
The flower which yields its perfume to the ray
Breathes forth its generous sweetness not more slow
That with each breath it gives some life away
And draws a limit to its summer glow.
So be our lives a love forth breathing still,
Though moments are the cancellers of years;
So—worn, perchance—stand calm the God-based will
Above earth's sapping tide of woes and fears;
Whate'er the Master hath to each ordained,
Working, in high or low—the lowliest not disdained.

FRANK WATERS.

JEWISH PREPONDERANCE.*

THIS book is the first part of a work on "Jewish preponderance," and is the sequel to *L'Entrée des Israélites dans la Société Française* (The Admission of Israelites into French Society) by the same author, who, as well as his brother Augustin, is a distinguished French convert from Judaism. Both are now zealous Catholic priests in the diocese of Lyons. As a detailed, well-written narrative of the historical facts connected with the entire removal in France of former Jewish disabilities it is very instructive and interesting. In the preface the author quotes the resolutions on the Israelitish question passed by the members of provincial assemblies at a meeting held during the centennial last year, which were confined to and were condemnatory, in view of national interests, of the influence exerted by Jewish bankers on the financial operations, loans, and purchases of the state, and proclaimed the need of putting an end to it. He then formally states that Jewish preponderance had for its parents the declaration of the rights of man and un-Christianized France, its birthplace the hall of the national assembly, and that the throes of its birth lasted from 14th August, 1789, to 27th September, 1791. The Jews have joined company with revolution in the latter's tour around the world, predicted by Mirabeau, and have derived promotive assistance and all manner of advantages from the alliance. He quotes from the *Univers* of 11th May, 1889, a description of present Jewish preponderance, in consequence of which "M. de Rothschild and his coreligionists are in our day more really masters in France than the president of the republic and his ministers." The author's thesis may be summarized as follows: Louis XVI. desired the removal of Jewish disabilities, and had made a beginning of the work in 1784 by a royal decree abolishing the special personal tolls to which they were subjected, and by his *lettres-patentes* providing for the regulation and betterment of their condition in Alsace. He had given in charge to a commission selected from his council of state and presided over by his minister Malesherbes, to study out the best and safest way to accomplish the desired end; and the one settled upon would manifestly have been *gradual and tentative*, neither imperiling

* *La Prépondérance Juive*. Par l'Abbé Joseph Lémann. Paris: Victor Lecoffre. 1889.

nor disordering the interests and fundamental condition of a Christian nation. While granting to Jews, natives of France, *as French citizens* the enjoyment of the rights to be domiciled anywhere in the kingdom, to own a homestead and realty, to sit in primaries, be admitted into guilds of the fine and mechanical arts, to take leases of land, exercise any legitimate industry, and practise their religion undisturbed and without hindrance, it would have withheld from them eligibility to offices of political, administrative, or judicial character; because the functions of such should always be permeated and directed by principles of Christian morality. But the *Assemblée Constituante* took from the monarch's hands the work which he was having carefully studied and prudently considered, and based its action on the principles involved in its "declaration of the rights of man and of the citizen," which were of general and not particular application. In this document the name of our blessed Redeemer does not appear, nor was it ever mentioned in the course of the debates prior to its adoption, which lasted several months; so that while banishing him, as it afterwards turned out, from the political programme and rejecting him as the corner-stone of their legislation, the *Assemblée Constituante*, after long hesitation, let in the Jews at once, unconditionally and on a basis of perfect equality, into the social and political life of France, a nation whose civilization, past history, traditions, and memories were so out-and-out Christian and Catholic. The author places in contrast with the "declaration" the Salic law decreed by the Franks, which opens its preamble with "Long live Christ, who loves the Franks." In 1785, a year after Louis XVI. had taken the initiative above explained, the Royal Society of Science and of Arts of Metz had given out for competitive essays this question: "Is there any way to render Jews in France more useful and happier?" Two years' time was allotted to do the work. It is believed that the selection of Metz for this movement had some connection with the memory of Raphael Levy, who in 1669 was tried and convicted for abducting and killing a Christian boy three years old, and was sentenced to be burnt alive, which severe mode of death penalty for special great crimes was then quite usual among the nations of Europe. He suffered death in that way on 17th January, 1670, asserting his innocence up to the very last moment. The Jews of Strasburg, a city in which during four centuries they were not allowed to stop overnight, but had to leave as soon as the signal was given by sound of trumpet, probably also influenced the choice of Metz. At the expiration

of the time appointed seven essays were handed in, but instead of awarding to the writers of the two considered best the prizes which they had earned their work was returned to them for further improvement, and the time extended to 1788. These proceedings were animated and directed throughout by a spirit of philosophic liberalism. Of nine essays ultimately received by the judges three only were crowned as laureates. Their authors were Gregoire, curate of Embermenil; Thierry, a councillor of the parliament of Nancy, and Zalkind Houritz, a Polish Jew residing in Paris. Gregoire's essay was entitled *An Essay on the Physical, Moral, and Political Regeneration of the Jews*. The Jews in France, who up to that time had been very obsequious to Malesherbes, turned their attention to the Abbé Gregoire as a more eligible and active champion. It is proper to mention here that the declaration of rights which gave them their great opportunity, and which had not a word about duties, was intended by those who first demanded it to be confined exclusively to the rights of the *nation*. But three secret-society men, Lafayette, Mounier, and Sièyes, inspired with the ideas expressed by Rousseau in the *Contrat Social* and *Émile*, by which the minds and consciences of many had, then been perverted, sought to give as the object of the rights set forth in the declaration the universal and abstract one of "man and the citizen." Twenty-eight out of thirty committees to which the document was referred condemned it for that and other reasons, but when it came up to be passed upon in public session the members of the assembly allowed themselves to be intimidated by threats vociferated from the boisterous public in the galleries, and after the rejection by five hundred and seventy votes against four hundred and thirty-three of an amendment defining duties correlative to the rights, the wording was adopted as presented. After this preliminary instructive introduction, inclusive of a long illustration from the manner in which the destruction of Troy was brought about by the Trojans themselves, which parallel, like the wooden horse filled with armed men, might better have been left out, the narrative of historical facts in their successive order is proceeded with.

In 1779, after the convocation by Louis XVI. of the *États Généraux*, the Jews of Alsace-Lorraine and Les Trois Évêchés, moved thereto by Gregoire, elected, in the separate mode provided by law in their case, six deputies to go to Paris and lay before the *États Généraux* their *cahier*; or memorial, which form of setting forth grievances had been adopted throughout France.

The deputies from Alsace were D. Sintzheim and S. Seligman Wittersheim; from Lorraine, Mayer Marx and Berr-Isaac-Berr; from Metz and Les Trois Évêchés, Goudchaux, Mayer Cahn, and Louis Wolf. When they reached Versailles, where the assembly was in session, they found there Gregoire, to whom the keeper of the seal had sent their *cahier de doléances*, and they stopped at his house. There had arisen prior to 1787 in Alsace, in the village of Sundgau, a great excitement against the Jews on account of their usurious dealings. Peasant debtors there had been persuaded by evil advisers to fraudulently cancel their indebtedness by using receipts to which the signatures of Jewish loaners had been forged. Louis XVI. found it necessary to interfere and see justice done by the high court of Colmar to both contending parties, and, after a very important trial of the case, a decree was rendered 28th of August, 1787, by which the matter was believed to be definitely settled. But the troubles continued. In more than twenty villages the peasants arose against the Jews and drove them out; hundreds of them took refuge in the city of Basle, where they were kindly received and treated. In the village of Uffholtz it was found necessary to have recourse for protection of Jewish villagers to a military force. Gregoire's first hearing before the assembly in behalf of his clients took place at the morning session of the 3d of August, 1789. Its members just then were greatly excited by information received that in the provinces *chateaux* had been burned, convents destroyed, and farms pillaged. The business in order of the session preceding (of 1st August) had been the drawing up of a constitution, and the question first debated was, Should it begin with the declaration of the rights of man and the citizen? Fifty-six speakers had asked to be heard. Gregoire ascended the tribune, holding anonymous letters in his hand, and asked permission to read them. There arose immediately a general outcry that they should be thrown into the fire, as the best place for them. Gregoire in the evening of that same day again addressed the assembly, and, referring to the deeds of violence and destruction said to have taken place in the provinces, he brought in the subject of the pillage of the property of Jews in Alsace, and closed with the following appeal: "As a minister of a religion which views all men as brethren I call, on this occasion, on the assembly to intervene in behalf of an exiled and unhappy people." This had no effect on the assembly. At the night session of the day following (4th of August) took place the voluntary, enthusiastic, and unanimous relinquishment by the nobility, clergy, and also

the *tiers état*, or commoners, of all their respective privileges. The declaration of rights was adopted at the end of the same month, and on the following morning Gregoire rose and moved that, consistently, the Jews should be made beneficiaries thereunder by the grant to them of full civil rights. The assembly refused to allow the motion to be read. Gregoire then had it printed in the form of an address to the public and circulated. On the 26th of August the Jews resident in Paris, about five hundred in number, handed in a petition for removal of disabilities; and about the same time the Jews in Alsace had printed and circulated in that province an address, very conciliatory in tone and promises. The assembly took no notice of the petition, and the address to the Alsatians only increased their exasperation. All this time every attempt of the six Jewish deputies stopping at Versailles to be admitted into the hall of the assembly had been unsuccessful. The atrocious events at Versailles on the 6th of October following had so horrified members that one hundred and twenty of them left their seats vacant and failed to attend. On the 14th of October the indefatigable Gregoire obtained permission for the deputation he was patronizing to have a hearing before the assembly, and an eloquent, carefully-drawn-up address was read by Berr-Isaac-Berr, chairman of the deputation. The effect produced was favorable, and the temporary speaker of the assembly replied that the subject of the address would have consideration. Gregoire then asked that as no day could then be named for this, at least a promise should be given that the matter would be taken up before the close of the session. This met with some opposition, but was granted. At the sittings in Paris—to which the assembly had removed from Versailles—on the 21st, 23d, and 24th of December (Christmas eve) the subject of granting to Jews full civil rights came up as the regular business. Similar petitions were also, and at the same time, given a hearing from three other petitioning classes, viz.: Protestants, comedians, and the public executioner. Protestants and Jews were deprived of civil rights because their religious belief was held to be in opposition to the fundamental law and customs of the realm; and the two other parties, because of their respective occupations, were up to that time viewed as infamous. As a means of applying the death penalty the guillotine had been adopted only a few days before. On the 24th of December the assembly accorded the relief prayed for by all the petitioners except the Jews, who were deeply wounded by the delay in their case and expressed themselves bitterly about it. The assembly was shortly afterwards merged

into the *Assemblée Constituante* of 1,118 members, and it is a curious fact that, although the latter passed with most imprudent haste radical measures sweeping away old-established institutions, whose subversion needed at least a year's study and consideration or more, it seemed greatly puzzled and hesitating what conclusion to come to in the Jews' matter. Thirty-five members, including Robespierre and Mirabeau, all Freemasons, are on record as having spoken in behalf of the Jews; Mirabeau, in particular, advocated their cause with great force and devotedness. Gregoire went so far as to propose that the decree for relief should be discussed and passed on St. Bartholomew's day, which implied a calumnious charge on the church. His own bishop, Mgr. De la Fare, Bishop of Nancy, spoke in opposition to him and deplored his obstinacy. The prominent leaders of the opposition were the Abbé Maury and Rewbell, the latter a native of and deputy from Alsace.

At different times during the interval between the 24th December, 1789, and the 27th September, 1791, fourteen motions were unsuccessfully made to have the question up for discussion and final vote. This hesitation is not ascribed by the author to religious motives, but because of the detestation of Jews in Alsace, where they had ground down the peasantry by enormous usury, and had become mortgagees on their lands to an aggregate amount of 12,000,000 livres. Moreover, the Jews did not seem to be agreed as to what they wanted. Some wanted to preserve their privileges and old customs, which desire their co-religionists in Bordeaux denounced as very unreasonable; in Alsace, Metz, and Lorraine they wished their rabbis to continue to exercise judicial functions, about which point the Jews of Paris did not care at all. Meanwhile, they became neither tired nor discouraged by this legislative delay in their case, and the management passed into the hands of men of their faith in Paris. They kept up petitioning with implacable arrogance, appealing to the principles involved in the declaration of rights, watched for legislative opportunities, placed some money where it would do most good, and finally determined to try to bring pressure from the faubourgs and the commune on the assembly. In this revolutionary method they found a leader and adviser in a Jacobin, a young lawyer named Godard, with whom Cerfberr got in close intercourse. Godard, in order to do away with the general belief that Jews would and could never be made soldiers of, enrolled fifty of those in Paris in the National Guard, dressed them in uniforms with tri-colored cockades in their hats, and one

day, when the assembly of the commune was sitting, came with them into the hall. Abbé Mulot, who presided over the meeting, after Godard had delivered his address welcomed him and his followers, promised them assistance, and another priest, Abbé Bertolio, arose and spoke in their favor. The next step under the direction of Godard was to canvass the forty-eight sections of Paris for signatures approving of their cause. This had been tried thirty years before, but had failed in consequence of the firm opposition of the six guilds of merchants and of traders of Paris. But this second trial proved a success; all the sections of Paris but one, that inhabited by dealers in old clothes, gave unanimously their friendly support. The municipal government of Paris, under the mayoralty of Bailly, was induced to pass a resolution urging the assembly not to keep the Jews' business any longer in suspense. On the 25th February, 1790, a deputation from the commune, headed by its president, Abbé Mulot, and Godard, appeared before the assembly, and presented a petition having for its object to hurry up action on the part of the latter body. It was signed by four commissaires, Godard, Duveyrier, and the Abbés Bertolio and Fauchet. Talleyrand, who was in the chair, received the delegation graciously, but no action was had then, nor in reply to three following applications. About that time Talleyrand got a decree passed granting entire unrestricted freedom of public worship, and thereupon the Jews in Paris promptly obtained a spacious and conspicuously-situated building and turned it into a synagogue. Up to that time their worship had always been carried on in secluded, out-of-the-way places. On this newly-obtained privilege they rested an argument against withholding the other rights asked for. On the 27th September following, the day preceding the final adjournment of the assembly, a Jacobin named Du Port, by birth a noble, an able and intelligent man and an inexorable logician, arose and moved consideration of the subject of political rights for the Jews and that a decree be adopted granting them. Rewbell immediately opposed the motion, but Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely called him and all other opponents of the motion to order, on the ground that "they were thereby *opposing the Constitution.*" The Jewish question thus won the day; the decree was passed and made public by royal proclamation, dated even date and signed by Louis XVI., and countersigned by M. L. F. Du Port. On that very same day, by strange coincidence, the assembly accepted from Volney, who was a deputy of the Constituante, the homage of his book bearing the ominous title

of *Les Ruines*. Very soon thereafter a party of Jews, led by a son of Cerfberr, ascended the tower of the cathedral of Strasburg and broke in pieces the trumpet that had been sounded every evening to summon members of that faith to depart from the city. Louis XVI. in carrying out his gradual plan had in view the future of France. He would never have put the Christian and Jewish belief on the same level, as if one was as good as the other; he took into account the hostility of the latter to the religion of his realm, and would have kept Jews out of the government of the country. It is a singular fact that the old Talmudic Jews, and even Gregoire, favored gradual emancipation. Gregoire expressed his belief that it needed to be extended through two generations. Its sudden, unconditional accomplishment has this odious accompanying feature, that almost simultaneously war was begun against the religion of Christ, which was driven out of France, not to be restored until many years afterwards.

Drumont, in *La France Juive*, mentions that one of the very first measures attended to by the Jew-revolutionist Cremieux, when he became a member of the provisional government after the fall of Napoleon III., before the end of the war, was to get a decree passed giving rashly to the Jews in Algeria at once full civil rights, without regard to existing prejudices of the Arab population and the condition of things which had grown up there. The consequences were a rising of the Arabs under El Mograni; to put it down cost French blood and treasure, neither of which could well be spared at that time. B.

OUR SPIRITUAL DESERT PLACES.

THAT charity begins at home is a maxim the truth of which none can dispute. But it is a maxim often misread. Many good Christians, overlooking the word "begins," interpret it as practically excluding from their favor every work which lies not within the very shadow of their own church-steeple.

No doubt one whose means are very much circumscribed may be called upon, by reason of such grievous lack of fortune, to give exclusive consideration to home demands. But in other cases a broader liberality is more worthy; one resembling more the charity of God himself, which is all-embracing.

This truth is admirably expressed by the archbishops and bishops of the United States assembled in the last Council of Baltimore:

"The duties of a Christian begin with his own household and his own parish, but they do not end there. The charity and zeal in his heart must be like that in the heart of the church—whose very name is Catholic—like that in the heart of Christ, who 'died for all and who gave himself a redemption for all' (2 Cor. v. 15; 1 Tim. ii. 6)."

From this authoritative declaration it is manifest that all possessing sufficient means should look abroad as well as at home for worthy objects upon which to bestow their alms. Since the spiritual works of mercy are of higher rank than the merely corporeal, addressing themselves as they do to the eternal rather than the temporal welfare of men, it is indisputable that charity, especially that which goes abroad, should by preference direct itself to works which pertain to the spiritual order. It is for this reason that the church has been always so urgent in demands upon her children to support generously the missions in heathen lands; and this is why devoted Catholics have founded and so liberally maintained the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and other organizations of the same exalted character. It is practical application of the cardinal Christian principle expressed by our divine Lord himself when he propounded the momentous question: "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

The aiding in this way of the heathen should be regarded by

us as in the nature of satisfying a debt of gratitude. Our own ancestors, at one time or other, were pagans; and that they, receiving the light, have been able to transmit it to us is the result of the missionary zeal of older Christians in the far-gone generations.

But we need not proceed so far as China or Japan in order to find heathens in abundance. They exist throughout all Christendom. They are to be found in populous cities within the sound of many church-bells, and, of course, also in places where there is neither church nor priest. There is this difference, however: the heathen who has every opportunity for knowing and practising religion, and yet refuses or fails so to do, is more guilty by far than the one who is deprived of the helps to this end which Mother Church can give.

Indeed, this latter class appeal strongly to our Christian sympathy. Personal experience should teach every one of us how difficult it is, even with frequent instruction and with the holy Mass and the sacraments, to maintain our foothold. That same experience, at the same time, should convince us how much more difficult is this task for those who are absolutely deprived of all such moral helps.

There are in these United States many, very many, Catholics who are absolutely deprived of the ministrations of the church; this by reason of their residence afar from places in which Catholicism has gained a firm establishment. Many of our brethren practically see neither church nor priest; and very many others see them only when, for marriage or baptisms, they travel long distances, or when some minister of God strays, as it were, into their locality. Others, again, have the advantage of occasional visits only, from some missionary who has a number of scattered stations, demanding, all of them, equal attention.

This condition of affairs, so unfortunate for those affected, is due to the wideness of the field belonging to the church in these United States and to her present inability to completely cover it. One consequence is a heavy and continuous loss to the church, not only of individuals, but even of entire families.

When we consider the growth of Catholicism in this country and in our day we have cause for gratification. But there is a dark side as well as a bright to the picture. Had every Catholic immigrant who ever came to America, in all the years since the discovery, from Ireland, France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Italy, Belgium, Poland, and even England, remained true to the faith; and, further, had each left Catholic progeny be-

hind, how very different would now be the condition of the church in our midst!

The fact is, that while Catholic faith has been gaining tremendously in one direction, in another it has been losing. It is to be deplored greatly that circumstances were not such as to enable the church, while conquering in one field, to hold in all places and in every respect what originally was her own.

It is easy to divine the causes operating such heavy losses, and to reconcile at the same time the fact of their existence with the great progress shown in other directions. The rapid development of Catholic faith in particular localities is due to the multiplication of our churches and schools. The life of Catholicism is the holy sacrifice of the Mass and the sacraments and proper instruction from the authorized ministers of Almighty God. Wherever, therefore, the priest establishes himself there will Catholic faith spread and grow strong; wherever he is not, there religion must languish, and perhaps become extinct.

The Catholic immigrant, coming into a locality where he is alone of the faith, surrounded by anti-Catholic influences, marrying in most cases out of the fold, is apt to leave behind him a non-Catholic progeny. It is only a shade better in communities where there are several households more or less Catholic, but neither church nor school. The Catholic spirit in such localities will die down; and a few generations, under the same conditions, will probably find it entirely gone. If, however, before the damage becomes irreparable, a zealous and judicious priest arrives at last, the embers, by patient and careful nursing, can be usually brought again to life; and it frequently happens that not only are a majority of our own reclaimed, but numbers also from without are brought in, having then for the first time opportunity for knowing what Catholicism truly is.

A particular incident, by way of illustration, may not be amiss. Within the archdiocese of New Orleans there is a locality of mixed religious character, but with Catholics predominating among the whites. The chapel originally used by these people was many years without having Mass offered up within it; naturally it fell into a neglected condition, and finally went to pieces. Religion, as was to be expected, waned; the young people took to attending Protestant service, and were on the high road to loss of faith. Some five or six years ago a charitable society of New Orleans, which will be further on more fully referred to, established a free Catholic school in this locality. Its first sessions were in an abandoned negro cabin. But, humble as

was its beginning, this school served as an awakening influence, which developed rapidly under the zealous and fostering care of the good father residing in the nearest city, and having pastoral jurisdiction over a large rural area, including this particular spot. In short order the people came together, resolved to help themselves; a chapel and school-house, with sacristy and priest's apartment, were erected upon ten acres of land, a portion of the latter being substantially fenced. The land was donated, and the improvements have cost already more than two thousand dollars; and the work still is going on. These good people now have Mass from time to time, and many approach the holy sacraments; their children receive Catholic education, and especially proper preparation for first Communion. On Sundays when there is no Mass numbers of them assemble in their chapel for devotions and instruction, many non-Catholics participating. Our holy faith in that neighborhood is again dominant, and the conversions come to us instead of going the other way.

This case is referred to as an example. It is not the only one where gratifying results have been attained by the outlay of a little money by the missionary society already referred to. There can be no doubt but that there are thousands of localities throughout all our States and Territories where outside stimulation and assistance would work results equally gratifying. Were some share of the zeal and the wealth of Catholics well-circumstanced in life turned into such a channel we might behold in thousands of rural places now spiritually desert a similar revival and expansion of Catholic faith.

It is for Catholics a notable and happy sign of the times to behold the rapid expansion of missionary work among the rural populations of this country. Zealous priests are entering into new fields, and by their labors bringing the helps of religion to thousands of souls heretofore deprived. But how few of those who, as to practice of religion, are comfortably situated have any idea of the difficulties and hardships confronting these courageous servants of God entering thus upon new missions. They find, ordinarily, a Catholic population scattered, if not absolutely scanty, uninstructed, many of them, in the rudiments of religion, lukewarm, and imbued with Protestant or, perhaps, infidel notions, unaccustomed to contribute towards the support of church or school, or, what is more likely, unable so to do. How great a help and what a strong encouragement to such good priests, true imitators of the apostolic twelve, to have each month from outside charity a few dollars given to them for their missions, which shall en-

able them to at least live until they have been able to lay solid foundations for themselves. If the mass of wealthy Catholics could be made aware of the trials and actual sufferings endured by some of these apostles of our own land and time, as known to those who interest themselves specially in their welfare, it would arouse them to something like a proper generosity in this direction. Could the picture be shown them of a priest wading through the waters of our Louisiana lowlands, holding aloft his vestments and the sacred vessels to keep them dry, and hastening to make good a missionary appointment, they would be astonished. Could we show them a good father, under a hot southern sun, toiling at heavy timbers and boards in his efforts to erect a needed chapel, they would be greatly surprised. Could we invite them into the board shanty of another pious priest, with only a camp-bed, a rough table, and a few chairs, and could they see him doing his own cooking and his own washing, they would freely and at once open their purses.

And yet these are not fancy pictures; they are actualities, known to the managers of the Society of the Holy Spirit of New Orleans, which is the association already referred to, and which endeavors, to a limited extent, to give comfort and assistance to missionaries in hard places.

It is the experience of our bishops and priests that the Catholic school is a necessary adjunct of every successful Catholic mission. The priest enters upon a new or an abandoned field; he finds even the Catholics indifferent and often hardened. He looks around for something which shall serve to draw them to him and to his work. He finds this something in the children. He opens his school, if it be at all possible for him so to do, and the children come. They, at least, he can and does instruct, and prepare to become better and more devoted Catholics than are many of the parents. Each child is made a disseminator of Catholic knowledge and a promoter of Catholic fervor. Each becomes a missionary from whom the family cannot escape; each is the little leaven to leaven the lump of the entire household. The school attracts to the chapel or church, and attendance at the latter leads to enlightenment and conversion. This is why the Society of the Holy Spirit has considered it—under the counsel of Archbishop Janssens, at that time Bishop of Natchez—essential to take within the compass of its work the inauguration and partial maintenance of free Catholic schools in deprived country places; and it has no occasion to regret the money and effort expended in

this direction. Its schools are, as it were, a partnership affair, the society paying the salary of the teachers until other provisions can be made, and the neighborhood furnishing school accommodation and teachers' board.

Further, it is found that Catholic literature is also a potent instrument in missionary hands. Faith, it is true, comes by hearing; and the Word of God falling from priestly lips has special grace. But there are many who will not come to hear the preaching of the Word, and who should be reached for by every possible and legitimate device. The great Saint Ignatius Loyola is not the only holy soul who has received from reading good works the first bent towards religion. Of course, in the cases of the inimical or indifferent, reading can give only the first impulse; but, unless that first impulse be given in some way, the happy goal of enlightened and practical Catholicity can never be attained.

The Catholic tract can be made to travel far. It will enter the Protestant home as well as that of the uninstructed or indifferent Catholic. Into the former it must bring more or less enlightenment as to the verity of Catholic faith; into the latter it can force needed instruction. It may make its way into dead or dormant hearts, and breathe there the first reviving breath upon the expiring embers of Christian charity.

It is not alone among Protestants or with ignorant and indifferent Catholics that the tract can accomplish good results. The practical Catholic can receive much useful instruction in this way, and become better equipped for explaining to all the faith which is in him.

The Society of the Holy Spirit, whose chief office is 72 Camp Street, New Orleans, influenced by such considerations, has entered upon this auxiliary work, printing and distributing gratuitously Catholic controversial tracts and leaflets explanatory of certain accepted Catholic doctrines and devotions. Hundreds of thousands of these publications have been sent forth into every section of our Union, and the society stands ready to respond to all proper and reasonable demands in this line. In this aspect this association is in the nature of a Truth Society; and, as a whole, it is a Society for the Propagation of the Faith, operating among our home populations of all creeds and no creed.

The intention of this paper is to endeavor to excite a stronger and wider sympathy among Catholics happily situated in behalf of their brethren who are spiritually deprived. To confine ourselves, however, strictly to this would not be to practically

accomplish the task which has been taken in hand. The mere exciting of a sympathetic feeling in any direction can avail little if something be not suggested in the line of rendering effective the kindly sentiment awakened. For this reason is it that we venture to disclose, and even to briefly elaborate upon, in these pages a plan which has been adopted in the State of Louisiana, to the end under consideration, and which has been thus far, through God's mercy, crowned with success. The suggestion involved may serve to inaugurate similar undertakings in other quarters; for there is no section in all our great republic entirely without rural populations needing encouragement and assistance of this kind.

The Society of the Holy Spirit was founded June 30, 1882, by seventeen Catholic gentlemen of the city of New Orleans. In the little over eight years of its existence it has attained to a membership of four hundred and eighty men and women, residents of New Orleans and of other places.* Its plan of operations, rules, etc., having been, immediately upon their adoption by the committee appointed to draft them, submitted to the then Archbishop of New Orleans, the lamented Napoleon Joseph Perché, were kindly approved in the following terms:

"I have examined the plan of operations, rules, regulations, and prayers of the Society of the Holy Spirit, and approve the same, and authorize the foundation of said society.

"November 28, 1882.

"† N. J. PERCHÉ,
"Archbishop of New Orleans."

The plan of operations briefly sets out the objects of this association, and is as follows:

"The founders of the 'Society of the Holy Spirit' are aware that in certain of the rural portions of this archdiocese many Catholics, by reason of isolation, scarcity of priests, etc., are without the means of hearing Mass and of approaching the holy sacraments; and that, by reason of such deprivation, some among them are falling away from the faith and practice of the Catholic religion. They propose, with the grace of God, and the sanction of his holy church, to endeavor, at least partially, to remedy these evils; and this by means of earnest and persevering prayer, by building or assisting in the building of chapels where needed, and by supporting and compensating priests who may devote themselves to the service of such isolated communities.

"In order to further the success of this work and to secure

* The roll includes the archbishop and ten others of the reverend clergy.

the graces and favors described in the rules and regulations, the priests who render effective these plans shall be *requested* to offer up, for the purposes of this society, and *so far as possible*, all the Masses they may say while upon their missions, and also during the same time and in the same behalf to offer up particular prayers in conjunction with their congregations.

“The society may also contribute otherwise to the spread of Catholic knowledge, in such manner and to such extent as may be reasonable and proper; this last, however, to be strictly and entirely subordinate to the purpose first described.”

Recognizing that the task undertaken is one belonging primarily to the clergy, and that an association composed principally of men can work evil only by attempting any but an auxiliary part, the following has been adopted as a fundamental principle of the society:

“4. The object of this society is to assist the right reverend bishops and reverend clergy in the effective performance of their sacred mission, the maintenance and extension of the Holy Roman Catholic Church.

“5. It is the unalterable purpose to be obedient in all things to the commands of our holy Mother the Church, and to respect the ecclesiastical authorities and remain subordinate thereto.”

The society takes its name from God the Holy Ghost. Its patronages, after the Adorable Third Person of the Ever-Blessed Trinity, are the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Mary Immaculate, Saints Joseph and Francis of Assisium. Its branches of work are, as already intimated: first, maintenance of missionary priests in deprived country places; second, establishment of free Catholic schools in similar localities; third, assisting in the spread of Catholic knowledge. Each of these three objects appeal with a force peculiarly its own.

Catholics living near churches can attend them if they will; so they may hope to have with them when dying a minister of God. How should such sympathize with all who are not so fortunate, and who, from necessity, must grow up in spiritual ignorance, and die finally without priest or sacrament! How noble is the charity which—out of gratitude for blessings of this kind given the donor—seeks to assist such unfortunates towards securing religious knowledge, and towards, at least, being consoled and fortified by the sacraments when dying! Each of us must ourselves some day meet death. We know not under what circumstances it may come. We know, however, that we shall need at that extreme moment God's strongest grace.

How can we better solicit final mercy in our own behalf than by aiding, in our own day of health and life, others to secure the blessing of a religious life and sanctified death?

In cities and larger towns are Catholic schools, wherein Catholic parents can secure Catholic education for their children. In such places there is also the Sunday-school. But thousands of country parents are not so fortunate; and thousands of country children are being reared without the advantage of religious instruction, in very many cases attaining to majority without reception of a sacrament other than that of baptism. Is it not a great charity to help these neglected little ones of Christ, by means of humble schools, towards knowing God and religion, and towards preparing for and receiving worthily the sacraments? We know how God loves children; we know how he has threatened those who scandalize them. Must he not, on the other hand, accord a great recompense to those who contribute towards winning little souls to him? And Catholic parents—depending on the Almighty to preserve their own tender ones from a multiplicity of dangers, corporeal and spiritual—how can they better invoke God's particular watchfulness over their own than by aiding other and less fortunate parents to rear their little ones in the knowledge and service of God?

Every Catholic with eyes to see or ears to hear is aware of the great and increasing volume of deceiving and corrupting literature which is being heaped about us. Protestantism has its gigantic propaganda of this kind, and even rank infidelity is wielding the formidable power of the press against every creed, and, more particularly, against Catholicism. Is not money well and charitably spent which goes towards the sending forth of a purifying flood of Christian and Catholic literature, which shall sweep away the accumulations of prejudice and misconception, and assist in cleansing the Augean stables of corrupted public opinion? Truly must it be answered, that every society and every agency contributing in whatever way and however humbly to this end is engaged in a high and holy mission.

An association of this kind need not neglect its own members while assisting others; but the benefits must, almost of necessity, be spiritual. Those given by the Society of the Holy Spirit are briefly stated as follows in one of its circulars of information:

“Numerous missionary priests assisted by the society offer up many holy Masses—now exceeding one thousand a year—for

the society and its members. These holy Masses are for the happy death of members, and the same for their families and friends; for the repose of the souls of the dead belonging to members; for conversions among those in whom members are interested; finally, for the children and children's children of brothers, that these may be always true to their God in faith and practice. The school-children in the society schools pray daily to these same ends, and the communions and prayers of members at meetings are common and to the same purposes.

“Finally, upon the death of any member in good standing, the society will cause to be offered up for the repose of his or her soul, as speedily as possible after death and within his or her parish church, a High Mass of Requiem. So deceased members will continue to participate for their souls' repose in all Masses, communions, prayers, and works of the society. Thus it is, that to belong to the society and keep in good standing is to secure the soul against neglect and forgetfulness after death.”

It were needless to enter in detail into the various religious exercises followed by the brethren, or fully active members, of the Holy Spirit Society whereby they seek to keep alive in their own souls the spirit of piety. To do so might be to render this article more lengthy than necessary. Any desiring particular information upon these or other points will be cheerfully accommodated upon application to the society, addressing it at New Orleans, La. It may be in place to mention the fact, as evidence that so far, at least, its original spirit of subordination to ecclesiastical authority has not been departed from, that Most Rev. Archbishop Francis Janssens is its honorary president. The following is the kind letter of acceptance of such honorary presidency from that eminent prelate :

“NEW ORLEANS, La., October 6, 1888.

“*Hon. Judge Frank McGloin, President of the Society of the Holy Spirit :*

“DEAR SIR : Received your letter of to-day, kindly offering to me the honorary presidency of the Society of the Holy Spirit.

“I accept the honor willingly and gladly. I appreciate the great good your society has effected in the past by the sanctification of its own members and by the aid it has given to priests and schools. I fondly hope its usefulness will extend. There is a vast field of labor to be opened in a large portion of this diocese now deprived of priests, churches, and schools, and which, if not attended to in the near future, will be harvested by others not of the true faith. Whilst we shall endeavor to obtain the priests, we confidently look to your society to co-operate, by its prayers and material aid, in this accessory and salutary work.

Your co-operation, whilst conferring blessings upon others, will not fail to bring down God's blessing upon yourselves.

“With my best blessings on all engaged in this good work, believe me, yours devotedly in Christ,

“F. JANSSENS,
“*Archbishop of New Orleans.*”

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has also graciously extended to the same association a flattering mark of his appreciation and favor. Upon May 10, 1889, in the Jesuits' Church of New Orleans, he kindly addressed the society and its friends, assembled in large numbers to hear him.

The recital of these facts with regard to Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Janssens may serve as means of encouragement to any who may determine to enter upon this same work with proper spirit, and in any locality, or under any shape. All such may rely upon the fact that their ecclesiastical superiors will duly recognize the necessity for their labors and appreciate the value of them. They will find others to speak to them words of consolation and good cheer similar to those graciously addressed by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons to the Holy Spirit Society of New Orleans, upon the occasion already referred to:

“If the man who makes two blades of grass to grow where but one was growing before is entitled to be considered a benefactor of mankind, how much more is he to be esteemed who plants and nourishes to full growth the Tree of Faith in soils which theretofore had been barren. And the society which lends effective help to the chosen ministers of God in thus planting the Tree of Faith, and bringing forth the fruit of salvation in such spiritual deserts, has engaged itself in a work that is most meritorious.”

FRANK MCGLOIN.

New Orleans, La.

THE LIFE OF FATHER HECKER.*

CHAPTER XIII.

HIS SEARCH AMONG THE SECTS.

HAD Protestantism possessed anything capable of attracting Isaac Hecker he would certainly have found it, for he made due and diligent search. He was, in a manner, bound to do so, for the atmosphere in which he had been born and nurtured had not yet cleared so fully that he could say to himself with positive assurance that there was no safe midway between no-belief and Catholicity.

All the natural influences of his surroundings were such as to draw him to one or other of the Protestant denominations. The power of example and precept in his mother tended that way. The power of public opinion, in so far as it had any religious bearing, was Protestant. The most intelligent and high-minded people he had enjoyed intimate acquaintance with were Protestant by birth and training. True, most of these had fallen away from both the fellowship and the doctrines of orthodoxy; but while they had not the heart to point him to what had been their Egypt, still they had no Promised Land to lead him into, and were confessedly in the Desert. Yet their influence was indirectly favorable to Protestantism as opposed to Catholicity, although no one but the ministers whom he consulted thought of urging him to identify himself with any variety of it until he showed signs of becoming a Catholic.

To this rule Brownson may appear as a partial exception, but until the summer of 1844 he was so in appearance only. It is true that Isaac Hecker had learned from him the claims of most of the great forms of Protestantism, and got his personal testimony as to the emptiness of them all. Brownson was a competent witness, for he had been an accepted disciple of every school, from sterile Presbyterianism to rank Transcendentalism. Although of a certain testiness of temper, he bore malice to no man and to no body of men. His testimony was in the presence of patent facts, and his condemnation of all forms of orthodox Protestantism in the end was unreserved. But, up to the date given above he still made a possible exception in favor of Anglicanism. In the middle of April, 1843, he wrote Isaac a letter, motioning him toward this sect, at the

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same time affirming that he could not quite accept it for himself. Such counsel was no better than motioning him away from it, and was but a symbol of Brownson's own devious progress, swaying now to one side and again to the other, but always going forward to Rome. But young Hecker would learn for himself. Of an abnormally inquiring mind by nature, he never accepted a witness other than himself about any matter if he could help it.

In the early part of 1844 the question of religious affiliation began to press for settlement with increasing urgency, casting him at times into an agony of mind. It was not merely that he was impelled by conscience towards the fulness of truth, but that truth in its simplest elements seemed sometimes to be lacking to him. He was heard to say in after years that, had he not found Catholicity true, he would have been thrown back into a scepticism so painful as to suggest suicide as a relief. Yet those who have trodden any of the paths which lead from inherited heresy to true doctrine, will appreciate the force of the influences, both personal and social, which induced him to reconsider, and make for himself the grand rounds of Protestant orthodoxy before turning his back upon it for ever.

We find him, therefore, going diligently to all who claimed to be watchmen on the walls of Sion, to seek from each one personally that countersign which would tally with the divine word nature and grace were uttering in his own soul. He interviewed ministers repeatedly. "Not having had," he wrote in this magazine for November, 1887, "personal and experimental knowledge of the Protestant denominations, I investigated them all, going from one of them to another—Episcopal, Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, and all—conferring with their ministers and reading their books. It was a dreary business, but I did it. I knew Transcendentalism well and had been a radical socialist. All was found to be as stated above. Brownson's ripe experience and my own thoroughly earnest investigation tallied perfectly. Indeed, the more you examine the Protestant sects in the light of first principles the more they are found to weaken human certitude, interfere with reason's native knowledge of God and His attributes, and perplex the free working of the laws of human thought. Protestantism is no religion for a philosopher, unless he is a pessimist—if you can call such a being a philosopher—and adopts Calvinism."

Why Calvinism, with its dread consistency of aversion for human nature, did not attract him in these early inquiries was expressed by Father Hecker in after years by the saying,

“Heresy always involves a mutilation of man’s natural reason.” The typical Calvinist foams against man’s natural capacity for the true and the good, and one of its representatives, a Presbyterian minister, had the consistency to say to our young disciple of nature, “Unless you believe that you are totally depraved you will certainly suffer eternal damnation.” These words were spoken to one who felt some sort of apostleship growing into act within his bosom: to preach the Gospel to those who are totally depraved he perceived to be both vain and suicidal. Furthermore, the consciousness of his own upright character, his experience and observation of human virtue in others, made abstract arguments needless to prove that Calvinism is an outrage on human kind and a blasphemy against the Creator.

Anglicanism, too—uncleansed, as it notoriously is, of a Calvinistic taint, broken up by absolute license of dissent, maintaining a mere outward conformity to an extremely lax discipline—affronted Isaac Hecker’s ideal of the communion of man and God; man seeking and God giving the one only revelation of divine truth, unifying and organizing the Christian community: and this in spite of an attraction for the beauty of the Episcopal service which he often confesses in his diary.

In the same scrupulous spirit he tried the Baptists, though he must have known that they were, almost without exception, Calvinists. He had a conference with one of their ministers which, from the account he gives of it, must have degenerated into something like a wrangle. “If,” said young Hecker, “you admit that baptism is not a saving ordinance, why, then, do you separate yourselves from the rest of Christendom on a mere question of ceremonial observance?” There could be no satisfactory answer to this question.

As to the Methodists, they made fifty years ago much less pretension to an intellectual footing in the religious world than at the present day. One thing, Father Hecker tells us, drew his sympathetic regards their way—their doctrine of perfection. He went to one of their ministers, a Dr. Crawford. “I have read in the Bible,” said he, “‘If thou wouldst be perfect, go and sell all thou hast’; now, that is the kind of Christian I want to be.” The answer was: “Well, young man, you must not carry things too far; you are too enthusiastic. Christ does not require that of us in the nineteenth century.” After conversing with him for some time, the minister told him to give up such ideas and study for the ministry.

A singular episode in his search was his meeting with two en-

thusiastic Mormon apostles, and a long and careful examination, under their guidance, of the then newly-delivered revelations and prophecies of Joseph Smith. He describes his Mormon acquaintances as men of some intelligence, but given over, totally and blindly, to Smith's imposture.

But what cut under the claims of every form of Protestantism was the error, common to them all, concerning the rule of faith: the private and independent judgment of the teaching of Scripture made by each man for himself. As the real owner of a homestead has most reason to dread a dealer in false titles, so the truly free man has most reason to dread false liberty. Isaac Hecker was the type of rational individual liberty, hence the very man to abhor most the caricature of that prerogative in the typical Protestant.

Five years before his death, in an article in THE CATHOLIC WORLD entitled "Luther and the Diet of Worms," Father Hecker put the case thus: "It is a misapprehension common among Protestants to suppose that Catholics, in refusing the appeal of Martin Luther at the Diet of Worms, condemn the use of reason or individual judgment, or whatever one pleases to call the personal act which involves the exercise of man's intellect and free will. The truth is, personal judgment flows from what constitutes man a rational being, and there is no power under heaven that can alienate personal judgment from man, nor can man, if he would, disappropriate it. The cause of all the trouble at the Diet of Worms was not personal judgment, for neither party put that in question. The point in dispute was the right application of personal judgment. Catholics maintained, and always have and always will maintain, that a divine revelation necessitates a divine interpreter. Catholics resisted, and always will resist, on the ground of its incompetency, a human authority applied to the interpretation of the contents of a divinely-revealed religion. They consider such an authority, whether of the individual or the state, in religious matters an intrusion. Catholics insist, without swerving, upon believing in religion none but God. . . . To investigate and make one's self certain that God has made a revelation is of obligation, and consistent with Christianity. But as a divine revelation springs from a source above the sphere of reason, it necessitates a divinely authorized and divinely assisted *interpreter* and teacher. This is one of the essential functions of the Church."

That the use of the Scriptures is not, and cannot be made the ordinary means for making all men Christians, was plain to

Isaac Hecker for other reasons than the essential one thus clearly stated. For, if such were the case, God would bestow on all men the gift to read at sight, or cause all to learn how to read, or would have recorded in the Book itself the words, "Unless a man reads the Bible, and believes what he reads, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God," or their plain equivalent; whereas the Bible, as we have it now, did not exist in the apostolic days, the most glorious era of the Christian Church. Such is Father Hecker's argument in a powerful article in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for October, 1883. He continues:

"But suppose that everybody knew how to read, or all men were gifted to read at first sight; suppose that everybody had a copy of the Bible within his reach, a genuine Bible, and knew with certitude what it means; suppose that Christ himself had laid it down as a rule that the Bible, without note or comment, and as interpreted by each one for himself, is the ordinary way of receiving the grace of salvation—which is the vital principle of Protestantism; suppose all these evident assumptions as true. Would the Bible even in that case suffice to make any one man, woman, or child a Christian? Evidently not. And why? For that is a personal work, and the personal work of Christ; for Christ alone can make men Christians. And no account of Christ is Christ. . . . The contents of a book, whatever these may be, are powerless to place its readers in direct contact and vital relations with its author. No man is so visionary as to imagine that the mental operation of reading the *Iliad*, or the *Phædo*, or the *Divine Comedy*, suffices to put him in communication with the personality of Homer, or Plato, or Dante. All effort is in vain to slake the thirst of a soul famishing for the *Fountain* of living waters from a brook, or to stop the cravings of a soul for the living Saviour with a printed book. . . . His words are 'Come unto ME all that are weary and heavy laden, and I will refresh you.' It was the attempt to make men Christians by reading the Bible that broke Christendom into fragments, multiplied jarring Christian sects, produced swarms of doubters, filled the world with sceptics and scoffers at all religion, frustrated combined Christian action, and put back the Christian conquest of the world for centuries. Three centuries of experience have made it evident enough that, if Christianity is to be maintained as a principle of life among men, it must be on another footing than the suicidal hypothesis invented in the sixteenth century after the birth of its divine Founder."

His farewell interviews with exponents of the Protestant claims were mainly, if not wholly, with representatives of Anglicanism. This did not arise from any grounded hope of getting all he wanted there, but from an insensible drift of his mind upon those currents of thought set in motion by the great power of Newman. The air was full of promise of non-Roman Catholicity, and the voices which called the English-speaking world to listen were the most eloquent since Shakespeare. It needed but a dim hope pointing along any road to induce the delicate conscience of Isaac Hecker to try if it might not be a thoroughfare. But neither in his copious entries in the diary at this period, nor in his articles in this magazine for the year 1887 on Dr. Brownson's difficulties—and these were much like his own—do we find any trace of his discovering in Anglicanism a germ of Catholicity unfolding from the chrysalis of genuine Protestantism and casting it off. This was readily perceived in Isaac Hecker's bearing and conversation by acute Episcopalians themselves, as in the case of Dr. Seabury, who, as Father Hecker relates in the articles above referred to, prophesied Brownson's conversion to Catholicity, and did so for reasons which Seabury must have known would apply to young Hecker also.

Many at this time were being drawn by poetical sentiment to the beautiful and religious forms of Episcopalian worship; drawn and held rather by imagination and feeling than by any adhesion of their minds to distinctive Anglican doctrines. Father Hecker was, indeed, more poetical in temperament than at first acquaintance he seemed to be, but his mind was so constituted that he must have the main reasons of things, whether religious or not, firmly settled before he could enjoy their use. Nor could he be content with fragments of revealed truth, such as are found in all denominations of non-Catholics. "There is a large floating body of Catholic truth in the world," says Newman; "it comes down by tradition from age to age. . . . Men [outside the church] take up and profess these scattered truths, merely because they fall in with them." Not so Father Hecker: no flotsam and jetsam of doctrine for him, unless some fragment would reveal to him the name of the ship from which it had been torn, and the port from which she had sailed, and so lead him to the discovery of the ship herself, crew, cargo, port, and owner.

Yet he lingered long over the claim of Anglicanism to be the Catholic religion. Of Mr. Haight and of his interviews with him we have already spoken. Through him he came across a published letter of a Mr. Norris, Episcopal minister in Carlisle, Pa.,

which so pleased him for its Catholic tendency that he wrote to him, asking to be allowed to go to Carlisle and live there as the writer's pupil. The answer, though a refusal of this request, was kind, and contained a cordial invitation to visit Mr. Norris after Easter. On his way to Concord, in the following spring, Isaac made a long detour to the little town in southern Pennsylvania, interviewed Mr. Norris, and came away no wiser than before.

The following words of the diary, under date of March 30, 1844, refer to an Episcopal dignitary of higher grade:

“Mr. Haight gave me a note of introduction to Dr. Seabury. I called to see him two evenings ago and had a very pleasant conversation with him. His sociableness and perfect openness of expression I was quite delighted with. He frankly acknowledged that he thought that error had been committed on both sides in the controversy of the Reformation between the Pope and the Anglican Church. He recommended me to examine those points which kept me from joining the Anglican or Roman Church before I should do anything further, as there was the charge of schism against the Anglican Church and neglect of discipline among the members of her communion. I told him that though the Church of Rome may commit errors in practice, she had not committed any in principle, and that it was easier to prune a luxuriant tree than to revivify a tree almost exhausted of life. I left him with an earnest invitation to call again.”

This half-confession of schism and frank avowal of lack of discipline on the part of a perfectly representative official of the Anglican Church was something singularly Providential, for it came within a fortnight after Isaac Hecker's first interview with Bishop Hughes, described in the diary under date of March 22. That powerful man and great prelate was a type of the best form of Catholicism at that day. He was of the Church militant in more senses than one; and the military qualities which have inspired the public action of Catholic champions for the past three centuries were strongly developed in him. That it was for the good of religion that it should have such characters as John Hughes to care for its public welfare there is no room to doubt. Since then the temper of Protestant Americans has undergone a change which is almost radical. It has grown infinitely more just and kindly towards Catholics. The decay of the Protestant bond of cohesion from lapse of time and from the unsettlement of belief in its chief doctrines; the fight-

ing of two wars, one of them the great Rebellion, which fused the populations of States and acquainted men better with their neighbors; the coming in of millions of Catholic foreigners whose every breath was an aspiration for liberty; the rise, culmination, and collapse of the anti-Catholic movement termed Know-nothingism; the polemical warfare of Bishop Hughes himself, and of his contemporaries—these and other causes have made it possible, nay necessary, to treat non-Catholics in a different spirit from what wisdom dictated fifty years ago.

If Dr. Seabury owned to schism and lack of discipline in Anglicanism, Bishop John Hughes brought out to Isaac Hecker the very contrary as the attractive qualities of Catholicity. He was questioned by the young inquirer about the latter's chances for studying for the priesthood should he decide on entering the Church, and he answered according to rigid notions of the place of authority in religion.

“He said,” are the words of the diary, ending a summary of the interview, “that their Church was one of discipline. I thanked him for the information that he gave, and told him that it was for just such instruction that I sought him. He seemed to think that I had some loose notions of the Church. So far, this settles my present intention of uniting myself with the Roman Catholic Church. Though I feel not in the least disinclined to be governed by the most rigid discipline of any church, yet I am not prepared to enter the Roman Catholic Church at present. It is not national with us, hence it does not meet our wants, nor does it fully understand and sympathize with the experience and dispositions of our people. It is principally made up of adopted and foreign individuals.”

To us this is exceedingly instructive, for it tells us how *not* to meet the earnest seeker after Catholic truth. Even a good-natured dog does not show his teeth when caressed, nor is an artillery salute the only show of amity between even warlike powers. Yet the repellent attitude of the great controversialist was that of very many representative Catholics of his time, especially those holding his high office. For although he really did know the American people, and although their country was fully his own, and was by him deeply and intelligently loved, yet he did not understand or sympathize with the religious movements of which his strange young visitor was the truest type. He afterwards knew him better and loved him.

The toss thus given Isaac Hecker by Bishop Hughes's catapult of “discipline” had the good effect of throwing him again

upon a full and perfect and final investigation of Protestantism. With what immediate result is shown by the Seabury interview already related, and with what honesty of purpose is shown by the following words written the same day:

“If a low passion usurps the place of pure love, if a blind prejudice usurps the place of Catholic truth, he who informs me of it, though he had been my enemy (if enemies it is possible for me to have), I will receive him as an angel from heaven, as an instrument of God. My honor, my consistency, my character consists in faithfulness to God’s love, God’s truth, and nothing else. Let me be but true to Him—how then can I be false to either man or the world? It is Him who knows our secret thoughts that we should fear (if fear we must) and obey.”

Thus it was Anglicanism that engaged Isaac Hecker’s last efforts to adjust a Protestant outside to his inward experience with the Holy Spirit; and this for a reason quite evident. That body pretended, then as now, to be the Catholic Christian Church, assisting men to union with God by a divinely-founded external organism, but not demanding the sacrifice of human liberty. To an inexperienced observer such as he, it seemed possible that Anglicanism might be the union of historical Christianity with manly freedom. Closer observation proved to him not only the compatibility of Catholicity and liberty, but that Anglicanism, though assuming some of the forms of Catholic unity, is kept alive by the principle of individual separatism common to all Protestant sects. For a time, or in a place, it may have much or little of Catholicity; but in no place can it live for a day without the Protestant principle of a right of final appeal to the individual judgment to decide upon the verity of doctrine.

CHAPTER XIV.

HIS LIFE AT CONCORD.

“I HAVE been groping in darkness, seeking where Thou wast not, and I found Thee not. But, O Lord my God, *Thou hast found me*—leave me not.”

These words are part of a long prayer written by Isaac Hecker in his diary April 23, 1844, after his arrival at Concord, Mass. He appears to have gone directly there from Carlisle, Pa., where he had spent some days with the Rev. William Her-

bert Norris, whose published letter to "A Sincere Enquirer" had excited in the young man a hope that he might find in him a teacher whose deep inward experiences would be complemented by the adequate external guaranty that he was seeking. We have already noted that he was disappointed. He states the reason very suggestively in a letter written at the time:

"Alas, that men should speak of those things they are most ignorant of! What hopes did he not awaken in my bosom as I read his letter to a Sincere Enquirer, and how were they blasted when I met him and found that it was not he, but Hooker, Newman, Paul, etc.! It is a sad fact that many believe, but very few give themselves up to what they believe so that they may have the substance of their belief."

Isaac Hecker's business in Concord had, as usual, two sides. Externally it meant going on with Greek and Latin, under the guidance of the lately deceased George P. Bradford, a scholar of rare acquirements, whose acquaintance he had made at Brook Farm the previous year. The end he sought in this study was to fit himself for "working in the field of the church." But as the question of which church was not even yet fully settled in his mind, his search for the true religion still remained his deepest and most inmost purpose. Nevertheless, he was enjoying at this time one of his periods of profound interior and exterior peace. "I feel," he writes, "that I am growing in God's grace. To Him I look for support. Will He not impart wisdom as well as love?"

His surroundings at Concord are so vividly described in the letters he wrote to his family that we cannot omit quotations from them. The first of these is dated at Brook Farm, and describes his efforts to find a room after reaching the village. He seems to have gone at once to Mr. Bradford's house on his arrival:

"April 22, '44.— . . . After supper we sallied forth again. We saw a room, and what do you imagine they charged for it? Seventy-five dollars a year!! This was out of the question. We went further and found a room, good size, very good people, furnished, and to be kept in order for eight dollars a quarter. This seemed reasonable to me, and also to Mr. Bradford. I felt safe in telling the lady that I thought I should take it. I requested Mr. Bradford to keep a look-out for me while I

was gone, and if we could not find a better place before I returned I would accept this. This morning I left Concord to come and see Charles Dana concerning the books I shall require, and to see some of my friends. I got into Boston at ten o'clock, and walked out here by dinner-time. All of the old set that are here were delighted to see me. I have conversed with a few of them, and find them more open to consider the claims of the Church than I had anticipated."

"Concord, April 24, '44.—Dear Friends: This evening I can say that I am settled, comfortably settled in every particular. All that is needed for my comfort is here: a good straw bed, a large table, carpet, washstand, book-case, stove, chairs, looking-glass—all, all that is needful. And this for seventy five cents a week, including lights; wood is extra pay. This is the inanimate about me. The lady of the house, Mrs. Thoreau, *is a woman*. The only fear I have about her is that she is too much like dear mother—she will take too much care of me. She has told me how she used to sit up nights, waiting for a young man whom she had taken to board, to come home. He was a stranger to her, but still she insists that she must treat all as she would her own, and even with greater care. If you were to see her, mother, you would be perfectly satisfied that I have fallen into good hands, and met a second mother, if that is possible."

"April 25, 1.30 P.M.—I have just finished my dinner; it was *ein herrliches Essen*. Unleavened bread (from home); maple-sugar, and apples which I purchased this morning. Previous to taking dinner I said my first lesson to Mr. Bradford in Greek and Latin.

"I am extremely well situated, and feel contented in myself, and deeply grateful to you all for your goodness in helping me to pursue the real purpose of my being. All we can do is to be faithful to God and to the work He has given us to do, and, whatever end He may lead us to, to have that central faith that 'all is for the best.' There is only one life, and that is life in God; and only one death, and that is separation from Him. And this life is not and cannot be measured by the external eye. We must be fixed in God before we can do anything rightly—study, labor, social, political or of any kind. . . .

"I have written this letter full of nothingness; I will be more settled the next time and do better. Send *all* your love to me—think more of heaven and we shall grow happier. If once

celestial love has touched us, we cannot rest until it dwells and abides in our hearts. To you all I send my warmest and purest love.—ISAAC.”

“*Concord, May 2, 1844.*—Dear Friends: It was my intention not to write home until I had received a letter from you; but as none has yet come, and I am in want of a few things, I will write you immediately.

“You can scarcely imagine how different my life is now from what it was at home. It is like living in another world. It is possible that you might not be suited with the conditions here, but to me they are the very ones which are congenial to my present state of being. I am alone from early dawn to late at night; no one to intrude upon my quiet except Mr. Bradford, who occupies the hour between twelve and one to hear my recitations, and Mrs. Thoreau a few minutes in making my bed in the mornings. The rest of my time is devoted to study, communion, and, a little of it, to reading. How unlike the life at home!

“The thought just occurs to me that if such a life seems desirable to you, how easily you could obtain it. What is it that costs so much labor of mind and body? Is it not that which we consume on and in our bodies? Then, if we reduce the consumption there will be less need of production. Most of our labor is labor for the body. We are treasuring up corruption for the day of death; is this not so? As we rise in spirit above the body we shall bring all its appetites into subjection to the moral law. . . .

“This is what I should like you to do for me. All the food that I brought with me is gone, and as I would like to have my razor sent on, and as the articles you can give me would be better than any I can get here, you will be so kind as to send with it the following list, if you think best: 1. Put in some hard bread. 2. A few unleavened wheat biscuits, such as I used to make. 3. Some unleavened Graham biscuits. 4. A five-cent or ten-cent loaf of bread, if you think it will keep good until it gets here. 5. Get me a linen summer frock-coat such as are worn—those loose ones. Dunster has my measure and he can cut it for you. Let it be made. I have only a summer jacket with me, and that is John’s. 6. Do not forget the razor. You can put in any other simple, solid food, if you wish to send any. Do I ask too much from you? If so, you must be kind enough to tell me. Your labor is already too great, and I am burdening you with more. . . .

“How much my heart loves you all! How unkindly I have spoken to you at times! You will forgive me and love me none the less, will you not? May we live together more and more in the unity of love.”

“*May, 1844.*— . . . My studies are pursued with the same spirit in which they were commenced, and there seems to me no reason to fear but that they will be continued in the same for some time to come. However, I would affirm what has been affirmed by me for these two years back, the only consistency that I can promise is submission to the Spirit that is guiding me, whatever may be the external appearance or superficial consequences to others. . . .

“How our astonishment should be excited to perceive that we have been in such a long sleep, and that even now we see but dimly. Let us each ask ourselves in whose business we are employed. Is it our Father’s, or is it not? If not, let us immediately turn to the business of our Father, the only object of our life. Let us submit wholly to the guidance of Love.”

“TO MRS. CATHERINE J. HECKER. *Concord, May 31, 1844.*—You speak of my situation as pleasant, and so it is to me. Though the house is situated on the street of a village, the street is beautifully arched with trees for some distance, and my room is very pleasant. One window is wholly shaded by sweet honeysuckle, which is now in blossom, filling the room with its mild fragrance. The little humming-birds visit its flowers frequently without being disturbed by my presence.”

The diary, which runs side by side with these letters, was, as usual, the recipient of more intimate self-communings than could be shared with any friend. It shows that although he was now well nigh convinced of the truth of Catholicity, yet that he still felt a lingering indecision, produced, perhaps, by a haunting memory of the stern front of “discipline” he had encountered in Bishop Hughes. This seemed like a phantom of terror to the young social reformer, whose love of liberty, though rational, was then and ever afterwards one of the passions of his soul. Yet we rarely find now in these pages any statement of specific reasons for and against Catholicity such as were plentiful during the period preceding his acquaintance with Mr. Haight, Dr. Seabury, and Mr. Norris. He seems to shudder as he stands on the bank and looks upon the flowing and cleansing stream; but his

hesitancy is caused not so much by any unanswered difficulties of his reason as by his sensibilities, by vague feelings of alarm for the integrity of his manhood. He feared lest the waters might cleanse him by skinning him alive. Catholicity, as typified in Bishop Hughes, her Celtic-American champion, seemed to him "a fortified city, and a pillar of iron, and a wall of brass against the whole land."

Now, Isaac Hecker was built for a missionary, and the extreme view of the primary value of highly-wrought discipline which he encountered everywhere among Catholics, though not enough to blind him to the essential liberty of the Church, was enough to delay him in his progress to her. There can be little doubt that multitudes of men and women of less discernment and feebler will than his, have been and still are kept entirely out of the Church by the same cause.

Only at long intervals, as we near the last pages of the large and closely-written book containing the first volume of his diary, do we meet with those agonizing complaints of dryness, the distress of doubt, the weary burden of insoluble difficulties, so common heretofore. He seems, indeed, no longer battling; the victory is won; but it remains to know what are the spoils and where they are to be gathered. Of course there are interludes of his irrepressible philosophizing on moral questions. And at the very end, under date of May 23, 1844, we find the following:

"This afternoon brings me to the close of this book. How different are the emotions with which I close it from those with which I opened it at Brook Farm, now little more (a month) than a year ago! How fruitful has this year been to me! How strangely mysterious and beautiful! And now my soul foreshadows more the next year than ever it presaged before. My life is beyond my grasp, and bears me on will-lessly to its destined haven. Like a rich fountain it overflows on every side; from within flows unceasingly the noiseless tide. The many changes and unlooked-for results and circumstances, within and without, of the coming year I would no more venture to anticipate than to count the stars. It is to me now, as if I had just been born, and I live in the Sabbath of creation. Every thing that I see I feel called on to give a name; it has a new meaning to me. Should this life grow—what? It is a singular fact that, although conscious of a more interior and potent force at work within, I am now more quiet and will-less than I was when it at first

affected me. I feel like a child, full of joy and pliability; and all ambition of every character seems to have left me. I see where I was heretofore, and the degree of externality which was mixed with the influences that I co-operated with, an externality from which I now feel that I have been freed. It does seem to me that all worldly prospect that ever was before me is gone, and as if I were weak, very weak, in the sight of the world; so I really am. I feel no more potency than a babe. Yet I have a will-less power of love which will conquer through me, and which, O gracious Lord, I never dreamt of before."

In the middle of the above entry he thus notes an interruption, and records a lesson taught by the late New England spring: "George and Burrill Curtis came in, and I have just returned from a walk in the woods with them. May the buds within blossom, and may their fruit ripen in my prayers to God."

He was now, indeed, very near his goal, though even yet he did not clearly see it. And once more all his active powers deserted him. Study became impossible. His mind was drawn so strongly in upon itself that neither work nor play, neither books nor the renewed intercourse which at this period he sought with his old friends in Boston and at Brook Farm, could any longer fasten his attention. He opens his new diary with a record of the trial he has just made in order to discover "whether in mixing with the world I should not be somewhat influenced by their life and brought into new relations with my studies. But it was to no purpose that I went. . . . There was no inducement that I could imagine strong enough to keep me from returning. Ole Bull, whom I very much wished to hear again, was to play the next evening; and Parley Pratt, a friend whom I had not met for a great length of time, and whom I did wish to see, was to be in town the next day. There were many other things to keep me, but none of them had the least effect. I could no more keep myself there than a man could sink himself in the Dead Sea, and so I had to come home.

"I feel a strong inclination to doze and slumber, and more and more in these slumbers the dim shadows that appear in my waking state become clearer, and my conversation is more real and pleasant to me. I feel a double consciousness in this state, and think, 'Now, is not this real? I will recollect it all, what I saw and what I said'; but it flies and is lost when I awake.

. . . I call this sleeping, but sleep it is not; for in this state I am more awake than at any other time."

A few days later, on June 5, he notes that

"Although my meals are made of unleavened bread and figs, and my drink is water, and I eat no more than supports my body, yet do I feel sinfully self-indulgent."

He resolves, moreover, to trouble himself no more about the fact that he cannot continue his studies. On this subject, and on the passivity to which he was now compelled, he had written as explicitly as he could to his friend Brownson, and on June 7 he received a response which had such an immediate result upon his future that we transcribe it entire:

"*Mt. Bellingham, June 6, 1844.*—My dear Isaac: I thank you for your letter, and the frankness with which you speak of your present interior state. You ask for my advice, but I hardly know what advice to give. There is much in your present state to approve, also much which is dangerous. The dreamy luxury of indulging one's thoughts and ranging at ease through the whole spirit-world is so captivating, and when frequently indulged in acquires such power over us, that we cease to be free men. The power to control your thoughts and feelings and to fix them on what object you choose is of the last necessity, as it is the highest aim of spiritual culture. Be careful that you do not mistake a mental habit into which you have fallen for the guidance of the All-wise. Is it not the very sacrifice you are appointed to make, to overcome this spiritual luxury and to become able to do that which is disagreeable? Where is the sacrifice in following what the natural tendencies and fixed habits of our mind dispose us to do? What victory have you acquired, what power to conquer in the struggle for sanctity do you possess, when you cannot so far control your thoughts and feelings as to be able to apply yourself to studies which you feel are necessary? Here is your warfare. You have not won the victory till you have become as able to drudge at Latin or Greek as to give up worldly wealth, pleasures, honors, or distinctions.

"But, my dear Isaac, you cannot gain this victory alone, nor by mere private meditation and prayer. You can obtain it only through the grace of God, and the grace of God only through its appointed channels. You are wrong. You do not begin right. Do you really believe the Gospel? Do you really believe the Holy Catholic Church? If so, you must put yourself under the direction of the Church. I have commenced my preparations for uniting myself with the Catholic Church. I do not as yet belong to the family of Christ. I feel it. I can be an alien no

longer, and without the Church I know, by my own past experience, that I cannot attain to purity and sanctity of life. I need the counsels, the aids, the chastisements, and the consolations of the Church. It is the appointed medium of salvation, and how can we hope for any good except through it? Our first business is to submit to it, that we may receive a maternal blessing. Then we may start fair.

“You doubtless feel a repugnance to joining the Church. But we ought not to be ashamed of Christ; and the Church opens a sphere for you, and you especially. You are not to dream your life away. Your devotion must be regulated and directed by the discipline of the Church. You know that there is a large Roman Catholic population in our country, especially in Wisconsin. The bishop of that Territory is a German. Now, here is your work—to serve this German population. And you can do it without feeling yourself among foreigners. Here is the cross you are to take up. Your cross is to resist this tendency to mysticism, to sentimental luxury, which is really enfeebling your soul and preventing you from attaining to true spiritual blessedness.

“I think you would better give up Greek, but command yourself sufficiently to master the Latin; that you need, and cannot do without. Get the Latin, and with that and the English, French, and German which you already know, you can get along very well. But don't be discouraged.

“I want you to come and see our good bishop. He is an excellent man—learned, polite, easy, affable, affectionate, and exceedingly warm-hearted. I spent two hours with him immediately after parting with you in Washington Street, and a couple of hours yesterday. I like him very much.

“I have made up my mind, and I shall enter the Church if she will receive me. There is no use in resisting. You cannot be an Anglican, you must be a Catholic or a mystic. If you enter the Church at all, it must be the Catholic. There is nothing else. So let me beg you, my dear Isaac, to begin by owning the Church and receiving her blessing.

“My health is very good, the family are all very well; I hope you are well. Let me hear from you often. Forgive me if I have said anything harsh or unkind in this letter, for all is meant in kindness, and be assured of my sincere and earnest affection.

Yours truly,

“O. A. BROWNSON.”

SOME NOTES ON MEXICAN POETS AND POETRY.

THAT Mexico has a literature great in volume, fine in quality, and extending over a period of more than three centuries is a fact, it appears, not generally known. If this were not the case, I would not dare to offer the text-book knowledge contained in these notes to the audience of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*.

What Stratford-on-Avon is to the English-speaking race Chalco*—a village close by the city of Mexico—is to Spanish America. For there was born a poet who ranks with Lope de Vega and Calderon de la Barca: Alarcon—of whom Corneille, the greatest of the French tragedians, has said he would give two of his best plays to have invented the argument of one of Alarcon's dramas. Juan Ruiz de Alarcon y Mendoza was baptized in the cathedral of the city of Mexico on the 2d of October, 1572. We know little of his people, save that they were of good family, not over-possessed of worldly goods, but with much of virtue and an ever-abounding piety. And, to Alarcon's honor be it said, his beautiful training is exemplified in his life and in every line he wrote. An academic degree in benighted Mexico is more than a piece of sheepskin, which accounts for the fact that Alarcon was well on to twenty-eight before he received from the University of Mexico that of licentiate in the department of law. He was of low stature, a hunchback, and ugly in face. His moral qualities and his genius won him a host of friends and admirers. Though many, through envy, were his enemies, their enmity, nevertheless, did not forbid their appropriating his plays. He won renown as a lawyer, but his probity was of such a nature as to empty rather than fill his purse. About 1620 he went to Madrid. By this time he had written and put on the stage eight comedies, which rank among the best in any language. In 1627 he received an office in the Council of the Indies, and this office he held till his death, at the age of sixty-six.

That Alarcon knew nothing of "Art for Art's sake alone" is evident; and his delightful comedies have lost nothing of their almost unsurpassed excellence because of the good morals they inculcate, because they make their auditors not only laugh but think. And this may be the cause why Alarcon is little known to the Anglo-Saxon; for, whereas many of our translators do

* Toluca has claimed to be the birthplace of Alarcon.

sedulously seek for what filth may be in the literature of France and other stranger countries—for which there is a ready sale to our people, who decry the morals of the French—they do not touch the literature that is clean. The very titles of the comedies of this great dramatist are bits of proverbial philosophy: *Luck and Labor*; *There is no Sorrow that does not come for Good*; *Look before you leap*; or, *Before you Marry see what you are about*; *The World's Favor*; *Everybody's Business is Nobody's*. Nor is it so much as hinted at by any of the numerous biographers of Alarcon that the moral of his humor in any way detracts from “the keenness of his wit, his ingenious boldness, the originality and versatility of his situations, his magical ingenuity of denouement”; nor that he does not possess a large share of “the riches of the Spanish stage that have become proverbial” (*Schlegel*). “Alarcon could give logic to a whim, a fancy, or a passion.” In the *Prueba de las Promesas* the lover expostulates:

“If Beauty's faithful lover I have been,
Esteeming, though despised; loving, abhorred;
What law allows to thee, what text approves
That thou shouldst hate me because I do love thee?”

In *Ganar Amigos* Don Fadrique says:

“To kill an enemy is argument
Of fearing him; but to despise and spare him
Is greater chastisement; for while he lives
He is a witness of his own defeat.
He that kills victory abbreviates,
And he that pardons makes it the more great;
As, whilst the conquered lives a death in life,
The conqueror goes on conquering.”

And in the world-renowned *Verdad Sospechosa*, Don Beltran reprimanding his son, Don Garcia, for the vice of lying:

Beltran: “Are you a gentleman, Garcia?”

Garcia: “I believe I am your son.”

Beltran: “And is it, then, enough
To be my son to be a gentleman?”

Garcia: “I think so, sir.”

Beltran: “What a mistaken thought!
In acting like a gentleman consists
The being one. How born our noble houses?
Of deeds illustrious of their authors, sir.
Without consideration of their births, the deeds
Of humble men honored their heirs! 'Tis doing
Good or ill makes gentleman or villain.”

It is this celebrated comedy, *La Verdad Sospechosa*, that Corneille, to furthermore show his appreciation of Alarcon, partly translated and partly imitated in his *Menteur*. Molière and Voltaire were loud in his praise, and used him by way of what, in English, we call adaptation. And through the French Alarcon has come into English in the plays of Congreve, Wycherly, Vanbrugh, Foote, and of how many others in our numerous adaptations God only knoweth. Of the twenty-eight known plays of Alarcon, for cool reason allied to sentiment, and wit clothed in rich but never florid or verbose language—of all which beauties all his plays can boast—the best are *Las Paredes Oyen*, *Tejedor de Segovia*, and *La Verdad Sospechosa*; though for rapid action *Mudarse por Mejorarse* perhaps excels. This last-mentioned play has a series of admirably managed complications that are solved by one master-stroke of genius. The German critics of *Mudarse por Mejorarse* are unanimous that its plot and its management are unsurpassed by that of any known play in any known tongue.

As I may be thought to be over-zealous in praise of this author I leave Alarcon, not for lack of words but lack of space, only adding the testimony of our Ticknor and the great German critic Schack, that I may be acquitted of the charge of extravagant enthusiasm. Ticknor says: "On the whole, Alarcon is to be ranked with the very best Spanish dramatists during the best period of the national theatre"; and Schack: "Happy in painting comic characters in order to chastise vice as in the invention and development of heroes to make virtue adorable; rapid in action, sober in ornament; alike to Lope in tender respect of feminine creations, to Moreto in liveliest comedy, to Firso in travesty, to Calderon in grandeur and stage effect, he excelled all of them in the variety and perfection of his figures, in the tact of managing, in equality of style, in carefulness of versification, in correctness of language."

Guadalajara, in the state of Jalisco, is the birthplace of Fernando Calderon, a dramatist and poet, of whom Straine says: "This Mexican Calderon equals his great namesake in fire and animation, and, though inferior to the greatest of the Spanish stage in sublimity of conception, has in common with the authors of his country a delicacy and purity of treatment as indefinable as the perfume of a flower; a delicacy not found in such perfection in the literatures of other nations." Calderon was born in 1809; completed his studies in the capital; entered the army; was made a colonel in 1834; became a state legislator three

years after, was made secretary of state in 1839; died in 1845, in his thirty-sixth year, the author of eighteen dramas, several volumes of poetry, an excellent work on military tactics, a novel, a number of short stories, and a treatise on mineralogy. A remarkable example of the want of industry in southern peoples! In person Calderon was very unlike Alarcon, being tall and remarkably handsome. Of his eighteen dramas *The Return of the Crusaders* is held to be the best. It, even in a more marked degree than his other plays, is full of noble and chivalrous sentiment and spirited action, together with a great refinement, charming poetry, and enlivening mirth. The last, however, is used sparingly, for though Calderon is not a sombre writer his wit is seldom provocative of laughter. And it may be well to say here that, even in *La Mala Llagu Sana*, there is not the faintest tinge of pessimism either in the works of Calderon or in those of any other Spanish-American writer. Their villains are never entirely lost to all good, and even in the wickedest of their characters one finds reason to hope that the grace of an act of contrition, at least, will be finally granted them. This speaks much for the Mexican authors and their audience. *A Bad Wound Heals*, *Anna Boleyn*, and *The Tourney* are but little below the high rank of *The Return of the Crusaders* "In *The Tourney* passages abound," says Schoebel, "that Lope and Alarcon might have fathered with pride; . . . their fire and animation, the held-in tragic tone, let loose at times to sweep with hurricane blast, to die hushed by the voice of Hope telling of peace here or hereafter, and always dignified." In *The Star of the Sea* the lovers, Luisita and José, are mortally wounded, and José says to the dying girl—who entreats him not to weep, she being ignorant of her sweetheart's wound—

Courage, light of my heart? That, little one, I have,
For, by God's grace, I shall be quick to follow thee;
And in the peaceful land where Mother Mary dwells
Our short woe shall be as if it had never been.

The genius of Calderon was essentially dramatic; even his lyrics give evidence of this. His *Soldier of Liberty* is, in particular, characterized by an ardent enthusiasm, word hurrying after word with the impetuosity of a torrent, only broken by the swell of its fine refrain, that so ill bears translation:

Slaves, dishonored, may enjoy in fetters
A shameful peace;
I will rather freedom seek in combat,
Or in death release.

I have said that Calderon is never given to pessimism, and in contradiction to this assertion some one may offer the soliloquy of Isabella in *The Tourney*. Of this soliloquy Gerstäcker says: "The sentiment is more than tristful; it is torn from out the very heart of the speaker." "It is not a wail of despair, but of hope baffled for a time." "Were nothing else left to us, this soliloquy would stamp Calderon as a poet of the first order." "Throughout the soliloquy has a grandeur and dignity of expression not easily expressed in any other than the Spanish tongue." Then it must be borne in mind that Isabella's melancholy view of life is offset by an appendix:

Impious spirits and they that are coward
Shrink from the thought of death with unbelieving fear;
Vain-thinking that within the grave love and joy have end.
Fools! who believe not the eternity divine;
The disembodied spirit swift ascends
To regions high of freedom and of bliss.
Love's sweet sentiment is a seed sown in our souls;
Doubt not God's hand doth guard and lead it up to him.
The soul but breathes in love, its essence and its food,
And without love would die; and souls immortal are.

Eduardo Gorostiza, if not so remarkable as either Alarcon or Fernando Calderon, has produced plays that have been and still are enjoyed in Spanish America, Spain, and France. His plays are as animated as Calderon's, but their somewhat lively character forbids his rising to the grandeur, the ebb and flow of passion, found in either of the preceding poets. He is full of mental tenderness, and the heroine of *Contigo Pan y Cebolla* is one of the most delightful studies of female characters on the stage, a character in marked contrast with the fortune-seeking Doña Adelaida in his noted comedy, *Don Dieguito*. Gorostiza was born in Vera Cruz in 1789. At the age of twelve he wrote a comedy, *Agua por Nada*, which was acted with "considerable applause in the presence of notable persons of his native city." Probably the applause was given the youth of the author rather than to the worth of the comedy. At the age of fifteen he had made himself known as a liberal by his writings. He had barely reached his majority when he left his native country for Spain, to enter the army as lieutenant-colonel in the war against Napoleon. He was already the author of several delightful comedies. *Contigo Pan y Cebolla*, one of the number, has been "adapted" in French by Scribe under the name of *Une Chaudière et son Cœur*. In 1823 his articles in the *Edinburgh Review*

attracted much attention. Shortly after this he returned to Mexico, and held in succession the offices of minister to England and to the United States, that of intendant-general of the army, the secretaryship of state, of the treasury, and of foreign affairs, directorship of education, and director of the national theatre. He died at the age of sixty-two. A monument has been erected to him in the city of Mexico.

Gorostiza's *Don Dieguito* is the one of his thirty-seven comedies that has the most claim to be considered remarkable. His biographers give it the high praise of comparing it in ingenuity of plot to some of the best plays of Alarcon. *Contigo Pan y Cebolla* (literally With Thee, Bread and Onions, equivalent to our Bread and Cheese and Kisses) is more than a beautiful sentimental comedy; it is an ideal realized, or, as Schoebel expresses it, "It is realism idealized." *Las Costumbres de Antoño* (The Fashions of Last Year), *The Bosom Friend*, and *Pardon for All* are the most noteworthy of Gorostiza's other plays, and, it should be said, *Pardon for All* is considered by the Mexicans to be his best.

Gorostiza's poems are contained in two thin octavo volumes. They never descend to mediocrity, and they never rise to the sublimity of Fernando Calderon's *Soldier of Liberty*. He has also written a volume of what may be called "Society Verses" that compare favorably with Lang's. His prose writings are of a political nature or in the interest of education.

The following lame translation is from a song introduced in Gorostiza's *Children of Peace*. A husband and his bride are supposed to be escaping by way of the sea from the turmoils of earth to some distant fabulous island of peace:

Boatman, row us to the sea,
Take us from the world's dull care;
Let us breathe the sea-winds free
Playing o'er the sea-nymph's lair.

Hurry, boatman! do not wait
Coming of the inward tide;
Row us to the shining gate,
Where the golden sun has died.

Kiss your oars with feathered foam,
Let your boat the strong waves part.
On the land is deepest gloam—
Let no gloam be in my heart!

Swiftly, swiftly, take us on—
 Whisper softly, mate of mine—
 Now the weary day has gone,
 Stars on beds of sea recline.

How your heart beats, tender mate !
 Gladly that you're by my side,
 Careless now of every fate,
 Happy now whate'er betide ?

Row, then, boatman, swiftly row,
 We will rest by coral caves,
 Where the sea-ferns rankly grow,
 Put to sleep by lapping waves.

In the poems and plays of Rodriguez Galvan we find blended all the elements of poetry, the outpourings of a singularly pure heart and refined intelligence. When we place in conjunction with this the halo of romance shed over his short life and sad death we can, in a manner, comprehend how he has come to be enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen. He was born in 1816 in the suburbs of Mexico, of very humble parentage. An uncle of his, however, had succeeded in establishing himself in the book-trade in the capital, and in the shop of the bookseller we find the boy Galvan, when he was in his eleventh year, occupied all day in doing up parcels or putting books in order, making up at night by hard study for what his incessant toil prevented him from accomplishing during the day. "Uncle Galvan," Straine tells us, "believed not in idleness, . . . but the young poet's love of work and his happy disposition supplied the want of masters and fortune." His poems entitled *The Tomb* and *The Girandolé*, published when he was but eighteen, gave him immediate fame. "Galvan was a handsome youth, and most graceful," and it was shortly after the publication of his first poems that one morning an elderly lady, and a younger "of surpassing beauty" entered the bookseller's shop. Whilst purchasing the younger lady, not knowing Galvan to be the author, praised highly *The Girandolé*. "Galvan was so overcome by happiness and the warmth of his heart that he was unable to utter a word, and he acted very awkwardly, for which he was soundly rated by his uncle when the customers had left the shop." We can readily believe Galvan's biographer; for a Mexican to forget his graceful suavity he must, indeed, be overcome. Between 1834, the time of the above-mentioned occurrence, and 1842 Galvan

was known as the author of eleven dramas and comedies, several satires, and four volumes of lyrics. He had attained a high reputation, "and his society was eagerly sought for by the best people." In 1842 we hear of his betrothal to the beautiful lady who praised his *Girandolé*. In the same year he was made one of a "legation extraordinary" to South America. The ship that carried him touched at Havana, where he died of a fever a few days before his twenty-sixth birthday. It is related, with how much truth I cannot say, that in the delirium of fever the poem of *The Girandolé* was constantly on his lips. This is certain, however, *The Girandolé* was the poem of his which Galvan prized the most.

The most noted of Galvan's dramas are *The Viceroy's Favorite* and *Muñoz*. They rank among the most perfect productions of entirely Mexican subjects on the Mexican stage. In both these plays there is an exuberance of beautiful poetry and a too great wealth of exquisite imagery. This last defect, if it really be a defect, is no doubt due to the youth of the author. Galvan was the very opposite of Fernando Calderon. For whereas Calderon is dramatic even in his lyrics, Galvan is lyrical even in his dramas. There are moments when his dialogue seems to irritate him, and one can almost see the smile of satisfaction on his face, the brightening of his eye, when the subject allows him to put in the mouths of his heroes passages that are neither more nor less than outbursts of beautiful song, as in the address of Victoria to Maria, beginning: "The flowers have oped and breathed upon the air to perfume it, all for thy dearest coming." In *El Angel de la Guarda* occurs a satire that should be translated and hung up where it could be plainly seen in our news-booths—a satire on certain immoral literature alien to Mexico and on "adaptations." It is intensely dramatic and not at all lyrical. The following is a portion of Galvan's *Farewell to Mexico*, written when he was preparing to leave his country; a lyric dear to all Mexicans. Unable to lay my hand on the original, I owe the fine translation to an anonymous admirer of the poet:

" Upon the deck with longing
 I watch the lonely main,
 And on my fate I ponder
 And muse in doubt and pain.
 To thee I yield my fortunes,
 O Holy Maid above!
 Adieu, my own dear country;
 Adieu, thou land of love!

“ Far in the western waters
 The red sun hides its light,
 And now at last 'tis buried
 Beneath the billows' might.
 The roaring sea announces
 The weary day's decline :
 Adieu, beloved country ;
 Adieu, thou land of mine ! ”

The same exquisite feeling is displayed throughout the poem, which is in every way worthy to be ranked with the best lyrics of its kind.

Inferior to many of the Mexican poets in vigor and dramatic force, Manuel Navarrete, the parish priest of San Antonio de Tula, excels in a certain world-wideness and delicacy of touch ; and, perhaps, it is the graceful and undulating quality of his verse, more than anything else, that has named him the “ Swan of the South.” Navarrete was born in Zamora, in 1768, entered the convent of the Franciscans at Querétaro at the age of nineteen, and was afterwards parish priest of San Antonio de Tula. After many entreaties he allowed himself to be made a member of the literary society, *La Arcadia Mexicana*. He wrote under the pen-name “ Anfriso.” A collection of his poems has been republished in Mexico in 1823, and has gone through several European editions, the first of which was that of Paris, 1825. His greatest work, and it is truly great in every sense of that much-abused epithet, is the *Poema de la Divina Providencia*, first published in Mexico in 1805.

Entretenimientos Poeticos is the title of the edition of the collected poems of Navarrete. He died in Tlalpujahua, superior of the Franciscans at that place, in the year 1809.

Aurelio Luis Gallardo has not so much of the simplicity and naturalness of style which distinguishes the literature of Mexico, her modern even more so than her ancient. He was born in Leon, Guanajuato, in 1831, and died at Napa in 1868. The genius of the Mexican author appears to be as fertile and productive as is their country's soil. Gallardo has published a novel, *Adah*, and four volumes of poems, as follows : *Sueños y Sombras*, *Nubes y Estrellas*, *Leyendas y Romances*, and *Leyendas Intimas*. Of his published and acted twenty comedies the best are *El Pintor de Florencia*, *Abrojos del Corazon*, *La Hechicera de Córdoba*, and his comedy-drama, *Los Mártires de Taculaya*. His best production, however, is his tragedy of *Maria Antonieta de Lorena*. Besides his literary work he edited a newspaper, took an en-

thusiastic and active part in the interests of the people, and held several secretaryships under government. What detracts very much from the comedies of Gallardo, save the four mentioned above, are his mannerisms, a fault not at all common to Mexican dramatists, who have most luxuriant imaginations. Not only is Gallardo guilty of mannerisms of speech but also in the device with which he brings about his denouement. He has a trick of putting his auditors perfectly at ease concerning the fortunes of his characters, in the midst of which serenity something startling occurs that upsets the whole course of events, putting every one and everything at sixes and sevens. The device in itself is good, but Gallardo uses it so frequently that one is in a constant tremor for fear something is going to happen, even when there is no necessity for being so. Another fault of Gallardo is, he is too epigrammatic. When his characters do not speak in epigram they are silent. In a word, Gallardo overdoes good things. He redeems himself, however, in his tragedy of *Maria Antonieta*, which is of no mean merit, and deserves to be known outside of Spanish America and Spain. Gallardo's best and most congenial work is in his poems. His erotic verses are models of purity, refinement, and simple, natural diction.

Pedro Ildefonso Perez comes of a family of noted scientists, of whom I may speak in a future article. He was born in Merida, in the state of Yucatan, in 1826 and died 1869. Poverty obliged him to accept an employment in the public administration, all his spare time being given to science and literature. In early life he conceived a passionate admiration for the poems of the famous Spanish poet Zorilla and sought to model himself on that master. It was during this period that, unknown to his friends, he wrote much poetry. His secret was discovered and, after much persuasion, he allowed his poems to be published. They met with much success, but time has shown that Perez was right in not wishing to publish them, for many of these poems are unworthy his name. In 1849 Perez was one of the founders of the Academy of Sciences and Literature, and in this year was published his historical study, *Los Mártires de la Independencia*, and after, in rapid succession, twenty-seven scientific works and treatises. In 1848 appeared his second collection of poems, that are incontestably verses of a high order. His comedies and tragedy, *El Contrabandista*, are elegant compositions, all of them closet-plays. They cannot, though, compete with the works of such men as Galvan and Fernando Calderon. A new collection of his works has been published in Merida in 1885:

Mexico has proved in the person of Perez that being a scientist does not necessarily disqualify a man from being a poet.

And a more startling example of dual genius is given in José Peón y Contreras. He also is a native of Merida (1843). He pursued his studies at the university of his native city, and graduated in medicine in 1862. But long before this some of the best lyrics of Peón had been published. In 1860 three of his comedies were received with enthusiasm, an ovation being given their author. In the same year was published his epic romance, *La Cruz de Paredón*, which treats of an ancient tradition of Yucatan; *Ecos*, his most famous epic poem, and the romances *Petkanché* and *Á Las Ruinas de Uxmal*. In 1863 he went to the city of Mexico, where he held a post as assistant in the Hospital of Jesus. He finished his studies at the University of Mexico, and in 1867 was made director of the lunatic asylum of San Hipolito. Peón, before this, had been deputy to congress several times and senator from Yucatan. In 1865 were published his *La Ruina de Atzacpotzalco*, *Motenczoma*, and other historical romances. Beside the above-mentioned works, his dramas include *Maria la Loca*, *La Hija del Rey*, and *Un Amos de Hernan Cortes*. The distinguishing features of the poetry of Peón are an entire absence of striving after effect; an underswell of sonorous language, metallic in its effect; lucid expression, never clouded by the least obscurity. Exquisite as much of his verse is, Peón never rises to anything like real grandeur but once—in his *Ecos*. In what estimate he will be held by posterity it is not easy to say. It is safe to say that his *Ecos* has an assured and high place in literature, and that his historical romances are not likely to be forgotten.

I have skimmed the surface of Mexican dramatic and poetical literature, and, with the exception of Alarcon, have taken names at random from the list of those dwelling on the highest plane, descending from thence to those who dwell on a lower; and I think I have succeeded in showing—and it is a shame that such showing should be called for—that Mexico has a dramatic and poetic literature deserving of reverent and loving consideration. In future notes I hope to show as much for her prose literature, her national schools of art and music. Until the time of an author, whom I shall presently take pleasure in quoting, most of the knowledge we have had of Mexico has been derived from the accounts of writers who have paid flying visits to that unknown land. The asinine complacency with which these people—with no faculty, natural or acquired, for their task,

save that they have aired themselves in various hotels and railway coaches for some days—set to work to subvert the hard-gained facts of giants like Humboldt and Gerstacker is calculated to make one despair of the human intellect.

Janvier, in his introduction to Ogden's translation of that charming masterpiece of genius, the South-American novel of Isaacs, *Maria*, says :

“In his scholarly *Bibliografia Mexicana* my honored friend Don Joaquin Garcia Icozbalceta has produced a *catalogue raisonne* of all the books published in Mexico *before* the year 1600. His list includes one hundred and sixteen titles, and it ends twenty years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. A little more than seventy years ago Dr. Berestain y Souza published his *Biblioteca Hispano-Americano Setentrional*, a work which, while confined almost exclusively to Mexican authors, contains upwards of twelve thousand titles, distributed under nearly four thousand names. So far from abating, this extraordinary literary fecundity has increased steadily during the present century, while the quality of the work produced has been steadily refined; for the genius of letters has never ceased to abide with the Spanish Americans, among whom American literature was born.”

With a few words about one whom the reader, before I have done with him, will agree to be among the most remarkable women of all time, I shall bring these notes to a close—omitting, reluctantly, all mention of poets so distinguished as are Heredia, Placido, Milanes, Mendine, Pesado, and Carpio. Sor Juana Inez de la Cruz was born in San Miguel de Nepantla. She was barely five years old when she could read, write, and keep accounts. At eight she composed an *auto* on the Holy Sacrament. She was proficient in Latin at ten, and in Greek at twelve. So ardent was her desire for learning that she implored her parents to allow her to wear boy's clothes and make a course at the university. At fifteen she was made one of the ladies of the household of the vice-queen. The viceroy, the Marquis de Mancera, wishing to test her learning and intelligence—she was then in her seventeenth year—invited a number of theologians, jurists, philosophers, and poets to a meeting, during which Juana, unprepared, had to answer many questions and explain difficult points on various scientific and literary subjects. The manner in which she acquitted herself astonished all present and greatly increased her reputation. The company then engaged in a tourney of wit, in which Juana was proclaimed the victor. Her beauty and genius attracted many suitors for her hand in marriage, but she preferred to enter the Franciscan convent of San Jose, proceeding subsequently to that

of San Jeronimo, where she took the veil. For twenty-seven years she devoted herself to religion, her favorite studies of theology, interpretation of Scripture, logic, rhetoric, natural philosophy, medicine, mathematics, history, music, and poetry; constantly writing and publishing. In 1693 she sold her splendid library and rare collection of musical instruments to help the poor. She died in 1695, in her forty-fourth year, of a fever caught in nursing the sick poor. She was buried with great pomp, and funeral services were held in her memory throughout Spain and the Spanish dominions, at that time no small portion of the globe. The greatest of her works—and they are all great—are her numerous *autos*; *Amor, es Laberinto*, a drama; *Los Empeños de un Casa*, comedy; *Ovillejos*, a satire; *El Neptuno Alegorico*; and two volumes of poems, entitled *Poemas sagradas y profanas*. The testimony to her greatness written in Spanish and other languages of the European Continent are almost as voluminous as English and German testimony is to that of Shakspeare. Bouterwek, the most eminent of the critics of Spanish literature, says:

“The poems of Inez de la Cruz breathe a sort of masculine spirit. This poetic nun possessed more imagination and wit than sentimental enthusiasm, and, whenever she began to invent, her creations were on a bold and great scale. . . . In facility of invention and versification Inez de la Cruz was *not inferior to Lope de Vega*. . . . In her dramatic works the vigor of her imagination is particularly conspicuous. The collection of her poems comprises a series of boldly-conceived preludes (*loas*), full of allegorical invention, and it concludes with a long allegorical *auto*, which is *superior to any of the similar productions of Lope de Vega*. It is entitled *El Divino Narciso*, a name by which the author designates the heavenly bridegroom. . . . It would be impossible to give a brief and, at the same time, an intelligible sketch of this extraordinary drama. . . . Its scenes are so beautifully and romantically constructed that the reader is compelled to render homage to the genius of the poetess. . . . There is one peculiarly fine scene in which human nature, in the shape of a nymph, seeks her beloved, the real Narcissus, or the Christian Saviour. . . . She has inequalities, but the poems of Inez de la Cruz are eminently superior to any ordinary standard of poetry.”

With these passages from Bouterwek I bring my very incomplete notes to a close.*

HAROLD DIJON.

* In THE CATHOLIC WORLD for April, 1871, is an able criticism of the works of Inez de la Cruz, probably the first that has appeared in English. All the encyclopædias in English, however, have lengthy notices of her.

"WE ALL'S MISS KATHER'NE."

THE freshness of spring was abroad in the world, and the tall cherry-tree which stood by the old house was such a mass of fluttering bloom that the green of the steep, moss-covered roof and the weather-beaten gray of the front could only be seen by glimpses and snatches. Through the wide-open door of the old cottage the sunshine, having in it that subdued quality which it seems to assume on Sunday afternoons in the country, and checkered by flower-shadows fell in bright sheets on the smooth pine floor. The fire of half-decayed rails had burned down in the huge fireplace, leaving only white ashes, which were rendered the more noticeable by the one remaining stick of wood as it sent up intermittent flickerings of spasmodic flame, and now and then threw a spark dangerously near the homespun skirts of the venerable negro woman who, with her head bandaged in green mustard-leaves tied down by a yellow handkerchief, leaned back in her corner and indulged in that sort of restless sleep which she would have called "taking cat-naps." During one of her waking intervals she became conscious of shadows athwart the sunshine, and a moment later a boy's voice was saying:

"Where's Abram, Aunt Mandy? Mamma said I might get him to go with me to see the young lambs in the far pasture."

"And she said I might stay with you while they were gone," added a girl's soft treble. "There's company at home to-day and I'm so lonesome. I brought you some of our dessert too, Aunt Mandy, because Uncle Israel told mamma you were sick."

"Set down, chillun—set down!" exclaimed the old woman, as soon as her eager visitors would permit her to speak. "Yes, I is bin hed er mighty mis'ry in my head; but de mustard's easin' uv it now. Wot sort o' 'sert is it, honey? Syllabug an' jelly!—rale 'rustycrat eatin'. You sho is er good little gyal, allers fetchin' ole Mandy sompen. But dar! you an't studyin' dis, is 'you, young marster? You wants Abum. He done been gone ter dat spring long nuff ter dig er well, mos'; but he 'magines I'm 'sleep, an' I dess boun' he's a-buildin' er mud-dam 'cross dat branch dis ve'y minnit. But I'll fetch 'im—" and suiting the action to the word she stepped out of the back door, followed by the children, and lifting her voice she called aloud:

"Aw, Abum! Aw, Abum! How come you doan fetch dat

water, you no 'count villyun you? You better fetch it; an' be peart, too, or I'm gwine pearten you wid er fence-rail—you heah?"

Apparently he did, for at that instant he made his appearance, the bucket poised scientifically on his woolly head, and his hands and feet so muddy as to render his grandmother's suspicions as to his occupation entirely justifiable. What her action might have been at any other time upon such strong circumstantial evidence it is not ours to conjecture; but at this particular juncture she was remembering that syllabub is one of those good things of life which does not improve by keeping, and so, after helping Abram to put the bucket on the shelf, she dismissed the two boys, not without solemn warning of the chastisements in store for them if they "plagued dem lam's an' runned dem young ca'ves."

"Who all's at yo' house ter-day?" Aunt Mandy asked after an interval, which had been occupied by her in discussing the eatables and by the little girl in trimming her hat with cherry-blossoms.

"Oh! a lot of folks who came home with us from church. The preacher and his wife, and Mrs. Alston, and Miss Sarah, and Mr. Eppes, and that Englishman, Mr. Beaufort."

"Dat 'ar strange man's co'tin' yo' sis' Stella, an't he?" asked Aunt Mandy judicially. "But do' I mos' knows he is. I see 'em walkin' down de road terge'er to'er day, an' I knowed de sympshuns—he's lovin' uv 'er, an' I boun' you she haves 'im too."

"Oh! no indeed, Aunt Mandy," laughed the child. "Sister Stella likes Mr. Eppes ever and ever so much more, and mamma and papa do too, and so do I."

But this triumphant display of advantages for Mr. Eppes only made Aunt Mandy assume a greater air of superior wisdom.

"Shoo! dat an't no more'n h'ar' tracks in de big road. You dunno gyals—dey is de onaccountablest, changeablest, notionest, foolinest things on top o' God A'mighty's yeth! You all go 'long a-talkin' up Mist' Eppes, yo' pa 'markin' 'bout wot er good farmer he is, an' yo' ma' 'lowin' she can't he'p lakin' 'im 'count o' his bein' sich er oncommon good son ter his mo'er.—Miss Stella she 'greein' ter it all—an' behole yo'! some dese mornin's here she come cryin', an' a-sayin' ez how she doan love Mist' Eppes—she wants to'er man. Ump—I knows 'em. Dess look how we all's Miss Kather'ne token fooled we all!"

"Tell me how she did it," said the child eagerly. She had not lived her twelve years of life in the South without appreciating the negroes' skill in story-telling. But Aunt Mandy had suddenly become absorbed in the washing of the dessert-plates, rekindling the fire, and various other occupations. "Who was Miss Kather'ne, Aunt Mandy?" the little girl asked at last, by way of reminder.

"Now, won't anybody lissen ter dat? Lawd! Lawd! here's er chile acshully axin' uv me who Miss Kather'ne Sydney wuz—an' ev'y foot o' dis yere lan' whar her pa's tendin' now used belong ter ole mist'ess, an' ev'y body in dis yere county used know Miss Kather'ne for de purties' ooman in de county! Lawd! an't dis yere er cur'ous worl'? An't you nuvver hearn yo' pa say ez how I b'longed ter Miz John Bradford? She wuz de Widder Sydney, wid one little gyal, w'en she married marster, an' he wuz er widder, wid one good-size' boy, name' Marse Nat. We all wuz mighty rich, leastways marster wuz—I hearn 'em say Miss Kather'ne didn' have much. I heerd her ma tell 'er so one day. But den she warn't no po' barker. She used dress—ooh! didn' she dress? I got er silk she gi' me right now; I b'lieve I'll let you see it. I allers has ter hide my keys, keep dem chillun fum rummagin' 'mongst my things," she explained, as she finally produced them from a ginger-jar in the cupboard, and going to her wooden chest she brought forth from the bottom of it a dress of soft gray silk, brocaded in bouquets of pink rosebuds. As she shook out its ample folds and spread it on the bed the odor of camphor filled the room. "I keeps it packed in camfire so de moths won't trouble it, 'case I'm gwine be buried in dis ve'y coat. Hit's gwine ter de grave wid me, same ez my love fur Miss Kather'ne's gwine"; and a moisture gathered in the old woman's eyes, and in her voice was a suggestion of tears. But the sight of the dress called up a scene of the long ago, in which she lived once more.

"Lawd, didn' she look sweet dat day, wid dis yere dress on, an' 'er green silk mantilla, all trimmed in fringe, an' er beautiful Leg'o'n bonnet, all set off wid pink rosebuds, an' she holdin' of er little bit o' par'sol whar de beaux wouldn' gi' 'er no use fur? She a-steppin' so proud, dem eyes o' hern down on de groun', 'cep' ev'y now an' den a-glancin' up full o' mischuf an' laffin' at de mens whar wuz a-watchin' ter ketch dey glance. Dat wuz er time, you hear me? Mighty nigh ev'y big-bug in dis part de State hed dey tents at Rehoboth camp-groun', an' co'se we all did, an' co'se 'twarn't no tent better'n ourn no'er. We all's tent

wuz longer'n de barn down at de house, made outen de ve'y bes' kind o' slabs, an' marster eben hed two three glass winders, an' er good flo'; but do' we allers car'd some de up-sta'rs cyarpits tu lay down over pine-straw, an' mist'ess allus sent comforts ter hang up fur 'titions—she say you see th'ew curt'ins too plain. An' people! 'twas busy times fore de fust Sunday in Augus'—dat wuz de day fur Rehoboth camp-meetin' ter 'mence—at we all's house. Here you'd see us: pigs a-barbecuin', chickens a-fryin', hams a-bilin', lam's a-roastin', cakes a-bakin'—ev'y thing you uvver hearn uv whar's good ter eat col' a-cookin' in de kitchin. Den Sat'd'y come, de waggins wid de beds, an' de cyarpits, an' de cheers, startin' off, an' soon Sund'y mornin' erno'er waggin full o' de victuals-chists, an' coffee-pots, an' fryin'-pans, an' de dish-chist, startin'. An' pres'n'y up drives de ca'ige ter de front gate an' out we all walks! Miss Kather'ne in dat ve'y dress, an' mist'ess in er rustlin' black, an' de two little chilluns in dey bes', an' dey gits in de ca'ige. I mounts up on de boot wid Unk' Addison, marster he jumps on Login, Marse Nat he draws on 'is kid gloves, he do, an' sets back in 'is new buggy 'side o' Hannibal, an' Hannibal he tells 'em ter gi' de new match dey head, an' mist'ess hollers dey pitches so, an' here we starts off ter de camp-groun', overtakein' buggies an' ca'iges an' folks on horse-back ev'y minnit, mos'; we all's 'rusty-crat 'quaintances, an' Miss Kather'ne she dess a-bowin' an' a-smilin', fust one side den to'er, an' de mens dey mos' fitten ter fight 'bout who shill rein dey horse ter *her* ca'ige winder! Den w'en we gits dar, an' a fyar race 'mongst de men ter speak ter Miss Kather'ne, an' she makin' 'tend she doan see no 'sturbance, dess 'ceptin' Mist' Winston Amiss's arm same ez she didn' know nare 'no'er one bin offered, an' off she walks ter de Harbor—"

"What was the Harbor?" asked the little girl, mystified.

"Is you *deef*?" queried Aunt Mandy. "Many scuppernong grape-harbors ez you all's got you come axin' me w'ot er harbor is! Co'rse dat one warn't no grape one; hit wuz made outen poles, an' hed er bresh top, an' wuz 'bout ez big ez all you all's grape-harbors put terge'er, an' de pulpit wuz made outen slabs, an' de seats outen planks laid 'cross sills—dem seats! ef dey warn't de back-breakines' things! I used 'spec', tibbe sho', dey didn' have no backs ter 'em so de fokes couldn' sleep an' nod; but do, 'twas some mighty gre't preachers used come ter dem camp-meetin's. Gentermens! ef I an't hearn hell-fire an' damnation a-druv home ter sinners 'twell seem lak you could fyar *see*

de fire an' smell de brimstone. But I couldn' allers lissen, 'ca'se, you see, I hed be he'pin' set we all's table un'er de trees by we all's tent. I 'members dat ve'y Sund'y, w'en preachin' wuz out here come er whole tribe o' fokes mist'ess an' marster 'vited ter dinner, de persidin' elder an' I dunno who all, an' pres'n'y Marse Nat come an' say, 'Cousin Susan'—he nuvver wouldn' call mist'ess nothin' but Cousin Susan, do' she wuz his pa's wife—he say, 'Cousin Susan, Pete Edmunds is here wid a Orshman fum 'cross de ruvver, an' I've 'vited 'em ter dinner; he's a stranger, you know.' Co'rse dat settled it; ef he wuz er stranger we wuz boun' giv' 'im sompen ter eat, an' Marse Nat done 'vited 'im, but mist'ess she flashed 'er eyes—she didn' lak it; an' nex' minnit here dey come, Marse Nat, an' Marse Pete Edmunds, an' de Orshman! He, sho', warn't purty, I tell you, but den he didn' look noways lak trash; he hilt his head high, he did, an' he bowed ter mist'ess dess ez gent'manfied ez any o' 'em; but w'en Marse Nat made 'im 'quainted wid Miss Kather'ne seems lak de man's bref wuz tuk fur er little w'ile, seems lak he wuz sort o' struck dum' wid 'miration. But you hear me say so? 'twarn't *no* time 'fore he got back his tongue, an' him an' Miss Kather'ne wuz laffin' an' chattin' sich er pitch 'fore dat dinner wuz ovah dat Marse Nat he tooken got mad an' cussed Hannibal (low) fur not handin' de water, an' Mist' Winston Amiss drawed off an' frowned lak er thunder-cloud. I doan' reckon Miss Kather'ne heerd de cussin' 'ca'se Marse Nat whispered it, but she see de mad looks on dem men's faces, an' she dess smiled on dat Orshman still sweeter, she did; an' he, he didn' 'pear ter know 'twas nare 'no'er human bein' on dat camp-groun' but dess him an' her. Dat wuz de 'mencement. I hear Mist' Amiss tell Miss Kather'ne he b'lieve he wuz de outdaciouses', imp'dentes' man he uvver see; an' Marse Nat say he didn' know w'at Pete Edmunds see ter lak in 'im; but de gyals somehow dey sort o' sided wid 'im, an' Miss Kather'ne 'marked dat he wuz mighty ent'tainin', she thought; she say she wuz much 'bliged ter Marse Nat fur bringin' 'im up.

"Nex' mornin' by light—"

"Did they stay there all night?" interrupted the child.

"W'y, cert'n'y; night wuz er prime time. Seems lak I kin shet my eyes an' see it now—de gre't fires o' lightud knots all 'roun' de camp-groun', an' makin' de woods look full o' flickerin's, an' de blackes' o' darkness; an' de harbor hit hung 'bout wid can'les. 'Co'se we stayed all night; else, w'at de use o' ca'in' beds? I tell you we *camped* dar de whole week.

Mos' de gittin' 'lijun wuz in de night-meetin's. Hit wuz mon-s'ous solum an' still out dar 'mongst dem pines; no light but dem splutterin' can'les an' dem res'less lightud fires; no soun' but de preacher a-ex'ortin' an' de folks a-hymn-singin'. 'Twas er time fur de grace o' God ter tech de hearts. Dat grace o' de Sperrit whar doan min' de darkness—whar comes a-stealin' in an' a-fetchin' uvverlastin' light. But do, ez I wuz sayin', nex' mornin' 'fore sunup, w'en we niggahs wuz busy 'bout brekfus, Miss Kather'ne she stepped outen de tent, dressed up in 'er 'broidered white muslin, agwine ter sunrise pra'r. She an't let none de beaux know she will eben be turned ovah by den, an' dey dess sleepin', dey is; but behole you, up walks dat Orshman! same ez he'd bin watchin' fur 'er, but he hadn', an' he takes off his hat, he do, lak he wuz ready ter fall down ter pra'r right den, an' he says sompen ter her 'bout de Angel o' de Dawn, an' she flush up an' smile, an' off dey goes ter-ge'er. He didn' have no chance at late chu'ch, she had too many beaux; but I got er little res' time den, an' I tooken got close ter de harbor 'hind de pulpit, an' I see dat Orshman—his name wuz Mist' Dawson—walk in an' set down so he could watch Miss Kather'ne, an' she seed 'im too, 'ca'se she sort o' bowed ter 'im. Well, suh! de preacher 'menced, an' pres'n'y he dess let inter de misdoin's an' de 'bominations o' somebody whar he called de 'Scyarlet Ooman.' I an't *nuvver* knowed wot kin she wuz ter Mist' Dawson, but I reckon Miss Kather'ne did, 'ca'se she 'menced gittin' fidgetty, an' glancin' ovah ter de Orshman, an' 'tendin' lak she didn' see how Marse Nat an' Mist' Amis wuz a-grinnin'; but pres'n'y dat strange man, dat Mist' Dawson, he couldn' stan' no mo'; he riz up, he did, dess ez straight an' still ez any pine-tree uvver you see, an' he faced dat preacher fur *dess one minnit*—but people! seem lak ter me de eyes he sot on dat man in de pulpit wuz two-edged swords; I nachully looked fur 'em ter cut 'im down—den he turned on his heel he did, an' he walked outen dat crowd same ez he wuz a-shakin' dust offen his foots; an' er silunce fell a'ter him. De preacher he clarr'd his th'oat, an' he wringed an' twisted, but dem burnin' eyes done scorched 'im, an' he hummed an' he hawed, an' he halted an' backed, an' las' he had say, 'Brer Jones, please lead in pra'r.' He couldn' go on 'busin' dat ooman no mo' dat day; I 'low he wuz skeerd ter try 'it.

"W'en Miss Kather'ne got ter de tent dar stood Mist' Dawson ready ter tell 'er good-by, 'ca'se I hearn 'im tell 'er he

wuz gwine home. He say he done wrong ter come, he didn' have no business runnin' sich er resk; he say 'twas his own fault; but I could see he wuz mad yit, an' Miss Kather'ne she hilt out her han' in dat 'ar purty fashion she had, an' she say, so kind an' gentle:

"'I wuz so ve'y sorry it happened.'

"Seem lak dem words o' hern driv all de madness outen his face—I wuz lissenin' an' watchin', tryin' find out who dat Scyarlet Ooman wuz, you see—an' he tuk her han' an' hilt it close, an' looked at her dess ez yearnes', an' sort o' 'seechin' too, an' he say:

"'You doan b'lieve such things, do you?'

"But I boun' she did, 'ca'se de blood fyar flooded her face—she warn't gwine tell lies, and she warn't gwine hurt nobody's feelin's—and pres'n'y she 'plied lak dis:

"'I've nuvver heard but one side,' she say.

"'May I tell you the other?' Mist' Dawson axed, so quick an' so eager dat Miss Kather'ne she taken drapped her eyes, an' 'fore she could 'ply some mo' folks 'menced clust'rin' roun'; an' Mist' Dawson he walked off ter tell mist'ess good-by, an' ter thank 'er fur her kindness; an' den he driv 'way fum dat camp-groun', an' dey do say he didn' nuvver go ter nare 'no'er meetin'. Mist'ess she didn' mourn fur 'im, she didn'. She wuz one dese yere stuck-up sort o' ladies, whar an't got no use fur nobody lessen she know dey whole pedigree. She nuvver didn' take no shines ter folks whar wuz raised up outside o' North Ca'lina, or else Vurginia. Mist' Amiss an' Marse Nat de say dey sho wuz glad he gone, he sich er cur'ous man, an' done so strange dat day; but Miss Kather'ne she an't said nare word 'bout 'im; seem lak he done passed cl'ar outen her 'membunce. But 'tan't no wonder she furgot 'im. She did have so many beaux dat camp-meetin', an' Mist' Amiss he dess nachully shadowed 'er. Ooh! didn' dat tickle mist'ess down ter her ve'y toes! She fyar gloried in dat match—Mist' Amiss pow'ful rich. I kin see 'er smile now w'en dey'd walk off terge'er an' somebody'd 'mark, 'Dey wuz dess made fur one 'no'er.' An' dey sho wuz made fur one 'no'er. Miss Kather'ne Sydney an' Mist' Winston Amiss wuz bofe o' 'em so purty, an' so proud, an' so smart, an' sich nachul-born 'rustycrats—de ve'y cream o' de lan'. Lawd, dey sho wuz suited ter one 'no'er!"

A sigh escaped Aunt Mandy at this, and she lapsed into reflective silence, which the child broke by sighing too, from a sense of the story's incompleteness.

"And what became of the Irishman?" she queried at last.

Something like a smile flitted across Aunt Mandy's face at the question, and, relighting her forgotten pipe, she settled herself more comfortably in her chair, then answered:

"We didn' hear no mo' uv 'im twell de nex' March co'te, an' I doan reckon we'd 'a' hearn den ef dem niggahs hadn' killed dey marster in de 'j'inin' county ter dis one. He wuz one dese yere low-lifeded, hard-hearted mens, whar used mistreat his niggahs sich er pitch dat de white folks done stopped speakin' er 'im mos'; but behole you! w'en dey found 'im dead one mornin', an' de niggahs wuz 'rested fur killin' uv 'im, all de white folks turn right roun', people! an' takin' his part, an' sayin' dem niggahs boun' be hung. Dey moved 'em ter dis county ter be kep' in jail, an' 'lotted 'em ter be tried here. Co'se 'twas big 'citement ovah it, an' dat Sat'd'y 'fore co'te 'menced Monday we all had er heap o' comp'ny ter our house. I 'member mist'ess tol' me ef de chillun wuz 'sleep—I nussed—ter come an' wait roun' de table; and pres'n'y de talk turned on de killin', an' Mist' Amiss say he wuz one de lawyers ter hang 'em, an' marster he 'quired ef dey couldn' git nobody ter 'fend 'em yit; he say he hearn 'twarn't nare lawyers would take dey case, fear'd folks 'u'd think dey uphilt de niggahs in sich doin'.

"'Aw, yes,' Mist' Amiss say, 'they've found er man at las'. Yø' Orshman, Miss Kather'ne.'

"'My Orshman?' Miss Kather'ne say, dess ez inn'cint an' s'prised—makin' out den she didn' know who 'pon yeth he meant.

"'The Mist' Dawson that 'stinguished himse'f at Rehoboth las' summer,' Mist' Amiss 'splained, sort o' sneerin'.

"Den marster he look up, an' he say:

"'He's a brave man, Dawson is.'

"'Maybe he's er Ab'litiones',' Mist' Amiss say. He know he ez well say maybe he's de devil ontied. Ev'y body roun' de table 'menced lookin' lak sompen didn' tas'e good at de ve'y name—we all's folks scorned Ab'litiones'. Mist'ess 'marked she wuz dess certain dat wuz de trufe. She say she *sho* dat's how come he gwine 'fend dem niggahs. Den mos' all de folks 'greed, an' 'menced 'spisin' uv 'im an' 'busin' uv 'im right dar; but marster he dess hilt ter his tex', he did, an' he say firm, lak marster could:

"'All the same, whatever he is, he's a brave young fellow, an' I mean ter tell 'im I think so.'

"An' suh! want me tell you de trufe? ef Miss Kather'ne

didn' glance up an' tell Marster 'Thank'ee, suh,' wid dem eyes o' hern I an't nuvver hearn de words said.

"'Can't you git us invited ter hear de speeches, Mist' Amiss?' Miss Louisa Grayson say, pres'n'y. 'Kather'ne, wouldn' you like ter hear Mist' Amiss' speech? *I* would, so much.' She smilin' den, an' Miss Kather'ne getting red in de face; but she 'plied she'd be delighted; she say she allers did want go in co'te-'ouse an' see wot dey done dar. Dat pleased Mist' Amiss. He say he gwine try see ef de judge wouldn' let 'em; he say he know he'd make de gre'tes' speech uv 'is life wid sich listeners. An' sho nuff, marster come home Thursday night an' tell 'em git ready, de ev'dence all in, an' de ladies been 'vited ter hear de speeches nex' day. Folkses! I did sho wush I wuz er white lady dat day, or else dat 'twar some 'scuse fur me ter go ter dat co'te-'ouse, but 'twarn't; an' I went out an' I say: 'Now, Unk Addison, you put yo' horses up, an' doan you miss nare word dem speeches, an' you come home an' tell *me*, an' I gi' you sugar-cakes ev'y day'—(see, de chillun kep' me s'plied in sugar-cakes, an' Unk Addison dearly loved 'em).

Miss Kather'ne she 'rayed herse'f in her ve'y witchines' dress, an' likewise Miss Louisa Grayson, do Miss Louisa say she didn' have be 'sponsible fur nobody's speech; an' w'en Miss Kather'ne tooken stuck er bunch o' white hy'cinths in 'er bosom, she 'marked, Miss Louisa did, dat *she* didn' have nobody ter throw bokays ter; an' mist'ess she a-smilin' at de teasin' an' a makin' ready go wid 'em.

"Unk Addison say w'en we all's ca'ige got dar Mist' Amiss wuz a-stan'in' waitin', an' 'im an' two three mo' gent'mens 'scorted mist'ess an' de young ladies in, an' pres'n'y co'te opened an' dey bring in dem three pris'ners. Addison say he wuz mighty sorry fur 'em, mos' 'speshully one whar 'warn't more'n eighteen year ole an' skeerd mighty nigh outen his senses. He say 'twar er sight o' speechin' an' he went sleep part o' de time, but w'en Mist' Amiss riz he say he picked up his years, he did, an' he lissen. Ooh! de way he did pitch inter dem niggahs! Addison tole me he 'viewed all dat ev'dence, he *proved* 'em col-blooded murd'ers; he talked, he did, twell de ladies 'menced lookin' behin' 'em, skeered some niggahs wuz a-creepin' up right den ter kill 'em, an' de mens 'menced a-lookin' mad an' 'vengeful. Sho thing, Addison say he didn' wonder Miss Kather'ne wuz proud o' sich er beau. He surt'n'y could talk purty.

Den up gits Mist' Dawson, lookin' pale an' ser'ous—he de onlyst one dem po' niggahs got ter 'pend on. Addison say w'en he see Miss Kather'ne settin' close to Mist' Amiss—co'se dey

had 'vited de ladies ter sit inside wid de lawyers—he bowed ter 'er mighty p'lite an' er cur'ous look come inter his eyes, but nex' minnit seem lak he done furgot 'er, he done put ev'ything way fum 'im but dess de thought o' dem three pris'ners. Ef Addison wuz ter 'mence tellin' you 'bout dat 'ar speech dis ve'y day he'd cry 'fore he quit. He tole me 'peared ter him he nachully *felt hisse'f* a-growin' taller an' bigger ez dat Mist' Dawson stood up dar an' tole dem white mens dat de ve'y same Gord whar breaved bref inter dey bodies breaved it inter dem niggahs dar, dat de ve'y same Lam' o' Calvary done been offered fur us all; an' he cautioned 'em, he did, dat de Almighty an' all-seein' Gord, whar done let nare sparrow fall 'dout his knowin' uv it, had his eyes on dem right den an' wuz gwine jedge dem 'cordin' ter de way dey jedged dis yere case. He tole 'em he didn' want nothin' but jestic. Den, Addison say, he looked at 'em right facin' uv 'em, lak he wuz stedyin' dey ve'y souls, an' den he straightened up, he did; he *knowed* he wuz gwine git jestic, too, he say, 'he done seed it in dey honess' faces. Addison say he done struck ano'er soun' ter his voice a'ter dat, an' he fell ter pleadin' fur dem folks a-settin' dar, mo' 'speshully for de younges' boy—an' ooh! Addison told me 'peared ter him eben *he* wuz dess boun' he'p dat little fellow w'en Mist' Dawson pleaded fur 'im; an' de white ladies, ev'y one o' 'em lookin' ovah ter de pris'ners, so sorry for 'em, de tears dess a-streamin' down on dey silk dresses; nobody 'siderin' silk an' broadclop den; nobody 'memberin' nothin' but de pitiful fix o' dem tremblin' niggahs. Ev'ybody a-cryin', menfolks an' womenfolks, eben de jedge a-clarrin' his throat an' a-puttin' up his hank'cher lak he had er awful col'. Den, cl'ar and sweet ez any bell, Mist' Dawson tole 'em he wuz done; he saterfied ter res' de cause wid er raghteous jedge an' twelve jest mens.

"'Twas mos' night by dat time, an' a'ter de jedge done got up an' talked ter 'em some de jurymens dey went out in dey room an' de ladies lef' de co'te-'ouse; but chile, Mist' Dawson wuz de one whar hepped Miss Kather'ne in de ca'ige, an' Addison say he dunno wot 'twas she gi' him, but he see Mist' Dawson take sompen fum 'er an' kiss it an' put it in his inside coat pocket. *I* knowed 'twas dem white hy'cinths, else how come she blush so w'en Miss Louisa ax 'er ef Mist' Amiss wuz a-wearin' uv 'em, an' she say 'No; maybe dey drapped out in de ca'ige.' Miss Kather'ne warn't no good han' 'ceivin' folks, leastways not *me*—*I* knowed 'er looks too good."

"And were the negroes cleared?" asked the child.

"Yes, two o' 'em wuz, but de main one wuz hung; he did kill de man, 'tan't no doubt o' it. I gwine tell you 'bout de young boy some dese times. A'ter den, do, we didn' have no 'casion furgit dat Orshman. He 'menced comin' ter we all's house reg'lar, an' likewise Mist' Amiss kep' on, but mist'ess she'd dess r'ar an' charge 'bout de Orshman; an' I 'spec' he foun' it out, 'ca'se he wouldn' nuvver stay ter dinner nohow, do marster 'u'd 'sist on it—marster lakked 'im. Pres'n'y summer-time here, an' Mist' Amiss in de parlor, and mist'ess out in de side entry peelin' peaches ter purserve, an' me in her room a-rockin' de baby ter sleep. Den here comes Miss Kather'ne, her face look lak she been cryin', an' she sets down by mist'ess an' 'mences peelin' peaches too.

"'Where's Winston?' mist'ess say (I lissenin').

"'He's gone,' Miss Kather'ne say, mighty low.

"'An't he comin' back ter dinner?' mist'ess want know.

"Den 'twas er rustle, an' I peeped—behole you, Miss Kather'ne done down on 'er knees, wid 'er arms 'roun' her ma's neck! 'Mother,' she say, 'I tole 'im he need nuvver come back.'

"'What?' mist'ess say. Lawd! I could tell she wuz blue-hot right den.

"'Yes, mother,' Miss Kather'ne 'plied; 'I *wanted* ter please you and I tried and tried, but I *couldn't* love 'im. I'm so sorry for you, my dear, dear mother. I *did* want to please you 'bout marryin',' she say, cryin' lak her heart 'u'd break wide open, an' holdin' close ter mist'ess.

"'Doan come cryin' ovah me,' mist'ess say. 'I can't see what you thinkin' 'bout, 'scardin' the riches' an' the bes' man in this State, an' you po' ez pov'ty, not but a dozen niggahs in the world. You'll sen' *him* off ter kill himse'f drinkin' too. You'll be the ruination o' him ez you've been o' Nat Bradford.'

"Which mist'ess nuvver said no ontruer thing. Miss Kather'ne warn't no mo' 'spons'ble fur Marse Nat's drinkin' dan I is. He dess nachully would drink an' frolick. An' ez fur his leavin' home, mist'ess done dat her own se'f. W'en she foun' he loved Miss Kather'ne she dess quarreled wid 'em bofe an' plagued 'em bofe twell Marse Nat tookén tole his pa he wuz gwine go 'way an' travel, he say; Kather'ne couldn' love 'im sweetheart-fashion, an' mist'ess made him an' her bofe in torment de endurin' time. *Mist'ess* driv' 'im 'way. Lawd! she could quarrel wussen any swarm o' bees could sting an' buzz.

"Miss Kather'ne she an't cryin' no mo'. She done moved

'way an' stan'in' up 'g'inst de do' facin' lookin' far 'way, clean ter past de corn-field—I done got so I kin see 'er good thew mist'ess' room do'—seem lak she seein' sompen way away; she an't sayin' nare word; an' mist'ess she 'busin' uv 'er, she 'cu'sin' her o' foolin' her an' Mist' Amiss bofe. She 'mindin' her she gwine git ole an' wrinkled some dese days, an' den *nobody* wouldn' have 'er. Miss Kather'ne not 'plyin' nare word yit, not movin' er j'int, her face white an' still, an' de water drappin' outen her eyes ev'y now an' den, but she an't eben brushin' it off.

"Pres'n'y mist'ess quietened down an' looked at 'er:

"'You doan think you love somebody else, do you?' she say.

"Den, folkses! 'twas fust time I uvver see any favor ter her ma in Miss Kather'ne's face, but seem lak some o' mist'ess' 'termination done come ter Miss Kather'ne. She th'owed back her head a little, she did, an' she looked right inter her ma's eyes, much ez ter say, 'I'm goin' have it thew right now,' an' she spoke mighty low, but mighty firm:

"'I *know* I do, mother,' she say.

"'You doan mean ter tell me it's Nat after all?' mist'ess axed, firin' up ag'in.

"'No, it isn't Nat,' Miss Kather'ne say, 'it is—it is—' An' den her face got red, an' she looked down on de flo' an' seem lak 'er lovin' smile crep' up ter her mouf, spite o' de way her lips quivered; an' she drawed closer ter mist'ess lak she want ter lay her head on her shoulder—gyals allus wants hide dey heads sich times—but mist'ess hilt her off, an' she stood back tremblin', but not noways *skeerd*. Somehow she sort o' looked proud w'en at las' she say:

"'Mother, I love Mister *Dawson*.'

"Dar! an't I tole you gyals is de foolines' things, an' de onaccountables' whar Gord uvver made? Look at dat: Miss Kather'ne a-kickin' uv Mist' Winston Amiss, an' I dunno *how* many mo' o' de ve'y riches' gent'mens, an' turnin' 'roun' lovin' uv er tow-headed, blue-eyed Orshman, whar didn' own nare single niggah ter his name—nare single lonesome *one*, you heah? Lawd! I wuz so mad wid 'er 'twould 'a' done me good ter shook 'er; an' I mos' hoped mist'ess 'u'd hit 'er. She didn' do dat, but, ooh! didn' she fume an' fuss? She 'clarred de fambly done uvvermo' disgraced. She say she knowed 'er pa'd turn ovah in his grave at de thought o' *his* daughter—er *Sydney*—marryin' uv er low-borned, low-bred fur'ner whar wa'shupped idols.

"Up blazed Miss Kather'ne's eyes at *me*! She done 'lowed her ma ter 'buse her ter ev'ything, 'dout eben makin' er motion ter stop 'er, but no sooner did mist'ess pitch inter Mist' Dawson dan Miss Kather'ne ready ter take up fur 'im, an' she say:

"*My* father knew a gentleman when he saw him, an' *he'd* know, what his daughter knows, that Mister Dawson is a gentleman by birth and breeding. And he doesn't wa'shup idols. He is er better Christian than either of us, mother.'

"Mist'ess done found her match dis time—in her own chile, too. She tried all sort o' ways: she 'seeched, she 'suaded, she r'ared an' pitched, she 'fused ter speak, she petted, she cajoled, she tried buy Miss Kather'ne not ter marry 'im, but dess well been tryin' w'ar 'way er mill-stone; she wuz gwine have dat man, an' no use talkin'. Mules an't stubborn ez gyals is.

"Den mist'ess she swored an' vowed Mist' Dawson's preacher shouldn' come in her gate; she 'clarred Mist' Dawson shouldn' be married in her house; she didn' have no daughter now, she say, an' Miss Sydney'd have go some'ars else. An' lo an' behole! marster tooken riz up fur Miss Kather'ne den—marster wuz one de bes' men in dis world—an' he say:

"*Susan*, it's *my* house, and Kather'ne's goin' ter be married here.'

"An' she wuz; but 'twas er mournful marryin' ter we all; but she didn' seem ter 'pent uv it. I an't nuvver seen nothin' no purtier dan she wuz dat day w'en she put her arm thew his'n ter go down. An' w'en I went see her las' Raleigh Fair—dey lives in Raleigh since de Wah, an' I goes see 'em on de 'scur-sion fair tickets—I say ter her:

"*Miss Kather'ne*, how come you didn' have Mist' Winston Amiss? How come you fool us so?'

"An' behole you! she blushed up, she did, an' luffed lak er young gyal, an' tooken walked ovah ter whar Mist' Dawson wuz readin', an' put her arms roun' his neck, an' say so saterfied an' pleased:

"*Oh!* Mandy, I couldn' help lovin' the Orshman—I can't help it yet,' she say.

"An' she do seem ter be happy an' saterfied. But den, she an' Mist' Winston Amiss, she would 'a' suited ter er T."



THE SOUL'S REPROACH.

HE stood beside you, and he called you friend.

Your heart, you said, was but his very due ;
He died a year ago : is this the end
Of all the love that bound as one you two ?

A flower or a palm-branch and a sigh,
Words eulogistic, heart-pangs for a week,
And then you walked in sunlight, and the sky
Was blue for you, though he had ceased to speak.

Ah ! grief becomes a checkered shade of loss,
When life is young and new days open fair,
And lighter feels the weight of sorrow's cross—
'Tis true, 'tis true !—Life hates all woe and care.

A year has gone : you sigh and call him " good,"
And turn to talk—perchance to cut a page
Of some sweet poems on Friendship ; there he stood
This time last year ! " It seems almost an age."

An age to *him* unsolaced by your prayers,
An age to him, in exile from the Light.
You call him " good " ; but reck not how he fares
In that sad place where scarlet turns to white.

O prayerless lips, have you your pledge forgot ?
Your " very life," remember, was " as his."
He calls—he calls, and yet you heed him not,
O faithless friend, your heart so shallow is !

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE CATHOLIC GERMAN CONGRESS AT PITTSBURGH.

THE Catholic Congress at Pittsburgh was an important and joyful occasion, fraught with blessings for all the Catholics of the United States as well as for the Germans. A thoroughly praiseworthy, genuinely Catholic object was aimed at by the assembly; the spirit which gave it warmth and animation and stamped its character upon it was thoroughly in unison with the spirit of the church; all its external manifestations were grand and imposing; its resolutions were at once moderate and decisive; its entire process was brilliant and dignified; in short, every one who took part in it must have carried home with him good and lasting impressions from the congress.

This was the language which we used in conversation with our friends as we returned from Pittsburgh after the glorious days between the 22d and 26th of last September. "That is all very good," said to us the honored director of this magazine, whose kindness and paternal friendship we esteem not only as a high honor, but as a favor granted to us by Divine Providence; "but it is not enough for you to give me this account in private. You must write it out for THE CATHOLIC WORLD, which cannot pass over in silence such an important event. All your readers will be interested by it, and will rejoice to learn what a loud and solemn testimony their German Catholic brethren have uttered in behalf of our faith and of our holy Mother the Church."

"But are there not some Catholics, and even good Catholics, who take another view of this and similar assemblies? Have they not, perhaps, a prejudice against them?"

"If that were so," answered our venerated friend, "it would furnish an additional reason why you should give our readers a truthful account of what you have seen and experienced in Pittsburgh. Prejudice rests on ignorance or insufficient information, and, where it relates to a good cause, must disappear when doubt and distrust are removed by placing the affair in a true light. For us Catholics there is but one criterion for judging of enterprises in church matters. *Do they tend to the well-being of the holy church?* This is our first and only inquiry. If we can say 'yes' to it, all is said, because everything is included in it."

We have thought that we ought not to refuse a request sup

ported by such good reasons. And this is, in few words, honored readers, the motive and scope of the following pages.

First, let us speak of the *object* of the German-American Catholic Congress.

The general congresses of German Catholics, which are known and famous through the world, were the model and the inspiration of the particular congress now under consideration. What Catholics in the German Empire, particularly in Prussia, and especially during the last twenty years, have done in behalf of their holy faith, in very grievous times and under the most disastrous circumstances, even the enemies of our holy church must acknowledge. The truly apostolic courage of their bishops, the unwavering fidelity of their priests even in prison and exile, the admirable generosity of their laity, the unexampled steadfastness of the Centre, holding its ground in a valiant phalanx—all this is written with letters of gold in the book of history. The bishops of the United States deemed it proper to exclaim to the bishops, clergy, and people of Germany, in the words of St. Paul: "You are made a spectacle to angels and men!"

Whence came this consoling exhibition of generosity, of unity? Whence came these glorious victories over the most powerful foes? The deepest foundation of all this lies, we well know, in the Catholic religion itself, in the strength of conviction, in the grace and energy lent by it to its true servants. But we also know that in public life, as well as in the exercise of private virtue, the dogma of *co-operation* with grace has its full verification, that upon that field, also, where martyrs contend extraordinary victories demand extraordinary valor of men acting under the influence of grace. This energetic virtue the Catholics of Germany have manifested, when and where they could, in the household and family, in the church and in public life, but especially in the general Catholic congresses.

These have been held annually for nearly forty years in the larger towns, alternately of northern, southern, eastern, and western Germany, in the closest union with the Roman See, under the approbation and generally in the presence of one or more bishops. Men of all classes of society have free admission to the same. The prince of the church sits beside the secular prince, the religious beside the secular priest, counts and barons in company with simple citizens and honest farmers. And what is the work done in such assemblies? What is it in Germany? what in America? What a question! All are children of one mother, whom they all tenderly love. As her children, they all

desire to give a common expression to this love; and this the more the more she is misunderstood, calumniated, attacked, and persecuted. What do they do? They speak together of the goodness and love of this mother, of her exalted and heavenly grandeur and beauty, of her sufferings and joys, of her conflicts and conquests, and they exclaim to one another: "Oh, how happy are we to be allowed to call ourselves the children of such a mother!" What do they do? After the example of Veronica, they wipe from the face of the Redeemer's bride the drops of blood, and from her eyes the tears, by the proofs which they give of childlike fidelity, love, and devotion. They prepare themselves for combat in defence of the honor of their mother against the menaces of her enemies, consult together on the plan of defence, on the means to be employed in actual or threatened conflict, agree upon their watchword, and boldly unfurl their banners, whose device is ever "Fidelity to the throne and the altar." What do they do? And if they did nothing else but assemble in the family circle of their common mother, learn to know each other, extend to one another the hand of fraternal friendship, and thus mutually edify and encourage each other, would not that be enough?

Nor have non-Catholics to fear any insult or vituperation from such assemblies. The truth needs no such weapons, which may be left to those who talk much about tolerance and practise it very little. Much less are any attacks made upon fellow-Catholics of different birth, race, or language. All are recognized as united in one faith, one communion, in the love of one common mother.

We were present at Coblenz during the session of the last congress, held at the end of August. A fellow-countryman from America was also there, who said to us: "I thank God that I came here. Here one feels like a right good Catholic. These days at Coblenz were well worth the journey to Europe." This friend was, unfortunately, not present at the three congresses held in Chicago, Cincinnati, and Cleveland, and was not able to return in time to accompany us to Pittsburgh. Otherwise he might have witnessed, with some differences arising from different circumstances, the same spectacle which he saw at Coblenz, and might have expressed his satisfaction in the same terms. For, in fact, the congress at Pittsburgh was a faithful likeness of the one at Coblenz, especially in respect to the spirit which animated it. And this is chiefly, or indeed solely, the important element. "It is the spirit which gives life" in such affairs as these.

To transmit into the new world the enthusiasm which German-American priests and laymen had imbibed by personal presence at the congresses of their old homes, or by reading the descriptions of their proceedings, to attain *the same ends* by the use of *the same means* in this country, this was the *object* in view of those men who called together first the members of the Society of German Priests, and also the laymen who speak the German language, to the American Catholic congresses. "We have been and are well aware," said the Rev. Father Goebel, as he welcomed the imposing crowd of guests at Pittsburgh—"we are well aware that a Catholic congress is not merely an honor to the city in which it is held, but even a very great honor and blessing. Such a celebration is a public testimony of the unity between the priesthood and the congregations entrusted to them, an encouragement to work together in common, frankly and without distrust, for the glory of God and the advantage of our holy faith. Such a celebration gives us the opportunity of professing and manifesting openly our love and devotion to the wise captain and pilot of the bark of Peter, our gloriously reigning Holy Father Leo XIII.; and, at the same time, to express our joy that we live in a country beneath whose starry banner we can, freely and without hindrance, consult together how best to defend and promote the interests of our holy religion."

And, indeed, the assembly in Pittsburgh completely fulfilled this purpose. Opened with the benediction of the Holy Father, cordially welcomed by the vicar of the bishop of the diocese—who was absent from the city—honored by the presence of five bishops, attended by two hundred priests and several thousand laymen, it bore upon its front the unmistakable mark of a genuinely Catholic assembly. Guided, moreover, by the principles of sincere Catholic charity, which no discordant tone disturbed, it kept in view during all its proceedings the special task imposed on American Catholics, whose rights and duties were clearly and distinctly proclaimed, their loyalty to church and republic declared with equal emphasis, and thereby the most cordial devotion to the church and the sincerest attachment to our American home were anew strengthened and confirmed. This is not our personal conviction solely; no! it is a publicly-known fact, which is testified by thousands, including the most competent to speak in the name of the Church of God. It is a fact which presented itself with such evidence before the whole great and populous city that even non-Catholics recognized it unreservedly, both in speech and writing.

But, nevertheless, do not the German congresses of America pursue also another end, viz.: to exalt and strengthen *Germanism*; and is that Catholic, is it patriotic?

Let us speak out frankly and freely on this matter.

Would such a purpose, we demand at the outset, be opposed to the first and principal purpose? All we Catholics throughout the wide world cannot, and should not, love any earthly thing more than our holy church, our guide to heaven. Everything for the Church of God! Nothing against her! Nothing can obtain our approbation, still less our support, which can in any way injure her, which she in any way disapproves. Nothing lies nearer to the heart of our holy mother, or to the heart of her Divine Founder, than unity among her children—" *That they all may be one*"! Therefore, if particularism or nationalism should prevail in any sort of Catholic enterprise, or association, or assembly, *to the injury of the Catholic cause, to the damage of unity among all*, we would loudly exclaim: Away with that enterprise, that association, that assembly! It has not sprung from Catholic soil, no matter how much it may decorate itself with a Catholic title. We say more. We Catholics know that our holy faith prescribes to us the faithful fulfilment of our civic duties as obligatory on the conscience. We Catholic inhabitants of the United States know that all, without distinction of origin or language, are bound to fulfil these civic duties with a loyal fidelity to this glorious republic. Therefore, we distinctly declare that we will engage in no enterprise, join no society, enter no assembly wherein this obligation is disregarded or this sentiment is insulted. Whatever is unpatriotic is, *ipso facto*, un-Catholic.

This is clear and open speech; and one can add to it, without exaggeration, the assertion that it is the language uttered from the heart by every genuine Catholic.

And now, in an equally emphatic manner, we ask, as eye and ear witnesses of that which was discussed, declaimed, and resolved at Pittsburgh, what discussion, speech, or resolution in the least compromised that unity which reigns and ought to reign among all the Catholics of this country? What measure was in any way unpatriotic? What word was spoken which could give offence to any non-Catholic, or to any person belonging to a different nationality? Certainly it was an assembly of *German* Catholics! But who does not know how closely the particular family traditions, the particular customs, especially the mother-tongue of a race, are connected with the

preservation and the practical exercise of the religious sentiment ?

Is it not acting in the spirit of that church which embraces all nations with equal love when each race exerts itself to give expression in its own way to its religious convictions ?—when every child tells the mother of his love in the same language in which he first learned to pronounce the sweet name of mother ? Does not the fervor of faith in all the particular national families return at last into the bosom of the great universal Catholic family ?

Suppose that the German Catholics of America, without treading on the skirts of any of a different nationality, remember with reasonable pride what Germans have done during the past two centuries in this country for church and state, who can begrudge it to them without giving a slap on the cheek of history ?

If our bishops assure the congress at Pittsburgh of their sympathy ; if Cardinal Gibbons sends it his salutation in warm words ; if several bishops took part in the congress ; if an Irish prelate took pleasure in praising in its presence the religious zeal of German Catholics—who will venture to criticise the German congresses in the name of Catholicism or Americanism ?

There is, indeed, no such thing as German Catholicism, as there is no such thing as a German Church, either on this or on the other side of the ocean. Neither is there any *American* Catholicism or *American* Church. We all cry out with St. Pacian : “ *Christianus mihi nomen, Catholicus cognomen.*”

Assuredly, German priests set great store by their free Catholic schools, which at a great sacrifice they build, support, and conduct. But are they not acting in the interest of our holy religion ? Are they not following the admonitions and the example of our Holy Father ? Are they not fulfilling the precepts of the Plenary Council of Baltimore and acting in the spirit of their bishops ? And if in their schools the child hears of God and of the Blessed Mother of God in the same language in which he sent up to heaven his first salutation, does not regard for *religious education* justify this proceeding in an irrefutable manner ?

Certainly the children ought also to learn English and to learn it in the parochial schools ; also, in matters of religion—as, for instance, in making their confessions—they should be fami-

liarized with the use of the English language, especially in view of the period of their adult age. But German priests are all convinced of this, and consequently they do not neglect in the school instruction in that language which is commonly used in the affairs of daily life, and therefore practically necessary for all boys and young men.

Why, then, do they protest in their assemblies against the obligation of teaching English in their schools? Against the obligation? No! they never do protest against that. They acknowledge this obligation towards *parents and their children*, to teach the children English; but they do protest against the *civil authorities* prescribing what branches must be taught in the school, and assuming the right of controlling instruction. They make this protest as free citizens, in the name of that *liberty of education* which is guaranteed by the constitutional laws of our country; they make it because they know well that projects are on foot, after the fashion of the "Bennett Law," which tend to undermine altogether liberty of education, and abrogate entirely *Christian* education; and they make this protest, *in union with the bishops*, from the love of *souls* and the love of *liberty*.

The offspring of the most widely different races still possess an equal right to call themselves citizens of the North American republic, which could not have arisen, and above all could not have developed itself, without the concurrent working of these different nationalities. How long will the difference of languages yet endure in this republic? It *might* endure always, so far as the republic is concerned, without any damage to the interests of the fatherland or of true patriotism, as we see is the case in several European countries. We will, however, in respect to this matter neither venture a prophecy nor express a wish. We will only make this affirmation: *force*, even if it be *legal*, will achieve nothing in this regard, for there is no people in free America which will submit to the Russian knout. There is, indeed, a power in circumstances which gradually makes itself more and more irresistibly dominant. To struggle against this force would be foolish as well on the part of Germans as on the part of all the other races speaking foreign languages. How these circumstances shall bring about a final settlement of the question, we will cheerfully leave to the *sound sense of the inhabitants of the United States* and to *Divine Providence*.

At the public assemblies of the congress the fine and large hall of the Central Rink, which was beautifully decorated, was

almost always filled to the last place. These assemblies began at half-past seven and continued until eleven, or later. The themes of the speeches were, on the first evening: (1) The Roman Question (Rev. William Tappert); (2) Saloons (Mr. Steurle); (3) The Church and the Republic (Mgr. Schroeder); (4) The Christian Woman (Rev. W. Heinen); (5) The Beauties of the Catholic Church (Rev. F. Kader, O.S.B.); on the second evening: (1) The School (Mr. Zittel); (2) Christian Architecture (Mr. Gonner); (3) The Influence of the Kulturkampf on America (Rt. Rev. Bishop Haid, O.S.B.); (4) The Raphael's Verein (Mr. Grese); (5) The Concluding Address (Dr. Lieber). We cannot in this place speak more particularly of these addresses. Suffice it to say that the audience, numbering several thousand, listened with fixed attention to the speakers, and often interrupted them with loud applause. We must, however, make particular mention of one man, whose presence was a special pleasure to the congress, and who, through his enthusiastic and active participation, promoted its success in a very marked manner. A man of stately presence, a thoroughly patriotic German, a Catholic filled with fervent zeal for the church, a German oak in fidelity to principle and firmness of character—in short, an integral man, and also a perfect orator. Such is Dr. Ernst Maria Lieber, who is a member both of the German Reichstag and of the lower house of the Prussian Landtag, and in each of these houses one of the leaders of the Centre party. This was the second time of his crossing the ocean to bring to his brothers of the German race a salutation from the German home. The reception accorded to Dr. Lieber in Pittsburgh, and later in other large cities of this country, the applause which his appearance everywhere called forth, have undoubtedly given to this honored gentleman the assurance that he has left a grateful and lasting remembrance of himself among the Germans of America.

The following is a summary of the contents of the resolutions which were passed by the congress:

1. Filial devotion to the Holy Father; protest against the spoliation of the States of the Church; necessity of the Pope's temporal principality.

2. Defence of the constitutional liberty of education; rejection of all interference of the civil power with the same; condemnation of irreligious schools.

3. That we are all true Catholics, and at the same time loyal American citizens.

4. No one has a right to make a vexation for us in respect

to the use of our mother-tongue. At the same time we will simultaneously and equally acquire and use the English language. No one shall have occasion to reproach our children with a lack of equal mastery over both languages.

5. Of the organizing of young men's societies.

6. Expression of the most lively sympathy with the Centre party, and, in particular, with Dr. Lieber.

Let us now, in conclusion, cast a glance backward on the proceedings and ceremonies of the congress, describing briefly what we saw, heard, and took part in during the interesting days of its session.

First of all, the festal decorations of the city made a most agreeable impression on all visitors, and gave evidence of a cordial sympathy and an intention to give this sympathy a brilliant expression on the part of the citizens of Pittsburgh. The local committee deserve special praise for the ability and careful exactness with which they fulfilled their onerous duty. The torch-light parade and procession on the evening of Monday, September 22, in which twelve thousand persons participated, was magnificent; and the fine appearance of the orderly ranks of men and youths, many of whom wore handsome uniforms and regalia, called forth eloquent compliments from the orators in their addresses and charmed all spectators.

The solemn opening of the congress took place on the afternoon of Tuesday, September 23, and Judge Theodore Bruener, of St. Cloud, Minn., was elected president. During the three following days meetings of the Association of Priests, of the Young Men's Societies, and of the public assemblies were held alternately.

The Association of Priests numbers seven hundred members, divided among fifty-six dioceses. The president is the Very Rev. F. Mühl siepen, Vicar-General of St. Louis; the vice-president, Rev. F. Meissner; the secretary, Rev. F. Faerber.

This association prepares the congresses, and for this purpose appoints a special commissioner, who is at present the Rev. F. Bornemann. The addresses to be given before the public sessions are determined in the sessions of this association, which are attended by several bishops. The bishops present at Pittsburgh were the Right Rev. Bishops Kain, of Wheeling, W. Va.; Flasch, of Lacroix, Wis.; Katzer, of Green Bay, Wis.; Janssen, of Belleville, Ill.; Haid, of North Carolina; and Rademacher, of Nashville, Tenn.

Fraternal charity, filial reverence toward the church, the sov-

ereign pontiff, and the bishops, and earnest zeal for the advancement of religion and the welfare of the people were manifested in all these assemblies of the clergy.

The proceedings of each day were inaugurated by a solemn Pontifical Mass.

The congress devoted special attention to the Young Men's Societies, from which many representatives from all parts of the country were present in Pittsburgh. The object of these societies is to train up *virtuous* men from the rising generation of Catholics, by awakening their Catholic consciousness, by engaging them in works of charity, giving them an elevating culture, and providing means for the enjoyment of refined social intercourse and innocent recreation. The presence of such a promising and interesting band of youths at Pittsburgh had a great effect in awakening the enthusiasm of the young men themselves, and stimulating the congress to take efficient measures for promoting the good work of forming these societies. One of the most important of all the measures adopted by the congress was the formation of a central union, embracing all the German Catholic societies of young men in the country. The Rev. F. Heldmann, of Chicago, was chosen president of the Central Union.

After Dr. Lieber's closing address, the thousands who were present in the hall of the congress sang, in one grand chorus, the sublime hymn "Grosser Gott, wir loben dich" with deep emotion, as a thanksgiving for the days full of joy and blessing; to God, the giver of all good things, and the Archetype of all unity. And so the congress came to an auspicious close.

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CATHOLICS AND SOCIALISM IN EUROPE.

AN International Social Congress of Catholics has just concluded its sessions at Liège, in Belgium. Its proceedings, as given by the *London Tablet*, are of much interest. The importance of this congress appears from the fact that it received the approbation of the Holy Father, that it was presided over by the bishop of the diocese in which it was held, and was attended by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Malines, and by bishops from Belgium, France, England, and Germany, and by distinguished priests and laymen from Austria, Bavaria, Switzerland, Spain, as well as from France and Germany. The object of the congress was to discuss some of the many questions which now distress and agitate mankind; and while, of course, the congress has no legislative or defining function, its proceedings are of the highest interest and value, as showing what leading, responsible, and influential Catholics consider as practicable and desirable.

Early in the proceedings a letter was read from Cardinal Manning which made a great impression on those who heard it. In this letter the cardinal left the region of abstractions and gave his opinion on certain debated practical questions. Without committing himself to the *legal* eight hours a day he declares that, for miners and others engaged in arduous and trying occupations, eight hours is just and reasonable, while for those who are engaged in less arduous work ten hours may be permitted. Mothers of families should not be occupied in work far from their own homes, the duties involved by the sacred contract of matrimony having the prior and predominant claim. For other women work for eight or ten hours at most forms the utmost to be required of them. Children should not be sent to work before their education has been completed. After speaking of the work suitable for girls and women, the cardinal proceeds to insist upon the necessity of enforcing by the law the Sunday rest, so that it should be obligatory, under pains and penalties, that all work should cease, with the exception of inevitable cases. We now approach the part of the cardinal's letter which made so much impression and which will, doubtless, be most commented on. After affirming the natural right of association in guilds and corporations, embracing both the capitalist and the producer, for

their mutual success and support, he proceeds to point out the duty—in default of the formation of these common associations—of conferences being held between these respective organizations whenever a difficulty arises. After such conference, if the question remains unsettled, the cardinal maintains that the matter must be submitted to arbitrators freely chosen by both parties. Should this arbitration itself not succeed in settling the question, the cardinal proceeds to maintain that at this stage the community can, on its own initiative, for its own protection, intervene, or, at least, have recourse to legislation. And proceeding to indicate the form which this proposed legislation must take, the cardinal says:

“ I do not believe that it will ever be possible to establish in an efficient and durable manner peaceful relations between employers and employed so long as there has not been recognized, fixed, and publicly established a just and suitable law (*measure*) which shall regulate profits and wages—a law which shall be the standard for all free contracts between capital and labor. Moreover, as commercial values necessarily change, it is necessary that all free contracts should be submitted to a periodical revision, every three or five years, in order that reciprocal adhesion to the contract may be preserved; and this condition should be inserted in the contract itself.”

No direct discussion seems to have followed on these startling suggestions of the cardinal. The most remarkable speech of the first session was that of Count Bloeme, a member of the Austrian House of Lords and president of one of the sections of the congress, in which he declared that Socialism was the regeneration of the world by the promulgation by word and act of Christian principles; that the existing system—individualism—had failed, and that it was the duty of the church to insist upon just legislation on the great labor question. He proceeded to show how in Switzerland, Germany, Austria, and England the bishops had shown their solicitude for the workers and for their being protected by the law.

The question which excited the most attention was that of the international regulation of labor. The Bishop of Liège maintained that the right of the State to intervene in regulating labor was unquestionable—a right which, he affirmed, had been recognized by the Holy Father when interference is restricted to just and prudent limits. The Bishop of Nottingham insisted on the

right of the state to regulate the hours of labor when such hours are injurious and excessive, finding the basis of his argument in the duty of the state to maintain the common good. The enforcement of Sunday rest was discussed, and a paper read in which the following proposals were made: 1. That Catholic and Christian families set an example in the cessation of all work and labor on the Sunday; they should not travel, despatch goods, or receive them. 2. That landlords in their leases insert in their agreements that their tenants keep the Sunday as a day of rest. 3. That work be not given to artisans or shopkeepers so as to interfere with their observance of the Sunday. 4. That factory hands be allowed one day's rest in the week, that this day be the Sunday, and that the system in force in England of the Saturday half-holiday be followed as far as practicable. 5. That on Sunday freight trains cease to run; that all express-train service be likewise suspended, and that the servants of railway companies be allowed a free day every second Sunday. 6. That pressure be brought to bear on those who keep open their shops on Sunday to induce them to close them. 7. That the state municipal councils insist in official documents upon the observance of the Sunday. These proposals met with general approbation, except the one to stop Sunday trains.

The question of a Christian popular newspaper was taken into consideration by one of the sections of the congress. This is a matter which cannot fail to excite the attention of thoughtful Catholics in our own country. Many secular journals of wide circulation are, day by day, sinking lower and becoming scarcely anything but a record of all that is disgusting and degrading to man. Whether or not a Catholic daily paper can be started and maintained, at any rate the encouragement of such as are fit for the perusal of decent men and women should be the ones encouraged by Catholics. This is a question which will deserve the practical consideration of the next Catholic congress of this country.

A paper was read by Mr. Austin Oates on the work of the Protection and Rescue Society founded in the diocese of Salford on behalf of the poor children. The Bishop of Salford made an appeal in favor of the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope. He said that Catholics were in no way opposed to the unity of Italy, provided the rights of property and of the Holy See were respected. The existence of an independent papal territory

was not contrary to Italian unity. The Republic of Andorra, the Principality of Monaco, the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, neutral Belgium did not interfere with the unity of the nations which surrounded them.

The proceedings were marked throughout with the greatest enthusiasm. The congress was closed with prayer, the episcopal blessing, and a *Te Deum*.

NEW LIGHT ON WYCLIFFE.

ANOTHER Protestant tradition has been shown to be mythical, and one more illustration has been given of the untrustworthiness of Protestant historical authorities. Canon Mandel Creighton, professor of ecclesiastical history at Cambridge, the author of a learned work on the Reformation in England, and editor, we believe, of the *English Historical Review*, has lately delivered two lectures on Wycliffe at Worcester which have caused no little surprise to those who have imbibed hitherto the time-honored misrepresentations of the last three hundred years. The canon maintains that Wycliffe has been much over-praised—from the Protestant point of view, of course—and that the importance attached to his writings is much greater than is warranted by their own intrinsic worth and by contemporary writers. The Reformation was in no way due to Wycliffe, all trace of the movement of which he was the author having vanished more than fifty years before. Canon Creighton told his hearers, too, that it was a mistake to think that Wycliffe was the first to translate the Bible into English, other versions having been made before; the popularity of Wycliffe's was due to its being the best. The reading of the Scriptures was not prohibited by the church; in fact, they were quite widely read, considering how few copies could be had in those times. New light has been thrown on Wycliffe's character by the recent discovery of many of his writings in Latin, and we have little doubt that the more he is known the less he will be liked by his former admirers.

CONGREGATIONAL MUSIC.

A SUNDAY service at the cathedral in Cologne, August 31, 1890:

“Upon my arrival here Saturday afternoon I went at once for letters, and found eleven delightful ones, and read them in this wonderful cathedral. . . . The next morning I attended service, and for the first time in my life I enjoyed a Roman Catholic service. The loveliest of cathedrals was crowded, the audience being composed chiefly of men. It was a full choral service, but with no choir, the singing all done by the congregation—the men; if the women sang, they made no impression—and such splendid, hearty, responsive singing I never heard before, led by the superb organ. They were all standing, and would occasionally walk about and change their positions. They had no books, and seemed to know the services by heart; but they sang with such a might, and as if they enjoyed it, at the same time were so devout, the volume of sound being immense, and almost like thunder; and over them all, through the lovely windows, the sun streamed down, making the scene too indescribably wonderful for any poor American to attempt to depict. It was one, however, that will be stamped upon her memory for ever.”

A CONVERSION.

THE saying that “All roads lead to Rome” has received a remarkable confirmation in the recent conversion of Mr. Kegan Paul to the Catholic Church. A disciple of Mr. Charles Kingsley—and such Mr. Paul was in former times—cannot be expected to have had any tendency towards the church; in fact, Mr. Kingsley’s influence led in just the opposite direction; and Mr. Paul, after being extremely broad as a churchman, finally renounced Anglican orders and became almost an agnostic. He went into business as a publisher, and is now the head of the well-known firm of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. Several remarkable articles on Cardinal Newman written by him a short time ago made Catholics hope that the writer would be led to

embrace the faith, and this hope has now been realized. That satisfaction to his own mind which he himself has found will, we feel sure, lead him to help others by placing at the service of the church and of the many who are inquiring for the truth that knowledge of the theological thought of the passing generation—in which he is said to surpass all other living men—and the way he was, through it, led to the old faith.

THE EXISTENCE OF MIRACLES.

THE *British Weekly*—one of the ablest and most open-minded of the Protestant religious journals—speaking of Hume's argument against miracles, an argument which, it says, has been a thousand times refuted, proceeds as follows:

“This reasoning has still a mighty hold. . . . If it does not grow stronger by time, at least the mists thicken as we leave behind us the years which our Saviour chose. In their darkness may be room for explanations we cannot even guess at. Is not the true answer to all such doubts a denial of the assertion that miracles have ceased, and an appeal to the standing miracle of the church?”

It is pleasing to find what seems so full a recognition of what Catholics have always maintained—the impossibility of limiting the existence of miracles to one single portion of the church's history, and the evidently supernatural character of the church in our own times as a divine institution; and, further, that the perception of this may, for a certain number of minds, be a necessary condition for the recognition of the divine character of Christianity itself, it being impossible as the years roll on for men to stretch across the ever-widening chasm for cogent, convincing proofs of events which took place an ever-increasing number of years ago. These considerations should, if well weighed and pondered, lead the writer in the *British Weekly* and his readers to the church which has always insisted upon their truth.

PHASES OF THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.

AT the present time England and its colonies are greatly disturbed by labor questions. There were 2,000 strikes last year in the United Kingdom, 45 new unions were formed, and 72 this year. Strikes have been very frequent and of a serious character, involving large numbers of men and most important industries. It is, however, to the new projects and schemes of the workingman, and to what the future portends, that the public interest is attached rather than to what the past has produced. These schemes threaten the uprooting of the present social organization; nor can they be dismissed as visionary and unlikely of realization; for power now is in the hands of the classes to whom they offer the most powerful inducements, and who, at the same time, are the least able to weigh the ultimate consequences both to themselves and to the community.

In fact, the labor question is the most pressing and urgent question of the day. A new school of unionists has arisen. The primary distinction between the new and the old school is, that the latter embraced only skilled workmen—the “aristocracy of labor,” as James Burns phrases it. The new consists of the residuum, of the men whose only capital is the physical capacity of manual labor. They have hitherto been without organization. Last year, however, a union was formed of the laborers on the London docks and wharves, and the strike which paralyzed the trade of London for several weeks was the result. The success of this strike has led to the extension of the movement, although the mere fact that at last it has proved possible for unskilled labor to make its power felt is not without significance. The dockers soon discovered, however, that the power of their union depended upon the exclusion from employment of all non-unionists—the “black-legs,” or, as they are called in America, the “scabs.” To secure this was the object of the Southampton strike—a strike which failed. In other cases the attempts have been more successful. Still, the battle has by no means been won so far. The English law against “picketing,” while it is by no means stringent, nevertheless forms a barrier to the effectual means which the unionists wish to take in order to exclude non-unionists from work; and at the last Trades-

Union Congress, held in Liverpool, a resolution demanding its repeal was carried. What is worthy of note, then, is this: that the laborers, skilled and unskilled alike, claim to exclude, by the peaceable means at present allowed, from the power of earning their bread all who are not willing to join their respective unions, and that the unionists are determined to remove all legal obstacles to the effectual attainment of this end. We do not stop to discuss the justice of this, our object being at present merely to place before our readers an account of the state of the questions which are being discussed by practical men.

All non-unionists are to be excluded from work; therefore all who wish to work must join the union. The amount of work, however, is limited, and, unfortunately, the number of unskilled workmen is, if not unlimited, at all events larger than there is employment for. If all are admitted to the union unionists themselves will be without work. Hence we have the next step, which is, that after the number admitted to the union is sufficient to perform the work to be done, the door of entry into the union is to be shut. Large numbers of men may, consequently, find themselves in this position: they are not to be allowed to work if they are not members of the union, and they cannot become members of the union because the union already has its full membership.

What, then, is to become of the unfortunate men who are thus to be left in the cold? Have the unionists, skilled and unskilled, any concern for them; or are they as hard-hearted and selfish as the capitalist and employer? The case of the would-be unionist has not been neglected in the plans under discussion; and here we come to those plans which we have already referred to as affecting the whole organization of society. The first step in this matter is the passing of an eight-hour law. By this means they hope to secure employment for more men and thereby to reduce the number of the unemployed. The new unionism is earnest in promoting the passing of such an act; and, in the last congress at Liverpool, already mentioned, by a narrow majority the parliamentary committee was instructed to prepare and promote in Parliament an eight-hour law. The majority, however, was narrow, and the plan is meeting with decided opposition from many of the old trade unions. Mr. Birtwistle, the representative of the Lancashire textile unions, resigned his place on the parliamentary committee in consequence of the passing of this instruction; and it is not impossible that the opposition may result in the abandonment of the meetings of the congress;

hence the hoped-for diminution of the number of the unemployed by this means is, to say the least, very doubtful.

But, even if this act should be passed, there would be a large number of men left without employment. What is to become of them? Has their case been overlooked? By no means; the new unionists have provided for them; or, rather, the community is to provide for them. Those who cannot get into the unions are to be supported by the state; not in idleness, but by the opening of workshops and by public works of various kinds. By this means all who are able to work are to be employed—at a less wage, we presume, than could be obtained by the lowest mechanical laborer; for, otherwise, the state established work would be the most attractive. On whom the rates are to be levied to pay for this work; where a market is to be found for the products of the state industry, are questions which the new unionists have not, so far as we are aware, answered. But that those plans have been adopted by men who have votes and are gaining adherents day by day renders the consideration of their wisdom a matter of duty on the part of those who have to guide and influence others. These questions are, not whether men have a right to form unions for the protection of their interests—for this is conceded by all—but whether unionists have a right effectually to prevent non-unionists from working? whether the state ought to regulate the hours of labor? whether the state ought to provide employment for its members?

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THE most beautiful story that has fallen under our notice for many a day is Mr. Alfred St. Johnston's romance, *A South-Sea Lover* (New York: Macmillan & Co.) To a charm of expression which challenges comparison with that of Pierre Loti at his best, it adds that of a pure and poetic sentiment in which there is nothing akin to the Frenchman's cynical immorality. The scene is laid in an atoll, or coral island, belonging to the Polynesian group, and the time is seventy years since—a period antedating the arrival of missionaries, but in which the old savage "religion of cruelty, blood, and threat" had begun to change into something more ideal, milder, and more spiritual. Christian North, a young English sailor of heroic bodily mould and a half-poetic, mystic turn of mind, without friends or kindred in his own land, is the first white man that the Omeäns have ever seen. He is brought to the island by one of themselves, Soma, a "noble savage," in whom the soul of Chateaubriand would have delighted.

Mr. St. Johnston's story being a romance, not a novel, there is no conventional unfitness in the manner of Christian's coming. Though unheralded to himself, it is the result of a prophetic quest made for him by Soma. The young Polynesian had been bound in the closest friendship to a man of his own race who had fallen at his side in battle and been instantly avenged. But after Maraki's death nothing was any longer beautiful to Soma; nowhere could he find joy. And, seeking a remedy for his grief at the hands of the prophetess of the tribe, he had been told to journey far

"to the land of the Papalangi" [white men] "where the sky-flowers sink into the sea. There, in that white land, your friend will be waiting for you. He will not know Soma, but Soma will know him, for he is tall—tall as Ekoe; his eyes are like the sea at noon and his hair is like the color of the *kamari* flower. When many moons are past, and Soma's face is turned towards Omëo, then will he find the friend who will do the blood oath with him."

So, having found each other, and something in Christian's soul echoing the voice that speaks to him through Soma's, the

two desert the whaling-vessel in which Christian has been impressed, and swim to land whence Soma knows his way to his own island. He is the son of a chief, and for his old father's sake Christian is received into the tribe, and before long enters willingly into the sacred engagement with Soma which is known as the oath of blood brotherhood. The scene in which is described the interfusion of their life-currents well deserves the author's own qualification of the rite, as "at once barbaric and savagely poetic." When he had gone through it, it seemed to Christian

"that those few drops of alien blood in his veins were already acting as a ferment, and producing a strange, subtle, savage change in him; and, without thinking of it, he felt, with an absolute conviction, that a new, mysterious tie had been created between them that was irrevocably binding."

The engagement the two men had just made, says the author, who seems to have known Polynesian life and manners well—his "Omëo" is, perhaps, intended for the island known to geographers as Nihau, or Oneehow—"is a vow taken by Polynesians when inspired—as it is well known they sometimes are—by that heroic old-time sentiment of friendship in which entire self-abnegation is normal and expected, and sacrifice of time, tastes, passion, wealth, and even life is not unusual." Men who are *ofa-namu*, "blood-brothers," are two men no longer, but only one in the eyes of those who know their bond.

The Omëans belong to the Malayan Polynesians. They are a fine race physically, and are intellectually far superior to the other native race, the Papuans. Christian finds himself at home and happy with them. Their religion interests him; he sees in it traces which remind him of the Christianity in which he had been bred. Christian is an Englishman—his religion is fragmentary at best—but gradually he tries to insinuate "some of the nobler truths that he himself accepted" into the minds of Soma and of Utamé, the girl for whom he presently conceives a love which works in him the great change thus described:

"He felt this change himself in many ways, but particularly in the curious alteration in his feelings for other women. All men, as males, love all women—unless old and ugly—but there comes a time, or should do, when each man loves one woman only, and with *all* his heart. There should be another word for this love, which may be of the same great genus as the first, but

which is most certainly of another species altogether. Then other women fade, as such, and have no power of feminine attraction for that one man. It was this change that had befallen Christian."

The peculiarity in the Omëan religion which struck Christian as at once most strange and most familiar, was their thorough understanding of "the theory of atonement"—of vicarious self-sacrifice. "It was this that lay at the root of all their human sacrifices." Young men had sometimes been known to immolate themselves to save the life of a well-beloved chief; women to win back their lovers from the disease or death supposed to be inflicted by offended deities. Another peculiarity known here, as throughout the whole circle of these islands, is the system of *tabu*, or taboo, as it is more commonly written, by which any thing or person is made sacred, and safeguarded from profane ownership or touch. In these two vital points of Omëan religion lie the two keys which unlock the twin mysteries of love and friendship which belong to Christian's story. Utamé, the girl whom he loves, has been under *tabu* since her birth to a son of the chief of a neighboring tribe whom she has never seen. Their mutual love and their marriage must, therefore, be a secret which none but Soma shares. The story of it, with its strange, savage charm; the flight of Christian and Utamé to the volcanic mountain where the witch, Venga, lives when their secret is in danger—a flight which recalls that of Atala and his Indian maiden without its sadness—the royal fighting between the rival tribes; Utamé's defence of her freedom and her purity against Tama-iru; the self-immolation of Soma to save Christian, doomed to be thrown living into the seething crater of the volcano as a sacrifice to the god he has offended by breaking the girl's *tabu*—all these tempt to retelling and to longer quotations than we have space for. Our regret is the less, since, while the plot, the incidents, and the motive of the romance all are tinged with the mystery and remoteness of the scene where it is laid, the manner in which it is written, and the purity with which even savage life is viewed, permit us to recommend it highly. One further extract we make, as a possible contribution to that "Science of Dreams" desiderated by a writer in a late number of *The Lyceum*:

"The whole town slept—husbands and wives, youths and maidens, old men and children, each with his true self before himself, waiting, grinning grimly, to be recognized. We are told that we must know ourselves. Philosophers preach it, and men say the lesson is too hard to be learned, or the riddle too dark to be

solved. Yet there is a way of gaining that knowledge that is not too difficult. Remember in the morning the dreams of the night, and what you are in them know yourself truly to be. It is the real 'you' who thinks and acts in them, undisguised by any self-made, self-placed mask. You do not do all the foolish things or the wicked ones that you act in dreams, because, and *only* because, you are never in the circumstances of the dream surroundings; but all the potentialities for good or ill are in the waking man as strongly as in the dream one. The spirit which informs the sleeper and the waker are alike, but in sleep it is not controlled by fear or reason or other considerations which in part restrain it when awake. Could all a man's dreams be known, we should know him for what he is; to ourselves our dreams are plain, and we can in them recognize ourselves for what we are. In dreams no bold man is ever timid, no coward ever brave; the mean man cannot dream that he is generous, nor the noble that he is base."

Another book which we may recommend, especially to young readers, and with the pleasant certainty that they will endorse the commendation, is Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham's *Mistress of Beech Knoll* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) It is an advance upon another of her novels, *Young Maids and Old*, for which we said a kindly word some months ago. The present tale is entirely wholesome in its matter, its style, and the feeling which pervades it. Perhaps there are not many Phyllis Flowers near Boston, but it would be a very good thing to multiply their like there and elsewhere, and good models are conducive to good copies. The tone of the story is religious without cant, and lively without slang; while its fulness is compassed without the aid of padding, "analysis," or sermonizing. And yet it conducts three pairs of true lovers—one of which is composed of a married minister and a snowy-haired old maid who was his flame in youth—to a happy ending, while adhering closely to the spirit of the motto from Tennyson which illuminates the title-page: "Love can love but once a life." Mrs. Burnham's treatment of the situation she has contrived for Rebecca and the Reverend Philip Terriss is especially commendable. Not more than one novelist in ten of those whose work calls for consideration on the score of merit, would have been likely to extricate either hero or heroine from it with credit to themselves or to the chronicler of their trials. Mrs. Burnham, however, has brought Rebecca out of it with flying colors; and if Philip, when compared with her, shows only second best, that is natural in a good woman's novel. Still, we incline to disagree with Rebecca, and,

we suppose, with Mrs. Burnham, in holding that Philip's marriage, though contracted under a sense of duty, was not a mistake. It is a mistake for any man or woman to marry with their eyes wide open to the fact that the love they sacredly promise is not in their power to give. Not only that, but it is a mistake sure to incur heavy penalties in "the life that now is." There are some very essential lessons on marriage which the ministers of that sacrament, the female ones especially, need to learn and to put into practice if the race is to be perceptibly elevated by the process which Professor A. R. Wallace has just been calling, in *The Fortnightly*, "Human Selection." According to him it is to the women of the future that we may most confidently look for the much-to-be-desired amelioration of many of the evils which now afflict humanity. If they can rise to the emergency, and answer to the demand made upon them by an intelligent understanding of the problems to be solved and a thorough appreciation of the potentialities enfolded in their power of choice, he thinks the future may be better than the present or the past. With some modifications we incline to accept that view. Christian women above all, in a period when drunkenness and lust are appalling by the social ravages they make, need to learn what virtue lies in a choice well made, what power there is in steadfast, though passive, resistance to evil, what sacredness attaches to the life of which they guard the portals, what honor they do to love when they fly with horror from its bestial imitation. If the daughter of Eve has lain under a curse, the daughter of Mary has had it more truly lifted from her shoulders than she has sometimes been aware of. She has been restored to her original position as a help *meet* for man. But she will never help him to rise by condescending too far toward the level of corrupted nature.

From Darkness to Light; or, the Basilisk's Love, by Henry P. Stephens and Warham St. Leger (Chicago and New York: Rand & McNally), notwithstanding its stunning title, will be found interesting by those readers who like a clearly-defined plot and plenty of incident, but are so well-minded as to prefer this solid dish without any of the fashionable French *sauce piquante*. The book is clean. It is an English story whose scene is laid near London, at first in an asylum for the blind and afterwards at "Hanover Lodge," a house full of trap-doors, sliding stair-cases, terrible cellars, and other properties which might have been borrowed from Mrs. Anne Radcliffe. The hero is a blind man whose affliction—befalling him, in the first place,

as the result of a nervous strain—is suddenly removed during a thunder-storm, which somehow gives the fillip needed to restore his optic nerve to its normal condition. But as he finds himself immediately after his restoration in a place where it seems to him that his safety, and perhaps his life, depend on keeping those around him in ignorance of the fact that he can see, he preserves his secret. The story is unpretentious but correct in style, and may be called clever in point of construction as well as in its power to awaken and concentrate interest. But as this interest depends upon the ingenuity of the plot and the sympathetic thrills of trepidation with which the reader follows the hero “up-stairs, down-stairs, and through the lady’s chamber,” it is only fair to mark the book innocuous and so leave it.

Mr. M. M. Ballou has just given to the public another of those records of his peregrinations about the planet by which he is trying to establish a valid claim to be considered a producer of values in the world’s workshop. As whoever likes may learn from the pages of his last volume, *Aztec Land* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), he feels an instinctive aversion when in the vicinity of “non-producers,” arising, one inclines to fancy, from a well-founded dread that he may in the end be classed among them—like one who shudders because he is treading upon his own grave. His present effort did not cost him much labor, and will neither enhance his reputation among the judicious nor be of great service to those in search of trustworthy information about Mexico. Mr. Ballou did a great deal of his sight-seeing through the windows of a Pullman car, and seems to have got up his historical and archæological science at the same time, and in a like perfunctory manner.

We take it that his object was to produce a salable book to put upon the Boston market, and to do so at the least possible expense of time and labor. Hence he made a bid for the suffrages of that provincial class of readers typified by the Boston “loyal women,” who have rushed into notoriety by publicly offending the convictions and attempting to deny the equal rights of their Catholic fellow-citizens. He strikes his dominant note on the first page, and hammers away at it persistently until the last one. He says in his opening paragraph that we know little in this country about a neighboring republic which rivals France and Italy in natural picturesqueness, “and nearly equals them in historic interest.” The assumed fact in this last statement is new indeed, and so important, if true, that if Mr. Ballou could manage to substantiate it, it would then be in order to congru-

tulate him upon having effectually extricated himself from the class of pretended workers and "non-producers." We should be glad to see him devote his remaining years to a field so eminently untouched as this would seem to be, now that he has cast aside as worthless all attempts antedating those of "United States Commissioner William Eleroy Curtis," that parochial sceptic, R. A. Wilson, Charles Lemprière, David A. Wells, and "Rev. J. N. McCarty, D.D."

The present ignorance of the "average American" concerning Mexican history—in spite of Prescott and Janvier—arises, if we may credit Mr. Ballou, from the fact that his "information concerning the early inhabitants comes almost solely through the writings of irresponsible monks and priests, who could neither see nor represent anything relative to an idolatrous people save in accordance with the special interests of their own church; or from Spanish chroniclers who had never set foot upon the territory of which they wrote, and who consequently repeated with heightened color the legends, traditions, and exaggerations of others." Set a thief to catch a thief, say we. "Irresponsible" is a good word in this connection and in the mouth of Mr. Ballou. To whom, excepting his publisher and his own easy conscience, is he responsible for the tissue of malevolent misrepresentation of the Catholic Church and her ministers which runs like an open sewer through his book from end to end? Not a chapter is free from it; hardly shall one escape it in any three consecutive pages. The writer was evidently predetermined in his scunner at the priesthood. We will not call it hatred, for Mr. Ballou lacks the straightforwardness necessary to that "good hater" whom most of us emulate Dr. Johnson in having at least a sneaking kindness for. It is something meaner than hatred which makes this person so careful never to let slip from his pen a word which might redound to the credit of the Mexican clergy, that even when his "history" demands a passing recognition of "the patriot Hidalgo," "the Washington of Mexico, as he is called," he contrives to evade so good an occasion to add to the facts in possession of the very "average Americans" whom he is addressing, that Hidalgo was a faithful and heroic priest. He finds it more congenial—and, doubtless, more profitable—to pepper his pages with catch-penny phrases—emulous in this, at least, of the methods of getting gold out of Mexico which he decries in the early chroniclers he wishes to discredit. Could they have invented more "whoppers" about the Aztec sacrifices than he has done about "indulgences bartered and sold to mon-

eyed sinners nearly every hour of the day," and the crafty schemes by which, when a peon has earned "ten or fifteen cents a day, and travelled fifty or sixty miles on foot to do it," . . . "the probability is that the priest will get one-half this pittance"? Could they have romanced about the wealth-producing powers of the country more effectively than he has done in bringing his mathematical mind to bear upon the sums extracted from the superstitious by a single priest by the "lucrative farce" of saying Masses for the souls in purgatory? Attached to the cathedral in the city of Mexico he found a chapel devoted to the Holy Souls, and says he was told that the "branch of business" to which it is devoted is "to pray the good God to release the souls from purgatory!" And then he goes on in this fashion:

"One Concha, a priest who carried on this lucrative farce until he was eighty-seven years old, died so long ago as 1755, having, as the church record shows, 'celebrated' over forty-five thousand masses in his time; the amount of cash received for the same is not set down. As the priests do nothing on credit, officiating at marriages or funerals, selling indulgences, or performing masses for cash only, this good man must have realized for his services in the aggregate, at the very lowest reasonable estimate, about one million dollars"!

We entreat Mr. Ballou to believe two things: one is that he must have viewed the "church record" by proxy, in this case, in the same manner as he did the silver mines at Zacatecas, and has been misinformed as to the number of Padre Concha's Masses; and the other is, that he estimates the honorarium a trifle too high. If Padre Concha had been ordained at twenty-three, the earliest canonical age, and had then gone on saying one Mass every day and three every Christmas until he was eighty-seven, he could not have celebrated more than twenty-three thousand four hundred and eighty-eight. Impossible to crowd more than three hundred and sixty-five days into any year, or more than one Mass into a day, if a man is stationed—as Padre Concha appears to have been—at a chapel endowed by some pious founder. Even if he had had several stations to attend to, like some of our American priests in scantily-settled country districts, he could not have managed to celebrate more than one on week-days and two on Sundays. And as to the stipend, the Talker remembers, as a case in point, once offering a poor priest, in a land far remote from this, a coin which was worth a little more than a

dollar, asking at the same time for a Requiem Mass. "What will keep a man for one day" is the rule in any country, and we suppose Mr. Ballou seldom gets through the twenty-four hours on a dollar and a quarter. The old priest—who was entirely dependent on his offertory, and who lived on five dollars a week when his flock was generous, and on three or less when their funds were low—put his hand in his pocket and drew out half the sum in change. "But I was told that this was the usual sum." "Tut! tut!" he said; "that was a mistake. I never take but half that—but since you insist, I will say two." Fortunately for human nature, priests like that outnumber defamers like Mr. Ballou in a proportion practically infinite.

Nevertheless, and to be just, it must be said that Mr. Ballou's book is readable. He has an easy and correct style, and what he saw for himself in the fields and roadways and market-places he has put with some picturesque force upon his pages. But it must be added, that as what is new in his book is a shade worse than simply untrue, so what is good in it needed no retelling, for the very excellent reason that it had already been better told, and that very recently, and by more than one observer better qualified, less indolent, and more candid than he.

Not of Her Father's Race, by William T. Meredith (New York: Cassell's), though it presents no serious claim to consideration from the literary side, is, nevertheless, a forcible picture of certain aspects of American life, both North and South. They are not attractive aspects which the author has elected to consider in either section. His heroine has a few drops of African blood in her veins, being the daughter of a free octroon and a Virginian of good family. She might have been their legitimate daughter but for the iniquitous law of their State, which provides that "If any white person intermarry with a colored person, or any colored person intermarry with a white person, he shall be confined in the penitentiary not less than two years nor more than five years." James Anderson, forbidden under this penalty to marry the girl who pleased him best, lived with her, notwithstanding, until her death, and afterwards made such a home as was possible for him for their child. A sudden turn of fortune released him from the poverty and public contempt which attended his conduct in Virginia, and coming to New York, he blossomed into a phenomenally successful operator in stocks. He had sent his daughter to a Northern school, and, as there was nothing in her appearance to indicate the negro strain, her beauty and her father's millions conspire to make her

a great success when she comes out in New York society. Among her suitors the one man whom she loves enough to trust with the secret of her birth is not equal to the test her candor imposes; while the man whom she accepts without giving him her confidence, throws her over, not on account of her blood, but because she is involved in the pecuniary ruin which his own rascality has brought on her father. The story is throughout stringent in its demands upon the reader's sympathies and sense of justice, while the catastrophe with which it ends is of unrelieved gloom. The only bright spot in the picture is that made by the figure of the little Northern woman, Miss Gillingham, who has devoted her life to the education of the freed blacks in Virginia. It is to her, who has been her sole true friend, that the hapless Jennie Anderson is returning when she meets her terrible death.

The Anglomaniacs (New York: Cassell's) is a clever skit at certain obtrusive follies of a class of moneyed New-Yorkers. Its anonymous author is believed to be a woman and to reside in Boston. The story is amusing, and has a flavor in which the rank pungency of "The Duchess" seems to be blended with the more subtle zest peculiar to Mr. Howells.

A novel by an author whose name is new to us, Harriet Riddle Davis, *Gilbert Elgar's Son* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons), is one of those signs of the times which cannot multiply too rapidly to please people who believe that a complete appreciation by women of their own powers, duties, and responsibilities is the lever most essential to bring up the social level. It is a tale of contemporary life among the Quakers of Maryland, descendants of the adherents of George Fox who found a shelter under Lord Baltimore's wing when denied one elsewhere on American shores. Their homely, thrifty, peaceful ways, broadening now to admit of dancing and fox-hunting and gear more fashionable than that of olden times for the younger Friends, are very pleasantly described. The men of the story, Gilbert and Dick Elgar and Jared Comly, are well done, especially the latter. But the feature of the book is Robin, Gilbert Elgar's daughter-son—"all the daughters of her father's house, and all the brothers too." There is something very taking in the presentation the author makes of her, from the time of her escape from "First-Day Meeting," as a child of ten, until the day when—a self-poised, self-reliant woman, who has realized the aspirations of her childhood and been son and daughter also to her parents, studying and working as a man should, yet keep-

ing her womanhood intact and lofty—she gives herself to a man who is worthy of her. This novel is one for which we are glad to express hearty admiration. It embodies almost all that we could desire as the ideal of a high-minded, broadly-educated, well-principled American woman. It voices in a dignified, self-contained manner, which we cannot praise beyond its deserts, the growing tendency of good women to demand equality with men before the law. They have long more than earned it by the patience with which they have, as a rule, borne an undue share of the burdens imposed by a high sense of duty. We commend Robin Elgar's career to the attention of our young women as a model worthy of careful study.

I.—DE PHILOSOPHIA MORALI.*

F. Russo's *Compendium of Logic and Metaphysics* has been out for several years and has approved itself as a text-book not surpassed by any other compendium in use. The present volume is a companion to the first, and similar to it in respect to accuracy of doctrine, method of arrangement, style, and adaptation to the use of college classes. It has the advantage of an application of the principles of ethics—as they are exposed in the older manuals of established reputation—to some more recent controversies. We turn with special interest to the treatment of the vital question concerning the right of property. F. Russo defines the right of property as “a right in a thing extending itself to every use and disposal of it, according to the choice of the owner, to the exclusion of others.” He distinguishes between the right *to* property and the right *of* property. The first is a general moral capacity of acquiring ownership, not implying actual possession of anything in particular. This is a right innate in human nature and the same in all men. The capacity of acquiring property needs to be reduced to act by the acquisition of proprietorship over certain determinate things, which is the right *of* property. To establish this right some adventitious fact is necessary, since actual possession of property in the concrete does not pertain to the native condition of man, or arise immediately from his congenital capacity of acquiring it. But, since acquiring property is an actuation of a natural right, the right of property is sanctioned by the natural law.

F. Russo reconciles this proposition—that the right of prop-

* *De Philosophia Morali Prælectiones*. N. Russo, S.J. Benziger Brothers. 1890.

erty is derived from the law of nature—with the *dictum* of those scholastic doctors who derive it from the law of nations in the following way :

By the law of nations, in this connection, they intend those conclusions from the first principles of natural law which are universally admitted and common to all nations. In the words of St. Thomas (2, 2^{de}, q. 97, a. 3): “*quod naturalis ratio inter omnes homines constituit, id apud omnes gentes custoditur, vocaturque jus gentium.*”

The principle thus laid down is easily applied to property in land, the refutation of the theories of Henry George, and the demolition of the doctrines of Socialism and Communism.

This may serve as a specimen of F. Russo's treatment of ethical questions.

He has well accomplished a very difficult task, for which his experience as a teacher has prepared him as no mere study of books in the closet could do: the task of putting into a small compass, concisely and clearly, the extensive subject-matter of the science of ethics in a manner suited to the classes of young collegians and to their private use. The entire text-book of philosophy being now completed, it will, doubtless, be generally adopted in those colleges where Latin is the language of instruction. We do not know of any manual which, in our opinion, is to be preferred to this excellent work of F. Russo. Not only so, but, as a distinguished professor of the Catholic University remarked to us, those who are engaged in the study and teaching of philosophy will derive profit from its perusal.

2.—BEFORE OUR LORD CAME; THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.*

Lady Kerr has given us a valuable book. The Old Testament history is replete with stories which may interest the young if told them in a suitable manner. If you interest the child and fix his attention it is an easy matter to instruct him. Lady Kerr has taken the chief characters of the Old Testament and given their histories in such a way as to interest any intelligent child. Of the importance of a knowledge of Old Testament history there can be no doubt. The heroes of those olden times—

* *Before Our Lord Came.* An Old Testament History for Young Children. By Lady Amabel Kerr. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

The Life of Our Lord. Prepared chiefly in the words of the Gospel for use in schools. By T. Murphy, Master of the Practising School, St. Mary's Training College, Hammersmith. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

men and women such as Joseph, Jacob, Saul and David, Samson, Daniel, Ruth and Esther and Judith—types, very often, of what was to be in our Lord's time, should be familiar personages to every child. History told in stories to children lingers in the memory. So when the child has grown to the mature years of manhood and come to read and study for himself or to hear sermons these very same stories will enable him to understand more fully and appreciate better the full plan of man's redemption. It becomes an intelligent Christian to take God's holy word—the history of the old dispensation and the new—the Old Testament and the Gospels, and to read them, and to do so often. They never fail to interest an earnest, sincere, intelligent mind. If, when a child, one has received such instructions as this little book contains, he would in after years find a greater pleasure and profit in reading the history of God's dealings with the Jewish people than he otherwise would. Lady Kerr has done her work well. The story of Samson and that of Ruth, the Den of Lions, and especially the beautiful story of Tobias and the Angel, are admirably told.

As the complement of Lady Kerr's book Messrs. Burns & Oates offer us Mr. Murphy's *Life of Our Lord*, so told that young children may understand and study it for themselves. Mr. Murphy adopted a wise plan in using the language of the Gospels. We fancy it was no easy task to do so and yet keep in view that his readers are young children. However, he has carefully done his work and, to our thinking, succeeded well. In all our controversy on the school question we lay great stress on the necessity of a moral education as well as a mental education. Here is a little book that will place the very foundation of such an education. The book contains thirty-nine short chapters and, in all, less than one hundred pages. We recommend this and the other little book herein noticed to all who have the education of young children at heart, especially to teachers of Christian doctrine classes and to parents.

3.—PRACTICAL, SANITARY, AND ECONOMIC COOKING.*

In 1888 Mr. Henry Lamb, of Rochester, New York, offered for that year, through the American Public Health Association, two prizes on the following subject: Practical, sanitary, and economic cooking adapted to persons of moderate and small means.

* *Practical, Sanitary, and Economic Cooking.* Adapted to persons of small and moderate means. By Mrs. Mary Hinman Abel. The Lamb Prize Essay. Published by the American Public Health Association.

Mrs. Abel's effort was the result of this offer. A more complete and intelligent essay could hardly have been written on the subject given. There are many women who have the care of households whose means are "small and moderate" who would find the essay of great service. But the trouble is how to get the information here conveyed to those who most need it—the wife of the mechanic and the wife of the day-laborer? In New York City the daughters, especially of workmen, mechanics, and day-laborers, are frequently entirely ignorant of domestic duties. They have never been taught and have not the time to learn. They are employed in stores and factories. The assistance they give the mother in the preparation of the meals and in the purchase of the food is almost *nil*. When they come to marry, and are placed in charge of a household, they are, through ignorance of domestic duties, of which cooking stands almost first, actually unfit for the position. What is true of New York City is also true of our other cities and of manufacturing towns. Now, if the American Public Health Association will devise means of conveying the information of this most excellent essay to the mothers and daughters who live in city tenements they will complete their good work. We strongly recommend the book. It is thorough, scientific, specific in detail, written in terse English, and in a pleasing style. The writer of this notice during the past summer had opportunity of looking into the homes of people who live in crowded tenements in New York City. There is need of reform. That reform in the preparing of the people's food must have place in their housing. Not so much to the people who live in these so-called homes as to the men who build and rent them, must attention be first directed, and to the laws which permit them to be built and rented as they are. What would Mrs. Abel do with her nice recipes in a kitchen which is bed-room, dining-room, *sleeping-room* all in one, and, besides, dark and damp and without ventilation?

4.—REFERENCE HAND-BOOK.*

This book is not worthy of its publishers. It is incomplete and inaccurate, and attempts in a ridiculously small space to cover a large field. Among other things it seems to aim at giving a summary of the genealogies of the noble families of England, past and present. There are at the present time at least five hundred of these families; fewer than one hundred

* *Reference Hand-Book for Readers, Students, and Teachers of English History.* By E. H. Gurney. Boston: Ginn & Co.

are included in this book. If the work is limited to families who are conspicuous in history why are Lord Palmerston and Earl Grey, for example, omitted and the *Marquis* of Westminster inserted? This last is an example of the incompleteness of the work, for it is not stated that the present Marquis of Westminster was created Duke of Westminster in 1874. Some families are traced to our own days; others, still existing, are left suspended. Of the Earls of Huntington, for example, the last named is the fifth earl, who died in 1643; the fourteenth earl is still alive. We might multiply proofs of the statement made at the beginning, but those we have given seem sufficient.

5.—GOSPEL AND EPISTLE HYMNS.*

Rev. Mr. Anketell is a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and has earned a good reputation hitherto as a translator of Latin and German hymns. The present volume is a complete set of hymns, suitable for all the chief festivals and Sundays of the Christian year, and all of the author's own writing. Taken as a whole it is a singularly happy effort, the greater number of hymns being well deserving of their name, which is saying a good deal, and all, so far as we observe, are appropriate in diction for congregational use, and conformable in expression to true Christian doctrine and spirit. The language throughout is never trivial or exaggerated, and a tone of edifying fervor pervades the whole collection.

6.—GRIEVANCES OF IRISH CATHOLICS.†

In his introduction to this work Archbishop Walsh says: "It would be an unpardonable omission if I did not point out that the statement set forth in the following pages is very far indeed from being what I could regard as, in any sense, an adequate exposition either of the grievances which the Catholics of Ireland have to complain of in the matter of education, or of the grounds on which the removal of those grievances may justly be claimed." We beg leave to differ with the archbishop in his estimate of his own work. It appears to us that he has brought a most powerful indictment, couched in always parliamentary language, against the men who hold Ireland's interests in their hands; and

* *Gospel and Epistle Hymns for the Christian Year.* By the Rev. John Anketell, A.M. The Church Record Company.

† *Statement of the Chief Grievances of Irish Catholics in the Matter of Education, Primary, Intermediate, and University.* By the Archbishop of Dublin. Dublin: Browne & Nolan; M. H. Gill & Son. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.

brought as they are before the bar of public opinion they should not be held guiltless of grievous injustice. Not altogether free of the charge of having done whatever lay in their power to destroy the temporal welfare of a Catholic nation, whose virility is not the least marked of its noble qualities, these men, not content with the impoverishing of the mortal body, have for long sought the ravishment of Irish souls. That they have failed ignominiously in this last endeavor there is no need to tell. What reply they will make to the archbishop's grave charge is yet to be seen. Their best reply to this statement of grievances, so far-reaching in extent, would be a removal of the grievances themselves: best, not for the afflicted people alone, but for the afflictors as well, for they in turn have their affliction to support, the punishment of injustices done, for which repentance is not yet too late.

The archbishop's style has a decided individuality, and, we must say, a most pleasing one. He is always terse and always lucid. We are not afraid to venture the assertion that there is not an unnecessary word in his book, which is a genuine addition to the rich parliamentary literature of Ireland.

7.—THE GREAT SACRIFICE OF THE NEW LAW.*

There was a time when in unhappy England it was a crime to hear and a felony punishable by a frightful death to offer Mass; and it was during a short lull in this violent storm that Father Dymock's book was published. In the short space of eleven years it went through eight editions. Mr. Shipley does well to call attention to this "mark of the literary activity of [English] Catholics at the close of the seventeenth century." Taking into consideration the then harassed state of our holy religion, the paucity of Catholics, and their impoverished condition in what was once "Mary's dowry," we may well ask, Are *we* doing more for Catholic literature in these happier times? Are we doing as much?

This is an exceedingly valuable work, not alone for its intrinsic worth, which is great, but also because of its being a sort of reliquary, full of the precious thoughts and redolent with the heroic deeds of those who thought naught too much to sacrifice

* *The Great Sacrifice of the New Law Expounded by the Figures of the Old.* Eighth edition. London: Printed for Matthew Turner, at the Lamb, in High Holborn; Permissu Superiorum. 1678. By James Dymock, a Clergyman. Being the second volume of Old English Ascetic Books. Edited by Orby Shipley, M.A. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

for holy church; many of whom did sacrifice their all, even to the shedding of blood. Mr. Shipley's preface is of scarcely less interest than the book itself. With much that is new, he tells what will certainly be a pleasure to Americans to hear, that of the known one hundred and eighty-one translations of the *Dies Iræ* into our tongue more than one-half are of American origin.

The binding, print, and general get-up of this edition are in every way worthy of the Catholic Publication Society, and that is saying a great deal.

8.—INTERMEDIATE ENGLISH GRAMMAR.*

In 1590 Sir Philip Sidney stated in his *Defence of Poesie* that "English hath no grammar," and this he proclaimed to be a glory of our tongue. In 1795 Lindley Murray gave to the world his discovery that English hath a grammar, for which discovery many generations of youth have blessed his name. Since that time there have appeared many hundreds of grammars by as many authors, and it might now be reasonably supposed that, if numbers go for anything, English hath a grammar. But there were teachers who believed, at least in a half-hearted way, in the dictum of Sidney that English hath not a grammar; and in the seventies there arose a man, one Grant White, who put forth a book—*Words and their Uses*. In this work is a famous chapter that sets forth the heterodoxy of Sidney very emphatically and unanswerably. The year following the appearance of White's book there were published, according to the actual count of a man of leisure, sixty-three brand-new grammars. So that it may be safely asserted that if English hath not grammar, grammar hath English.

Of all the many grammars we have had the felicity of seeing *The Intermediate English Grammar* before us is unquestionably the best, and all good boys who have the happiness of possessing it will agree with us. One of its excellent qualities is that there is very little of it. There are no long ranks of unnecessary and utterly unexplainable rules. What rules there are are clearly put, and we must in justice add, generally useful; and we earnestly hope for the sake of teachers and pupils, when new editions of this book are called for, the authors will not enlarge their work, but will, if possible, make it even more compact than it is.

* *Intermediate English Grammar and Analysis*. By William Davidson, B.A., and George Crosby Alcock. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

9.—HINTS TO A SILENT FRIEND.—THE WIT ON THE STAIRCASE.*

Two little books gotten up daintily, neat and clean to the eye, and exceedingly ladylike; rather chilly, perhaps, in their subdued color. Both are collations of maxims from more or less celebrated men and women. The first, as its title indicates, is on letter-writing; and the writer of this believes that, if attentively read and digested, it will prove quite as beneficial to the inquirer as any of the numerous and elaborate compendiums on the art of epistolary correspondence. Women are the confessed masters of this art, and this being so, who better fitted to write on it? We congratulate the author that she has not been afraid to quote from great Catholic letter-writers. We wonder if she has read the letters of Saints Teresa and Catherine of Siena? who are in letter-writing what Michael Angelo is in sculpture. *Wit on the Staircase* is, in its way, as useful and good as the first-mentioned book. There are many who may read with profit: "If a speaker is fortunate who knows how to begin, thrice fortunate is he who knows when to end; he need not wait for future generations to rise up and call him blessed."

10.—A NEW BOOK OF FABLES.†

We are hearty believers in the proposition laid down in the introduction to this small volume: "Composition is as natural as speaking." About one million persons in the United States alone compose, and send their productions to manifold and not always appreciative editors. In the introduction the question is asked: "When should a child begin to learn composition?" and is answered: "As early as possible; as soon as the child can write." The author of that answer is not an editor. The selection of fables, anecdotes, and stories, with the exception of one story, is good. They are told in strong, clear English. "The Curate and the Bee" is a particularly good and well-told anecdote. We know of no book provided for the public schools better suited for ordinary readers than this little volume. It cultivates the heart and enlightens the intellect.

* *Hints to a Silent Friend upon Writing Letters.—The Wit on the Staircase.* By Francis Bennett Calloway, Specialist in Letter-Writing, Chautauqua University. Buffalo, N. Y.: Peter Paul & Bro.

† *A New Book of Fables, Anecdotes, and Stories for the purposes of Composition.* Boston: Boston School Supply Company.

11.—THE SACRED HEART STUDIED IN THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.*

The translator of this truly excellent work on the devotion to the Sacred Heart of our loving Lord does not exaggerate in styling it "a perfect treasury of Biblical gems, each reflecting in bright and enchanting colors the breadth and length and height and depth of the love of Jesus for sinners."

The book is well bound and printed, and has the imprimatur of the Archbishop of New York.

12.—OUR DICTIONARIES.†

A supplemental note to this valuable book on words states: "Cardinal Newman is quoted oftener in these pages than any other writer. It is proper to say of references to him as an author living that the plates of this little book were ready for the press before the death (August 11, 1890) of the great master of nineteenth-century English." As the greater portion of the work is a study of the science of the use of words, the author's conclusions may be accepted without doubt; Cardinal Newman being his authority in almost every instance. One statement of the author, however, startled the writer of this notice. Mr. Williams says: "I do not think I ever heard an American sound the *h* of *herb*." Now, we cannot call to mind an instance of the *h* in *herb* *not* being sounded by an American. The portion of the book which treats of the growth of dictionaries is full of curious knowledge, and the reading of it will be a source of confusion to those who fondly believe that there is such a thing as a really good and trustworthy English dictionary. The English literary world has not yet recovered from the disappointment caused it by the unlucky experiment of the Philological Society entitled, *A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles*. After a pithy criticism of this loudly-trumpeted work Mr. Williams concludes: "Matthew Arnold had a very low opinion of English reference books. And, certainly, they are much inferior to similar books made in France. The methodical genius of the French shines in such productions. People who knew how extremely defective pretentious English works of this class are—the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, for instance—hoped that a great dictionary carrying the imprimatur of the Philological Society of England would do much toward improving the methods of mak-

* *The Sacred Heart studied in the Sacred Scriptures*. Translated from the French of Rev. H. Saintrain, C.S.S.R. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

† *Our Dictionaries and other English Language Topics*. By R. O. Williams. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

ing all books of its kind, especially in the direction of reaching trustworthy results; but it is questionable, at least, whether the 'New English Dictionary' will not lower the standard for such work, even in England." We Americans may hearten ourselves with the knowledge that, imperfect though they be, the most trustworthy of English dictionaries have been produced by Americans.

13.—THE CATHOLIC YOUNG MAN OF THE PRESENT DAY.*

This little work is specially dedicated to young men whose occupations expose them to contact and, not infrequently, to active combat with agnosticism—the modern euphemism, some one calls it, for atheism. And it is addressed quite as much to the young men of our country as to those of the Canton St. Gall. The letters are full of easily-remembered and unanswerable arguments against infidelity. The letter entitled "Show Thyself a Man" can scarcely be commended too much. "Show thyself a man," Bishop Egger says, "in regard to temperance. It may be a question with many whether it is easier to abstain completely or to drink with moderation. . . . What the habitual drinker is as a Christian, a citizen, a father, I do not need to say. And yet so many enter as a jest into this degrading, fatal bondage. Nay, many drink to excess and become drunkards through pure vanity to play the buffoon, and be able to boast of their foolish exploits." The book is so small it can be carried in the pocket, and we would be glad if every young man made a companion of it.

Bishop Egger has many words of commendation for Catholic Young Men's Associations. That such commendation is deserved we all are ready to acknowledge. What such associations as the Spalding Literary Union of New York accomplish in the formation and sustenance of a manly, intellectual, and upright character is well known; so well, indeed, that, like other blessings bountifully bestowed, we are apt to forget to be grateful; apt, too, to forget the whole-souled laborers in God's vineyard who, by God's grace, have brought about this happy state of affairs.

Miss McMahan has done much good by her many translations; never has her pen wrought to better advantage than in her vivid Englishing of Bishop Egger's practical little volume.

* *The Catholic Young Man of the Present Day.* Letters to a Young Man. By Right Rev: Augustin Egger, D.D., Bishop of St. Gall. Translated from the German by Miss Ella McMahan. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

14.—THE CHEMICAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL HISTORY OF A MOUTHFUL OF BREAD.*

Father Carrier has answered by his lecture the question, "Can science be made interesting to the public?" and the answer is in the affirmative. His *Histoire Chimique et Physiologique d'une Bouchée de Pain* is very far from being dry reading, and gains in point of instructiveness in proportion to the interest the learned author gives it. If to be both interesting and instructive is a sufficient recompense for laborious research, as the lecturer supposes, then he may rest assured that he has been well repaid. We regret that there is not space for the formal review of this conference, as it is the first of a series delivered by Father Carrier in 1889 and '90 in Montreal before the Catholic Union of that city. We wish that it and its successors would find an English translation and circulation. Scientific truths should be better disseminated by Catholics of ability in the United States. The writer of this notice has seen large and appreciative audiences in districts popularly supposed to be quite uncultured assemble to listen to lectures on science, sometimes of a very abstruse character, but delivered by able Catholic priests and laymen. Honor and gratitude are due to men who, like Father Carrier, give their lives to the spreading of truly scientific knowledge.

15.—DR. SMITH'S COMPENDIUM OF CANON LAW.†

This *Compendium of Canon Law* will supply a long-felt want. The state of things in this country differs so much from the normal state dealt with by the ordinary text-books, that the study of these have given but a very vague impression of the actual conditions of the church's law in our own land. Dr. Smith, in the three somewhat bulky volumes of the *Elements of Ecclesiastical Law* already published, supplied in the main what was wanting. These volumes are, however, too large for use as a text-book. That defect is remedied by the present publication, in which the whole of the previous work is epitomized for class work. Moreover, an important subject not dealt with in the larger book is treated in this—the subject, that is, of Ecclesiastical Property.

The seven editions through which the *Elements* have passed prove the esteem in which that work is held. We have not had time for a very full and exact examination of the present volume;

* *Histoire Chimique et Physiologique d'une Bouchée de Pain.* Par le R. P. Carrier, C.S.C. (Conférence faite à l'Union Catholique de Montréal, le 27 Avril, 1890.)

† *Compendium Juris Canonici ad usum Cleri et Seminariorum hujus Regionis accommodatum.* Auctore Rev. S. B. Smith, S.T.D. Neo Eboraci: Benziger Fratres.

but, so far as we can judge, it appears to us that it will sustain the author's reputation, and be even more useful than its predecessors. In fact, it seems to us that it ought to supersede all the previously-used text-books; for while it teaches the general principles of canon law as fully as is necessary, it has the special information which other books do not give. The work is, as text-books on this subject should be, in Latin; but Dr. Smith has thoughtfully provided in brackets translations for the technical expressions which he has had to coin. There are only four hundred and ten pages in all; but the clerical student who has mastered these pages will have a sound knowledge of the law under which he will exercise his ministry. Exact references are given to the larger work on matters which, on account of their length, cannot be fully discussed in the *Compendium*.

16.—SAYINGS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.*

Every word of the late cardinal deserves to be treasured up and preserved. This little volume is a handy collection of various of his utterances gleaned from the Catholic newspapers of the last forty years. Some of these are interesting in themselves; some from the occasion on which they were spoken. Dr. Newman knew as well what not to say as what to say; the utterances under the head "Affairs of Ireland" will prove this. The last of his "sayings" here published was in reply to an address presented to him last July by the Catholic Truth Society, in which he spoke of its work as "the beginnings of a revolution."

The frontispiece, many will think, will be worth the cost of the book, being the latest portrait of the cardinal. It was taken a few weeks before his death by one of the Fathers of the Birmingham Oratory, and is an excellent likeness.

* *Sayings of Cardinal Newman*. London: Burns & Oates, Limited; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO THE READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE Convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, held October 7th and 8th at Washington, D. C., was attended by over three hundred delegates. As officially announced beforehand by the president, Rev. M. J. Lavelle, the delegates were favored with many valuable suggestions concerning the utility of Reading Circles. From personal experience in the Catholic Union of Boston Mr. J. P. Leahy, the ex-secretary, became thoroughly convinced that the Reading Circle can be made profitable to every society of Catholic young men. The objects of the Catholic Educational Union were fully explained by Mr. W. P. Mosher. Rev. Father Ryan, S.J., gave an interesting account of his plans for the welfare of the Loyola Circle, which is intended to advance the interests of a religious sodality. On behalf of the Columbian Reading Union, Rev. Father McMillan developed the idea of co-operative concentration of intellectual work, with a view to bringing into prominence the books written by Catholic authors and to secure for them suitable recognition in public libraries. He urged the necessity of encouraging in every possible way those who are able to produce literature upon all subjects in which Catholics are interested. At present our authors are generally required to bear the expense of publishing their books, and this unfortunate state of affairs is mainly due to lack of organization. Our worst opponents allow that there are at least ten millions of Catholics in the United States able to read. When we can give visible proofs that from this large number we may safely guarantee a buying public of ten thousand readers, organized and determined to assist in the diffusion of Catholic literature, then we shall create a demand which even the most somnolent publisher will be eager to supply. The apathy of the Catholic reading public has had a demoralizing effect upon publishers, and emboldened them to discriminate against Catholic authors. It is our hope that the Columbian Reading Union will make efficient use of all the ways and means of producing and disseminating a literature which will not be contaminated with the errors and follies of agnosticism.

In the conclusion of his address to the delegates of the Catholic Young Men's National Union Father McMillan gave a list of ten books representative of Catholic thought in the United States which every intelligent Catholic should read and every library should contain. These are the books :

1. *Life of Archbishop Carroll.* By John Gilmary Shea.
2. *Souvenir and Proceedings of the Catholic Congress.*
3. *Life of Pius IX.* By Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D.D.
4. *Life of Leo XIII.* By Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D.D.
5. *Faith of our Fathers.* By Cardinal Gibbons.
6. *Our Christian Heritage.* By Cardinal Gibbons.
7. *Life of Archbishop Spalding.* By Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D.
8. *The American Republic.* By Dr. Brownson.
9. *The Church and the Age.* By Very Rev. I. T. Hecker.
10. *Catholic History of the United States.* By John R. G. Hassard.

It will be seen at a glance that each one of the books in this list has been written from an American standpoint, and contains facts and principles essential to a proper understanding of the progress of the church in the United States. Our young men might add to the list Hassard's *Life of Archbishop Hughes*, which not only portrays the career of one of our greatest prelates, but also gives a reliable account of the epoch in which he lived. There can be no doubt that young men will find the perusal of these books very profitable. A few members in each society can form a Reading Circle and make a practical test at once of the advantages to be derived from combined intellectual work. We shall be pleased to get from young men any further suggestions on this matter.

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Mindful of our repeated admonitions, a representative of the Columbian Reading Union made use of the opportunity afforded by a short stay at Edinburgh, Scotland, to visit the large public library, located in a beautiful building with all the modern improvements, recently erected by Andrew Carnegie, Esq., of Pittsburgh. The librarian in charge cheerfully explained the working plan of the library, and kindly furnished a copy of the printed catalogue, which has been carefully examined. We find that, like the catalogue of the Cleveland public library noticed in these pages last May, it is arranged on the dictionary plan,

a plan which, in our judgment, is far more convenient than the old-fashioned classification of books under subjects only. When thoroughly carried out the dictionary plan combines in one system all the advantages of the subject catalogue. We like the shape and get-up of the Edinburgh catalogue. It is a convenient size for handling, being a large 8vo of 525 pages, and costs only one shilling.

A striking excellence of the catalogue is the thoroughness with which the work has been done. Not only have the contents of each volume of the leading reviews been given, but the same thing has been done for other books, such as Bancroft's *History of the United States*. Novels appear under the head "Fiction," and under the authors' names as well. It seems to us it would have facilitated reference if they had also appeared under the first word of their titles; but this might have rendered the catalogue too cumbersome. Of course, the main interest of this catalogue for our readers consists in the Catholic works which it mentions, and we must say that we are agreeably surprised at their large number. The list of Newman's works fills three-quarters of a column; there are twenty of Manning's works; and even the works of a writer so distinctively pious and spiritual as Faber. To mention all the Catholic writers whose works appear would be tedious. It is quite clear that no unjust discrimination against Catholic books has been made, and the fact that many are absent is not due to any lack of good will. It is, indeed, the case that the list of Catholic books not to be found is somewhat long. There is no series of the *Dublin Review*, of the *Month*, or of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The names of Brownson, Cardinal Gibbons, and Father Hecker do not appear. But this is clearly due not to ill-will but to want of that knowledge which it is the object of the Columbian Reading Union to impart.

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We fully appreciate the patient toil required in gathering from publishers' catalogues the following list of authors among Catholic women. It was prepared by Miss Josephine Lewis, with the assistance of the Ozanam Reading Circle of New York. Though somewhat incomplete, it will direct attention to the distinguished ability of feminine minds in nearly all the departments of Catholic literature.

Allies, Mary H. : Leaves from St. Augustine.
 Captivity of Pope Pius VII.

- Ames, Miss*: Marion Howard.
Maggie's Rosary. Wishes on Wings.
- Austin, Mrs.*: Friend Sorrow.
- Brownson, Sarah M.*: Marion Elwood; or, How Girls Live.
Life of Prince Gallitzin.
- Blake, Mrs. Mary E.*: Rambling Notes of a Trip to the Pacific.
Mexico: Picturesque, Political, Progressive.*
A Summer Holiday in Europe.
Verses Along the Way.
- Bowles, Emily*: French Eggs in an English Basket.
Floreat Etona.
The Three Kings.
In The Camargue.
- Clark, Theodora M. L.*: Roman Violets.
- Conway, Katherine E.*: On the Sunrise Slope, and other
Poems.
- Caddell, Cecilia M.*: Little Snowdrop.
Summer Talks about Lourdes. Never Forgotten.
Tales for the Young. Wild Times.
- Corkran, Alice*: A Young Philistine.
- Craven, Mrs. C.*: Anne Severin.
Eliane. Fleurange.
Natalie Narischkin. A Sister's Story.
The Veil Withdrawn. Life of Lady Georgiana Fullerton.
- Dahlgren, Madeleine Vinton*: A Washington Winter.
The Lost Name.
Lights and Shadows of a Life.
South-Sea Sketches.
South-Mountain Magic.
Memoir of John A. Dahlgren.
- Drane, Augusta Theodosia* (Sister Mary Raphael):
Biographical Sketch of Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan.
Christian Schools and Scholars.
History of England.
History of St. Catherine of Siena and her Companions.
Knights of St. John. Lady Glastonbury's Boudoir.
Songs in the Night. The Three Chancellors.
Uriel; or, The Chapel of the Angels.
Aroer: A Story of a Vocation.
- Dorsey, Mrs. Anna Hanson*: The Oriental Pearl.
The Rose of the Algonquins. Coaina.
The Sister of Charity. The Flemings.
May Brooke. Nora Brady's Vow.
Mona the Vestal. Tangled Paths.
The Old Gray Rosary. Palms.
Ada's Trust. 'Beth's Promise.

* Written by Mrs. Mary E. Blake and Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan.

- Dorsey, Mrs. Anna Hanson, continued*: A Brave Girl, and Fate of the Dane.
 Heiress of Carrigmona. Adrift.
 Warp and Woof. Old House at Glenaran.
- Donnelly, Eleanor*: Crowned with Stars.
 Domus Dei. Life of Father Barbelin, S.J.
- Douglas, Lady*: Linked Lives.
- Domville, Lady*: Biography of Lamartine.
- De Guérin, Eugénie*: Journal and Letters.
- De Ségur, Countess*: The Inn of the Guardian Angel.
- De Stolz, Madame*: The House on Wheels.
- De La Grange, Madame A. K*: The Vestal.
 Ferryman of the Tiber.
- Dobree, Emily*: Stories of the Seven Sacraments.
- Feilding, Lady Clare*: Life of Jean Gabriel Perboyre.
 Countess de Flavigny.
- Fullerton, Lady Georgiana*: A Stormy Life.
 Constance Sherwood. Mrs. Gerard's Niece. 3 vols.
 Ellen Middleton. Grantley Manor.
 Life of Mère Marie de la Providence.
 Life of Madame Barat. 2 vols. Rose Le Blanc.
 Life of St. Frances of Rome. Memoir of Hon. H. Dormer.
 Too Strange Not to be True. The Miraculous Medal.
 A Stormy Life. Lady Bird.
 Fifth of November. Fire in London.
 The Notary's Daughter. Rosemary.
 Seven Stories. Short Stories.
 The Straw-Cutter's Daughter. Trouvaille.
 The Two Cottages. A Will and a Way.
- Fitzgerald, Mrs.*: Review of Agnosticism.
- Guiney, Louise Imogen*: The White Sail, and other Poems.
- Herbert, Lady*: Anglican Prejudices against the Catholic Church.
 Martyr from the Quarter-Deck. Garcia Moreno.
 Valentine Riant. Life of Henri Dorie.
 Life of Mgr. Berneux—Bishop and Martyr.
 Life of Théophane Vénard—Martyr.
 Life of Père Eymard, Founder of Holy Sacrament Society.
 Life of Mother Maria Teresa. A Saint in Algeria.
 Suema, the Little African Slave. Month of March.
 Thekla: An Autobiography. The Problem Solved.
 Three Phases of Christian Love. Life of St. Monica.
 Cradle Lands. Impressions of Spain.
 Search after Sunshine. Love or Self-Sacrifice.
 True Wayside Tales. Geronimo.
 Mission of St. Francis de Sales. Edith.
 Short Memoirs of Esterina Antinori.

- Herbert, Lady, continued*: The Two Sisters.
 Wives and Mothers of the Olden Time.
 Life of the Venerable Joseph Marchand.
 Life of Dupanloup. 2 vols.
- Hoey, Mrs. Cashel*: What Might Have Been.
 Life of Madame de la Rochefoucauld.
 Nazareth.
- Hope, Mrs.*: Lives of Early Martyrs.
 Franciscan Martyrs in England.
 Life of St. Philip Neri.
 Life of St. Thomas of Canterbury.
- Hope, Josephine*: A New Tale.
- Hoffman, Miss Agnes*: Agnes Hilton.
 Alice Murray. Orphan Sisters.
 Aunt Olive and Her Hidden Past.
 Felix Kent.
- Hahn-Hahn, Countess*: Eudoxia.
- Kavanagh, Julia*: Madeleine.
 Daisy Burns. Queen Mab.
 Bessie. Seven Years.
 Dora. Two Lilies.
 Sylvia. John Dorrian.
 Sybil's Second Love. Grace Lee.
 Adele. Women of Christianity.
 Rachel Gray.
- Laidlaw, Mrs. S.*: Ethna; or, Etchings in Black and White.
- Leathley, Mary E. S.*: Requiescant.
- Lovat, Lady*: Clare Vaughan.
 Henri de Blois.
- Leighton, Alice*: A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.
- Martin, Mrs. Elizabeth G.*: Whom God Hath Joined.
 John Van Alstyne's Factory.
- Montgomery, Mrs.*: The Eternal Years.
 Divine Sequence. Divine Ideal.
- Mulholland, Clara*: The Miser of Kingscourt.
 Percy's Revenge.
- Mulholland, Rosa*: The Wild Birds of Killeevy.
 A Fair Emigrant. The Squire's Granddaughter.
 The Wicked Woods of Tobereevil.
 Hetty Gray; or, Nobody's Bairn. Marcella Grace.
 The Late Mrs. Hollingford.
 Gianetta: A Girl's Story of Herself.
- Meline, Mary E.*: In Six Months.
- Montiero, Marianne*: Allah Akbar.
 The Monk of Yuste.
- McMahon, Ella*: Golden Sands, and many other translations.

Noble, Frances: Gertrude Mannering.

O'Hanlon, Alice: Which is Right?

O'Meara, Kathleen (Grace Ramsay): Narka, the Nihilist.

Queen by Right Divine. Life of Bishop Grant.

Iza: A Tale of Russian Poland. A Salon in Paris.

Pearl. Mabel Stanhope.

Biography of Frederic Ozanam. Bells of the Sanctuary.

Daughter of St. Dominic.

O'Brien, Attie: The Monk's Prophecy.

O'Connell, Mrs. Morgan: Memoirs of Attie O'Brien.

Procter, Adelaide A.: Poems.

Parsons, Mrs.: Afternoons with Mrs. Maitland.

Heath-House Stories. Tales for Children.

Life of St. Colette. Wrecked and Saved.

St. Ignatius. The Sisters of Ladywell.

Tales for the Young. Verses, Grave and Gay.

Petre, Lady Catharine: Hymns and Verses.

Repplier, Agnes: Books and Men.

Ram, Mrs. Abel: The Most Beautiful amongst the Children of Men.

Emmanuel.

Reid, Christian: Valeria Aylmer.

After Many Days. A Gentle Belle.

Armine. Mable Lee.

Bonny Kate. Morton House.

A Daughter of Bohemia. A Summer Idyl.

Roslyn's Fortune. The Land of the Sky.

Ebb Tide. Miss Churchill.

A Question of Honor. A Child of Mary.

Hearts and Hands. Philip's Restitution.

Heart of Steel.

Next month we shall complete the list of authors classified under the letters of the alphabet which follow R.

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Our readers are requested to send notice without delay of any omission in the list of Catholic authors here given. The co-operation of many minds is needed for the completion of an undertaking which requires so much research. Many of the books mentioned may be out of print or exceedingly rare. Before publishing our revised list we hope to get the definite information that will enable us to decide the number of books now for sale.

M. C. M.

WITH THE PUBLISHER.

THE Publisher would like to impress his readers with the full significance of that big word of three letters N-O-W. He isn't going to preach a sermon; he makes use of other times and other places for that purpose. But he wishes to remind his readers, as a matter of plain business, that "Now" is the only time we have to do anything that is really worth doing. We may plan to do things in the more or less remote future, but we have only to-day to do them. "Now" is a big thing—the biggest thing we have, for it means opportunity.

* * *

We have many good intentions; when are they to be realized? They may have been among the fairest dreams of the years that are past—seed planted in good ground, and long and tenderly nurtured—but where is the blossom and the fruit? Intention is good; it is best when action follows.

* * *

You who read these lines intend to do something some time to bring THE CATHOLIC WORLD to the notice of a friend—perhaps of a dozen friends. A good intention; but as long as it remains simply an intention it is without advantage to your friend or the magazine. Act on your intention; it may make a new subscriber. Talk to one, a single friend of the many you have. Twenty of them want THE CATHOLIC WORLD and don't know it; a dozen want it and *do* know it, and probably half of these are only waiting for you or some other friend to suggest it. Don't wait for "some other friend"; do it yourself and do it at once. Think of the result to the cause in which we are all working if every subscriber would do this!

* * *

How much it would increase the facilities of editor and publisher to improve the magazine. The inclination to do this has, thanks to our readers and our many friends, been substantially manifested in the enlarged magazine with which we opened our fifty-second volume. This has not only brought us the congratu-

lations of our brethren of the Catholic press, but must also account for the notable increase in the orders placed with us by the newsdealers during the past month.

The best we have and the best we can obtain is and ever will be devoted to that cause of which the magazine is the exponent. The words of an old engineer we heard of recently express in homely phrase our own determination with regard to THE CATHOLIC WORLD: "We've got to put this locomotive over the road, even if we have to chuck in our shoes and socks to feed the boiler, and if that doesn't do, we'll simply have to pick up the locomotive and tote it."

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How can I help on the work of THE CATHOLIC WORLD? was a question addressed to the Publisher a short time ago, and he answers it here for the benefit of such as might put a similar query to him. Of course you read the magazine yourself, but you know many who don't read it and who don't know why they ought to read it. It is your duty to enlighten such people. Talk it out with them; you know the help, the good, the pleasure it has brought you; be generous and share it with others. As Catholics we have duties towards those who are not of the church; as Catholics of intelligence we have duties towards ourselves. The great questions of the day, scientific and historical, research, literary culture—everything that goes to make-up modern intellectual equipment—all these things have a Catholic side with which as Catholics we should be familiar to some degree. The great mistake of many is to regard such matters as purely secular and to look for their presentation in purely secular periodical literature. These people are, perhaps, familiar with the great secular monthlies, but know little or nothing of Catholic periodicals, and often suppose that they are published solely in the interests of some particular devotion. That all things comprised in the term cultivation have a Catholic side and a Catholic interpretation, seldom if ever occurs to them.

* * *

Now, THE CATHOLIC WORLD is a help to see all these things through Catholic spectacles; its aim is to be of service in the broad mission of the church, to help man to see all things by the light of natural and revealed truth. The man is at his best when he is the Catholic and his Catholicity has the quality of making all things here as well as hereafter of special interest to

himself. Above all else, THE CATHOLIC WORLD aims to show this; aims to be an organ of a Catholicity wide enough to touch all peoples, all questions, and all interests with the magnet of divine truth. It is not the organ of particular opinions, nor, though controlled by a community of priests, is it an organ of a particular religious body; its aim is to be, in the truest sense of the word, Catholic. It is in the spirit of the broadest Catholicity that the magazine discusses all questions of interest to the intelligent and cultivated Catholic. It is not necessary, nor, indeed, is this the place to prove the truth of the foregoing. Any number of its fifty-two volumes will show it clearly, and many a reader has given the most ample testimony in confirmation of all that has been said above. These, then, are the "heads" for a talk with your friend on the subject, with any article you please as an illustration.

* * *

There is another way in which you can be of service to THE CATHOLIC WORLD; and, although it has a certain ring of the counting-room about it, a little thought will cause you to see the common sense of the suggestion. Look over the advertisement pages of the magazine. The Publisher does not say this in behalf of any one advertiser, or for the sole object of business. Experience makes it clear to every one nowadays that the advertising pages of a periodical are often useful and frequently valuable to the reader. It is not too much to say that we owe many a convenience or a saving to a casual glance down the advertising pages of some periodical. Do this with the advertisements in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and make a note of what you see there. You may find it profitable, and, if so, you would but return good for good if you mentioned the source of your information. An illustration would not be out of place. Perhaps the reader of these lines knows of some poor little sufferer from hip-disease, who suffers much more because the appliances for his relief are too costly to be procured for him. Such a reader might note the fact that in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD a hip-splint, recommended by the highest medical authorities, is advertised, at an almost nominal cost compared with the expensive appliances heretofore used in such cases. This is but one of many illustrations of the benefit that can come from a careful reading of the advertising pages of any reputable publication; and if our readers would do both themselves and us a benefit, they should not slight the advertising pages of the magazine, or fail to mention it should it prove of any service to them.

Dodd, Meade & Co. announce :

A History of Modern Architecture, by James Fergusson, D.C.L., etc. Thoroughly revised and brought down to the present day by Robert Kerr. A supplementary volume devoted entirely to *Modern Architecture in America*, by Montgomery Schuyler, will be issued in 1891.

A Memoir of Horace Walpole. By Austin Dobson.

The Devil's Picture Books. A History of Playing Cards. By M. K. Van Rensselaer.

In their series "The Makers of America" they announce :

Alexander Hamilton. By Prof. William G. Sumner, of Yale University. 2 vols., \$1.50.

George and Cecilius Calvert, Barons Baltimore of Baltimore, and the Founding of the Maryland Colony. By William Hand Browne, editor of the *Archives* of Maryland. 75 cents.

Robert Morris. By Prof. William G. Sumner. 75 cents.

James Edward Oglethorpe, and the Founding of the Georgia Colony. By Henry Bruce. 75 cents.

Father Juniper Serra, and the Franciscan Missions in California. By John Gilmary Shea, LL.D. 75 cents.

In their "Great Explorers" series they announce :

Mungo Park and the Niger. By Joseph Thompson, author of *Through Masai Land*. \$1.25.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. announce :

The Choruses of the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play. In Rhyme and Rhythm. In accordance with the original German as sung in 1890. Translated by Mary Frances Drew. Being an appendix to the whole text, published for the first time in 1881.

The Life of the Blessed John Fisher. By Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R. With a reproduction of the famous portrait of Blessed John Fisher by Holbein, and other illustrations. Second edition, with an appendix.

The Life and Labors of St. Thomas of Aquin. By Archbishop Vaughn, O.S.B. Arranged and edited by Dom Jerome Vaughn, O.S.B. Second edition. This work will form Volume I. of the Benedictine Library.

A Memoir of the late Sir James Marshall, C.M.G., K.C.S.G., taken chiefly from his own letters. By Very Rev. Canon Brownlow, V.G.

JUST PUBLISHED.

Holy Wisdom; or, Directions for the Prayer of Contemplation, etc. By Father Baker, author of *Sancta Sophia*.
Price \$1.60, net.

Benziger Bros. have just issued another volume of the English Manuals of Catholic Philosophy, entitled *Psychology*, by Rev. Michael Maher, S.J.

Harper & Brothers announce the early publication of a volume entitled *Christmas*, in Song, Sketch and Story, compiled by J. P. McCaskey.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL FOR 1891. With calendars calculated for different parallels of latitude, and adapted for use throughout the United States. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates, Limited.

MIXED MARRIAGE: The Forbidden Fruit for Catholics. Translated and revised from the German of the Rev. Alban Stolz. By Monsignor H. Cluever, D.D. Fourth edition. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

SHORT SERMONS ON THE GOSPELS FOR EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR. By Rev. N. M. Redmond. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

SAYINGS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN. With portrait taken a few weeks before his death. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

HARMONY BETWEEN SCIENCE AND REVELATION. By Right Rev. J. de Concilio, D.D., Domestic Prelate of His Holiness. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

DER EPHESIERBRIEF DES HL. APOSTELS PAULUS, erklärt von Dr. Franz Anton Heule, Canonicus, und Privatdozent der Theologie an der Kön. Universität in München. Augsburg: Dr. M. Huttler (M. Seitz).

TAUBE DER FLUT. Evangelische eines Katoliken, von Max Steigenberger. Augsburg: Dr. M. Huttler (M. Seitz).

KIRCHE, SCHULE UND HAUS. Lesefrüchte und Erfahrungen zur Belehrung und Erbauung. Von P. Bonaventura Hammer, O.S.F. Prämie für den 18ten Jahrgang des *Sendbote*. Cincinnati: S. Rosenthal & Co.

BELIEF IN GOD: ITS ORIGIN, NATURE, AND BASIS. Being the Winkley Lectures of the Andover Theological Seminary for the year 1890. By Jacob Gould Schurman, Sage Professor of Philosophy in Cornell University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

- RHYMES FOR LITTLE READERS. Illustrated. By A. W. Adams. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.
- EDUCATION AND THE HIGHER LIFE. By J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company.
- HARVARD UNIVERSITY PUBLICATIONS.—HARVARD HISTORICAL MONOGRAPHS: NO. 1. The Veto Power: Its Origin, Development, and Function in the Government of the United States (1789–1889). By Edward Campbell Mason, A.B., Instructor in Political Economy. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of History. Boston: Ginn & Company.
- ONE-AND-THIRTY DAYS WITH BLESSED MARGARET MARY. From the French, by a Visitandine of Baltimore. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.
- A SHORT HISTORY OF ANGLO-SAXON FREEDOM. The Polity of the English-speaking Race, outlined in its Inception, Development, Diffusion, and Present Condition. By James K. Hosmer, Professor in Washington University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
- GOLDEN SANDS. Fifth series. Little Counsels for the Sanctification and Happiness of Daily Life. Translated from the French by Miss Ella McMahan. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.
- ALGEBRA FOR BEGINNERS. By J. Bayma, S.J. Revised edition with appendix. San Francisco: A. Waldteufel.
- OUR GOVERNMENT. How it Grew, What it Does, and How it Does It. By Jesse Macy, A.M. Revised edition. Boston: Ginn & Company.
- CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.
- CIVIL GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES, Considered with some reference to its Origin. By John Fiske. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- THE MEXICAN SPHINX. By J. J. Gutierrez. Boston: Rockwell & Churchill.
- A NOVENA IN HONOR OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. By the Rev. Clementinus Deymann, O.S.F. (Prov. SS. Cord. Jesu). Cum Permissu Superiorum. San Francisco: A. Waldteufel.

PAMPHLETS.

- REPORT OF THE KANSAS STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE FOR THE MONTH ENDING JULY 31, 1890. M. Mohler, Secretary. Topeka: Kansas Publishing House.
- BULLETIN NO. 6 OF THE LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE ST. LAURENT COLLEGE, near Montreal, Canada.

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WHAT IS A LIVING CHURCH?

THE centuries are divided one from another, not as appears in the almanac by points of time, but by the thoughts which dominate one epoch and are absorbed, forgotten, or, in the language of German philosophy, transcended in the next. Thus the eighteenth century was wholly given up to mechanism and kindred ideas, to social contracts, theories of constitutional government, "plain common sense," the superficial, the well-balanced, the intelligible, and, as we should now say, the conscious and the finite. One thing it could not endure, an appeal to enthusiasm; one mode of thought and feeling was alien to its comfortable easy temper, the poetical. It called the prophets impostors, religion a politic contrivance, priests designing hypocrites, spiritual experience a craze and a delusion, miracles feats of legerdemain, and the interval between enlightened scepticism and the reign of the Antonines, counting backwards, the Dark Ages. In the judgment of Voltaire and Diderot, as of Tom Paine, the eighteenth century was the "Age of Reason." It was the *Aufklärung*, an era of light and intelligence, during which nothing that could not be accurately defined to the senses was accounted worthy of belief. Its proper dialect was a literary, academic prose; its heroic verse was the slow Alexandrine, or the rhyming couplet which crystallized poetry into epigram. And its mood, in reference to the highest or deepest questions of the soul, was a refined dilettanteism which trifled negligently with Heaven and Hell, the moral law, revelation, and the "nature of the Deity."

It was the supreme merit of Kant, sharpest-eyed of thinkers who have worked in the "day light," as Bacon terms it, to have

shown that with such a temper, using mathematics and the five senses for its instruments of research, there was no discovering either God or immortality. The century which disdained spiritual methods and laughed at the idea of inward communion between man and his Maker, had thereby fixed the limit of its own investigations. To such an "understanding," shallow, hard, and conceited as it was, the notion of a Divine Life was merely negative, as of something that might, or might not, lie below the horizon. It was a kind of hearsay from other times, a guess or a postulate which did not make any difference to the known realities of things, a mere Beyond shifting as the mind moved forward and always out of reach. Kant, though he fell into paralogisms and confusion worse confounded in his memorable *Critique*, did certainly prove that the conception of the Living God lay at an immense distance from the thought of his time, and that by mechanical syllogisms it could never be restored. He was not, however, the prophet of life, but only of the limit, set by a higher Providence than he knew to warn philosophy of the No-Thoroughfares, or blind-alleys, down which it had been stumbling since the day when historic religion, in the shape of the Roman Church, had suffered an overthrow in these Northern countries. Men of another stamp were required to seek after the positive contents of that which had seemed to the sage of Königsberg a closed inaccessible chamber, or a locked casket, and which he had been satisfied to name the transcendental. Enough for him to have pointed out the utter inadequacy of the understanding, as it exercised itself in vacuo, to find or to acknowledge the God whom his fathers worshipped. He could not build a synthetic philosophy; and his frozen intellect was untouched by the heat of life. While he declared that religion was something beyond mathematics, he yet had no religion to bestow. But already, in that confession of ignorance and impotence, the eighteenth century hinted that its day was passing over and a more genial era was at the doors.

To mechanism, in fact, biology has succeeded; enthusiasm is taking its revenge, and on all sides it is now beginning to be understood that no mere mathematics, or cunning arrangement of dead particles, will explain or produce so much as a living cell. Had I the space, I might enlarge on the striking contrast or complement which Goethe affords to Kant; Wordsworth and Shelley to Hume; and even Victor Hugo to Voltaire, in the astonishing transition from finite views to those presentiments of the Infinite whereby, during this nineteenth century, science and

poetry have come to the same trysting-place. For science grows now under the idea of life, not discarding mechanism but making it subserve the purposes of organic development, and, as any one may convince himself who chooses to look, introducing once more the orderly succession of final causes (by whatever name called), from the moss to the man, which gives to the unfolding series of creation a prophetic and most solemn character. Not the individual only but the species, the order of collective society, the marshalled army in which every regiment has its place and function, are seen to advance. There is a movement along the whole line; and, sceptical as we may be when we consider this or that age and corner of the world as to whether all things do not abide as they were at the beginning, we are compelled on viewing the immense series which stretches from the nebula to our own day and which is surely passing beyond us to utter the word Progress. As certainly as there is an ordered world, so certainly we cannot hesitate to affirm, is there a principle of life in it which carries it forward. Evolution is not a mere theory; it is a statement of facts. On the lowest round of that ladder stands Darwin with his laws of natural selection. But far higher is the position of that genial and large-hearted thinker, Coleridge, who so often repeated that "the necessary tendency of all natural philosophy is from nature to intelligence," and that its perfection would consist in the spiritualization of all its laws into those of intuition and intellect. When we have seen each of the species in its own cast, he bids us recognize them all as co-existing in the unity of a higher form, the crown and complement of the earthly, and the mediator of a new and heavenly series. In these suggestive words the doctrine of Evolution, or the upward ascent of organisms towards a fuller life, is connected with one more mysterious but not less certain, that of Incarnation, whereby the Divine comes down into the human, and assumes and informs it, yet by an economy which implies no loss nor confounds the distinction between God and His creatures.

Of this great drama, which can never have been acted in the void inane, the stage or medium is called History. And History, like the biology of which it is the supreme chapter, proceeds (let the reader mark it well) not from abstraction to abstraction, as though it were a scheme on paper, but from life in the germ to life matured and complete. Without a germ, in which there is the real "promise and potency" ascribed by materialism to its dead molecules, no development can begin. And

in a world which is built upon attraction and repulsion life grows and thrives by struggling, by assimilation of hitherto foreign elements, by subduing what is hostile to its own needs, and absorbing the lesser in the greater. Thus it has been rightly said by Coleridge again, speaking of the Bible, that it contains "a science of realities," and therefore that "each of its elements is at the same time a living germ in which the present involves the future, and in the finite the infinite exists potentially." But I hasten to add that the Bible here spoken of is not, and cannot be, a dead and silent volume thrown at the feet of passers-by, to study or neglect it as they might a tragedy of Sophocles. It is the living Bible, as it has come down to us in history, with its context, or rather with the inward traditional and Divine sense, that truly gives it a perennial value for mankind. In brief, the Bible is part of a living organism, which has extended without break through the ages and was never fabricated or put together from drawings traced by the mere philosophic architect, but was a society or kingdom from the first, with one life pervading it, one personality furnishing its scope and contents—an Idea incarnate in the flesh, which modern critics have termed the Idea of Jesus, but which was, in fact, Jesus Himself.

And here is the explanation of the apparent success with which, during the last century and a half (to go back no further) unbelievers have assailed first the Old Testament, and then the New, until the very existence of Christ has almost come to be regarded as a myth, or, at all events, as a nebulous fact of which the outlines were shifting and uncertain. Both the assailants and defenders were Protestants; and they accepted, as a matter of course, the abstract analytic method which separating the elements of religion from one another, by a process of unconscious dissection, set about finding life when the surgeon's instruments had made an end of it, and dealt with the dead Bible, the dead church, nay, and the dead Christ too, as all the evidence it had to go upon. In this school of criticism, "historical" means what is past, not that which has survived into the present. To discern the genius, the commandments, and the life of Christianity, it threw the object back into a perspective of seventeen centuries or more. It made a fanciful beginning at any point it chose, and disregarding the protests of such as were Christians of the old stock, whose forefathers were Christians, and who traced their unbroken succession to the Apostles, it argued about the Gospels as though they were fragments of

potsherds found the other day at Ninive with half-effaced inscriptions on them and not a soul alive who spoke the language in which they were written. Can we be astonished if mistakes were made? The process really amounted to measuring Christianity with a theodolite and employing a telescope to take its dimensions. Or, if I may recur to a different and perhaps more apposite figure, it resembled the defect of imagination by which one should be surprised that a grown man is not exactly like himself when he was a child, but has developed not only in bulk and proportion, but from boyhood to manhood. The analytic process takes no account of what is peculiar to life. Goethe's famous lines express at once its function and its limits:

Wer will was Lebendigs erkennen und beschreiben,
Sucht erst den Geist heraus zu treiben,
Dann hat er die Theile in seiner Hand,
Fehlt, leider! nur das geistige Band.

Observe, I am not quarrelling with analysis in its proper place; neither do I pretend that to search into the origin of the Christian Church and faith is unwarrantable or profane. By no manner of means. All I say is that archæology, however skilfully cultivated, must yield as an instrument of knowledge to experience. If Christianity began, not in the schools of the philosophers; but like a religious order, as a society of which Jesus was the centre and the creative spirit (I am using the language of criticism, not of any creed), then to separate Him from His disciples, and their fragmentary and occasional writings from the unbroken tradition which they established, is, when we desire a knowledge of him, to prefer a man's photograph to his personal acquaintance, and clever guessing *à priori* to letting the facts tell their own tale. It is of such misapplied ingenuity that we have a right to say, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" That "science of realities," those elements that are germs with endless powers of development in them, have not melted away into the azure of the past and become a mere memory of which books alone hold the record. They are not to be sought in a museum of antiquities, by the side of Egyptian mummies, brick tablets from the banks of Tigris, and a debatable Zend Avesta concerning the significance of which learned men dispute at their leisure. I should not hesitate, indeed, to affirm that a Christianity which had thus fallen to the moths and worms, was its own refutation. It

might hold some true ideas to reward the archæologist; but how could that be a saving or Divine faith which, almost as soon as it felt the air of life, withered and dissolved, becoming the prey of innumerable parasites and devouring organisms, of Ebionites, Cerinthians, Gnostics, Manichees, and other unclean creatures of the dark? If there has not survived, from the days of the Son of Man to this very hour, a sovereign institution possessing that mind which He bequeathed to it, guided by His Spirit, and embodying His laws and maxims in its government, policy, and moral order, then it is idle to deny that His work has been a failure, and that instead of drawing all things to Himself, as the Fourth Gospel declares His purpose to have been, He was vanquished and drawn down by them into the abyss of change, where human thoughts, mingling and eddying, float from age to age, but no heavenly Ideal is visible.

The dissolution of Christianity, which, on this showing, would be in accordance with logic, is, we all know, proceeding apace outside one circle, and one only, of its influence. Whether we look to the supposed unchanging East or to the busy North, to the churches of England and Germany, or to the state-religion, honey-combed with heresies, of the Russian Tsar, it is everywhere the same story. The original bond being snapped, the informing soul of unity taken away, which made a society of believers nourished upon present facts, rooted, indeed, in the past, but not condemned to practise a ritual of empty reminiscence, ought we to feel surprise if the broken pieces lying dispersedly about are appropriated by whatever creeds or systems have a little more vitality in them? When Lutheranism had been allowed to run its course, or the Church of England made fully comprehensive, or French Calvinists, or the Puritan sects in America had had their fling and followed each the thoughts of his own heart, it became evident that the dogmatic creed with which they all started was now a make-believe, and their Sunday worship a meeting, but not in any Christian sense a communion. For regarding the Object of that worship, they held views ranging from below Socinus to somewhere near Eutyches; and if any still followed St. Paul and St. John, they did so as individuals not as a body corporate, or as having authority.

“The signs of death,” it has been remarked by one, “are upon all the churches.” I do not see how this dictum can be questioned if we look only to the churches of Protestantism.

What, I ask myself, is to keep them from dying? The Idea of the Christ? But in them that Idea has itself undergone, and is daily undergoing more and more, the process of critical dissolution which leaves at last nothing but clear water—an abstraction compatible with many forms of philosophy. What is a so-called “principle of mediation” without stay or hold or habitat in the real world? Can it cease to be ineffective as religion so long as it is at once everywhere and nowhere, a blank formula such as metaphysics will exhibit by the thousand, but not a definite form of energy, of life which knows what it can do and what it means to do, able to contend with principalities and powers, and by its inward strength to overcome them?

This is the answer, I conceive, to George Eliot when she asserts that “the soul of Christianity lies not at all in the facts of an individual life,” and that although “we can never have a satisfactory basis for the history of the man Jesus,” still “that negation does not affect the Idea of the Christ either in its historical influence or its great symbolic meaning.” I could as soon believe that without the existence of Israel we might have the Old Testament, and that the beauty of Greek sculpture does not arise from the fact that there were artists who possessed the vision which they realized in marble, as that a disembodied “Idea” can govern the world of men and a symbol which stands at last for mere abstractions control their conduct, fill them with hope, and lead them on from this world to a better. Be this as it may, however, let us look at the facts. Did the specific thing which we know as Christianity survive in George Eliot, in M. Renan of whom she is here speaking, or in Friedrich Strauss whom she translated? Shall we discover it in Goethe or in Darwin, in the Tyndalls, Huxleys, Spencers, Carlyles, every one of whom would confess that he owed something, be it much or little, to his Christian bringing up? But what has become of Christ the Master for such as these? He is to them one of many masters; they owe Him no allegiance; they decline to take His word before testing it; and the elements of His teaching have just as much significance for them as have the letters which spell the Ten Commandments when shaken up together and tossed out on the floor. With remarkable candor the men of science declare to us by the mouth of Professor Huxley that “natural knowledge, in desiring to ascertain the laws of comfort, has been driven to discover those of conduct, and to lay the foundations of a new morality.” Here are my Ten Com-

mandments reduced to letters of the alphabet, and awaiting the combinations and permutations which shall frame an intelligent meaning, but not the old one, out of them. Nor so long as the caprice of the individual, disregarding that plain fact of a living authoritative Church, shall deem itself competent to take history and religion to pieces and put them together again, ought we to expect a different issue. It is God alone that can kill and make alive. Man's power is confined to killing, or to mechanical contrivance. He has devised church establishments, vivisected dogmas, criticised history into fable. Now let him put forth all his skill and show us one single living cell which has been produced in his scientific laboratory. When he has done that, we will believe that in the lapse of a million years or so, he may succeed in creating afresh the Christ and the Gospel whereof he has mingled the very outlines with mist and cloud.

If, then, Christianity were extant solely in the bosom of the Reformed Churches, or as a matter for private judgment to take or leave, its day would be drawing to a close. It might linger on the scene of its former exploits, like a ghost which cannot quit the spot where in life it buried a treasure, or where the body drew its last breath; but the world would move on, and in due course the name of the Son of Mary would sound in men's ears like the name of Zoroaster or Pythagoras. One chapter in the history of civilization would have led up to the next; but none who knew the meaning of words would any longer call themselves Christians. We do not go by the designation of Aristotelians because we accept various statements in the *Nicomachean Ethics*; nor of Mohammedans if we should happen to believe in total abstinence. A church, while it lives, is more than a hollow subscription to articles which every one explains to suit himself. And a living religion? Let those who wish to know what it is, and what it can do, turn to the story of the early martyrs, or to the lives of the saints? They will find no difficulty, I can assure them, in discriminating between the true and the counterfeit, or in understanding from those grand and terrible pages how men and women and even little children acted when their Christ was not a symbol, but the Son of God risen from the dead and seated at His Father's right hand.

But there is, in fact, a Church that existed before the Reformation, and was confessedly endowed with imperial prerogatives ere the Greeks had been fossilized into inertness and the Barbarians had done what in them lay to break the historic continuity of the centuries. Its origin, as no one has dreamt of denying, is from

the Apostles of Christ. Its name Catholic, being interpreted, signifies the One Society. And from within the age of the disciples of St. John it has held that name, undisputed. Whatever may be said of the intellectual or moral aspects of the Christian doctrine when it was first thrown upon the world, its outward framework, the rites in which it was embodied, the hierarchy which kept its adherents together, the mind which finally determined the number of its sacred books, and which as time went on resolved its nature and contents in the Œcumenical Councils, were all to be found in that same Catholic Church, and nowhere else. More than sixteen hundred years have passed away; the ancient world, crumbling into ruins, has vanished with its temples and its Cæsars; the Christian religion itself, outside the One Society, has lost its original vigor, its discernible lineaments, its faith even in the Christ who founded it. And the One Society neither dissolves nor decays. It seems to possess within itself some principle of everlasting endurance. It was, and is, and is to come. An earthquake has shaken to the ground every altar, and has even rent Calvary in twain; but the Cross stands erect, and the sacrifice which is the world's salvation appears with an awful splendor shining out over mankind from the rising to the setting of the sun. There is an astonishing consistency in the dogmas from first to last which the Infallible Voice proclaims; a brotherhood of thought and feeling among those who cling round the feet of the Fisherman like none other in the European and modern world. And while those who fall away from her communion can but raise objections or express their hatred of principles on which saints and martyrs of charity have been created, we may look in vain for any organized, public, and simply human religion, level to the comprehension as to the love of the multitudes who require to know their Father in Heaven and what He commands—in vain whether to the science, or the philosophy, or even the philanthropy of such as profess to understand all mysteries and all knowledge, but have not the Catholic charity.

The sum of the matter would appear, then, to be as follows. We may deal with our Christian religion as an abstract idea, which has not necessarily existed at any time or place, but which, by a highly refined process of distillation, may be gathered from what we choose to consider the genuine sayings of Christ, and, if so be, the commentaries upon them furnished in certain of the New Testament writings. This will be our Jesus of Nazareth, a sublimated essence, the precise ingredients of

which no two scholars will agree upon. Does any serious person believe that from so volatile and fleeting a compound the largest and most substantial fact of these eighteen centuries, a world-wide, all-enduring, and all-conquering church, can be derived for mankind? The Gospel in such a case would resemble Plato's philosophy, which is hardly more than a luminous ether, exhilarating indeed, but neither stable nor definite, and much too light and airy to be the foundation of a lasting order of things. The subtle residuum might mix with the winds of Heaven and be dispersed abroad; but it would be as little capable of becoming the creed of high and low, the altar and sanctuary of the children of Adam, as would the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius or the *Enchiridion* of Epictetus. Not in this fashion does Providence carry out its great designs. Religion is no mere affair of literature or dilettanteism; to be real it must have an objective existence and descend into the world of facts. But the critical method thus exclusively pursued leaves us in the presence of allegory or mythology—I can scarcely say which—of forms evanescent and unsubstantial; and it is, in short, “such stuff as dreams are made of.” It begins with the Christ of Christendom; it ends with a phantom and the coinage of an artistic brain. There was no Jesus, this criticism declares, of whom we can render an intelligible account, but only an air-drawn picture which floated before the imagination of unknown Evangelists and was fixed by a Platonizing disciple in the colors of the Alexandrian Logos. What can be made of such a religion? It is conscious, deliberate mythology. Would, or could it, I ask, have renewed the face of the world? Has an abstract idea ever done so?

But the alternative, which Christians of every denomination are feeling in their own way, is to accept the historical Jesus where He is to be found, not dead but living. In other words, they must take Him from and in the Tradition, the environment as people now speak, that has perpetuated His influence and renewed His power, by a continued Incarnation, from the day He went up to His Father. “Ye are the epistle of Christ ministered by us, written not with ink, but with the spirit of the Living God,” St. Paul tells the Corinthians whom he has incorporated into the One Society. Either the Idea of Christ is destined to be broken and scattered, as though it were a human invention, or the living Church is its witness and its guardian. Nay, I must go further and insist that it never had an existence at all except on paper, if it is not that very Idea, so astonishingly deep and full of grace, which for over seventeen hundred years,

from before Irenæus and down to the Vatican Council, has shaped the form and inspired the dogmas of Catholicism. What is there beside it, or distinct from it, except protests, criticisms, and heresies, all negative, none equal to a creative act, discordant among themselves, and incapable hitherto of lasting beyond a couple of centuries? Bossuet has written of the *Variations of Protestantism*. But Protestantism does more than vary. It develops, and has developed, into forms of belief which are simply anti-Christian—which, according to the expressive German proverb, “Throw out the child with the bath-water”; and which, under pretence of reforming, end, as we have seen, in dissolving not only the Scriptures but the Lord of the Scriptures. Surely, here is a decisive argument that if we will keep our Christianity we must return to the Church. Does not the whole religious reaction, as it is called, whether among Anglicans or Lutherans, prove as much? Can we desire a stronger negative test than the aberrations and final apostasy of Liberal Protestantism proceeding, not from strength to strength but from weakness to collapse, until the wealth of the Christian centuries has been dissipated, and men are thrown back each upon his individual conscience and broken lights, like the heathen philosophers to whom religion was not the popular worship nor the oracles of the gods, but only dim reflections, as in troubled waters, of the Sun of Righteousness shining through the clouds? It is an extraordinary cycle to have traversed. For the modern unbeliever in his determined aversion from the truth, Christ might never have existed and the times of His Kingdom are a blank.

Put it whichever way we please, the fact remains that those who cling to the Catholic Society are Christians admittedly resembling the martyrs of the second and third centuries, with a firm grasp of the New Testament and a pattern of the perfect life, not hung up in a corner to be forgotten, but actually realized in every part of the Church’s dominions. And, contrariwise, by a law which seems in its operation resistless and assured, the moment that *Sacramentum Unitatis* has been violated, Scripture, dogma, Apostles’ Creed, and the personality of the Master Himself, begin to melt before our eyes until all is carried away like the fine dust of the threshing-floor. All parties are well aware of the opposite tendencies attaching to these methods of holding the Christian articles. The Liberal Protestant knows that he has lost his footing, and is falling into an abyss. The Ritualist and Episcopalian turn by instinct to the Roman tradition, which they are fain to copy, as though you could establish the Apostolic

succession by setting up one of your own. But imitation is not descent. The Eastern Churches, differing from the Roman politically rather than in point of doctrine, but still separated, exhibit signs of life just so far as the stage at which they divided from her, like the young man in the Arabian story who was half man, half statue. The organizing principle which makes a *present* Church, capable of progress while faithful to its essential type, and energetic because of the life in it, is discoverable in the Catholic communion alone.

And now I have indicated, though in rudest outline, what is meant by ascribing to Catholicism a principle of development. It is all one with saying that the spirit of Truth dwells within the Society which Christ has established; that Tradition is nothing else than the past made present, and holds in itself the seeds of the future; that history is likewise prophecy, and that the Old and New Testaments, interpreted by a God-given sense which cannot fail, contain prospectively an endless succession of effects, and exhibit the right and only law of advance along spiritual lines. Thus in every age, the business of a Christian is to "hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches," not as a message delivered long ago whose echoes float faintly down the breeze, but as an apocalypse the significance of which is apprehended implicitly at first and then more and more clearly, by the prophetic mind of the Communion of Saints. We may compare that movement of thought, at once divine in its origin and human in the methods whereby it is carried on, to an enlarging circle in the water which, though constantly expanding, obeys its own law and is true to the centre from which it spreads. Development, therefore, reveals a present Christ here and now. It is revelation filling all times and seasons, at once new and old, not exhausted by former conflicts with the enemy, but fresh as on the first day of creation. Its characteristic power, always, is to overcome evil by good, to take the elements of this world, material, social, political, and as it were assume them into that Humanity of Jesus which purifies because it consecrates in a divine Form things otherwise defiled and dangerous. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all things to myself." Unless Christianity had such a promise for the race of mortals, it would not be the full redemption of which we have been told. No mere history will suffice, nor a volume to be critically sundered into parts and then sewn up again; neither is an Act of Uniformity covering ten thousand varieties of opinion likely to meet on level ground and fair terms the Power of the Visible, man's greatest tempter and

tyrant. But allow the germ of heavenly origin to grow, even as a mustard-seed, and in due time it will overshadow the cedars of Lebanon. It will create a Visible Kingdom which shall display in the eyes of men the majesty and the wonder-working grace that will more than conquer them, for they will come gladly and bring their riches within its gates. In former days, the rule of Christ as King was known as a Theocracy. The scope of evolution, now I think becoming manifest on every hand, in the social organism is—I have said it in preceding articles—that the multitude who create and sustain civilization should taste abundantly of its blessings, not find it a grievous burden increasing in proportion with its value to the few. And the name of that new order is Democracy. Will the reader carry these two words away with him, Democracy and Theocracy? For it is the immediate task of the Catholic Church, while this century is closing and another begins, to combine the things represented by them, the earthly and the heavenly, as though the matter and form of a great Sacrament, into a public life, a renovated human society which shall have its roots deep in the past, inheriting the treasures brought down through the years of Christendom, and its promise in the years to come. The Church is always the *Sacramentum Unitatis*, and in its ritual and the great central object and light of its Liturgy, in the truth of the Real Presence, it at once exhibits and fulfils the *Sacramentum Humanitatis*, the *Ego vobiscum sum* which assigns the scope while it furnishes the power of Catholic Development.

WILLIAM BARRY.

A GLANCE AT THE ORIGIN AND STRUCTURE OF LANGUAGES.

THERE exist to-day more than a thousand living languages, which are classed by Friedrich Müller under about one hundred families, all the members of each family presenting evidence of genetic affinity. And as geology reveals the changes our earth has passed through, so may we learn by the scientific study of languages much that is interesting in the history of mankind. We believe that Almighty God gave to our first parents the power of expressing thought by means of articulate utterance. But as an innocent child needs only a few words to make known its wants and wishes, so it may be that early man expressed himself in a simple, primitive way. It is the opinion of philologists that in the barbarous beginnings of the present races great use was made of gesture as well as of inarticulate clicks, such as still occur in many of the words of the South African Bushmen, and that ages elapsed before grammatical sentences were developed. The above-mentioned clicks of the Bushmen—according to Bleek, six in number—are used by several tribes of North American Indians; they also, according to Klaproth, occur among the Circassians, and they are considered by many as the germs of language on its phonetic side.

It is also the opinion of philologists that early man may have arbitrarily invented certain words, as well as formed other words in imitation of sounds in nature, which sounds had an inherent connection with the ideas he wished to convey.

It may be accepted as a principle of philological research that language begins not with single words but with sentences. The sentence is the unit of language: all words must once have represented sentences. That is to say, when first used each word must have implied a sentence, and the sentence-word included within itself all the functions which were afterward performed by different parts of speech. We have a good illustration in Chinese of the early days of speech, where a sentence-word held within itself everything that was needed for a complete sentence. Here we find no formal distinction between noun, verb, or adverb; it is only its place in the sentence which tells in what sense the word is to be construed. In old Egyptian, too, as

Bunsen points out, there is no distinction between noun, adjective, verb, or particle; a word may mean indifferently: life—alive—to live—lively. In the Indo-European group of languages—the most highly developed of all—we also find traces of this primitive phase of speech. Indeed, the splitting-up of a sentence into words is not absolutely necessary in writing or speaking. In English “I will go” may be viewed as a single group of sounds, quite as much as the Latin “ibo.” It may safely be said that the distinction between nouns, verbs, adjectives, etc., are comparatively recent distinctions; what we term parts of speech are the result of gradual development. Prof. Sayce, in *Introduction to the Science of Language*, says: “The making of words as distinct from sentences was a long and laborious process, and there are many languages, like those of North America, in which the process has hardly yet begun. A dictionary is the result of reflection, and ages must elapse before a language can enter upon its reflective stage.”

Philologists have no evidence to show which first became differentiated in the sentence—the substantive or the verb. But the first communities of men may have been able to do without verbs and still express themselves fairly well. Among some tribes to-day the verb, properly speaking, has hardly come into existence. In the Feejee language “I will” is expressed by “heart or will of me”; “I will eat the rice” by “the eating of me the rice”—that is to say, “my eating will be of the rice”; “Thy father is old” is expressed by apposition, “age of him, father of thee.” A native of Borneo wishing to say “Thy boat is very beautiful” says “very its beauty thy boat”; “His house has many rooms” would be “his house with rooms many.”

The best authorities tell us that object-words and quality-words, that is to say, substantives and adjectives, were originally one and the same. There was a time when even the genitive case, seemingly so important, did not exist, as it does not exist to-day in the Malay language.

Sweet, in *Words, Logic, and Grammar*, says: “It is a curious fact, hitherto overlooked by grammarians and logicians, that the definition of a noun applies strictly only to the nominative case. The oblique cases are really attribute words, and the inflection is practically nothing but a device for turning a noun into an adjective or adverb. This is perfectly clear as regards the genitive, and indeed there is historical evidence to show that the genitive in the Aryan languages was originally identical with

an adjective ending: 'Man's life' and 'human life' being expressed in the same way," etc.

As we have said, the thousand existing languages are classed by Friedrich Müller under about one hundred families. But, besides this classification, philologists have divided languages into three much larger divisions, usually termed "groups," the genetic relation between which is still a mooted question. These three groups are the Isolating, the Inflectional, and the Agglutinative, to which last we may add a sub-order, the Polysynthetic. In the Isolating group words stand by themselves and are not capable of inflectional change; whatever variations of meaning the words may be capable of conveying are produced either by changes of intonation or by changes of position in the sentence. Nevertheless, in the isolating group—like the Chinese, for instance (composed of five hundred words, each a monosyllable, which may be increased to more than fifteen hundred by change of intonation)—there are what are termed "full words" and "empty words," which make up for the want of inflectional change. A "full word" standing by itself presents meanings vague and general and often quite different. But the speaker's precise thought is conveyed by affixing to the "full word" an "empty word," which thus supplements intonation and syntax. The Inflectional group admits of words being placed in different parts of a sentence without changing their signification. In this group declension, conjugation, etc., come in to give precision to the meaning. The Agglutinative group of languages—to which Magyar and Turkish belong—like the isolating group, contains words which serve to modify or define the meaning of other words; but these are so fused with the words they define or modify as to form polysyllabic compounds.

Here let us observe that it is not always easy to determine under which of the three groups a language should be classed. The exact boundary lines between the agglutinative, the isolating, and the inflectional may not in every case be easy to mark out. Nevertheless, these three great divisions of language do exist. But the polysynthetic, a sub-order of the agglutinative, and to which the Indian languages of America belong, cannot be confounded with any other group. The tongues embraced within it bear a stereotyped, primeval character which it is impossible to mistake, and scholars of repute look on them as a survival of primitive forms which have disappeared elsewhere. In these tongues the words which form a sentence are stripped of their

grammatical endings, subject and predicate are one and the same, and the different ideas contained in the unwieldy sentence are, to quote the words of Professor Sayce, "combined like a piece of mosaic into a single whole."

The problems of language long ago presented themselves to the grammarians of Babylon and Ninive. Fragments of the native legend which accounted for the origin of the diversity of tongues have been discovered in the Assyrian library of Sardapalus. After them came the grammarians of India. These were followed by the Greeks, who strove hard to discover the relationship existing between thought and the words in which thought is clothed. But, adopting the *a priori* method of philosophizing, it was impossible for a science of language to spring from their efforts, brilliant as they were. The next to interest themselves in the subject, although not so deeply, were the Romans. But despising the languages of those whom they conquered, centralizing everything in Latin, it was only their own grammar and etymology they cared for, though they did occasionally extend their inquiries to the Greek. Only for this stupid pride what might we not have learnt about the mysterious Etruscan, which did not entirely die out until near the reign of Cæsar Augustus, and which has only lately been assigned to the Indo-European family. It is to the Romans, at least indirectly, that we owe the Latin and Greek grammars of a generation ago. And these grammars might still have dominated in the schools except for the introduction of the comparative method, which shows that in order rightly to comprehend Latin and Greek we must study them in the light of other tongues.

A new era in the study of language dawned with what has been called the discovery of Sanskrit, the sacred and literary language of India. The first Sanskrit grammar was published in Rome, in 1790, by two German monks, Hanxleben and Paulinus à Sancto Bartholomeo. At about the same period Sir William Jones, speaking before the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, says :

"No philologer could examine the Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin without believing them to have sprung from some common source, which perhaps no longer exists. There is a similar reason, though not quite so forcible, for supposing that both the Gothic and the Celtic had the same origin with the Sanskrit."

And now—passing over the great work achieved by Leibnitz, who uprooted the common belief that Hebrew was the

language from which all the others had sprung—we finally, in the early years of the present century, come to the German, Francis Bopp. This eminent scholar, in a work entitled *Das Conjugationssystem*, instituted a comparison between the grammatical systems of Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Persian, and German, and hence, although his work has now only an historical interest, Bopp is justly considered the founder of comparative philology. Sanskrit is only one representative of the great Aryan, or Indo-European, family of languages which, besides Persia, Armenia, and India, has spread over the larger part of Europe.

Yet, although only a dialect of the parent tongue, Sanskrit will ever be noted for having opened a new world to the philologist. It was the first language that was scientifically studied; and it was discovered before very long that the same comparative method might be applied to the study of every language in the world. Since then new discoveries have led to the belief that the primitive Aryan tongue is more faithfully represented in its European offspring than in Sanskrit. Prof. Sayce, in *Introduction to the Science of Language*, says: "It is to Greek and not to Sanskrit that we must henceforth look for light on the history of Aryan grammar and etymology. The discovery that the European vocalic system is older than the Indic has not only revolutionized the study of etymology, but has made Greek and Latin the standards of etymological investigation. Sanskrit has played its part in the history of comparative philology, and a very important part it has been, though not unaccompanied by errors and false assumptions, which we are now beginning to correct." The study of the Aryan dialects has thrown some light on the early races who spoke what has been called an Aryan language,—for the better opinion is that several races spoke this language, identity of speech by no means implying identity of race. These peoples lived together like the village communities of India described by Sir Henry Maine. Lands were held in common; their dwellings were of wood, with thatched roof and a door; a number of communities formed a township, and roads connected the different townships together. There were pedlars among them; slavery did not exist; they kept sheep, pigs, goats, geese, cows, dogs, and horses; these last they did not ride but used for drawing loads. They made mead out of honey, they tanned leather, they used stone implements, they had boats with rudders but not with sails, and they made music with a stringed instrument. This knowledge of the primitive Aryans is supposed to

come not from written records but from the archives of speech, and mainly from Fick's *Comparative Dictionary*.

But it must be said that the latest results of archæological discovery scarcely represent them in so favorable a light: their boats were mere "dug-outs," they had no conception of any number beyond a hundred, they put to death the aged and sick, and they practised human sacrifice. It may also be added that a closer study of the Aryan tongues has led high authorities to the conclusion that the primitive Aryans were not Asiatics, as formerly believed, but were inhabitants of northern Europe and lineal descendants of the men of the new stone age.

The separation of the Aryan tribes is placed at a period not much later than B. C. 3000. The east Aryan branch comprises Indian, Persian, and Armenian. The western, or European branch, comprises Greek, Italic, Slavonic, Celtic, Lithuanian, and Teutonic, thus comprising all the existing languages of Europe except Basque, Finnic, Magyar, and Turkish. Basque may be called a waif among the European tongues. Professor W. D. Whitney, in *Life and Growth of Language*, says: "The Basque forms a suitable stepping-stone from which to enter the peculiar linguistic domain of the New World, since there is no other dialect of the Old World which so much resembles in structure the American languages." This curious language is spoken to-day by about 750,000 persons, three-fourths of whom are Spaniards. M. Broca, in *La Revue Anthropologique*, calls it the oldest language in Europe. Unfortunately such is the poverty of Basque literature that no light is shed on its history by any written documents. Basque is neither Semitic nor Aryan, and, while its origin still remains in great obscurity, some philologists look upon it as the direct representative of the ancient Iberian tongue, spoken by a race which, before the Aryan invasion, occupied the whole of the Spanish peninsula. Other philologists, however, and these among the most noted, have come to the conclusion that Basque is to be classed with the Finnic group of languages. Like the Gaelic and other such tongues and dialects Basque is slowly disappearing; and a perishing language can never be revived. The world is tending toward linguistic unity, toward a universal speech, and in the struggle the weak ones have to be exterminated.

After the Aryan the most important mother language from which other tongues have sprung is the Semitic, between which and Aryan, according to present philological science, there is

an impassable abyss. It is divided into two divisions, the northern and southern. The northern division comprises the sister-dialects of Babylonia and Assyria, Hebrew, Phœnician, and Syriac; the southern division comprises Arabic and the dialects of Abyssinia. We know how much that is interesting has come to light in the past few years by unearthing the clay tablets of Assyria and Babylonia. Assyrian literature is very extensive; yet we have dug up only an insignificant portion of it. Every great city had a library, and, although the papyrus which the Assyrians used has perished, we have still their earthen tablets covered with minute cuneiform writing; and we know that the Assyrian was a literary language as early as B.C. 3000. This is an interesting fact, for it points to an extremely ancient civilization in that part of the world: Assyrian literature mainly consists of translations of older works of a people called, for want of a better name, Accadian; and the Accadian of Chaldea is stamped by age and decay when we first light upon it in inscriptions of B.C. 4000, while the origin of Accadian is lost in an indefinitely great antiquity. Here let us observe that some authorities believe that the parent-tongue which gave birth to the different Semitic dialects was a sister of the Hamitic family of speech, to which old Egyptian belonged; and the language of old Egypt carries us very far back, for we discover a chapter of the "Ritual of the Dead" quoted on the coffin of Mykerimus of the fourth dynasty, B. C. 4100. Yet these inscriptions found in Babylonia and Egypt are as of yesterday compared with the vastly older memorials preserved in the caverns of the Dordogne, where we see the bones of extinct animals inscribed by the contemporaries of the woolly rhinoceros and the mammoth.

Before we close this bird's-eye view of language let us say that the ancient tongues of Mesopotamia and Egypt, although no longer spoken, remain with us engraven on tablets and monuments. There are other languages, living ones, in the Indian Archipelago, Africa, and America which will not be thus preserved, and when they die they will leave no records behind. These demand the immediate attention of scholars. And let us remark that no work on savage modes of speech is more interesting than Bleek's *Comparative Grammar of the South African Languages*. We have already discovered that the Malay-Polynesian dialects have no true verbs, that what are called "parts of speech" are not necessary to the Esquimaux, and Colonel Mallery tells us in the *First Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology*

(Washington, 1881) that the American Indian can talk by means of sign language almost as well as he can by word of mouth. We also say that it is in the study of grammar that comparative philology is working the greatest revolution. It is only by comparison that we get at the true nature of things, and the authors of the grammars of our boyhood had few opportunities to make comparisons. Such excellent books as Richard Morris's *Historical English Grammar* had not yet appeared; few of us knew how many living languages possessed no cases at all, and the absurdity of a verb "governing" a case did not enter into the head of anybody. But comparative philology, while it is doing away with the rules of the old-time grammarians, is substituting for them a scientific conception of language; it is leading us to investigate the laws of articulate utterance and of phonetic change; and already we know that language has a life of its own; that it changes according to certain fixed laws, is always changing; and, applying the method of natural history to speech, we may say that families are analogous to genera, individual languages to species, and dialects to varieties. With the teachers of our boyhood memory was everything in learning grammar; reason was not appealed to. The modern method makes us appreciate what grammar is. It proceeds from the known to the unknown; and it is only by going backward from living idioms to dead idioms that the clearest insight into the latter is to be gained. The modern method not only quickens the intelligence of a youth, but it awakens in him a real interest in the study of languages; and it is an interest which does not die out as soon as his college days are ended.

W. SETON.

LITTLE SAINT CÆCILIA.

“LAMB of God, who takest away
The sins of the world”—I paused to hear
In a city street, on a busy day,
A voice that rang so strong and clear.

It soared above the ceaseless din
Of toil and trade. I sighed, “Ah me!
That voice so sweet should chant of sin!
Where can the church and altar be?”

“Have mercy upon us” floated down
Over the hurrying throng of men;
A leering miser, lean and brown,
Bared his gray head and gasped “Amen.”

A lady drew, with dainty care,
From a beggar’s touch her rich array;
Then stared, amazed to hear the prayer,
“Lamb of God, who takest away

The sins of the world”—for sake of Him
She bended low to understand;
“Have mercy upon us”: her eyes grew dim,
And she dropped a coin in the beggar’s hand.

No church was near, no holy fane;
But a tenement-house across the way,
With many a shattered window-pane,
Against the sky rose grim and gray;

And close below the ragged roof,
Her bare arms on the window-sill,
The little singer stood, as proof
Against the wintry morning’s chill.

“Who is she?” ran from lip to lip,
As slowly moved the crowd away;
A cartman lowered his heavy whip:
“’Tis little Saint Cæcilia.”

Then, answering to those who smiled:

“If God himself has worn our clay,
And lived with us, a little child,
Why should not Saint Cæcilia?

“I hear her sing at busy noon,
And in the mornings dark and still;
On stormy nights, the self-same tune:
And, leaning on the window-sill,

“Yon little child, with eyes like stars,
Pours forth her prayer for sinful men,
Like angel held in prison bars.
'Tis Saint Cæcilia come again.”

I walked adown the noisy street,
Intent on cares that racked the day;
And, following like an echo sweet,
“Lamb of God, who takest away”—

The rest was lost; but that small face,
With dark bright eyes and gypsy hair,
The wondrous voice, the childish grace,
Seemed to my heart a living prayer

That walked with me through all the day,
And kept my soul from sin and stain:
“Lamb of God, who takest away
The sins of the world” by shame and pain,

“Have mercy upon us,” each and all,
Though far and oft our footsteps stray,
And let thy blessing daily fall
On little Saint Cæcilia.

MARGARET HOLMES.

THE TEMPORAL SOVEREIGNTY OF THE POPE.

WHATEVER certain parties may say and try to believe, the temporal principality of the Pope in the Roman State is still a burning question. Catholics throughout the world are not less but more interested in it than they have been. It is, therefore, opportune to place the origin, reason, and nature of this temporal sovereignty, which is an appanage of the spiritual supremacy of the Roman pontiff, in a clear light before our readers.

That universal political power over the kings and nations of Christendom which the Pope formerly possessed was a prerogative which was derived from human right, and belonged to a state of society which has passed away. I have no occasion to speak of it at present. The sovereignty of the Pope in the city of Rome and its adjacent state is also derived from human right. The reasons for its existence and the right to its possession have not, however, become obsolete. They exist in full force, and the whole body of Catholics throughout the world, in unison with their head, demand their recognition by the nations of Christendom and their ruling powers as a matter of sound policy as well as of strict justice.

The spiritual supremacy of the Pope is of divine, inalienable right, necessary not merely to the well-being, but to the being of the church, and a dogma of faith. His civil and political position and relations are of moment in respect to the exercise of the prerogatives and duties of this spiritual supremacy. The reason for his possessing civil sovereignty in the domain where his see, the centre of his ecclesiastical jurisdiction, is located springs out of the very nature of his office as head of the universal church.

The divine right of exercising with full liberty all the powers inherent in his spiritual supremacy implies the immunity of the Supreme Pontiff from all subjection to any civil power. It is contrary to the dignity of his person that he should be liable to citation before a lay tribunal, to fine, imprisonment, or exile. It is contrary to his liberty that he should be dependent on the justice and good-will of a civil sovereign for the ability to promulgate decrees respecting faith, morals, worship, and ecclesiastical discipline. This dependence and subjection expose him to suspicion and distrust among other nations, as being practically only

the minister of the will of his civil sovereign in the administration of the government of the church. Since, therefore, the conferring of the right of exercising spiritual supremacy implies the conferring of all immunities and privileges which are essential to its complete enjoyment, immunity from subjection to any civil power belongs to the supreme pontiff, *jure divino*.

The actual possession of the rights and privileges of immunity is, however, not necessary to the existence of the church and the supreme pontificate, but only to their well-being. The right to immunity may remain in abeyance from necessity, as it did so remain during centuries, while the Roman pontiffs were subject to the dominion of the civil rulers of the Roman Empire. The same right of *immunity* may be waived by the sovereign pontiff himself, who may voluntarily subject himself to the civil authority for reasons of prudence, as he has done in certain periods of past history.

Personal immunity from civil subjection does not of itself give civil sovereignty. It requires, however, the acquisition of sovereignty by a legitimate title, in order that it may be secure and stable. The Pope, as Bishop of Rome, did not possess, *ipso facto*, the right to be King of Rome. It was congruous to his character and dignity as head of the church that he should be a sovereign, in order that he might possess independence and liberty in the exercise of his supremacy. But, that he might actually possess sovereignty by a just title, some human act must intervene, some human, civil, and political right must be brought into being, in order that sovereignty over some particular territory should be lawfully vested in him and annexed to his spiritual office. The providence of God brought about this investiture in such a way that no sovereign ever gained a kingdom, no dynasty was ever established in a nation, with a better and more perfect title than that by which the popes have acquired and retained their civil principality.

The popes made no revolution in Rome for the overthrow of the imperial dominion and the transfer of sovereignty to themselves. No miracle was wrought by God for this purpose. All came about in the natural course of events. The Byzantine emperors abandoned Rome, and their sovereignty lapsed by disuse. Everywhere the people fell back on their local rulers, who were frequently bishops. The temporal lordship of the Pope and of other bishops originated in the acquisition of great landed estates. These manorial possessions gave them the civil rank and temporal authority of princes, counts, and barons. The cessation

of imperial dominion in Italy naturally caused these lay and ecclesiastical barons to become petty sovereign princes. The Roman people turned naturally and spontaneously to their bishop as the chief of their aristocracy, the protector of the people, the only one able and willing to take the place vacated by their former rulers.

The Western Roman Empire ceased with the sack of Rome by Odoacer, who was in turn vanquished and killed by Theodoric. It was resuscitated by Justinian, and again overthrown by the Lombards, surviving only in the exarchate of Ravenna. The popes recognized the authority of the Greek exarch at Ravenna, and of the duke, his delegate, residing in Rome, which was, however, a restricted and almost nominal presidency, and at length became extinct. So the political power of the popes gradually increased during the period between the reign of Gregory the Great and Stephen III. (A.D. 580–773) as a quasi-sovereignty.

The Italian historian Cantù thus describes the process in a summary manner :

“Another power remained in Italy, as yet imperceptibly growing up, but destined to be developed during the course of the century [the seventh], and to cast lasting roots amid the ruins of the others. The popes had always shown themselves hostile to the Lombard domination and desirous of preserving the invaded provinces to the empire. Gregory the Great had employed for this effort his authority, his eloquence, his treasure, and his skill in the arts of diplomacy; his successors followed his example, and whenever they were menaced by the Lombards they implored without delay the help of Constantinople. Preserving toward the emperor the submission which they had constantly exhibited while Rome was the capital of the world, they asked his confirmation of their election, paid him a fixed tribute, and kept at his court an apocrisiarius, who treated with him respecting their affairs; but their dependence on distant sovereigns and feeble exarchs, upon whom the people looked with an evil eye, kept on continually diminishing. Thus the authority of the popes, who were at the head of the municipal institutions which had been preserved in the city, rendered that of the Duke of Rome almost a nullity, and approached to a species of sovereignty.”*

At the coronation of Pepin by Stephen III. he and his nobles, in an assembly of magnates held at Quiercey, bound themselves to place the Pope in possession of the sovereign dominion of

* *Univ. Hist.*, French translation, vol. viii. p. 214.

Rome and the exarchate. Pepin crossed the Alps with an army twice in pursuance of this design. The second time (755), after conquering Astolpho, the Lombard king, he made a solemn entry into Rome and laid upon the tomb of St. Peter a formal document of investiture of the pontifical domain, together with the keys of the towns contained within its circuit. The last Lombard king, Didier (756-773), was conquered and the Lombard kingdom abolished by Charles the Great, who confirmed the donation of Pepin. The temporal kingdom of the Pope was now established in a definite and stable manner, with the universal recognition of Catholic Christendom.

History shows how, in the case of the papal sovereignty, the Roman people did voluntarily withdraw allegiance from or refused it to all other princes and eagerly gave it to the Pope. Other causes concurred in establishing his right as a fact, and in placing him in actual possession of the sovereignty, without prejudice to any other really existing, legitimate right. The Pope possessed all the rights belonging to his position as the chief land-owner and prince among the Roman princes. He possessed the right, as head of the church, to have no temporal prince placed over him who could control or hinder the exercise of his spiritual supremacy. Moreover, he possessed a great many imperfect rights or claims upon the allegiance of the Roman people, arising from the services he had rendered to the state in preserving, defending, and succoring it when it was menaced with disaster and destruction. His superior ability to govern, and the fitness of his personal dignity as filling a place in Christendom higher than that of any king, made it expedient and even morally necessary that the sovereignty of Rome should be vested in his person. The action of Pepin was that of one who defended the Roman people in the right of their independence against tyrants, aggressors, and perfidious violators of treaties. It was also in defence of the general right of his own and other nations to the independence and tranquillity of the Roman Church, as the centre of Christendom. The action of Charles the Great was similar. His overthrow of the Lombard kingdom was justifiable by the right of conquest in a just war provoked by the violation of treaties, by the consent of the greater part of the people of Italy, and by the necessity of providing for the welfare of Italy and all Europe. His final act of settlement in the beginning of the year 800 had still greater force and legitimacy, as the act of the emperor of

the greater portion of Western Europe, in which the great estates of his realm concurred, the whole of Western Christendom applauding, and the Eastern Empire tacitly consenting. The possession of a temporal principality by the Pope became thus an established institution, *de jure* and *de facto*. This possession was so consistent with natural and divine as well as human rights of various kinds that it became an inviolable right. This is the only way in which sovereignty can become vested in any kind of lawful possessor or political person, whether this person be a monarch, a body of *optimates*, or a republic in which the people is sovereign: Civil sovereignty is not immediately delegated by God, unless in exceptional cases, which do not occur in the present providence of God. It is delegated mediately through human acts by which some particular form of government is constituted. There is a right to good government founded in the natural law inherent in every political society. It is the chief duty of this government to protect all the rights of its subjects. At the time of which we are speaking the Catholic Church, under the supreme headship of the Pope, was universally recognized as a divine institution. All the Christian nations and all the individuals composing them had a right to the full enjoyment of all their religious privileges as members of the church. One of the principal of these religious rights was, that the vicar of Christ should be free and independent of all civil authority, in the exercise of his spiritual supremacy. The political sovereignty of the Pope in the Roman State was the necessary means to this end, and also important for the political equilibrium and international alliance of the nations of Christendom. It became an essential part of the political constitution of Europe. Out of this germ was developed that more extensive temporal power which the Pope possessed for ages, the reason of which has passed away with the changes brought about by the progress of time. But the reason for the temporal principality of the Pope in Rome has not passed away. It still remains necessary, even for the political welfare of Italy and the Christian world. But, above all, it is necessary for the well-being of the Catholic Church. The people of Rome and Italy are not exclusively concerned with it. It is the concern of the whole body of Catholics throughout the world. As intimately connected with their religious rights, it is the concern of the governments of the nations to which they belong. This is so on purely political grounds.

But besides this, the temporal principality of the Pope is

not only inviolable by every sanction of human right and human law which any kingdom or republic can claim. In the view of Catholics it is sanctioned by a higher and divine law. Rome has been given to God and accepted by his vicegerent, and the donation is irrevocable. It is sacred property, like an altar or a church, and its confiscation is sacrilege. The Pope is the supreme judge for all Catholics of the inviolability of his right to the Roman principality. He has decided the matter in the most solemn manner, with the concurrence of all his co-judges, the bishops, and the assent of all the faithful. The great congresses of Spain and Germany have recently given distinct and emphatic utterance to the common voice of the people whom they represented. The congress of the Catholics of the United States in 1889 expressed their own sentiment, and that of the whole body of the clergy and laity in this country, in a sufficiently intelligible manner to be understood by all. The recent congress of the Catholic Germans of the United States expressed the sentiment of this large and respectable portion of our population in a more explicit and emphatic manner, which does honor to their loyalty to the Holy See. It is to be hoped that the press will not allow this question to be forgotten, but will take every opportunity to enlighten and arouse the Catholic laity, so that, whenever occasion offers, they may give a strong moral support to the noble champions of religion who are fighting its battles in Europe.

The invasion and seizure of Rome was an unjust and violent act. The connivance or apathy of the European powers was a flagrant dereliction of duty and a piece of extremely bad policy. The administration of the Italian kingdom has been unprincipled, disastrous, and productive of great misery to the people. Those who are at the head of it are possessed by a spirit of bitter hostility to Catholicism and to all religion, which they are determined to exterminate if possible. It is a conflict of life and death, so far as the Catholic religion is concerned, which is being waged at Rome. It is natural enough for infidels to sympathize with those who are waging this war against religion. But it is strange and sad to find Englishmen and Americans who profess to be Christians, to love true liberty, and to support law and order, the rights of property, and high principles in politics, joining in applause of men like Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Crispi. Surely they are not well-informed, and are blinded by their inveterate prejudices against the Catholic Church and the Roman See.

The present state of things is violent and abnormal. It is

impossible that the great powers should long tolerate its continuance. Christian Rome is the creation of the Popes and the Catholics of the world. It is the capital of the Christian world. The endeavor to restore the old pagan Rome is a retrogression and a chimæra. We do not wish ill to the Italian kingdom. We desire its reconciliation to the Pope, its prosperity and glory. But the only possible condition on which this desirable result can be secured is the restoration of Rome to the Pope.

It is no wonder that those who do not believe in the divine institution of the Papacy should regard this as an impossible event. Neither can we wonder if Catholics infected with pseudo-liberalism, or half-instructed in their religion, or of a timorous disposition and always on the lookout for the disastrous and gloomy, should care little for the settlement of the Roman question, or hesitate to hope for one that is favorable to religion.

But those who believe with enlightenment and firmness in the promises of God, and who are well acquainted with the past history of the church, will not despond on account of present evils. The Rock of Peter has been often assailed by tempests, but never submerged or swept away. The unflinching constancy of Pius IX. and Leo XIII. in asserting their rights and refusing to make a compromise with usurpation is a sign of approaching triumph over injustice, tyranny, and impiety. The hierarchy and laity are standing by them with a steadfastness and devotion which are every day increasing. There are signs of a coming change in the political horizon. The multitudinous and earnest prayers of millions of the faithful cannot remain unanswered. Let us wait for a time with patience, and we may hope to chronicle one day in our pages the auspicious celebration in Rome of the restoration of Leo XIII. to the throne of his predecessors, with the applause of the city and the world, *Urbis et Orbis*.

A. F. HEWIT.

THE CATHOLIC NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

AT the recent annual convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union delegates were present from three organizations of colored Catholics. A novel sight surely, and only to be found in a Catholic body! Their presence provoked thoughts which, in part, were given at the convention by the present writer through the courtesy of the reverend president, Father Lavelle, of the New York Cathedral, and which are here presented in full.

Some years ago a colored youth, who is quite an expert in stenography and typewriting, asked the writer for a recommendation. Armed with it he hoped to secure a fairly-paying position he had his eye upon. Knowing of a better place, I offered him a letter to aid him in securing it. No pen could describe the look of anguish which passed over the young man's countenance. On inquiring its cause I received this answer: "Ah, father, I never could get *that* situation." "Why not?" I asked. "You do not know what it is to be a nigger," was the answer. He had spoken volumes. It is notorious that a black skin is too often an insurmountable barrier—a barrier which shuts out Negro youths not only from the trades and professions; not alone from the callings of secular men, but even from the advantages and blessings of the supernatural order. Is it necessary to state facts at length, facts as patent as the rays of the noonday sun? Men may come from any part of Europe and with most un-American ideas, with convictions even thoroughly anarchical and subversive of all government, atheists and haters of Christianity, and yet such men both for themselves and their children have an opening among us in every trade, pursuit, and profession. They send their sons, if they like, to our Catholic colleges and their daughters to our convent-schools. But the Negroes, of whom alone it can be said that they carry their papers of citizenship written by the Almighty's finger on their black faces, are shut out from trades and professions and clerkships, and, in a word, from almost all employments save those of the menial sort. All races of whites are seen in our colleges and convent schools, and in our orphanages and kindred institutions, but there is no room for the Negro because he is black.

Yet it is undoubtedly true that on the Catholic Church alone

depends the elevation and morality of the Negro race, and the Catholic Church recognizes no race distinctions between men; indeed the fundamental truths, that all men are of one blood, that by one man all sinned, with the correlative that One Man died for all, will tolerate no such distinctions. If the first Adam is not the parent of the Negro, then in the second Adam's blessings he can have no share, and *vice versa*. Hence the church baptizes the men and women of the Negro race; gives them her other sacraments; consecrates Negroes to God in holy virginity; ordains them priests; and, canonizing them, puts them on her altars for our reverence. The great and real difficulty in the so-called Negro question is, that the black man is not looked on from this point of view but from a natural stand-point.

He, like any other poor man, is weighed in the scales with dollars and cents. Among a people one of whose ruling passions is love of money the unfortunate blacks go to the wall, just as the laboring class generally. The Negroes suffer from all the grievances of our white workingmen plus the unholy hate of race prejudice. Low wages, long hours, high rents, unhealthy and immoral housing, "store pay," the labor of women and children—all these torment the Negro as they torment the white laborer. But in addition the Negro suffers from the terrible misfortune of being black.

Against this racial antipathy no argument will be listened to; it must be lived down. For it is a sentiment without rational foundation. Silently, patiently, perseveringly must our black brethren go on in their ways, often rubbing against prejudice but nobly ignoring it, till better days dawn and their manhood be recognized. It is no surprise to meet with negrophobia among the ignorant, but very painful is it to find intelligent people subject to the same mania. Just here stands out the boundless distance between the Catholic Church and many of her children. How narrow the views of some Catholics about the negro are plainly appeared last spring when Archbishop Ireland, in a sermon delivered in the colored church in Washington, laid down the very A B C of civil and religious, political and manhood equality. What he said is but the expression of the Catholic faith applied to the Negro problem. Yet his words were received with scorn by some Catholics, and they were men who should have known better. And it is far less wonder that an archbishop felt obliged to teach such fundamental truths than that Catholics were found who refused to hearken to them. The cry of "No Social Equality" was raised—a mere subterfuge to throw dust in our eyes.

Upon such hues and cries are rung the changes of political partisanship, and they are out of place in discussing race problems. The colored people do not want the forced equality of the family circle, nor that of unbidden social companionship of any sort, nor the offensive thrusting of personal intercourse upon any one. Their self-respect forbids this. With difficulty do we get the negroes, be their condition never so poor, to take advantage of such of the church's charities as are open to them. Self-respect is not an unknown virtue among them; hence among the thousands and thousands of "tramps" whom we meet hardly any are negroes. But what our black countrymen do long for, and what they have a right to, is, if I may so call it, competitive equality; in other words, a white man's chance and a white man's place in the race of life, and a white man's wages for his toil. It is unjust to shut out our black brethren from any employment, if they are competent to fill it; even more unjust to pay them at a lower rate of wages than white men receive for the same labor. The color of a man's skin does not spoil the cunning of his hand nor warp his brain-tissue. Nor does the tawny body find less need of food and clothing than one of more attractive color. Nor, again, is love of wife and children less in a Negro's heart than in a white man's. Give the blacks a chance to learn trades; to enter the professions; to run their course in every avenue of life.

Just here the influence of many Catholics is cast against the Negroes. In the Protestant South they enjoy the right of working at all trades. Not so in the North, where the church has her stronghold. The great bulk of the trades-unionists are in many cities of the North Catholics; yet they leave no opening to the Negroes for the learning of trades. A friend of mine lately employed a negro. All his fellow-workmen, every one of them a Catholic, struck immediately. They would not work with a "nigger."

Much the same complaint can be made against our colleges and professional schools; of the former but two or three receive negroes, and of the latter there is none that I know of which has a negro studying for a profession. The same may be said of our convent schools. This is more surprising as the communities in charge of Catholic institutions of learning, with a handful excepted, are European foundations; like our own ancestors, these societies are importations. Yet, in institutions of the same societies in that Europe whence they have come to us, no distinction is made between white and black; is it not strange to find it

here in free America? A young lady, the daughter of one of our oldest Catholic families, told me that in the French convent in which she passed eight or nine years of her girlhood were Negro girls as dark as midnight; yet the order which was in charge of the school will not receive a black child into any of the fifty or sixty houses which it has in our land.

If true to our Catholic instincts the day is not far distant when, throughout this country, the Negroes will have free access to our churches; will be allowed to sit in the pews, and not be sent aloft or crowded aside; will be seen in our colleges, academies, schools, and room will be found for them in our orphanages and other charitable institutions; every effort, too, will be lent by Catholics to secure them trades. To provide thus for the Negro is, I say, a Catholic instinct. The church never admits the incapacity of any race; she knows that true growth is from within, and that men must be allowed to develop their native powers. No people can be uplifted by external agencies or by law. Their own innate energy, properly directed, must be the energizing force in their advance, and the church labors to give it free play. A race must be its own dynamo. He knows the Negroes very imperfectly who fancies them bereft of energy, push, and brains. For their progress during the past twenty-five years is a living proof of what they can do. Moses and Josue, Caleb and Hur must step forth from among themselves to lead the people to the promised land.

Hence the need of Negro priests. Hence in St. Joseph's Seminary and the Epiphany Apostolic College, in Baltimore, are seen Negro boys preparing to marshal the hosts of Israel in the Black Belt. To ordain the natives of a country to the priesthood has ever been the practice of the church. Only the other day, true to this spirit, did our Holy Father establish the hierarchy in Japan; and, in pursuance of the same policy, the day is not far off when Japanese bishops and archbishops, and in time cardinals also, will come from the East, fresh glories of the universality of the church. In China and other parts of Asia, in Africa and the isles of the Pacific, the same results of Catholicity will be seen. Rome always insists on a native clergy, going so far in her decisions as to threaten any bishop of the East with censure if he should refuse to ordain natives. And it is an historical fact that Japan was lost to the church for two hundred and fifty years because the successors of St. Francis Xavier, less enlightened than himself, would have no native priests or bishops. Hence, when persecution came and no European was allowed to

enter the mikado's realm, the once-glorious church of St. Francis Xavier, shorn of its pastors, rapidly dwindled away till in 1857, when Bishop Petitjean landed in Japan, there were only about twenty thousand Christians left. (*Rohrbacher*, vol. xxv. p. 58, *et seq.*)

The importance of trusting the Negroes themselves as the surest means of advancing the race has an additional argument in the fact of their concentration in one section of the land. There are about as many blacks in the United States as there are Catholics; yet, on the whole, the Catholic Church is far less noticed by the general public than are the Negroes. Not so in regard to the Negro, who is ever looming up in one way or other; and chiefly because he is concentrated in one section of the country. There is hardly one-third of the colored people scattered throughout the North and the old slave States of the Mississippi Valley, but in the Southern States along the Atlantic and the Gulf the blacks are as numerous as the whites, and perhaps in excess of them. This concentration of the bulk of the Negro race in a few States opens up endless questions, and only the Catholic Church, which has been the nursing-mother of all modern peoples, will be able thoroughly to solve them. Unfortunately at the present day her influence in the Black Belt is next to nothing. The possible control of the States in question by the Negro is viewed with alarm by very many citizens; a different and more substantial sentiment of alarm should be engendered in the minds of Catholics because the part of the country claiming the blacks is Protestant. Too much stress cannot be laid on the fact that the South is intensely Protestant. And while in the North Protestantism is, in point of doctrine, but a "*magni nominis umbra*," in the South, on the contrary, it is the genuine offspring of the Reformation. There are, I believe, fewer Catholics in the country south of the Potomac and the Ohio and east of the Mississippi, leaving out Kentucky, than there are in the city of Baltimore alone.

The value of Negro self-aid is well appreciated by our Protestant friends, who make very much use of the blacks themselves in all their missionary work among them. Both the Baptist and Methodist denominations have their distinct organizations, the bishops, ministers, and deacons of which are Negroes, who themselves order, govern, and support their various churches. In their turn these are the centres of life—social, political, and religious—for all the blacks in their respective neighborhoods. Nor is this all. These efforts are seconded by a large number of

schools of higher grade, amounting to *over one hundred and thirty* and scattered throughout the whole South, supported by the various Protestant denominations. To support these institutions of learning our Protestant friends pour out money like water. These are the direct aids of the Protestant propaganda among the blacks; but, indirectly, the public schools are just as potent helps for Protestantism, being largely controlled by Protestant church-members, and existing in a community the great majority of whose people are alien to the true faith. It is almost impossible for us Catholics to realize the stupendous work that is being done for the blacks by our fellow-countrymen not of the household of the faith, alongside of whose endeavors our own are paltry and insignificant. Twenty thousand black youths, of both sexes, are enjoying the advantages of higher education in variously graded high-schools, colleges, and universities. Some of these have a curriculum of studies equal to that of our best Catholic colleges; while others, again, give their pupils every facility to master the trades. Every one of these schools is a nursery whence go forth the leaders of the Negro race. From two to three thousand graduates yearly pass from their "Alma Maters" into active life, every one of whom becomes a centre of intelligence and activity among the colored population of the South. As school-teachers, lawyers, doctors, preachers they are the recognized heads of their race. All have been trained to positive opposition to Catholicity.

Now, what does all this mean? The colored people are being moulded by influences which are not alone non-Catholic, but very often rationalistic. For, as far as my observation goes, there is little solid religion among these graduates. Determination, high resolve, noble purpose—qualities all good in themselves—are found everywhere among them, but little that is divine. The perverted knowledge of history, the ill-founded philosophy, and the dwarfed systems of theology taught to these young men and women need hardly be dwelt upon for the information of Catholic readers. Hence, although a steady stream of preachers is poured into the colored masses, these are to a great extent powerless against the tide of infidelity and its consequent moral corruption; only able to indulge in high-sounding, empty platitudes on morality, varied with the usual Protestant attacks on Rome. Year by year does this evil grow; more and more powerless, in consequence, are our own efforts against it. And the sad result follows that far the greater number of educated Negroes, though naturally religious, must be placed

among those many millions who, not being with the Lord, are against him.

To this absence of religion and its elevating influences add the lamentable fact that home, as a general thing, is unknown to the Negroes. During slavery they lived in "quarters," and knew only of "Home, sweet Home," from the air, so beautiful and soul-melting, which they sang amidst their squalor. And, although the curse of slavery is gone, the effects of the "quarters" as yet hang around the firesides of the Negro race, who hardly know that fascinating spot of childhood—the domestic hearthstone. Clinging to all of us are sacred memories, both pleasant and sorrowful, of the home circle; an elevating and purifying influence that should be absent from no man. Not so with the Negroes: most of them are devoid of domestic training. Of how great a boon the members of this unfortunate race are thus robbed none of us can fully understand. When, therefore, the black youth leaves school with nothing better than an irreligious training the salutary restraints of home are not at hand to correct and guide him. What wonder that all moral restraint is too often thrown off. In an educational and material point of view the Negroes are steadily advancing, and it should be to Catholics a subject of great regret that they are doing so along lines independently of us; nay, prejudicial to our apostolate among them. Let us not fold our arms and thus give the Negro race reason to believe that we take no interest in them. We are here for them and they are here for us. They are our missionary field, our Colored Harvest. They are our opportunity and our responsibility. "Am I my brother's keeper?" Yes, Catholics of America, you are the keepers of your black brethren. To you are applicable the words of the prophet: "Ethiopia, your hope."

J. R. SLATTERY.

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REGRET.

OH! might I sink to Pluton's realm of sleep,
To that dim cave and ever-murm'ring hall
Where day and night the lulling waters fall,
And drowsy mists enswathe the ancient stéep.
So should I cease, at last, to brood and weep,
To spill my urn of tears where slowly sweep
The floods of Lethe by the Stygian wall.

Alas! there is no surcease for my pain!
The happy gods may slumber and forget,
But lo! each morning comes to me again
The pale and patient ghost of sad Regret.
I nevermore shall see, while I remain,
Another happy day or rise or set.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

FURTHER NOTES ON MEXICAN POETS AND POETRY.

Taine, in his *History of English Literature*, states: "I am about to write the history of a literature, and to seek in it for the psychology of a people. . . . A work of literature is not a mere play of imagination, a solitary caprice of a heated brain, but a transcript of contemporary manners, a type of a certain kind of mind." If we are careful to avoid sweeping generalizations this statement may be accepted as an unquestionable truth; but, though announced with a fanfare and an oriental exuberance of words, M. Taine's truth is no new thing; on the contrary, it has been acted on by every student from the time when history was first made a study of men and manners, and not a mere battle-roll. Accepting this truth, the morals and manners of a people are to be found in their literature, and avoiding generalizations, I am obliged to believe that the Mexicans have reached a very high standard of morality. For, whatever else may with plausible reason be denied the literature of Mexico, it is an incontestible fact that it is one of the cleanest ever

given the world. Schlegel's eloquent praises of the high moral quality of Spanish literature in the age of Calderon de la Barca may with equal justice be applied to that of Mexico. And we may say of it in this one particular what Corneille said of the Mexican Alarcon* in general: "I have seen nothing equal to him, either in the ancients or moderns."

It is not alone the literature of Mexico that is unknown, but her people as well. Humboldt, Janvier, Irving-Willis, and a score of others visit Mexico and are charmed. Humboldt's discriminating words of eulogium are well known; Janvier finds them a people but to be known to be loved; Willis speaks of the inhabitants of Yucatan as of angels: "They are the cleanest people on the face of the earth." But there are others who say otherwise. There are bad men and bad women in Mexico, as there are in other lands; and, as water seeks its level, these others meet them as they would meet the same class in their own countries, and they judge the whole through the medium of their associates.

The question has been asked me, how it is to be accounted for that Mexican literature is so little known? Now, so it seems to me, a literature known over a very considerable portion of the Western Continent, a literature by no means unheard-of in Spain, Germany, and France, can hardly be called an unknown literature. The truth is, we English-speaking people are apt to fall into the error of supposing that what has not come under our gracious observation is a thing yet to be discovered. The cause that may, I fear with justice, be adjudged for our not knowing the literature of a people so closely neighbor to us is not to our credit. With all its elegance—although, in common with that of Spain, it has "elevated its poetry, intoxicated, as it were, with aromatic fragrances, far above all the scrupulous moderation of the sober West" (*Schlegel*)—in spite of the almost matchless simplicity of its fiction; in spite of the glow and color, and strength and force and liquid melody of its drama, we have not been attracted. For, first and last, above all and in all, Mexican literature is intensely and supremely Christian. Christ and Christ's dear Mother are as real and true to that people and their literature as are their brothers and sisters, their husbands and wives, their lovers and sweethearts, the scenes in which they live and have their being. And it is this ever-abiding with them of these two spotless ones that has kept their lore of

* Alarcon. See *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* for November, 1890.

legend, lore of fiction, lore of poesie, lore of the theatre pure and clean. This is so true that Cepada of Puebla's description of a maid at prayer in his poem of *The Iconoclast* might justly be applied to the literature of which he is one of the exponents:

“ It broke in sudden light o'er all the fane,
 Upon the kneeling white-faced one who long
 Had striven to pierce the veil that hid her Spouse ;
 And tranc'd she was, as shepherds by song
 Were, in the ages gone on Juda's plain ;
 Tranc'd at the glory of her Spouse, hid 'neath grain
 Till now. His face of beauty, worn with love,
 Shone on her, and filled her all with joy
 That for him shè'd kept herself a spotless dove,
 Had chosen for her home her Lord's dwelling-house.”

The Iconoclast is defaced by many irregularities and inequalities and its action is not consecutive. It is too long to be read at a sitting, and yet it should be so read for the interest to be maintained in its hero and heroine. What marks it as almost a unique in Mexican poetic literature are its abounding and particularizing descriptions of nature, and in such descriptions Cepada is perfectly at home. He describes scenes entirely unlike the thin landscapes of the North, scenes that glow with a tropical luxuriance of vivid color. He revels in color ; he exhausts language in the endeavor to paint the picture of nature in her most gorgeous raiment, and to one who has never been in a southern land the picture may appear gaudy and over-decked. But nature never is gaudy ; when clad in her most glorious apparel she throws about her the luminous golden atmosphere of the South, and the living scarlets and purples and metallic greens are mellowed in the haze of gold, all alive as it is with the flutter of a thousand vari-colored birds of song. The following lines, taken at random, may give an idea of Cepada's descriptive powers :

“ The flickering shadows of the great broad palms
 Play o'er the winding path of hyacinth ;
 The zephyr sings to the pleasure-giving palms ;
 The cool spring chants a pleasant air of peace,
 And the golden-hearted roses bend to list,
 Down trailing to kiss the refreshing wave.
 Banks of empurpled maize are flush'd, out where
 The line of the sped day vermilion lies ;
 Shrilling paroquets fleet through the yellow haze
 Bound home to 'scape their foe abroad at night ;

The fickle moth rouses from his day's repose,
 Spreads his velvet wing to charm his lady-love ;
 The restless fire-fly trims his tiny lamp
 In readiness to greet the coming night.
 And now the night stretcheth forth her dusky hand,
 And one by one the stars of heaven are lit."

Cepada has published a volume of short poems of passion very unsimilar to the poems of a like title with which the American people during the last decade have been tantalized. Cepada's passion is real, earnest, and manly, and not of a kind to slay the soul. He has also published a poem entitled *Athenæ*, which ranks among his best. It recounts the fall of Athens, her gods, her literature, and her speech, and ends with an enraptured appeal to heaven and earth to rejoice, in that "Christ the Lord has come and blessed the world with more than *Athenæ* could give."

A prose translation of the first two stanzas reads as follows:

"Thy violet crown is withered, *Athenæ*; thy fair gods sleep. Thy hills are but pedestals for the marble shaft that alone remains of thy sculptured beauty. The apex of petrified acanthus leaf is thrown to the ground, and thy erst hero-trodden streets are rank with weeds. Aphrodite now scarce lives in a poet's dreams; no more the horn of Artemis doth wake the crocus flower to drink the dew given by Eos; and Silene no more bathes with kisses the lips of sweet Endymion. All, all are gone, save sad Notus; who mourns among the reeds of merry Pan, and Zephyrus, sorry plagiarist, who takes the part of Eros, and wafts to some love-sick youth the sweet perfume of his lady's coming, or whispers in his ear the music of her voice afar."

Cepada* is a very young man, and it is not too much to say that there are few young poets living who are so full of promise.

In looking over the list of Mexican authors, and noting their various and often multiplied occupations, to which a profession is often added, one is not so much surprised that they wrote so much, as that they found time to write at all. The twelve plays, three volumes of poems, and twenty-eight novels of José de Cuéllar† were written and published in the space of seventeen years, during which time the author was constantly occupied in ministerial affairs as secretary of legation, and finally as under-secretary of foreign affairs. Though

* He was born in 1867 in the city of Puebla.

† Cuéllar was born in San Luis Potosi, 1835. Still living.

Cuéllar is not so remarkable an example of industry as some others mentioned in a former paper, it may be believed that he is not an idler. Climate seems to have little or nothing to do with the wonderful industry of Mexican authors, for it is as apparent in those born on the coast as it is in those born in the interior. Only, with Mexico, as with us and the rest of the world, her mountainous districts produce almost nothing that can be called literary genius.

If Cuéllar had written nothing but the drama *Azares de una venganza* and the novel *Ensalada de pollos* he would have no low place in literature; but add to these his drama *Deberes y sacrificios* and the comedy *Natural y figura*, and we find him well placed in a rank but below the first. It is true he belongs to an intensely romantic school; that he is not analytical; that he believes in heroes and heroines; that he always has a plot; but, in spite of all these virtues, he never fails to be interesting, and he clothes what he has to say in graceful and dignified language. I much fear that, in view of certain developments, he would be called melodramatic; for, by way of an example, had he to say a girl rang a door-bell he would not take five or six hundred words to describe the action, and then three or four pages to discuss what the neighbors and the girl's kinsfolk thought of the feat, and the remainder of a chapter to analyze the girl's motives for ringing the bell. Don José Cuéllar would hardly call this literature. But my notes are on poets and poetry. Cuéllar's prose, however, has oftener the ring of poetry than much of what bears the name.

Un viaje á Oriente is a lyric drama in which the highly poetic subject is exquisitely treated. The roseate language, so delicious to the ear of a Southron, here finds a perfect setting. And by roseate I do not mean florid, which is as unlike roseate as the cheap chromo Murillo is unlike its divine original. Much as I admire the strength and force of our great English tongue, I do not see how the melodious strains of Cuéllar, with their undertone of lute and violin, can be reproduced in it, unless we grant, what some would have, that poetry needs not melody. That Cuéllar's lavish use of the musical richness of the Spanish tongue is open to criticism may be admitted without detracting from the value of his work, for he does not use words at the expense of sense. He has published a volume of poems very unequal in worth and not at all worthy of his genius.

I do not hesitate to say that no character in a drama has been more beautifully portrayed than that of Maria de los Angeles in Varela's play of that name, and certainly there is no sadder story than that of Salvador Varela* himself. He was born in the suburbs of Vera Cruz, the posthumous son of a driver of asses. His first knowledge of life was pinching hunger, for his mother was not able to nourish him, and hardly gotten was the ass's milk on which he was fed. While yet a small child he was set to work in an enclosure for asses. His devotion to his mother amounted to a passion with him, and from her he learned all she could give him—sincere piety, a love of justice, and his letters. With his mother's aid he taught himself to read from her one book, a book of prayers. He was of delicate frame, and often he was kept from work by illness. On the occasion of his preparing for his first Communion the parish priest, Father Galvez, was attracted by his ready wit and intellectual countenance. From Father Galvez he learned Latin and bookkeeping, and this good friend procured for him work in the shop of a dealer in cloth and silk. In the modest library of the priest were several volumes of the greater Spanish dramatists. These Varela read and reread to himself and to his mother. He was not yet twenty when a number of his poems were published in a periodical of his native city, and he had but reached his majority when he wrote his great drama, *Maria de los Angeles*. He read his MS. to Father Galvez; the priest was enthusiastic in his praises. It was submitted to the manager of a company of players then at Vera Cruz, and, in the course of a month 'or so, it was returned with something like contempt. Varela was down with a fever at the time, but he roused himself, shook it off, and declared to his astonished mother and the no less astonished priest that he would carry his play to the capital. Between the three of them—the priest, the mother, and the son—a small sum of money was made up; and one morning after Mass—it was one of the proudest memories of the simple-hearted priest that Varela served this Mass—Varela, on a borrowed mule, set out for the city of Mexico. And in his satchel he carried a handsome cloak and a pair of boots of Father Galvez's providing. "For," said the priest, "you must not show them your toes"—that is, Varela must present a good appearance. Arrived at the city Fortune smiled on Varela. The feast of Independence was close at hand; his play might have been written

* Varela's dates are 1830-1852.

for it. It was accepted; and, what was quite to the purpose, a good sum of money was advanced him. In a tumult of joy he sent word to Father Galvez, and for his mother, and the days crawled for him till she came. She came at last, the eve before the play was given, and found him ill a-bed. He who had withstood the rebuff of Vera Cruz was overcome by the victory of Mexico. Nevertheless, the night of the play saw Varela in his handsome cloak and boots, and his old mother in her peasant's dress, seated behind the curtain of a stage-box to witness the drama's failure or success. Success it was. Storms of applause greeted its progress, and when the curtain was drawn on the joy of the hero and heroine no one heard a cry of distress that was drowned in shouts for the author that fairly rocked the house. Two gentlemen sprang into Varela's box to bring him forth. They started back with white faces. Varela, resting in the arms of the old peasant, his mother, lay dead. That warm-hearted familiarity of the Southron with things divine, that has no slightest thought of disrespect, has caused to be inscribed on Varela's simple tomb an adaptation of the words once applied in mockery to our Lord: "He saved others, himself he could not save."

Every one knows of Manuel Fernandez; how he vowed to free his country, Mexico; how he took, and is known almost only by it, the name of Victoria Guadalupe, in token that by our Lady of Guadalupe's help victory should be his. How he lost and won and lost, and, after four years spent in mountain fastnesses, years ahungred and athirst, he was finally victorious. The time of Varela's drama, *Maria de los Angeles*, is during one of Guadalupe's campaigns; the scene in and round about Vera Cruz. Maria de los Angeles, the heroine of the play, is an innocent and pious country girl for whom one Caldas, a royalist captain, has a brutal passion; but she loves and is loved by Juan Cruz, a lieutenant of Guadalupe's band. The play opens in a village occupied by the troops of Caldas. In this scene Caldas endeavors to dazzle Maria with a show of his wealth and power, but only succeeds in awing her; and she tells him she is betrothed to and loves Juan Cruz. This she supposes will cause Caldas to withdraw his attentions, "for," she says, in all sincerity, "you are a most honorable gentleman." Her innocent belief in his honor but infuriates Caldas, and he tells her roughly that he has no mind to make her his wife. Here the shame and confusion of Maria are admirably portrayed, and the act ends with her being

taken off by the guards to be locked up in a room in the palace of Caldas. Act II. represents Maria a prisoner in the palace. Caldas visits her and a stormy interview takes place, interrupted by a guard who reports that Guadalupe's band has attacked the troops. Vowing to be revenged on Maria for her obstinacy Caldas leaves her, and the act closes with her rescue by Juan. In Act III. we have the marriage of Juan and Maria by a patriot priest, who is an important character in the play. The ceremony is but concluded when Caldas, leading some of his men, bursts into the room, and, after a futile struggle between the followers of Juan and those of Caldas, Juan, Maria, and the priest are taken prisoners. In Act IV. the action is somewhat crowded. In it we have the escape of the priest, the mock trial of Juan—a very strong scene—his sentence to be shot at sundown, and the arrival of the priest at the patriot camp, where he exhorts the band to the rescue of Juan and Maria. The first scene in Act V. represents a hall in the palace of Caldas, he and Maria conversing, a guard in the background. Caldas professes great sorrow that so noble and handsome a youth as Juan should be a rebel and that he must die. But Caldas goes on to say:

Caldas : “Maria, that little tongue of thine shall be
To me and Juan sweetest music ever heard.”

Maria : “Sir, I ask Juan to see but one little moment.”

Caldas : “Thou shalt say to Juan, ‘Thou’rt free’; to me, ‘I’m
thine.’ ”

Maria : “Sir, when Juan shalt from heaven look down on me
He’ll look upon an honest, faithful wife.”

In these last two lines, so full of dignity, Varela has compressed matter enough to fill a page. Observe, too, that when Maria says “Sir, I ask,” etc., she is paying no attention whatever to the fine speeches of Caldas. At last Caldas promises that she shall see Juan. Maria begins to thank him, when he interrupts her to say that she shall see him at a distance as he passes to execution. Then occurs the one instance in the play in which Maria returns insults, not by an insult, but by the truth in fine irony:

“Most gentle sir, I did wrong thee in that I for the moment thought thee mild. And thou did’st wrong thyself in that thou didst ape the great Judge of Mercy.”

Enraged at what he considers the impertinence of a peasant, Caldas orders the guard to take Maria to the room where she shall see her rebel dog led to death, howling. The next and last scene of the drama is a large room with a barred window. This is the room into which Maria is brought by the guard, whom she now tries to bribe to take her to where Juan is imprisoned. The pathetic simplicity with which she offers her little trifles—her wedding-ring (her only jewel), her necklace of beads—for this great boon is limned with an exquisitely delicate touch. The guard scoffs at her and, leading her to the window, says:

Guard: “By this window he will pass; on yonder Hill, for rebel acts, he’ll pay the forfeit.”

(Exit, locking door.)

Maria: “Stay, stay! . One little moment’s all I ask.
He heeds me not; cold hearts well fitted are
To serve and be a thrice-cruel tyrant’s slave.
Warm hearts can but be free and bend to God,
Whose hand’s held out in peace to friend and foe.
Is not he God’s friend who Mary’s banner bears?
And yet, for bearing it is Juan to die.

(Maria kneels.)

O Mother mine! by thy bitter anguish
When thou saw’st thy dear Son, my brother, pass
To Calvary’s bloody hill; he bruised and worn,
He too called rebel ’gainst a cruel king;
Stretch forth thy mighty arm of love to save
Thy other son, my tortured, heart-broke mate—

(Trumpets sound; a bell is tolled.)

Mother of God!

(Maria rushes to the window.)

He comes, the light of my heart.
Juan! Juan! He cannot hear, but I can see.
His arms are pinioned; but they never have
Held me, his wife, against his gentle heart;
His limbs, that did exult to bring him to
My side, now proudly bear him unto death.
Do perjured rebels such a bearing have?
Did he less scornful look they might pity have—
Out, tempting devil, out! My lord sue to them!
When he shall heaven’s blessèd portals pass

The Holy, clad in roseate robes, shall greet him,
‘Hail!’

Caldas triumphs now—but our God is just—”

(Alarm-bells ring; trumpets; musketry.)

VICTORIA'S BAND (*without*): “Victoria! Victoria! Stout hearts,
Our Guadalupe's Lady's in the van!
To the rescue! to the rescue!”

Maria: “Just God!

All glory be to thee, O Christ, who hear'st
Our Mother's prayer, and e'en a poor, poor wife,
In suppliance bent before thy radiant throne.
Victoria's band press hard the tyrant's slaves;
Juan! Juan is free; his hand has snatched our Lady's
Banner from a craven's grasp; Caldas is down;
His cravens flee and, where a tyrant frowned,
All heaven smiles upon a wife made glad,

(Joy-bells ring.)

And the bell of death now makes haste to join
The mellow peals of Guadalupe's victory.”

(The door is burst open, disclosing an armed troop on a plain,
a hill in the distance, the banner of Guadalupe borne aloft.
Maria advances half-swooning, and is clasped in the arms of
Juan. Soldiers' chorus the chant of Guadalupe.)

(Curtain.)

Imperfectly as these lines are reproduced I believe there is enough in them as they stand on the page to show that Varela was a poet of no mean order, an artist of the first class in depicting character, a refiner of language, and an author who knew how to condense thought. Full as the play is of incident, nothing is superfluous; all tends to help on the action, which is very rapid; these things may be evidenced from the short sketch I have given of the drama; nor is there a line that clogs, or does otherwise than help to the understanding of character or the steady onflow of the drama to its finale. Not for a moment during the course of the play is the heroine, *Maria*, off the stage, save during the very short scene in which the priest exhorts the soldiers of Guadalupe to her and Juan's rescue. Intensely emotional and dramatic as most of the action is, Varela never falls into bombast or melodrama; and it is indeed remarkable that so young a man avoided these pitfalls of youthful authors. Juan and *Maria* are perfectly natural Mexican peasants, even

realistically so, but they are never coarse, and their innate refinement is as pervasive as the odor of the South wood-violet in February. The only characters who fall into coarseness are the royalist captain and the guard, and the coarseness of the captain is the coarseness of one taught better, and the scoffings of the man are apeings of his master. To those unacquainted with Victoria's guerrilla mode of warring his sudden appearances with his band may seem melodramatically conceived. The history of his campaigns is crowded with just such episodes as the rescue of Juan; and our Carolina Marion, in our own war of independence, is a character somewhat parallel with that of Victoria. The plot, however, does not command respect only because it is really good and strong but because of the manner in which it is handled, everything being made subservient to the development of the character from whom the play takes its name, the triumph of pure love over brutal passion, virtue over vice, justice over injustice. Never for an instant is the interest in Maria allowed to flag, and the interest taken in Juan and in the success of Victoria's cause are all because of her. And if love of country be but a sentiment, then is *Maria de los Angeles* a highly successful patriotic drama; for what is better adapted to draw out the sentiment of patriotism than the cultivation of a chivalrous regard for woman? That the atmosphere of the play is one of exalted religious feeling not only adds to its beauty but is its crowning glory.

If to criticise is but to find fault, I have not been critical in my notes on this almost flawless gem, *Maria de los Angeles*. And were there aught to carp at, as there is not, in this play, my hand would refuse to work, for my eyes would be occupied in gazing on the dead boy in the tawdry box of the National Theatre in Mexico, his handsome head thrown back on the bosom of the old peasant, his weeping mother, who had lost her all when the world gained—it is not too much to say—one of the plays of plays.

Antonio Ochoa y Acuña, the parish priest of Queretaro, dramatist and poet, was born in Huichapam in 1783. His studies were made in the College of San Ildefonso and the University of Mexico. In 1811 he was priested and elected a member of the *Arcadia Mexicana*, his detached poems, written under the pen-name Pastor Antimio, having attracted much praise and commendation. In spite of the fact that many of his poems breathed a spirit of freedom, and although he was known to sympathize with the move-

ment for independence, his reputation as a poet led, in 1816, to his being invited to write a play for the Royal Theatre at Mexico. This he agreed to do, and set to work on his tragedy of *Don Alfonso*. It was while composing this tragedy that he issued his greatest poem, *Justicia*. In less than a month it had gone through three editions, and copies were multiplied throughout the country wherever a printing-press could be found. The poem is a dignified yet fiery and caustic satire on the rule of the viceroys; and, alarmed at the effect it was having, the authorities did what they could to suppress the circulation, and called on Ochoa to make amends, citing him as one leagued with rebels. With a heroism worthy of the cause of liberty Ochoa replied that he had no amends to make for speaking the truth, and that if to feel for the oppressed was to be a rebel he thanked the God who had made him that he was one. It was not till some time after that Ochoa knew the cost of this intrepid speech. He finished his tragedy; it was put on the stage and received with applause—as, indeed, anything from his pen would have been, so popular was he as a poet with the majority of the court party, and as a patriot with the people. Now, Father Ochoa was an exceedingly poor man, even a degree poorer than the people of his parish, and they were as poor as the fowls of the highlands in winter. He had striven—in imitation of Father Hidalgo, Mexico's Washington—to propagate certain industries for the good of his flock, and money was needed. But had not *Don Alfonso* found for him a Golconda? He sent to inquire about it, and was informed that one Ochoa was a seditious priest, and that the receipts for his play had been appropriated by the government. Well, what would you? His little ambition was crushed; but he was neither hung, nor shot, nor garroted!

In 1820 an honor, almost phenomenal for a Mexican poet, was done Ochoa. A collection of his poems bearing the title *Poesias de un Mexicano* was issued in New York. They had appeared in Paris in 1818. Brighter days dawned on Ochoa about the year 1830, and in 1831 was acted and published his comedy *Amor por apoderado*. He died in 1833, in his fiftieth year, having lived to see his country free.

Much of the applause Ochoa's later poems gained was undoubtedly due to the fact that he sided with the people in their struggle for freedom. This is not so with his earlier poems. These came from a then obscure theological student, and their having attracted the attention of the exclusive academy, *Arcadia*

Mexicana, to say nothing of their having been the cause of his being invited to write for the Royal Theatre, prove that their intrinsic value is great. They are not, however, the songs of a bard who choristers the triumphs of great deeds or of one who strikes a lyre passion-strung with love or hate. Rather, Ochoa plays a little lute, and its strings are sad, and pitiful at times are its cries—the cries of a soul lamenting the woes it cannot heal. For once, in *Justicia*, he does in “fine frenzy” snatch the lyre passion-strung, and he calls upon his people:

“Throw off your fetters, rise! Be men; be not slaves! And if you perish must, perish as Samson did.”

Don Alfonso is throughout too stately a play to gain the sympathies of an audience not predisposed to favor it. It was written in view of its presentation before the viceregal court, and I am inclined to believe that the thought of this tormented Ochoa, and so *Justicia* was written. The tragedy has passages of almost transcendent beauty, but these passages do not atone for the lack of action in the play, and the whole is more suited to the closet than the stage. Ochoa's comedy, *Amor por apoderado*, is of high excellence, sparkling and refreshing as a clear mountain rill. It was written in his brightest days and is his brightest work.

Space permits but the bare mention of the dramatist Ramon Aldána,* of Merida, Yucatan, the author of many lyrics and sonnets. His best dramas are: *La Cabeza y el Corazon*, *Nobleza de Corazon*, and *Honor y felicidad*. His hand is firm in the drawing of character, his plays abound in action, and his sentences have a liquid flow. The hero of *Una prenda de venganza* is a truly admirable creation. His lyrics and sonnets I have not read.

HAROLD DIJON.

* Born 1832. Died in Mexico, 1882.

THE LIFE OF FATHER HECKER.*

CHAPTER XV.

AT THE DOOR OF THE CHURCH.

THE first effect of Brownson's letter was to throw its recipient into a state of great though brief perplexity. That final struggle, strange and painful, in which the soul for the last time contends against its happiness; in which it is drawn by an invincible attraction, knowing that it will yield yet striving still to resist; is one that must remain but half-comprehended by most of those to whom Catholic truth is an inheritance. And yet there is an explanation which Father Hecker himself would possibly have given. "Do you know what God is?" he said to the present writer in 1882, in that abrupt fashion with which he often put the deepest questions. "That is not what I mean," he went on, after getting a conventional reply: "I'll tell you what God is. *He is the Eternal Lover of the soul.*" That shudder of blind aversion which is a part of the experience of so many converts, is an instinctive testimony that the call to the truth is more than natural, while the overpowering attraction which attends it witnesses that nature must needs obey or perish. The Church, too, is not heard by the soul merely as the collective voice of many men and ages of men agreed upon the truth, but as a mystic personality which makes her the imperative ambassadress of Christ. For she is the Spouse of the Lamb, and in her the Incarnate Word obtains a voice which is no less single in its personality than multitudinous in its tones.

Much as Isaac Hecker had considered the matter, studying, reading, praying, assuring himself from time to time that if any church were true this was the one, and that to enter it was probably his duty, now that Brownson's weight was likewise thrown into the scale and it went down with a warning thud, he thrilled through with apprehension. "I feel like throwing all up," he wrote in the diary on the day the letter reached him. "Some cannot rest. *How much better would it have been could I have remained in quietness at my daily pursuits, and not been led to where I now find myself.*"

Then he questions himself: "What have I against the Cath-

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olic Church? At this moment I cannot say that I have anything that is essential. And she meets my wants on every side.

“Oh, this is the deepest event of my life! I would have united myself to any one of the Protestant sects if I had found any that would have answered the demands of my nature. Why should I now hesitate when I find the Catholic Church will do so? Is not this the self-will which revolts against the involuntary will of the Spirit?”

“The fundamental question is, Am I willing to submit my will to the guidance and direction of the Church? If she is the body of Christ; if she is the channel of the Holy Ghost; if she is the inspired body illumined by Christ’s Spirit; in a word, if she *is* the Catholic Church; if I would serve God and humanity; if I would secure the favor of God, and heaven hereafter; why should I *not* submit to her?”

But however painful this final indecision may have been, it was of short duration. Brownson’s letter reached Concord on Friday morning, and on Saturday Isaac Hecker went into Boston to see Bishop Fenwick and put himself under instruction. That done, his peace not merely returned, but he felt that it rested on more solid grounds than heretofore. Yet, curiously enough, it is at this point we come upon almost the first trace of his stopping seriously to consider the adverse sentiments of others with regard to any proposed action on his part. Now that he means to range himself, he turns to look back at the disorderly host which he is quitting, not so much, or at least not primarily, for the sake of the order and regularity and solidity of that to which it is opposed, but because a true instinct has taught him that unity is the external mark of truth, as equilibrium is the test of a just balance. In his diary of June 11, 1844, after recording that he has just returned from Boston, where he has seen the bishop and his coadjutor, Bishop John Bernard Fitzpatrick, and received from the latter a note of introduction to the president of Holy Cross College, at Worcester, Mass., he adds:

“I intend to stay there as long as it seems pleasant to me, and then go on to New York and there unite myself with the Church.

“I sigh, and feel that this step is the most important of my life. My highest convictions, my deepest wants, lead me to it; and should I not obey them? There is no room to harbor a doubt about it. My friends will look upon it with astonishment, and probably use the common epithets, delusion, fanaticism, and blindness. But so I wish to appear to minds like theirs; other-

wise this would be unsatisfactory to me. Men call that superstition which they have not the feeling to appreciate, and that fanaticism which they have not the spiritual perception to perceive. The Protestant world admires, extols, and flatters him who will write and speak high-sounding and heroic words; who will assert that he will follow truth wherever it leads, at all sacrifices and hazards; but no sooner does he do so than it slanders and persecutes him for being what he professed to be. Verily it *has* separated faith from works.

“This is a heavy task; it is a great undertaking, a serious, sacred, sincere, and solemn step; it is the most vital and eternal act, and as such do I feel it in all its importance, weight, and power. O God! Thou who hast led me by Thy heavenly messengers, by Thy divine grace, to make this new, unforeseen, and religious act of duty, support me in the day of trial. Support me, O Lord, in my confessions; give me strength and purity to speak freely the whole truth without any equivocation or attempt at justification. O Lord, help Thy servant when he is feeble and would fall.

“One thing that gives me much peace and joy is that all worldly inducements, all temptations toward self-gratification whatever, are in favor of the Anglican Church and in opposition to the Catholic Church. And on this account my conscience feels free from any unworthy motive in joining it. The Roman Catholic Church is the most despised, the poorest, and, according to the world, the least respectable of any; this on account of the class of foreigners of which it is chiefly composed in this country. In this respect it presents to me no difficulty of any sort, nor demands the least sacrifice. But the new relations in which it will place me, and the new duties which will be required of me, *are* strange to me, and hence I shall feel all their weight at once.”

His premonitions were speedily fulfilled, though probably not in the extreme form which he anticipated. The spirit of courtesy which prevailed throughout his family doubtless prevented any but the mildest criticism on his action. But even that had hitherto been spared him. There had been anxiety and much questioning about his final course, but that it would end in *this* way does not seem to have been seriously apprehended. On the same day on which he made the entry just quoted he wrote the following letter to them:

“June 11, 1844.—On Saturday last I went into Boston and did not return until this morning (Tuesday). . . . My pur-

pose in going was to see Bishop Fenwick of the Roman Catholic Church, to learn what are the preliminaries necessary for one who wishes to be united to the Church. I saw the bishop and his coadjutor, men of remarkable goodness, candor, and frankness. I was chiefly interested with his coadjutor, and spent some hours with him on Monday. And this is the result to which I have come: That soon, probably next week, I shall go from here to Worcester, where there is a Catholic college, and stay there for a few days, perhaps a fortnight, to see the place, become acquainted with their practical religious life and their system of intellectual instruction. From there I shall go on home to New York, and, after having gone through the requisite preliminaries, be united to the Roman Catholic Church in our city. . . . Before I make any unalterable step, I wish to see you all and commune with you concerning this movement on my part. . . .

“Whatever theories and speculations may be indulged in and cherished by those opposed to the Roman Catholic Church, their influence, however important they may seem, is not sufficiently vital to prevent me from being united to it. It satisfies and meets my deepest wants; and on this ground, setting aside any other for the moment, I feel like affirming, in the spirit of the man whom Christ made to see,* I know not whether this Church be or be not what certain men call it, but this I know: it has the life my heart is thirsting for, and of which my spirit is in great need.

“A case in point: The sermon of Dr. Seabury on the lamented death of Arthur Carey is as far from satisfying my heartfelt longings as Platonism would be to the Christian. Read the doctrine of the Catholic Church on the Communion of Saints in the Catechism of the Council of Trent attentively and devoutly, and you will see and feel the wide difference in doctrine and life between it and that held even by the high-church Anglican. It may be said in excuse for Dr. Seabury, that he has to be prudent and cautious on account of the state of mind of those whom he has to speak to. Well enough; but why should one go to a weak and almost dried-up spring when there is one equally near, fresh, always flowing and full of life? . . . There may be those, and I do not question there are many such good persons, who do not feel the deep demands of the spiritual nature as profoundly as others do, and that the Anglican

* John ix. 24: We know this man is a sinner. He said therefore to them; If he be a sinner, I know not; one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.

Church fully satisfies all *their* needs. But even in her bosom there are many who think that if the Oxford tendencies are Anglican, she is very idolatrous and exceedingly superstitious, because they feel no need for so much discipline and ceremony, and such faith in the invisible. . . . All reasons that can tempt one in my position are in favor of the Anglican Church, and it is a source of much joy that there is no conceivable inducement of a worldly or mixed nature for me to join the Roman Catholic Church. If there were I should distrust myself. . . . It seems to me that the difference between my embracing the Roman Catholic Church and any other is the same as the difference between remaining as I am, and selling all that I have and following Christ."

His deference for his friends' opinions, though he made their views no condition of his action, is beautifully shown by the following words: "John, and all who feel like giving me advice, you will not hesitate in giving it freely and frankly. There are many reasons for my present course; it is impossible for me to put them all on paper. But when I return home and meet you all again, we will in love speak of this in common communion: until then I will not take any decisive step. I suppose you feel as little inclined to speak to others of the decision I have come to as I do to have it prematurely known."

To the brother whose heart was most his own he devotes the concluding words of the letter:

"What is brother George's mind respecting the need of receiving this diviner life in order to bring us into a closer communion with God and make us inhabitants of heaven? George, shall we go arm-in-arm in our heavenly journey as we have done in our earthly one?"

While awaiting an answer to this letter he began another, in which he summarizes more explicitly such of his reasons for becoming a Catholic as might appeal on ordinary grounds of controversy to his mother and his brother John, the latter of whom had recently become an Episcopalian. Our extracts, however, will be made from the passages more strictly personal and characteristic:

"*Concord, June 14, 1844.*—Until I hear from you I cannot say how you may view my resolution or feel regarding the deci-

sion I have come to, and therefore I am at a loss what to say to you respecting it. One thing must strike you as inexplicable: that I relinquish my studies here so suddenly. This arises from the fact that I have not kept you perfectly informed concerning the change my mind has for some time been undergoing with regard to the object and end of study, its office and its benefits. I kept silent, thinking that my views might be but temporary, and that it was unnecessary to trouble you with them. My simple faith is, in a few words, that we must first seek the kingdom of God, and then all necessary things will be given us. And this kingdom is not found through nature, philosophy, science, art, or by any other method than that of the Gospel: the perfect surrender of the *whole* heart to God."

We stop here to remark that such expressions as these are neither to be taken as evidences of a passing disgust for the drudgery of text-book tasks, nor as signs of an indolent disposition. They are the assertion of a principle which Father Hecker maintained throughout his life. He never felt the least interest in studies not undertaken as a result of some supernatural impulse, or pursued in view of some supernatural aim. He looked with the coldest unconcern upon such investigations of science as promise nothing toward solving the problems which perplex humanity on the moral side, or which do not contribute to the natural well-being of men. With the pursuit of any science which does promise such results he was in the fullest sympathy, and was himself an unwearied student. It was anything but intellectual indolence which caused him to put away his books. He was naturally of a busy temperament: if men who knew him but slightly might think him visionary, no man could know him at all and consider him a sluggard. We shall see in the sequel how, under extremely critical circumstances, the assertion of this principle was wrung from him by the constraining force of his interior guide. Much of what follows illustrates this trait of character.

The letter last quoted from had not yet been sent when the answer to his announcement of June 11 reached him, and he added a postscript. The only point in it to which he alludes or makes any direct reply is the gentle expression of his mother's disapprobation of his purpose:

"Your letter and draft, brother George, came this morning. You say mother would prefer my joining the Anglican Church.

The reasons why she prefers this are such as would doubtless govern me if I did not feel still deeper and stronger reasons to overcome them. . . . My present convictions are deeper far than any I have ever experienced, and are not hastily decided upon."

Turning now to the diary, the entries made at this time seem especially characteristic:

"June 13, 1844.—I feel very cheerful and at ease since I have consented to join the Catholic Church. Never have I felt the quietness, the immovableness, and the permanent rest that I do now. It is inexpressible. I feel that essential and interior permanence which nothing exterior can disturb, and no act which it calls on me to perform will move in the least. It is with a perfect ease and gracefulness that I never dreamed of, that I shall unite with the Church. It will not change but fix my life. No external relations, events, or objects can disturb this un-reachable quietness or break the deep repose in which I am.

"The exoteric eye is double; the esoteric eye is single.

"The external world is divisional; the internal world is unity.

"The esoteric includes the exoteric, but the exoteric excludes the esoteric.

"The man can move all faculties, organs, limbs; but they cannot move the man.

"The Creator moves the creature, and the creature moves the created.

"We know God by looking towards Him with the single eye.

"To-morrow I go with R. W. Emerson to Harvard to see Lane and Alcott, and shall stay until Sunday. We shall not meet each other, for I can meet him on no other grounds than those of love. We may talk intellectually together, and remark, and reply, and remark again."

We give the reader from the diary the following estimate of a transcendentalist, mainly to serve as a background for the picture which Isaac Hecker drew of his own mind in the succeeding pages:

"June 14.—A transcendentalist is one who has keen sight but little warmth of heart; who has fine conceits but is destitute of the rich glow of love. He is *en rapport* with the spiritual world, unconscious of the celestial one. He is all nerve and

no blood—colorless. He talks of self-reliance, but fears to trust himself to love. He never abandons himself to love, but is always on the lookout for some new fact. His nerves are always tight-stretched, like the string of a bow; his life is all effort. In a short period he loses his tone. Behold him sitting on a chair; he is not sitting, but braced upon its angles, as if his bones were of iron and his nerves steel; every nerve is drawn, his hands are closed like a miser's—it is his lips and head that speak, not his tongue and heart. He prefers talking about love to possessing it, as he prefers Socrates to Jesus. Nature is his church, and he is his own god. He is a dissecting critic—heartless, cold. What would excite love and sympathy in another, excites in him curiosity and interest. He would have written an essay on the power of the soul at the foot of the Cross. . . .

“That the shaping of events is not wholly in our own hands my present unanticipated movement has clearly demonstrated to me. . . . I know of no act that I could make which would have more influence to shape my destiny than my union with the Catholic Church. . . . It is very certain to me that my life is now as it never has been. It seems that I live, feel, and act from my heart. That reads, talks, hears, sees, smells, and all. All is unity with me, all love. Instead of exciting thoughts and ideas, as all things have done heretofore, they now excite love, cheerful emotion, and gladness of heart.

“To the Spirit within I address myself: So long as I struggled against Thee I had pain, sorrow, anguish, doubt, weeping, and distress of soul. Again and again have I submitted to Thee, though ever reluctantly; yet was it always in the end for my good. Oh! how full of love and goodness art Thou to suffer in us and for us, that we may be benefited and made happy. It is from Thy own pure love for us, for Thy happiness cannot be increased or diminished, that Thou takest upon Thee all the suffering of the children.

“Lord, if I would or could give myself wholly up to Thee, nothing but pure joy, complete happiness, and exquisite pleasure would fill all my spirit, soul, and body. The Lord desires our whole happiness; it is we who hinder Him from causing it by our struggles against His love-working Spirit.

“Who is the Lord? Is He not our nearest friend? Is any closer to us than He when we are good? Is any further from us when we are wicked? His simple presence is blessedness. Our marriage with the Lord should be so complete that nothing could attract our attention from Him.

“We shall speak best to men when we do not reflect on whom we are talking to. Speak always as if in the presence of God, where you must be if you would speak to benefit your neighbor.

“If we are pure before God the eyes of men will never make us ashamed.

“We must be blind to all things and have our single eye turned toward God when we would act in any manner upon earth—when we would heavenize it.”

Here ends the contemporary record of his life in Concord. The next letters are dated at Worcester; the next entry in the diary at New York. There remain, however, some interesting allusions to it in the articles in this magazine of 1887 concerning Dr. Brownson, and some conversations, still more graphic, in the pages of the memoranda.

CHAPTER XVI.

AT THE DOOR OF THE CHURCH.—CONTINUED.

THE first Bishop of Boston, John Louis de Cheverus, who left that diocese to become successively the Bishop of Montauban and the Cardinal-Archbishop of Bordeaux, was, in the strictest sense, a missionary during his American episcopate. Thoroughly French in blood, in training, in manners, and in zeal, his penetrating intelligence not less than his saintly life and his tireless charity recommended him to men of all creeds and of none. His departure from Boston was regarded by all its citizens as a public misfortune, and by himself as cause for profound personal sorrow. He had learned there a lesson of liberty which he found it hard to forget when he went away. One of his biographers records that Charles X., whose offer to make him Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs Cheverus had declined, once questioned him concerning the liberty enjoyed by the Church in the United States. “There,” said the archbishop in reply, “I could have established missions in every church, founded seminaries in every quarter, and confided them to the care of Jesuits without any one thinking or saying aught against my proceedings; all opposition to them would have been regarded as an act of despotism and a violation of right.” “That people understand liberty, at least,” returned the king; “when will it be understood among us?”

We have spoken of Bishop Cheverus because, at the time of Isaac Hecker's acquaintance with his successors, his influence was still felt in Boston.

His immediate successor was Benedict Joseph Fenwick, a Marylander, descended in direct line from one of the original English Catholic pilgrims who founded that colony under Lord Baltimore. During his episcopate the diocese grew amazingly. When he went to it, in 1826, although it comprised the whole of New England, it contained but two churches fit for divine service, and only two priests besides himself. When he died, in 1846, he left behind him two bishoprics where there had been but one; while in that of Boston alone there were then fifty churches, served by as many priests. Although conversions had not been rare, the increase was mainly due to immigration, which the great famine in Ireland was speedily to increase. The efforts of Bishop Fenwick and those of his coadjutor and successor were, in the nature of things, conservative rather than aggressive.

Bishop Fitzpatrick, also, was American by birth and training. A native of Boston, he was reared in its public grammar and Latin schools until the age of seventeen, when he began his studies for the priesthood, which he finished in France. Both of these prelates continued the tradition of Cheverus so far as their own persons were concerned. But while they easily won and retained the respect of their more intelligent Protestant fellow-citizens, the confidence they inspired as men was not ample enough to protect the Church over which they ruled when once it began to show signs of solid prosperity. Cheverus was not wrong in counting with assurance upon American love for and understanding of true liberty, but he doubtless owed more than he thought at the time to the insignificance and scanty numbers of his flock. There came a period, even in the career of his immediate successor, when liberty itself seemed but a feeble sapling which a strong wind of stupid bigotry might avail to root out and cast away; while the chronicle of Bishop Fitzpatrick's episcopate contains the record of convents invaded under forms of law, and of both convents and churches sacked and burned by "Native American" mobs, who were secure of their immunity from punishment. Such outrages, witnessed by the second and third Bishops of Boston, and the incessant conflict to which they were compelled with the bigotry which caused them and which protected their perpetrators, predisposed both them and their clergy to a distrustful attitude toward converts like Brownson and

Hecker, in whom American traits of character were very conspicuous. Dr. Brownson has recorded in *The Convert*, p. 374, the fact that his entrance into the Church was delayed for months by his fear of explaining to Bishop Fitzpatrick the precise road by which he had approached it. He says:

“I really thought that I had made some philosophical discoveries which would be of value even to Catholic theologians in convincing and converting unbelievers, and I dreaded to have them rejected by the Catholic bishop. But I perceived almost instantly that he either was ignorant of my doctrine of life or placed no confidence in it; and I felt that he was far more likely, bred as he had been in a different philosophical school from myself, to oppose than to accept. I had, indeed, however highly I esteemed the doctrine, no special attachment to it for its own sake, and could, so far as it was concerned, give it up at a word without a single regret; but, if I rejected or waived it, what reason had I for regarding the Church as authoritative for natural reason, or for recognizing any authority in the bishop himself to teach me? Here was the difficulty. . . . My trouble was great, and the bishop could not relieve me, for I dared not disclose to him its source.”

The reader will understand that we do not compare the course of Bishop Fitzpatrick in Brownson's case with that taken by him toward Isaac Hecker. The latter was a young man, unknown to the bishop save by what he may have said of his own antecedents, while Brownson was a well-known publicist, concerning whom some reserve was natural and prudent.

With Bishop Fenwick, who was already in failing health, the new candidate for admission to the fold seems to have had very little intercourse. As we have seen, the journal makes only a passing reference to him, but is more explicit with regard to his coadjutor. Certain points in their interview which remained ever fresh in his memory were, at the time, cast into the shade by his deep preoccupation with what may, perhaps, be called the spiritual as distinguished from the intellectual side of the Church. That in her which makes her the tender and bountiful mother of the simple was what chiefly attracted him, just as others are mainly drawn to her as the adequate teacher and guide of the intellect. If he found the door at which he was knocking something hard in turning on its hinges; if the vestibule into which he was ushered seemed a trifle narrower than he had expected at the entrance of a temple so world-wide; his satisfaction at having determined

upon entrance made all other considerations for the moment dwindle. But that the impressions he received were permanent, in their suggestiveness at least, is witnessed by an article in this magazine for April, 1887, entitled "Dr. Brownson and Bishop Fitzpatrick," as well as by the several references to this period which occur in the memoranda.

In the article just named Father Hecker threw into a paragraph or two, which we subjoin, the substance of his first, and perhaps at this time his only, interview with Bishop Fitzpatrick :

"It was always difficult to detect how much of conviction and how much of banter there was in his treatment of men engaged in the actual intellectual movement of our times. I found such to be the case in my own intercourse with him. He always attacked me in a bantering way, but, I thought, half in earnest too. Hence I never found it advisable to enter into argument with him. How can you argue with a man, a brilliant wit and an accomplished theologian, who continually flashes back and forth between first principles and witticisms? When I would undertake to grapple with him on first principles he would throw me off with a joke, and while I was parrying the joke he was back again upon first principles.

"An illustration of his way of treating men and questions was his reception of me when I presented myself to him, some months before Dr. Brownson did, for reception into the Church. 'What truths were the stepping-stones that led you here?' he would have asked if he had had the temperament of the apostle. But instead of searching for truth in me he began to search for error. I had lived with the Brook Farm Community and with the Fruitlands Community, and before that had been a member of a Workingman's party in New York City, in all which organizations the right of private ownership of property had been a prime question. . . . But, as for my part, at the time Bishop Fitzpatrick wanted me to purge myself of communism, I had settled the question in my own mind, and on principles which I afterwards found to be Catholic. The study and settlement of the question of ownership was one of the things that led me into the Church, and I am not a little surprised that what was a door to lead me into the Church seems at this day to be a door to lead some others out. But when the bishop attacked me about it, it was no longer with me an actual question. I had settled the question of private ownership in harmony with Catholic principles, or I should not have dared to present myself as

a convert. But I mention this because it illustrates Bishop Fitzpatrick's character.

“His was, indeed, a first-class mind both in natural gifts and acquired cultivation, but his habitual bearing was that of suspicion of error; as man and prelate he had a joyful readiness to search it out and correct it from his own point of view. He was a type of mind common then and not uncommon now—the embodiment of a purpose to refute error, and to refute it by condemnation direct, authoritative even if argumentative: the other type of mind would seek for truth amidst the error, establish its existence, applaud it, and endeavor to make it a basis for further truth and a fulcrum for the overthrow of the error connected with it.

“It will be seen, then, what kind of man Dr. Brownson first met as the official exponent of Catholicity, one hardly capable of properly understanding and dealing with a mind like his; for he was one who had come into the possession of the full truth not so much from hatred of error as from love of truth. Brownson's soul was intensely faithful to its personal convictions, faithful unto heroism—for that is the temper of men who seek the whole truth free from cowardice, or narrowness, or bias. He has admitted that the effect of his intercourse with the bishop was not fortunate. He confesses that he forced him to adopt a line of public controversy foreign to his genius, and one which had not brought him into the Church, and perhaps could not have done so.”

The memoranda contain a more familiar account of this interview:

“I presented myself for instruction and reception into the Church at the episcopal residence, and was received by the old bishop, Fenwick. He questioned me on the essential doctrines and found me as I was; that is, firm as a rock and perfectly clear in my belief. Then he said, ‘You had better see Bishop John.’ I did so. He tried to get me started on questions of modern theology such as he suspected I might be (as he would doubtless think, knowing my antecedents) unsound on; for example, rights of property, etc. I refused to speak my sentiments on them. I said I had no difficulties about anything to submit to him. I knew the Catholic faith and wished to be received into the Church at once. I had come seeking the means to save my soul, and I wanted nothing from him but to be prepared for baptism.”

More interesting than either of these narrations is the following conversation, recorded on July 4, 1884. Besides furnishing a very explicit answer to a question which may occur to some minds, as to why a man who always took such a hopeful view of human nature as Isaac Hecker did, should not have been repelled from Catholicity by the doctrine of original sin, it adds some further particulars to the meagre array of facts in our possession :

“Suppose,” he was asked, “that the deliverances of the Council of Trent on original sin, and the theories of Bellarmine on that doctrine, had been offered you during your transition period: what would you have thought of them?”

“I would have received them readily enough. Why, the book I took to Concord to study was the Catechism of the Council of Trent, which has the strongest kind of statement of that doctrine. Bellarmine’s formula of *nudus* and *nudatus* would have opened my eyes amazingly to a solution of the whole difficulty.” *

The Catechism of the Council of Trent, to which Father Hecker so often refers, was the very best book he could have had for learning just what Catholicity is in doctrine and practice. It is unique in Catholic literature, being the only authoritative expression of the Church, in extended form, on matters of pastoral theology. Outside the dogmatic circle of doctrinal definition it enjoys the fullest and most distinct authorization. The express command of the council caused it to be prepared by a special congregation of prelates and divines, and it was promulgated to the episcopate to be translated into the language of the people and expounded to them by all pastors. It may be said of it that it is the only book which has the Catholic Church for its author. It is a book which never can grow old; and in witness of that perennial quality, it may be mentioned that Cardinal Newman said that he never preached without using it in preparation. It is an exponent of Catholic truth absolutely free from the danger of private, or national, or racial, or traditional bias—the very book Isaac Hecker was in need of. Its plentiful use

* Reference is here made to a very famous saying of Bellarmine’s in explanation of a prevalent teaching on original sin. According to that teaching, if Adam had been originally constituted in a state of pure nature, devoid of supernatural gifts and graces, his spiritual condition might be described as naked—*nudus*. On the other hand, man as now born is *nudatus*, stripped of those gifts and graces, suffering the penal privation of them on account of Adam’s sin.

“The corruption of nature,” says Bellarmine, “does not come from the want of any natural gift, or from the accession of any evil quality, but simply from the loss of a supernatural gift on account of Adam’s sin.”

of Scripture; its confident appeal to antiquity; its perfect clearness; its completeness; its tone of conviction no less than its attitude of authority; make it to such minds as his the very all-sufficient organ of truth. Furthermore, the entire system of doctrine and morals known to revealed religion finds here its adequate exposition. We are glad of an occasion to say these words, not merely to chronicle the usefulness of the book to Father Hecker, but also to recommend its restoration to its proper place, which both by merit and by authority is the first in the moral and pastoral literature of the Church.

“The truth is,” continue the memoranda, “that original sin *as taught by the Church* would never have been a great difficulty to me: of course the Calvinistic doctrine is quite a different affair.

“I was led, after I got to work at the Catechism of the Council of Trent, in a way quite positive. For example, one thing I wanted was a satisfaction of that feeling and sentiment which has made so many persons Spiritualists. I found that in the Church there was no impassable barrier dividing the living from the departed. That was an intense delight to me.* The doctrine of penance, and the forgiveness of sins in the Sacrament of Penance, had a wonderful beauty as soon as I found them. To be taught that God had somehow given men power to dispense His graces and mercies made me say, Oh, how delightful a doctrine that is, if I only could believe it! The doctrine of the Communion of Saints and that of the Sacrament of Penance were very pleasing to me. Hence, I soon saw that what I already had of truth and light; what my best nature and conscience and my clearest natural knowledge told me was truth; was but elevated and lifted up beyond all conception by these and other doctrines of the Church. From this I was soon in a position to appreciate the Church's claim to authoritative teaching. If she, and she alone, had taught such things, she must possess God's teaching authority.

“When, therefore, I went into Boston and saw Bishop Fitzpatrick (who is now, I hope, in the kingdom of heaven), he had little to do with me in the way of instruction. The Trinity and other fundamental doctrines I accepted readily on the authority of the Church. He was very anxious to argue with me about socialistic theories, on account of my having been at Brook Farm and Fruitlands. But I told him I had no such difficulties

* Reference is here made to the Catholic doctrine of the Communion of Saints.

as he supposed; that I had only gone to these places in search of truth, not because I had formed any such theories as they generally held. He then asked me whether I would not prefer to be received into the Church in New York, where my friends were. I said I did not care; if he would give me a letter I would present it. He gave me one to Bishop McCloskey, who was then coadjutor in this city."

The reader may be interested in the terms in which the Catechism of the Council of Trent expresses the doctrine of the Communion of Saints. So far as that doctrine concerns the spiritual side of man it is expounded in these words:

"For the unity of the Spirit, by which the Church is governed, establishes among all her members a community of spiritual blessings, whereas the fruit of all the sacraments is common to all the faithful, and these sacraments, particularly baptism, the door, as it were, by which we are admitted into the Church, are so many connecting links which bind and unite them to Jesus Christ."

That it extends to the mystical and miraculous gifts so dear to Father Hecker, was thus explained to him:

"But the gifts which justify and endear us to God are not alone common: 'graces gratuitously granted,' such as knowledge, prophecy, the gifts of tongues and of miracles, and others of the same sort, are common also, and are granted even to the wicked; not, however, for their own, but for the general good; for the building up of the Church of God."

That the doctrine is the foundation of a real though not a legal community of material goods, was evident to our young social reformer from the following:

"In fine, every true Christian possesses nothing which he should not consider common to all others with himself, and should therefore be prepared promptly to relieve an indigent fellow-creature; for he that is blessed with worldly goods, and sees his brother in want, and will not assist him, is at once convicted of not having the love of God within him."

Besides giving him a letter to Bishop McCloskey, Bishop Fitzpatrick also furnished the young catechumen with one to the president of Holy Cross College, an institution which had

been established at Worcester, Mass., in 1843 by Bishop Fenwick, and presented by him to the Society of Jesus, of which he had been a member. The following letter was written by Isaac to his family after he had arrived there; his stay was not long:

“*Worcester, Mass., June, '44.*—Respecting the purpose which leads me to New York I have scarcely a word to say. Quietly, without excitement, I come with an immovable determination to be joined to the Roman Catholic Church. There is a conviction which lies deeper than all thought or speech, which moves me with an irresistible influence to take this step, which arguments cannot reach, nor any visible power make to falter. Words are powerless against it and inexpressive of it; to attempt to explain, or give to the intellectual mind the reasons why and wherefore, would be as impossible as to paint the heavens or to utter the eternal Word, the centre of all existence. It would be like asking, ‘Wherefore is that which is?’ the finite questioning the infinite; an impossibility. . . .

“No man by his own wisdom can find out God; and it is only by the grace of Heaven that we come to, and by the heart perceive, the true Church of Jesus Christ. Grace teaches us to feel and know that which before was unfelt, unknown, invisible. Perfect submission to His love breaks open all seals, unlocks all mysteries, and unfolds all difficulties. . . .

“No external event of any kind or character induces me to take this step. If what does is delusion, what to name my former life I am at a loss to know. . . .

“The heads of the college here appear to be men of good character, devoted to the Church, innocent of the Protestant world of literature, philosophy, etc. The president is a very social, frank, warm-hearted man, of more extensive acquaintance in the world of letters.”

THE ABBÉ OF THE BIRDS.*

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

I.

WHEN we were all young together in the Academy of Montpellier there was not one of us but predicted for Cyprien Coupiac, the smallest boy in the school, honor and advancement in the priest's calling for which he was preparing himself. Such ardor, such unselfishness, such sweet humility and devotion distinguished him that it was hard to tell whether we most loved or admired him. The professors alone shrugged their shoulders—from jealousy rather than judgment, according to our theories—when they repeated, as they often did, “That boy's vocation runs away with him.” But there was no one to agree with them.

The one weakness of this pure and ardent soul was his passion for birds. As we took our daily walks together in the park of La Vallette or in the fields near the sea-shore, he would raise himself on tiptoe, with hands and eyes lifted to heaven, at the least whir of wings or ripple of song, murmuring in an undertone of ecstasy, “Ravishing! ravishing!” Sight or sound of the little flying creatures seemed to carry him wholly out of himself. But who could reproach so amiable a fault when he shared it with such good company as St. Bonaventure, friend of the sparrows, and St. Francis of Assisi, who loved all those “small beasts of God?” Little we dreamed, as we laughed at his foible, how it was to affect his life.

After ordination he was sent to the best living in France. But how could a fastidious congregation tolerate a curate who ran through the streets like a boy with a nest of linnets or a twittering finch rolled up in the skirt of his cassock? You may be sure it was not the poor or the maimed of body and spirit that found fault with him; his ministrations to them were too tender and constant. But when his rare moments of leisure came he was off to the woods or the marshes with his horse-hairs and his little pot of glue; and the bare walls of the presbytery were filled with cages and with chirping, flying morsels which were a heavy weight to the heart of Angeline, his housekeeper, and a

*Adapted from the French of Ferdinand Fabre.

subject of gossip to the town. His parish priest expostulated, but he might as well have hoped to keep the sun from shining. So a fine day came at last when he was met in the churchyard, his soutane torn in two places and the heads of a brace of red partridges showing through the rents, and the outraged superior appealed to the bishop. A week later he was transferred to Roquesels, a village of three hundred souls, as poor as St. Fulcrans had been rich.

Here for a year he kept clear of temptation; but, alas! one September morning as he read his breviary in the little garden a shadow fell on the book, a jubilant trill of voices fell from heaven, and a long line of larks dropped into a neighboring corn-field. Next morning all the empty cages in Roquesels were borrowed and filled; Angeline's life was again a burden; and history repeated itself to a certain degree. The vicar-general, coming with the curé of the next parish to visit, surprised the little abbé returning from the fields, hatless, collarless, scratched, breathless, and happy. In two days came a mandate from the bishop, citing Monsieur the Abbé Cyprien Coupiac to appear before the official tribunal of the diocese.

In the midst of his larks and finches, sparrows and blackbirds, Angeline saw her master shrink away before her very eyes, day by day, like a prisoner awaiting execution. Was he to be degraded again in the eyes of men? Keener torture yet—were his beloved companions to be taken from him? Driven to desperation, the good soul, who did not want for courage to scold her master on ordinary occasions but who had kept silent now for very pity, came to him one morning where he sat feeding a sick dove with little pellets of meal.

"If I were you, monsieur, I would go to-morrow, without waiting to be called, and ask pardon of monseigneur."

"Pardon?" stammered the curé; "pardon?"

"Yes, pardon!" repeated the housekeeper firmly. "Perhaps monseigneur is not so bad as they make him out to be."

"Monseigneur Charles Thomas Thibault bad? He is goodness itself, Angeline; goodness itself!"

"Then, if you're not afraid of him, what makes you waste away from morning till night and from night till morning?"

"I waste away?"

"Why, you dance in your clothes until it's a pity to look at you."

"Me? I dance?"

Père Coupiac, flushing to the roots of his thin hair, put the

dove back in its basket, unfastened the big linen apron he wore while attending his pets, bent his head for a moment as if in meditation, and then :

“Yes, Angeline, you are right. *Peccavi*, and I should ask pardon! But it is now I will go, without waiting for to-morrow. Quick, my Sunday soutane and hat!”

“Ah! here you are, monsieur, the relapsed sinner!” said the bishop as he entered.

“I am come to throw myself at the feet of your grace. The knowledge that I had offended you was killing me!”

“Killing you!” Then, with a kindly look at the kneeling figure before him: “Rise, my child; this is not a hanging matter.”

“I have disobeyed my bishop.”

“Your bishop remembers the best boy in his seminary long ago; he does not confound your edifying virtue with this foolish fancy. Simply he would like to see your deportment as dignified as your character is true.”

“I understand you, monseigneur. Unhappily, even the seminary could not weed out of me the peasant nature which loves every winged creature. I have trouble—oh! such trouble—in—”

“In separating yourself from birds! Are you insane?”

“If you could but know the snares I used to make in my native woods of Ginestet! All my family were the same; my father was known through the whole country-side as ‘Coupiac, the Partridge.’”

“And you cannot but know that, partly from your size and partly from your bird-loving mania, you are called ‘Abbé Coupiac, the Wren’?”

“I like the nickname, monseigneur! It is such a slender, bright, brisk little creature. Only its voice is somewhat dry and weak—”

“Precisely like your own, my dear abbé. But with your sportsman instincts—or poacher’s, I should rather call it—you must live on game all the year round.”

“I eat game, monseigneur? I could not touch it!”

“What do you do, then?”

“Why, my sick people and my poor! who never have a good morsel if I could not help them,” stammered the poor little curé of Roquesels, his eyes cast down, half in sorrow, half in shame. “But even for them I could not kill my little creatures. I give them away, and then—”

The bishop stretched out both hands and pressed those of the abbé warmly.

“You are from Ginestet?” he asked, after a moment’s silence. “Isn’t Cabrecolles somewhere near it?”

“Just a short league away, on the mountain spur.”

“Knowing now better than ever your love for the poor, it will not be painful to you—Answer me now frankly. I do not wish to leave you at Roquesels under the authority of those not in sympathy with you. The Abbé Calmels of Cabrecolles is dead. Would it please you to have the parish?”

“Ah! with what gratitude, monseigneur! To go back to my own country. To be among the graves of my own people. To live among the mountains where I was born. Monseigneur! monseigneur!” And large tears wet his pale cheeks.

The bishop lovingly embraced him. “Monsieur, the Abbé Wren,” he said with a smile, “my dear brother, to-morrow you will pack your trunk for Cabrecolles. All your sins of bird-catching are forgiven.” And lifting his arms over the bowed head of the curé, who had fallen again on his knees: “*Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum.*”

II.

During the month of December, 1874, there was a general gathering among all our people of the Cevennes to hunt the wolves, which had been more than usually bold that winter. I took a gun with the rest and joined the party at the rendezvous. One can imagine the tumult that a hundred and fifty sportsmen, armed to the teeth, singing, shouting, wild with hunger and thirst, would make each evening in the small inns and large farms of the neighborhood. According to popular report, we were to free the Black Espinonze for ever from any trace of the stealthy and cruel beasts which were the terror of the place, and return to our own homes covered with wolf-skins and glory. It was all very well while we remained in the valleys, stalking the fields all day and gathered about the enormous fire-places of the too-comfortable and hospitable farm-houses in the evening; to scent the omelettes and fat pullets that were to ease our ravenous appetites, and to sleep at night in the great barns fragrant with fresh hay and the sweet breath of the cows. But it was a different thing when the question arose of climbing the steep and frozen sides of Le Rondil in a cold that would stiffen an Esquimau, with only water to drink, a cowherd’s hut to lie in, and hard bread and cold sausage to eat. In vain the Count de Tussac, our leader—a charming and gentle man in spite of his ferocious whiskers—tried

to interpose his authority. In vain he showed us that, instead of seven wolves killed in twelve days, we could slay a hundred in half the time now that we had tracked them to their lairs. The men were tired; Christmas was approaching, and the odors of its preparation were in every kitchen of the lowlands, seducing with a more practical appeal than the song of the sirens. When the morning came on which the battue was to make its way up the mountain its members, with their dogs and rifles, had vanished away on this side and that among the peaks and precipices, as the passengers of some brave craft that has suddenly foundered in a storm disappear from sight under the tossing waves. "If they only had more heart and less stomach," groaned the poor count, looking after them, as a captain on his quarter-deck watching his people sink in the furious sea. Alas! the gallant man had to resign himself to complete shipwreck. His craft, the wolf-hunt of the Rondil, had gone to pieces.

When the last vestige of the troop had faded away among the defiles of the Espinonze, being altogether too poor a shot to console the count for the desertion of his followers, I took one of the steep paths which would lead me into the valley of the Orb, where I was to celebrate Christmas with some of my own people at Bédarieux. In the little cabaret of the hamlet of Ginestet I had as table companion at my two o'clock lunch the most determined hunter and best fellow of the whole battue, who had himself killed five of the seven wolves that formed our record. He was sitting before the fire when I entered, cutting with his pocket-knife into the side of a fine ham which sparkled pink and white on the platter before him.

"Ah, Miguel! you here?"

"Yes, monsieur. Won't you try a slice of our comrade here? It smells good enough to raise the dead."

"So you, too, are returning home," said I, sitting down on the bench at his side, having discovered at once by sight and smell that "our comrade" really was excellent.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Why should I stay any longer up there with that handful of pea-shooters?—those fellows from the plains who go up into the mountains, and instead of shooting wolves howl at them. Besides, they sing the midnight Mass at our place to-morrow night."

"And you are one of the choir?"

"No! but I promised Monsieur le Curé to be St. Joseph at the church, and you understand—"

"Faith, no! I don't understand at all."

He looked at me half suspiciously, as if he thought I might be pretending ignorance. Then, disarmed by my frank curiosity:

“It’s a very old custom in the Black Espinonze at the Christmas festival.”

“But what is a very old custom, my dear Miguel, if I am not too curious?”

“It is a fashion among us that the father and mother with the last male child born in the parish shall be the Holy Family in the stable of Bethlehem at the church.”

“And this year it is you?”

“Yes”—then a little hurriedly: “I married Jeanne Targan fifteen months ago. She was the only daughter of the people at Border-Lands, the richest farm in the Espinonze. I was only a farm-laborer on the estate before I went to the war with those cursed Prussians of Germany; and I never could tell why Guillaume Targan gave her to me, unless it was that I had cracked a good many Uhlan helmets.”

“You are not so badly built. Perhaps Jeanne herself found the young soldier to her taste.”

“Oh!” he muttered half-shamefacedly, “so long as a man is sound and not as ugly as a Tirebose wolf—” Then standing up and caressing his soft black beard, trimmed in two shapely points, while his face lighted with a brilliant smile, “Three months ago Jeanne brought me a boy, as handsome as day-dawn; as handsome as she is herself. For, monsieur, Jeanne Miguel is the prettiest woman in the mountains. She has hair as blonde as a distaff of hemp, which is seldom seen among our people, who are black as moles. It is the color of a stalk of yellow broom when it flowers in summer-time. Upon the faith of a Miguel, who doesn’t know how to lie, Monsieur le Curé Coupiac hasn’t had such a Blessed Virgin before for—”

“Monsieur le Curé Coupiac! The Abbé Cyprien Coupiac?”

“You know him, then?”

“Know him! Why we were school friends, the best, the truest. It is ten years since I saw him.”

“Ah! monsieur, if you would but go to see him, now that you are in the neighborhood. We are within half an hour of Cabrecolles. It would be such a delight for him, and he is so good. He gives everything away in charity. He is poorer than a church mouse. But if his larder is empty, why Border-Lands is not a gun-shot beyond, and there is plenty, with a fine carpeted chamber where the bishop slept when he came last to give First

Communion and Confirmation. You will be so welcome, to him and to us."

"You tempt me sorely, Miguel."

"Mother Bergonde!" shouted the stout peasant. The landlady entered. I was forced to let him pay my reckoning with his own, and the next moment he had shouldered my gun for fear I might be inclined to change my mind, and I was following him down the hillside.

An hour later, as we turned a sharp angle of the rocky path, the last rays of the sun touched the red roofs of a little hamlet gleaming in the valley before us. "Cabrecolles!" cried Miguel, with eyes widened as if he already saw Jeanne, with her hair yellow as the broom in summer and a baby like day-dawn upon her breast; and ten minutes after we were knocking at the door of the priest's house. What a joyful meeting! And yet for me it had a touch of sadness. I had always known him thin and pale; but the head was massive, and the features refined to a degree rare among the peasantry from which he sprang. He had superb eyes glowing under bushy brows, and a mass of closely-cropped black hair like a cap of fine piled velvet. Now all was changed. He was quite bald; the face was covered with a net-work of fine wrinkles, so web-like that they seemed to strangle expression; the cheeks were emaciated and scarred; the eyes deeply sunken.

"My poor little 'Wren'!" I said at last; trying jestingly to hide the anxiety I felt, and returning his embraces with interest.

"Ah! how good of Miguel to bring you, and of you to come!" he repeated again and again, pressing me to his heart between each phrase. "You shall see what a magnificent Christmas feast we have here. It was surely the good God who sent you here to Cabrecolles, 'the country of goats,' to be edified. Just as you knocked Angeline and I—you remember Angeline Bourel, my housekeeper at Roquesels?—she and I were finishing the dresses for St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin. There is a fine white mantle out of an old surplice for Jeanne, and this dalmatic will give Miguel an air like one of the Magi coming with gifts. No one will recognize him. You shall see for yourself."

As the night fell there arose one of the bitter winds so common to the country. It whistled through the loose windows in a way that made me shiver. I drew closer to the fire.

"You are comfortable, dear friend?" he asked, his kind hand on my shoulder.

"Yes, for the time being. But, heavenly goodness! this house is a cage."

It was his turn to shiver now. He looked at me a moment sadly: "You know I no longer have a cage," he said.

"Have you so completely renounced your winged temptations? That is heroic."

"Monseigneur Le Courtet, who succeeded my good Bishop Thibault, admonished me often; but it was an accident which finally forced me to give all my birds up. Shall I tell you about it while Angeline prepares dinner?"

"Certainly."

"The year that took our young men away to the war was the coldest ever known in the mountains. Wolves preyed upon the outlying farms and carried away lambs and kids. Great black eagles, famished with hunger, came down from the mountains, and between them the farm-yards were ravaged. At last they even attacked man. One poor three-year-old darling was snatched away from its own door-step in Ginestet and torn to pieces in the bushes. To add to our troubles snow fell day and night. Only the old men and children were left to care for the herds, so the evil grew and grew. It was but rarely one could get near enough to shoot the mauraunders, and then at best they were only wounded. One day Guillaume Targan hit an immense eagle and made him drop his prey, but did not check his flight to the mountains. The next Sunday a shepherd reported to me that he had passed a great bird, 'black as my soutane,' on his way to Mass, struggling in a ditch by the roadside. When the last psalm was sung at vespers I went to the spot with him and found, as I expected, the eagle. A leg and wing had been broken, and he beat savagely with the other as I attempted to raise him. Justin Valros raised his crook to beat out his brains, but I stopped him; and in the end we got him rolled into my wadded cape like a great bundle."

"What a novel sort of trap."

"One must use what is at hand. Well, I mended the broken bones, and kept him while they healed in an old hen-coop, strengthened by wooden bars and iron hoops, which I had brought into my room. Day after day I went among the farm-houses to get the fresh meat we so seldom tasted ourselves for my protégé; and I cannot express my joy when he first began to move those beautiful, fearful wings and show signs of healing. One day, after he was quite sound again, another eagle appeared above my roof. It gave a shriek that cut through the

air, and made the hundred and sixty-four little birds I had then in the house fall from their perches. An answering cry rang from the coop—terrible, strong, piercing—from the creature who through all his confinement had been voiceless. Must I confess it? While my poor little pets trembled, while my housekeeper fled crying, I was filled with a sort of pride to hear the defiant roar of my awful prisoner. I began to doubt whether it was right to keep this glorious creature from freedom. Prompt to obey my weak head, my hand undid the bar from the gate, and with a bound he shook himself free. He seemed to fill my little room. Twice I was thrown down; his giant wings struck the walls, the ceiling. My only engraving, Christ raising Lazarus, was shattered and torn; and it was only when, tired of hurtling against the bed, the buffet, the chimney, he rested for a moment on the back of my chair that I thought of opening the window. As I passed him he raised his right wing, the one I had healed—and—O the foolishness! the weakness!—I could not forbear to lay my hand upon the plumage, now so rich and shining. The next instant he turned, buried his iron beak in my left eye, and nearly tore it from its socket.”

“Horrible!”

“The blood stifled me, but I managed to reach the window and fling it wide open. With another cry the creature darted forward, and”—

At this tragic instant Angeline Bourel appeared at the door of the room, and in a calm voice announced:

“Monsieur, dinner is ready.”

III.

The little table, drawn up before the fire, was resplendent in a snowy cloth, a service of coarse crockery with big blue and red flowers, and a steaming tureen of pea-soup, yellow as the golden comb of our honey-bees of the Cevennes.

“What a pity that your first visit should chance upon a fast day,” said my friend, as his spoon travelled from plate to lip with the energy that marked his every movement. “You remember we are at the vigil of a feast. But you come under the dispensation for travellers, and Angeline shall dip into her stores for to-morrow.”

“Really, I am embarrassed. This pea-soup of your housekeeper is so good that, to use the country phrase, one could lick one’s fingers after it.”

“Don't tell her so. Vanity is the one weak point in her estimable character.”

“I suppose she was not sorry to be rid of the eagle?”

“She is lifted up by angels since my birds, big and little, were sent out of the house.”

“And you? Are you lifted up by angels, according to your picturesque phrase?”

“Here is an omelette,” said the abbé, reddening like a child surprised in mischief. “It is Angeline's master-piece.”

“Thanks. I will accept the omelette, which looks delicious, when you answer me. Are you lifted up by angels?”

“No! no!” he murmured in a broken voice. Then quickly: “I cannot become resigned. The loss of my eye made a scandal in the diocese. No one pitied me among our clergy, I had been so long insubordinate. At last the bishop himself came and gave me his sentence. There were twenty-six large cages at the time, all overflowing: one by one I had to let my little creatures go—all, all—even to a blackbird which had been taught to speak my name, and who called ‘Cou-pi-ac! Cou-pi-ac!’ whenever he wanted food. He flew slowly away; then came back and rested for a moment on that thorn-bush outside the window. ‘Cou-pi-ac! Cou-pi-ac!’ he said, and vanished after the others. My dear birds! It was still cold. I was trembling when it was over, and the bishop did not go away too soon. Before his carriage had entered the village street I was crying like a child.”

“Monsieur le Curé told me to call him when the first bell rang,” said Angeline, entering. “It has just sounded.”

“Take the costumes into the sacristy. When Jeanne comes let me know. Go on with your dinner, dear friend. When the beasts begin to leave their stables I will tell you.”

“The beasts! What beasts?”

“In the Black Espinonze all the animals which belong to us take part in our Christmas. They come to rejoice that a Child is born unto us. You remember the introit, *Parvulus natus est nobis*” — and his wrinkled face became suddenly bright as he chanted the passage in his dry “wren's” voice. He drew me after him to a small terrace outside the window. The bitter wind had dropped into perfect calm. The moon shed a faint transparent light into the valley beneath us, and lit the snowy peaks above with silvery radiance until they shone like mystic torches. A few stray gleams showed here and there through the shadows about the farm-houses, and a mountain brook shot like a silver arrow through the pines.

"I must be off. You will excuse me. I hope our simple festival to-night will be more beautiful than ever."

The beloved little man gave me a final embrace as he hurried away, and I turned again to the prospect. A confused sound began to creep through the night silence. The distant twinkling lights began to move toward certain directions, and then, massing together, threw certain spots into brilliant relief. Human voices made themselves occasionally heard, and the soft-muffled tumult sped back from the precipice walls like whispers heard in a dream. It was like some strange sighing prelude to a stranger scene. The lines of lights began to move toward the height upon which I was, which held the village church upon its summit. Soon I could discern, along the narrow roads on each side of the stream, a long file of farm animals with shepherd dogs running hither and thither to keep them in order. In front moved the cows and oxen. Then the sheep and lambs, headed by rams with magnificent curling horns, and the goats led by patriarchs of the flocks. The illumination, growing more intense at each step, fell upon a splendid confusion of glancing horns, shining skins, and gleaming moist noses, as the herds and keepers came on to assist at "The Great Birthday," in the pretty Cevennese dialect. Under the midnight sky it made a scene of incomparable harmony, like all that nature does when left to its own simplicity.

At length the abbé's step sounded behind me. "What are you to do with this unusual congregation?" I asked. "Do they come to the Mass?"

"Certainly, but not inside the church. We gather them in the great court-yard outside. The doors are not closed; they can hear the hymns and canticles, and warm with their breath the spot where the infant Saviour rests. They will make the rest of their part known to you themselves by the mouths of their cowherds and shepherds."

"Monsieur," said a little old man appearing on the terrace, "my daughter and son-in-law are ready if you wish to begin."

"We will follow you at once, Targan," said the abbé; and with the gesture of a boy dragging a comrade he loves he hurried me after him.

The whole population of the parish in holiday dress were gathered about the church, which glowed with light from every window. The elders, led by a withered little woman, were already singing the Cevenese Christmas hymn, and each one in passing through the porch lighted a long candle of yellow wax,

which was carried in the hand. Meantime the flocks and herds were pouring through the entrance arch into the yard, the leaders walking proudly as if knowing the dignity of their position. "Valros!" the abbé called to the handsome young peasant who guided them, "bring your animals as near to the church door as possible. It is their turn to have the best place to 'warm our Lord' to-night. And, Targan, look after my friend here," he called to the old man of the terrace, as, with a final pressure of the hand, he disappeared inside the church. We pushed slowly after through the packed congregation, while the vibrant voices made the roof ring again as they shouted the Christmas hymn, and the voices of the animals outside seemed to re-echo its gladness. Suddenly silence fell, as from the vestry door came four altar-boys in coarse red gowns and white surplice, swinging censers before a tall, handsome man robed in an old dalmatic and bearing a long shepherd's crook. After him walked a young woman, slight and fair, her pale golden hair falling loose, and a rosy infant held in the folds of her white mantle. And, last of all, the little abbé, his face transfigured, radiant with holy recollection, as he bore aloft the chalice, himself half-hidden under a gorgeous gold-embroidered chasuble.

The Mass began, with every one who could sing chanting the responses. Meantime, under a rude roof of fir-boughs fastened over the canopy used in the processions of the Blessed Sacrament, and ornamented with leaves and berries of holly, I could not turn my eyes from the Holy Family in their stable of Bethlehem. Correggio alone could have done justice to its sweet simplicity. The young mother in her vaporous cloud of lace and muslin, the soft glory of her hair shining in the light, was an ideal vision of chastity and purity, as if the part she played had dowered her with its own beauty. As the abbé intoned the first words of the Gloria and turned to seat himself while the people continued the hymn, Pierre Miguel, until this moment straight as a pine, bent to whisper a word to his wife, who smiled without speaking. He left the grotto, to return next moment with a rude wooden stool, upon which he seated Jeanne, drawing her draperies about her with awkward tenderness. As he did so a few low words passed between them, of which I could hear the first:

"Is he not beautiful, Pierre? So strong and fair."

"Yes! Our Lord in the real stable must have looked like him"; and then the voices of the singers filled my ears like a

whirlwind until the "Dei Patris, Amen" invited the abbé to go on with his Mass. The infant slept like an angel in Jeanne's arms; its rose-leaf face half-buried in the frilled cap of the country-side, with broad white ribbons falling to the hem of its dress. One little hand, pink and dimpled, rested on the mother's breast, who touched it now and again with her lips as if rendering homage. The service went on, and the congregation in a solid mass pressed forward to the Communion; first of all the blonde young peasant Valros, his handsome curly head bent in deep devotion. A word from the abbé in the yard had informed me that he was the Valros of the eagle, who had led him to the quest of the wounded bird that ill-omened Sunday four years ago. I looked at him with close interest. Kneeling at the extreme end of the railing he was the first to receive the Sacred Host. The abbé, in approaching him with the consecrated Host, looked down on the fair young fellow with a smile of gentleness and love which was almost a blessing. Perhaps he thought for a moment of the wounded eagle, and, touched again by a divine pity for this young man who had led him to it and become in a certain sense the cause of his grief and suffering, covered him anew with holy forgiveness.

The giving of Communion concluded, the entire gathering rose to its feet, while old Guillaume Targan, as master of ceremonies, led the abbé toward the stable of Bethlehem where Jeanne and Pierre Miguel still knelt, half indistinct behind the clouds of incense which floated about them. Upon a small altar arranged under the grotto he placed first the ciborium, and after a few moments of silent prayer beckoned to the multitude, who instantly began again the Christmas hymn. A thousand voices caught up the triumphant strain, while the good priest in an attitude of inspired fervor prostrated himself before the holy shrine, and followed with his heart, although his lips were silent, the canticle of praise:

"O people of Jerusalem!
The Saviour's birthday sing;
Oh! hasten on to Bethlehem
To hail our Lord and King."

IV.

Meanwhile more candles had been lighted within the grotto, and the people, arranged by Targan in a long procession, were ready to advance two by two toward the enclosure. The abbé moved a step toward the entrance and addressed his flock:

“My brothers,” he said, “advance slowly and reverently. Remember that God is here, really and indeed; and when you prostrate yourselves to-night before this representative of his Son, who came down to earth that we might be saved, it is before himself you bow.”

Then, turning toward the ciborium, with its gilt rays shining on the altar:

“Yes, my dearest brothers, my good friends, God is here. And the spot which holds him should be approached with fear, for it is terrible—‘*terribilis est locus iste*,’ as the Holy Scriptures say. But it is beautiful also and full of rejoicing, and it is in this spirit that he desires you to approach him. Come then, come to adore him and rejoice. *Venite adoremus et exultemus*.”

Père Targan, proud of his authority as master of ceremonies, arranged the crowd, who were preparing to hurry pell-mell toward the grotto. He placed two of the elder singers in front, and off went the long procession, each pair pausing for an instant to bow deeply before the Infant Jesus, before the Holy Virgin, before St. Joseph, immovable all three in their celestial dignity; and then marching slowly through the dim aisles, singing as loudly as their well-worn throats would allow:

“ O people of Jerusalem !
The Lord is born to-day ;
Come hasten all to Bethlehem
To praise him and to pray.”

By the time half the parish had performed their act of devotion and the rest were well upon the way, the old man drew near me.

“Monsieur,” he whispered in a supplicating voice, “it is my turn now to follow the others and kneel before the Holy Family.”

“And you must be pleased to do so, Targan. Your daughter is really beautiful.”

“And my grandson ? ”

“Lovely enough to represent the Infant Saviour himself.”

“Do you know what you ought to do, monsieur ? ”

“What, Targan ? ”

“You ought to come and make your act of adoration, too.”

“Certainly, if you would like to have me.”

“Monsieur le Curé Coupiac would be so pleased.”

“Let us go then, at once” ; and we followed at the end of the line, the old man rubbing his hands with satisfaction until it seemed as if he would crack the skin.

“The most wonderful thing to me, monsieur, in all this beautiful midnight Mass is the way our baby takes it. At home, if he isn't nursed every hour and a half, he cries like one possessed and tears as big as dried peas roll down his cheeks; here he is quiet as a lamb after three long hours. Certainly the good God himself must have put it into his head to stay quiet.”

“It does look like a miracle, surely.”

By this time not more than twenty persons were between us and the grotto. The abbé, still on his knees before the little altar, saw us as we approached, and a gleam of pleasure passed over his intent face. The next moment a faint cry, like that of a young bullfinch caught in a snare, made itself heard in the stable of Bethlehem. The old farmer stopped, looking at me aghast.

“Ah, monsieur! I spoke too soon of the little one's goodness! He has waked up and it won't be easy now to quiet him.”

“Perhaps he is hungry.”

“If he could only nurse a bit!”

“Why not?”

“Oh! do you think he might, monsieur? The midnight Mass is not yet finished.”

“Hush!” murmured Abbé Coupiac, who overheard us whispering; and the next moment we too were bending before the Holy Family and the Unseen Presence beyond.

But the poor little Bambino! He was weeping tears bigger than the biggest dry peas ever seen in Cabrecolles! In vain Pierre Miguel called him softly by name, and poor Jeanne, gently swaying him in her arms, murmured soothing words, and the old grandfather, leaning forward, touched the round cheek caressingly—the situation was becoming more and more dramatic. The cry increased to a roar.

A fine moisture began to gather on the mother's long lashes. The grief of her darling seemed to pierce her own soul, and turning toward the priest she gave one entreating, voiceless prayer. The abbé, absorbed in meditation, was still conscious of that silent appeal.

“Give him the breast,” he said, as if in answer, and turned again to his devotions.

Then in that poor little sanctuary, in an out-of-the-way corner of the bleak Cevennes, I was witness to a strange and rare sight. The young peasant girl, noble in her motherhood, pure, beautiful, pressing the lips of her child to her modest breast

under the white cloud of the Virgin's mantle, was like some supernatural creature in whom the simple virtues of humanity were clothed with the lineaments of divine grace. She bent above her child, her blue eyes filled with a gentle and tender light, somewhat touched with awe at the strangeness of her surroundings, as that other Mother, "blessed among women," might have bent over the manger eighteen hundred years ago. It was in itself a Christmas anthem beyond all that had been said or sung before.

"Listen, monsieur," said Targan softly.

It was the sound—hearty, healthy, human—of the baby nursing. I do not know what strange connection brought back to me the memory of my own mother, but the next moment tears as large as those now dry on his cheeks were pouring over mine; and if old Guillaume Targan had not led me by the hand I could not have seen the way back to my corner by the altar. When I raised my head again it was to see Abbé Coupiac in the midst of the grotto giving the Bread of Life to Miguel and Jeanne as they knelt before him, and to hear him repeat above each bowed head: "May the body of our Lord Jesus Christ bring your soul to eternal life (*Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam in vitam æternam*). Amen."

The midnight Mass was over. As soon as the last words of the Gospel of St. John had been read the glare of numerous torches in the yard without began to throw a red light through the windows, and a confused sound of voices and cries came through the open door. The priest laid aside part of his vestments and clothed himself in a long mantle, his cope—splendid yet, though well worn—which covered him from head to foot. His massive head and face, brown and wrinkled, as it appeared above this gorgeous garment made him look like some picturesque Eastern Magi, or some strange Hierarch taken bodily from an old Byzantine picture.

"What is going to be done now?" I whispered to Targan.

"Now it is going to be the beasts' turn to have their Christmas blessing. If monsieur will have the goodness to follow us."

The abbé took from the hand of his assistant an aspersoir dripping with holy water. Then turning toward the grotto, with the long folds of his regal mantle sweeping the floor, he commanded:

"The stable of Bethlehem in front!"

Eight robust arms lifted the poles which supported the green

roof with its boughs and floating streamers of ribbon, and the Virgin, with the Child in her arms and St. Joseph at her side, advanced with slow and solemn step under the humble and symbolic shelter. After them walked Guillaume Targan, proudly bearing the holy-water vessel, with the abbé following, surrounded by the four acolytes. The people crowded and pressed behind, and I took my place in the *cortège*, which moved on to a wide platform outside the church door and raised a few feet above the level of the courtyard. Upon this the priest mounted with his immediate attendants, while the remainder of the parish grouped itself closely about. Under the white moonlight and the glare of scores of torches the vast mass of animals rested in a semi-transparent shadow worthy the pencil of Rembrandt. The oxen of Border-Lands were drawn up so as almost to touch the hem of the priest's garment. I could see the great brown, astonished eyes of Jacquon and Bléreau as they slowly turned their heads.

“My brothers,” said the abbé, lifting his voice so as to be heard by the groups scattered among the animals as well as by those near him, “on this radiant festival, which commemorates the birth of his divine Son, God, who himself blessed you within the church, has sent me here to bless your flocks and herds in his name. They too are part of his creation, useful and dear to you in helping to till your fields and make your homes places of rest and comfort. He desires that they shall have their place in this glorious festival, and be associated with you, according to our time-honored custom in the celebration of our midnight Mass. I desire you then to sing what we of Cabrecolles have named ‘The Christmas Hymn of the Flocks,’ for God is pleased to hear all creatures that he has made to live proclaim the glory of his name.”

And he himself intoned “In the midst of angels singing,” while every voice, refreshed by the few moments' silence, burst with a hearty, joyous swinging rhythm into the words after him. The animals, startled by the sudden outburst, lifted their heads and roared in chorus, as if they desired to join the strain, and thus the wild and beautiful chorus was borne away to come back in ringing echoes from the dark mountain sides beyond. Far above the whole the high, thin, clear voice of the abbé led those of his parishioners, man and beast. The old peasant nature again claimed the ascendant, and he stood with eyes uplifted and hands raised in blessing from the majestic folds of his long mantle, singing in an ecstasy of delight and emotion. Here are the words, written generations ago for this simple and touching cere-

mony by some unknown and humble St. Francis of our wild and lonely mountains of Cevennes:

CHRISTMAS HYMN OF THE ANIMALS.

Chorus.

In the midst of angels' singing,
 To our stables as we slept
 Came a heavenly message ringing:
 "Go to where your Lord doth rest.
 Fear not cold or dark or danger,
 Hasten from each yard and shed,
 Follow man and find his manger,
 Warm and cheer his lowly bed."

The Oxen.

Come ye oxen through the meadows
 While the Christmas bells ring wide,
 Hasten through the dark night shadows,
 Hasten to the Saviour's side.

The Cows.

On a truss of straw he's lying,
 Pale his cheek and cold as death;
 Let us, to his call replying,
 Warm and cheer him with our breath.

The Sheep and Lambs.

Bending low to soothe and cheer him,
 All the pangs of birth forgot,
 See the Blessed Virgin near him,
 Smiling at her happy lot.

The Goats.

With a broom of thick green rushes,
 Working well with hand and might,
 Good St. Joseph sweeps and brushes
 Soil and dirt from Jesus' sight.

V.

As the last words died away the abbé lifted the aspersion full of holy water; Jacquon and Bléreau, guided by Valros and followed by all the herds of their own farm, passed proudly before the priest, receiving the sprinkling with perfect dignity, and moved away into the outer shadows, while the flocks and cattle of every holding, little or great, in the limits of the Black Espionze walked in picturesque confusion after them. With a regular and benign movement the abbé blessed, and blessed, and blessed,

until the last lamb had disappeared, then, as he turned, happy and tired, to follow the rustic stable which was being borne again into the church over the Holy Family, a voice sharp and tremulous stopped him at the door.

“And I, Monsieur le Curé! And I?”

He turned to see a little old woman, withered and substanceless as a handful of dried grass and covered with rags, who in her eagerness had caught his robe to attract attention.

“You, Babet?” he said.

“Yes, I, Monsieur le Curé; I, Babet Enjolier, of your own parish of Ginestet.”

“I remember you well, Babet. Alas! you are almost the only one left me to remember—so many have passed away.”

And stammering, with a gleam of tears in his eyes: “Ginestet! my Ginestet! Your churchyard holds all that is mine now!”

“I knew your mother and your father who used to be called ‘The Partridge,’ and I have come to you with my old donkey Magnette, that she may gain courage and strength to carry me well over the rough ways.”

“And where do you go over the rough ways, Babet?”

“Here and there, begging, saving your presence. I was seventy-eight yesterday, and there’s little more than skin and bones on me to bear jolting. Life is a hard journey, monsieur.”

“Be consoled, my good Babet. Heaven is at the end of the road.”

The old woman stepped back a pace or two and drew forward a wretched animal, as thin, as old, and as dilapidated as herself.

“Babet,” said the good priest, “since you came to me at Christmas you shall remain as long as you like. God sent you; I receive you and Magnette from his hand.”

And in a louder voice: “On your knees.” Babet knelt upon the stone pavement, holding her donkey by the bridle. Abbé Coupiac lifted the aspersion once more, sprinkling the two with the last drops of holy water; then raising his arms he murmured in a fervent undertone: “May the all-powerful God bless and protect you. (*Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus, Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus*).”

“Amen!” responded Père Targan; and the little procession took up its interrupted line of march to the sacristy with all the pomp imaginable.

Within the vestry the assistants in the ceremony were disrobing with all possible haste and preparing to go home. The good priest only, his lips moving in silent prayer, slowly laid aside his vestments, then turning to me a little archly:

“So you are to share the feast at Border-Lands? They have killed the fatted calf in your honor.”

“What do you think?” I asked, repressing a strong desire to yawn.

“Your eyes look as if they would rather sleep.”

“To tell the truth, after these weeks in the open air, I would rather be in bed than at a banquet.”

“And it is all prepared for you, monsieur,” said Jeanne. “A bed where monsieur will sleep like a saint”; and she smiled at clumsy Pierre wrapping a warm woollen shawl around her yellow locks and rolling her like a child into a great mantle.

“Au revoir, then, my dear friend. We will meet in the morning.”

Outside all was silence and repose. An ideal serenity fell from the crystal-clear sky on the sleeping earth; only a few faint wandering lights, like falling stars, showed where the patient herds were moving slowly homewards. Oh, heavenly night of Christmas in the Black Espinonze! Oh, unforgettable night! What a memory of innocence and peace you have left with me!

It is humiliating to confess, but I could not join in the homely festivity of the farm-house. A lamb had been stuffed with chestnuts and roasted whole. Jeanne placed the most delicate morsels on my plate; the family looked at me with kindly smiling eyes; the old grandfather brought the rosy Bambino to put in my arms. In vain! in vain! Nature revenged herself for this unusual night watch after the twelve days spent in her company, and I had to beg at last like a child to be allowed to go to rest.

“But certainly, monsieur. The bed is quite ready—the bed of monseigneur. May you sleep well! After a wolf hunt one needs to close the eyes. Only it would have pleased us well to see you able to eat a little.”

Father Targan himself, with Pierre bearing a second candle, lighted me up the stairs to the carpeted chamber and the great four-posted couch of monseigneur the bishop. Ah, what a night I passed in that soft, warm solitude! Did monseigneur know such delicious rest that night after the last Confirmation at Cabrecolles? Did any thought flit through his dreams, as through mine, of that gentlest, sweetest, purest of souls, the Abbé Cyprien

Coupiac, who is but the counterpart of many a hidden life among the poor parishes in the savage mountains of the Black Espinonze? And did he regret, as I, the harshness he was obliged to use in casting loose that beloved band of little creatures from the heart that so loved them—especially the blackbird who, receiving his freedom with a sigh, turned back again to perch on the thornbush outside his benefactor's window, and to call for the last time "Cou-pi-ac! Cou-pi-ac! Cou-pi-ac!"

MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S NATIONAL CONVENTION.

THE President of the United States undertook, immediately after the adjournment of Congress at the beginning of October, a trip through a portion of our Western country. His journey was one triumphal procession. Each city and town vied with the other to do him honor. For there is this beautiful thing in our politics, notwithstanding all their faults, that no matter how bitter may be the acrimony of an election campaign, the moment a public officer is chosen by the suffrages of the people every one is ready to give him all reasonable honor on account of the majesty of the authority he represents. At one of the cities of Kansas the President was met by a deputation of the people headed by Senator Ingalls. A very nice address was presented to the Chief Magistrate. Mr. Harrison replied quite appropriately, and in the course of his remarks he took occasion to compliment the people of the State on the great improvements that had taken place in their midst within a very short period of time. At the conclusion of this speech there were loud cries for Ingalls. He, nothing loath, stepped forward and addressed the assembled multitude in the trenchant, pithy style for which he is remarkable. Among other sentiments he gave expression to one which strikes us as containing the very root of almost all our gigantic, audacious, modern material improvement. "Whenever," said he, "a person comes to a Kansas man and tells him that a certain thing is impossible the Kansas man goes immediately and does that very thing."

This spirit is not indigenous to Kansas, nor to the United States, nor exclusively the property of our own time. It has existed everywhere and always, although never to the same extent as here and now. People told Columbus it was impossible to find his western passage. He replied by discovering both it and the continent of America. It was said to Fulton that he never could propel boats by steam. Now they make the trip from New York to Queenstown in less than six days. People laughed at Morse's idea of the telegraph as at something which was merely the dream of a visionary. To-day the number of miles of telegraph-wires flashing the news of the world from one end of the globe to the other is far up in the millions. Edison was told the same thing with regard to his electric theories. For answer he has given us the dynamo, the electric light, the telephone, and the phonograph. It was said to Daniel O'Connell that he never could obtain a seat as member in the British Parliament. He lived to see Catholic emancipation carried and scores of Catholics sitting beside himself as legislators in the House of Commons. When Windthorst dared oppose the tyranny of the German chancellor—the man of blood and iron whose frown made nations quake—he was scoffed at and laughed at. And yet he has seen the arbiter of Europe first walk to Canossa, and then be sent into retirement through the caprice of a boy. When the Catholics of America, after having their honest and righteous request for justice on the school question refused, declared that they would build their own schools and support them, so that the faith of Christ might be preserved in their children's hearts, the enemies jeered, and some of ourselves flinched as before a work exceeding the capabilities of human strength. To-day we have schools supported by ourselves in almost every parish throughout the United States. Every day sees them making marked improvement. Soon they will be far superior to the best produced at the expense of the people at large. Already they are the palladium of Catholic faith in this country.

In the same way whenever one ventures to prophesy, the day when the Catholic Young Men's Societies will have reached the full measure of their usefulness, when the great body of our youth will be banded together in associations calculated to complete their education, to guarantee their social position, and to keep warm in their hearts the faith and the love and the fear of God, we find people who cry "Impossible, impossible! The theory is beautiful, but it is a dream."

Well, we do not think that any one who stood on the floor of the Washington convention would deem it impossible. There were gathered fully two hundred and fifty to three hundred delegates, representing societies not only on the Atlantic border but others also as far West as St. Louis, Chicago, and St. Paul. The enthusiasm was inspiring. The delegates seemed to be all men of marked ability. The addresses were magnificent. The reports were most encouraging. The suggestions of the president and the secretary were all in the line of practical work, and were received with the greatest good will. The assembly was composed for the most part of laymen, but there were present also many priests; not only seculars, but some from the religious orders, especially from the Jesuits, the Franciscans, and the Paulists. There were quite a number of colored delegates present. One of these made an impressive speech on behalf of his race. We were struck with the common sense he displayed. "Gentlemen," said he, "we don't ask you to take us into your homes and make us companions at your fireside. We would feel as much out of place with you as you would feel with us. But is it not too bad that a young colored man, no matter what his talents, can never aspire to any position higher than that of a shoe-black or a waiter? Don't show the colored people any favors. Don't engage a man *because* he is colored. But if you advertise for a clerk, or a mechanic, or an employee in any position whatsoever, and a colored man presents himself among the other candidates, and proves himself fully equal or superior to the others, don't reject the Negro simply on account of his color."

The convention struck us as a grand Catholic demonstration. The veriest pessimist who saw the long procession of manly, youthful forms passing in the pelting rain from the Arlington Hotel to St. Patrick's Church to be present at the Mass, which was to call down the benediction of Heaven upon their deliberations, could not but admire the hold which Catholic faith has upon the hearts of the young men, and feel that the church will be as safe in their hands as it was in those of their fathers.

It struck us, too, that the gathering together of so many representative young men, and the attention which their proceedings commanded in all parts of the country, could not fail to make a deep impression on the Catholic body generally, and to extend largely the number of the societies. The nature of the sentiments which received the greatest applause is well worthy

of remark. Every allusion to the American flag, to love of our country, to fidelity to the church and its authorities, was received with most evident pleasure. No one could doubt that two sentiments, the love of church and the love of country, dominated the hearts of all present, sentiments inseparably connected by the principle of duty, founded on the command of Christ that we render ever to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's.

The plans proposed for the improvement of the societies were excellent. First of all, special stress was laid upon what is called the Communion Sunday. A rule of the National Union directs all the members of every society to approach the holy table publicly on the Sunday within the octave of the Immaculate Conception. This rule has been most faithfully complied with for many years. It was spoken of frequently, and it was urged upon all as something that could be regarded as the touchstone of true Catholicity and earnestness in work among our members.

The Reading Circles were strenuously advocated. Three different plans were proposed. Each one of the three is good, and will accomplish the object in view if conscientiously followed. We believe, ourselves, that few things are more important for the improvement of our people, whether young or old, male or female, than the objects of these Reading Circles. One would be simply amazed to find the number of people, not only among the indigent and overworked but even among the wealthy and leisured, who never read a book, religious or secular, except trashy novels, from the day they leave school until the day they die. Our people should know more about their faith; they should be thoroughly conversant with its history; they should be able to defend it against both the arguments and the slanders of the enemy. They should be well up in science and in general literature. These Reading Circles can accomplish all this, and with such ease and pleasure that, like the man who woke up one morning and unexpectedly found himself famous, those who devote themselves to this line of study will in a short time be simply amazed at the amount of knowledge they shall have imbibed.

Literary exercises also were much spoken of. The Reading Circles will supply the matter for these. It is the intention of the Union to send out monthly lists of subjects for debate, accompanied by carefully selected references to books which treat of the subjects *pro* and *con*. This will facilitate the debates, and

very much increase the mental discipline they are calculated to induce.

A strong appeal was made to the Catholics of the country, to the men of prominence, influence, wisdom, maturity, and wealth, both lay and clerical, to take a warm, active interest in the welfare and improvement of the societies. Nothing could be more reasonable than this, and yet nothing has been more neglected. Why such is the case we can scarcely say. No farmer, wishing to train his son to agriculture, would think of saying to him "My boy, there is a ten-acre lot for you; go and till it as well as you can." And yet something like this is sometimes done with the young men and their organizations. They are advised to band together. They are admonished to behave as Christians and as gentlemen. They are told their meeting rooms should be well appointed; that they must be careful to avoid idleness; that they should have well-stocked libraries and reading-rooms, gymnasiums, etc. But the farmer's son could just as easily learn agriculture by himself as our young men can hope to obey all these injunctions, unless they be both guided and supported. The Young Men's Christian Association should be a model for us Catholic people in this respect. It is spread throughout every portion of the country. It has fine buildings and magnificent appointments of every kind. It is really a young men's organization. But it is supported entirely and guided also by the generosity and the wisdom of men of mature years. Can it be possible that we will allow the children of darkness to be wiser in their generation than the children of light? We have no desire to be cynical in this respect or in any other. We know perfectly well the immensity of the work which was necessary to bring the Catholic people to the position they hold in the United States to-day. The building of churches and of schools, of asylums, of refuges for the weak and the erring of every kind, has taken up all the time of our pastors and all the generosity of our laymen. If the young men have been neglected it has been through no deliberate wish to overlook them. But the time has come when they also can be given their meed of attention. Let us at least admit the principle that we have a bounden duty towards them. When good men know and remember their duty they are far on the road to fulfilment of it.

The point from which the National Convention seemed to expect the greatest results is the formation of diocesan or local unions. It is proposed that in each diocese all the societies band together for mutual improvement and support; that each

association elect delegates, three to six, as may be determined upon, who shall hold meetings with the representatives of the other societies at stated intervals, not seldomer than once in the month; that the bishop be requested to name some priest as president of the local union; that the spiritual directors of societies attend the union meetings as much as possible; that contests be arranged between the different societies in all matters wherein honest rivalry and sharp contention can serve to develop the minds and bodies, and to draw out the best energies of the society members. We admire this idea very much, especially that part of it which illustrates its real meaning, namely, that of contests between the different societies. Competition is the life of trade. The writer is by no means a sporting man, but he was struck very much some time ago by reading the account of the famous race of Salvator against time. In order to bring forth the best efforts of the king of the turf it was necessary to have a great racer running against him on each half-mile. Knowledge of human nature shows that this contains a lesson. And if the best and the wisest of us need something to spur us on to our highest endeavors, how much more must this be true of those who are young, foolish, and unenlightened. We verily believe that if this suggestion be acted upon during the present year in a good many localities it will be found so beneficial as to be able almost of itself to accomplish the work of perfecting the societies. It goes without saying that the leadership of these local unions must be in devoted and able hands. The spiritual directors of the associations should never miss a meeting if possible. One of them should be at the head of each of the committees for the arrangement of the different contests. In this way the work will always be done intelligently, competition will be kept within the proper limits, and true harmony can always be preserved.

The National Union has evidently a great work before it. There can be no question that every succeeding year will now develop new intelligence in its councils and greater strength in its numbers. It will become, with God's help, one of the glories of the Catholic Church of America. All it needs to reach its full development is to follow in its present path, and to zealously carry out during the year the plans resolved upon at its conventions. This, of course, means that the individual societies, their leaders and members, must co-operate as faithfully as possible with the work of the officers and committees of the Union. We foresee for it only one danger. But this, like nearly every snare,

is really a danger only when ignored. When people open their eyes to it there is little difficulty in avoiding it. As the Union grows larger every year, and more wide-spread and important, there is more or less danger of disruption through sectional or local jealousies. This may arise with regard to the individuals who shall be chosen either as general officers or as managers of the different departments of its business. This is something that must be strenuously avoided. The will of the majority on this, as on every other point, must be the only law. Officers must be chosen on account of their ability and their services in the cause, not because of the localities from which they come. This has always been the rule. May it continue so for ever!

The next convention will be held in Philadelphia in the autumn of 1891. It will be a large and thoroughly representative gathering. One hundred and eleven societies were represented at Washington. The number will be doubled, perhaps trebled, by next year. The Union surely cannot receive more support than it deserves. It aims solely at the strengthening and perfecting of the associations and, through them, at the welfare, spiritual and temporal, of the Catholic young men of America. Without it the societies might go on in humdrum fashion for ever. Spurred by its urging they must advance with every year. The ideal at which the Union aims is no dream, no impossibility. We can, and with God's help we will, make our young men so thoroughly and so practically Catholic, so industrious, and so intellectually noble, that the Catholic Church in America will become to our co-religionists in other lands even a more shining model than our glorious political Constitution is to all the peoples of the earth.

In conclusion, let us put on record that the greatest possible praise is due the gentlemen of the Carroll Institute of Washington for the cordial hospitality they extended to the Convention.

EXCELSIOR.

THE OFFICIAL CLASS IN IRELAND.

I DO not mean by the phrase, the official class in Ireland, any particular rank of life. I include in it persons of every rank—all whom the hope of reward, birth, education, or fashion attracts to the system which governs Ireland for the benefit of a small minority. From a consideration of its component parts the power and resources of this class can alone be estimated, and some conception formed of the magnitude of the task taken up by the Land League leaders.

It consists, for the most part, of the descendants of the Puritans who settled in Ireland during the Commonwealth and obtained about five-sixths of the property of the country. It resembles nothing so much as the Turkish encampment which for four centuries has blasted and destroyed the fairest region of the globe. Like the Turks, it has never amalgamated with the subject people; and, like them, maintains its power by a will fierce and pitiless, and by a policy bold and subtle beyond example.

There are ten thousand considerable landlords, who are the centres of local refinement and fashion, and who govern their counties as magistrates, deputy-lieutenants, and officers of militia. They administer the county finances in their capacity of grand jurors without election, or delegation, or responsibility of any kind; they regulate the jails as visiting justices, the Poor Law boards as *ex-officio* guardians of the poor, the hospitals and dispensaries in some one or other of the titles above mentioned, and, finally, they possess the power, in the absence of a compulsory law for the acquisition of sites for schools and places of worship, as owners of the soil to put a restraint on education and religion. Nor is this a mere technical grievance. I have personal knowledge of a case in which a landlord prevented the sale of premises held under a long lease because the intending purchaser was a Catholic bishop, who wanted them for the site of a church. A landlord is not bound to give land for either of these purposes, and many of them refuse doing so to this very hour.

To this body may be added the lesser landlords and the considerable farmers. These are anxious to be considered part of the ruling class. They have the vices of the great proprietors

without their culture and such liberality of thought as travel and intercourse with the great world must impart. Their intolerance, insolence, and aggressiveness are unbounded. They do the work of their betters more thoroughly than the latter would themselves. Many of them are in the commission of the peace; most of them are on the grand jury list; all of them expect, sooner or later, to be magistrates and grand jurors; and in order to attain these objects make themselves the advocates and, where practicable, the instruments of every assault on the rights and liberties of the masses. There cannot be less than thirty thousand persons of this description, who, with the ten thousand great proprietors, own the entire soil of the country, and have in their hands—that is to say, in their immediate possession—by far the most valuable part of it. It is for their benefit in an especial degree that that policy of plunder and oppression is carried on which, under the euphemism of upholding law and order, has kept the country in a state of anarchy for the last four years.

I next come to the clergy of the Disestablished Church. I believe that for the most part they are men of exemplary life and conversation, but they are steeped to the lips in the instincts and prejudices of the old ascendancy. Though their church is no longer a formal instrument of government, they retain the evil traditions whose influence caused the lesser clergy in Ninety-eight to ride at the head of the ferocious yeomanry among the villages, robbing, burning, and murdering on their way; whose influence, in a more guarded form, made the Irish bishops in the House of Lords the constant opponents of every measure of liberty and justice.

In addition to the influence of prejudices interest appears to bind the Protestant Episcopal clergy to the existing order. The Church Fund, from which they derive a large part of their stipends, is invested in Irish property. They are constantly told that the security for this fund depends upon maintaining property at its present value; that this can only be done by maintaining the ruling class in the plenitude of privilege and power; and this, in turn, by upholding the Union.

What has been said of the Episcopalian clergy applies in almost as great a degree to the Presbyterian. There are, undoubtedly, many of the Presbyterian and Episcopalian clergy who have shaken themselves free from the fetters of officialdom, despite the *Regium Donum* and the Church Fund. But there is no more powerful influence than that of interest, and when the

majority of these men believe, rightly or wrongly, that their station in life, their utility, and the prospects of their families depend upon the present conditions of government, they have no choice but to support them.

And they do support them with a zeal which would, if employed in their regular functions, render impossible such scenes as disturbed Wicklow a few months ago, and would prevent those saturnalias of riot and murder which annually appall the peaceful inhabitants of Ulster. The energy of the Unionist clergy and their families in preaching the principles revealed in Irish administration would astonish any one not acquainted with social life in Ireland in its interior workings. If I were to say that any desire on the part of humbler Protestants to amalgamate with the great body of their countrymen is checked by their clergy it would be thought that I allowed too free a scope to political or sectarian prejudice. We have an instance proved during the sitting of the Parnell Commission of the ordeal that an Episcopal clergyman must be prepared to encounter if he joins the Home-Rule movement.* It may be judged what this official class would be willing to do to any Episcopal clergyman, however distinguished by talent, character, and service to his church, by the conduct of the synod to Professor Galbraith. If, then, a clergyman cannot live among the upper ranks of Protestantism unless he yields himself up body and soul to the most degrading servitude of opinion, the step is not far to compel him to inculcate upon the humbler members of his flock a belief in the divine right of the oligarchy.

But I have had peculiar opportunities of knowing that the Unionist clergymen, and, above all, their wives and daughters, in season and out of season are engaged in this missionary work, the fruit of which we see in eviction campaigns, the marching and countermarching of great forces of police and military through the country, the white terror that lay like a trance upon Donegal after Martin, the police inspector, was killed—in a word, in one and all of the features of the detestable tyranny that now afflicts the Irish people.

I pass from these two bodies of clergymen to the bar. Of these gentlemen in the relations of private life I cannot speak too highly; but the blight of the system has fallen upon them. Instead of looking at home for the rewards of labor they look to England. They find no prospect for advancement except in the profession of anti-national principles. They bring their gifts of

* Evidence of the Rev. Mr. Anderson.

learning and eloquence to the altar of the Moloch which devours their countrymen. To this bloody idol they sacrifice honor, fame, the inspirations of patriotism, and the hopes of virtue; and, as if their own fall were not sufficient, they have dragged down the other professions in their ruin. A cold scepticism is the political creed of all and their object success, irrespective of the means to obtain it.

Of these elements the official class in Ireland is formed. Formidable by its numbers and other advantages, it is sustained by the bayonets of fifteen thousand police—obedient as the gendarmerie of a political despot, savage as the janizaries of a sultan—and by forty thousand soldiers, and forty thousand militia liable to be called out at any moment. It is no wonder that a body so fenced round and supported should have an overweening sense of its importance and such a profound contempt for all other classes. It exists in the belief that to it by right belongs everything that grows and stands upon the land, including the lives and fortunes of the inhabitants; and, as a consequence, that sedition only could question that right. It is this belief which alone can explain many of the phenomena we witness in the relations of the different classes to each other and of the administration to them respectively. In the most important sense—as I am trying to convey—the administration cannot be separated from the official class as I have described. The distinction is only formal between it and the government.

What has been just said will account for a sentiment I heard a respectable conservative—a candidate for an Irish county—express in 1880, when the Land League was making itself felt as a power between the dismayed tenants and the landlords, armed with the arrears which had been accumulating during the three previous years. If the Parnell Commission performed no other service it proved that the Land League saved the people in 1879 and the following years. What I heard this man, a man of high character and position, say was, that the government should coerce the seditious classes into rebellion and then deal with them!

It is almost impossible for an American to estimate all that was meant by the sentiment just quoted. It would be difficult to suppose that a sentiment so atrocious could be expressed to a number of men belonging to the cultivated classes at this period of the nineteenth century. But I say that its spirit is realized in the present government of Ireland, and that the result looked for has been only defeated by the admirable self-restraint of the people. But how long will that patience last?

There is a famine imminent. Official denials cannot obscure the fact. They are not believed except by those interested in believing them. Lord Beaconsfield and his supporters denied that there was a famine in 1879-80. He and they continued their denials while the wife of the Irish viceroy was rivalling the Mansion House relief committee in helping the starving families of the west and south. At the same time Mr. Balfour's denials have a sinister significance in the light of the history of similar visitations. They afford an excuse for inaction. The government was not without warnings during the famine that began in 1845. One shudders at the bare thought of that awful period. If a famine should come now a hundred a day will not die in half the parishes as there did then. They will not die in the work-houses from the fatal effect of food upon constitutions exhausted by privation. They will not die at the work-house doors waiting for admission. No such havoc will take place now. The best and purest spirits in the land will not be driven into rebellion because they could not bear the sights around them. There will be only tens now for the myriads then.

But will the people stand patiently by while the tens are dying? For four years they have borne a tyranny worse than any recorded, when one takes into consideration the circumstances that aggravate it. It is not the same thing to oppress ignorant slaves, with their dim notions of right and indurated by custom, as to oppress men informed by the spirit of liberty, versed in the political knowledge of the time, proud of their history, and inspired by the hope of a glorious future for their race.

The government and the official class think that the hand has stood still upon the dial; that they are dealing with the Hottentots, as Dean Swift called their ancestors, but with an object very different from that with which Lord Salisbury used the term. We shall see whether or not it is the intention of Mr. Balfour to compel the people to seek counsel from despair, as it has been the policy of ministers all along for the last two centuries. Take up the tale since the lauded settlement which was effected after the fall of Limerick. What is it but a record of famine followed by outrages, outrages by bloody assizes, assizes by evictions, evictions by insurrections, in round after round of inexorable circles?

It could not be otherwise. The landlords and their allies and followers are the government. They are the executive and the judiciary, the administrative boards of all kinds, and they fill every

office in the Castle. They corrupt justice at its source and pervert it at every step to the close.

Arthur Young, writing in the last century, informs us that if a magistrate dared to sign a summons for a peasant against "any animal that called itself a gentleman" he would be challenged by the defendant. It was no matter what the offence was, what the character of the defendant, the signing of the summons was a betrayal of the order to the proletariat; and the magistrate, if he escaped being shot or run through the body, was ostracized by his class. I doubt whether the approval of his conscience would compensate him fully, or whether it would be sufficient atonement to his wife and daughters for the innumerable slights and wounds to feeling in the infliction of which society is so great a master, or to his sons from being treated like pariahs at every hunt and race-meeting which they might attend.

It would not be possible for a defendant now to send a challenge; but it would be a great mistake to suppose that a magistrate who acted impartially between a Nationalist and a member of the ruling class would escape boycotting from his class. I can mention a case directly and immediately in point. A Catholic gentleman of high social position was resident or government magistrate in Enniskillen. In addition to being a paid magistrate he was a deputy-lieutenant of one county and an ordinary magistrate of three counties. Because he decided in a case in accordance with justice and contrary to the prejudices of the ruling faction all intercourse with his family was dropped and the infamous local press libelled him, the principal libeller being a Protestant clergyman and magistrate. He obtained from a Dublin jury exemplary damages against the clerico-magisterial libeller. In fact so admirable had been the impeached decision that the defendant's counsel practically admitted that there was no justification for the libel. Yet the resident magistrate was obliged to apply to government to send him to some other district on account of the social interdict decreed against him and his family. The pain caused by it was so intense that a member of the family, a strong Unionist, complained bitterly of it to me. It was striking below the belt, he said, for that set to punish young girls because their father had displeased them by a ruling which he was bound to make.

Striking below the belt! I should think it was. When did the base and cowardly oligarchy that calls itself the gentlemen of Ireland ever strike anywhere but below the belt? Has it been ever known to do one just or generous act to the people

whom a cruel fate has put beneath its power? It was entrusted to administer the alms of the world during the great famine, and it betrayed the trust. It was employed by the government to superintend the relief works and pay the starving wretches employed upon them. Will it be believed that these Irish gentlemen appropriated the money to the payment of rent instead of handing it to the laborers? I do not say that no laborers were paid. I do not say that the entire earnings of any of them, even, were applied in the discharge of rent due to the paymasters. It was necessary for the laborers to appear at the works in order to have their names taken down. This they could not do unless they got some money to procure food. But I hold the Irish landlords responsible for the famine in the first instance and the inevitable loss of life before relief could come. I hold them responsible for the great loss of life caused by the malversation of funds when relief came. It is time that such "incorrigible and predestinated criminals" should be blotted from the land that their rule has cursed so long.

Nothing can teach them. They surely must be different from the rest of the civilized world. They saw great inroads made upon their power, first by the Land Act of 1870, then by the Ballot Act, then by the Land Act of 1881. Mr. Balfour does not over-state the fact when he says that the tenants of Ireland possess legal rights far beyond any enjoyed by tenants in Britain. Mr. Madden is absolutely correct when he says that the law confers upon Irish tenants in many instances a greater interest in the land than that of the landlords.

Any one would suppose that one effect of such legislation would be to bring home to the landlords the possibility that there is a limit beyond which England will not tolerate their insolence and fraud. But the fact is, that they knew they had the means to defeat the land legislation, and by doing so to defeat the parliamentary reform legislation. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the security of nine out of ten tenants at this moment depends, not upon legislation which has made them co-owners of the land, but upon the agrarian war which renders universal evictions impossible. It renders them impossible because it would be necessary first to draw the army from India and the other dependencies of the Crown and from Great Britain to supplement the police and military now in Ireland. It is the same agrarian war that returns eighty-five Home-Rule supporters and not the Ballot Act. If the agrarian war terminated to-morrow writs and processes of ejection would fall

like snowflakes. Instead of Home-Rulers we should have sixty Tory members and forty-one Whig members of the Hartington type for the cities and counties, and two Tories for the University of Dublin. The oligarchy could again rule the country in the high-and-dry, insolent, cruel, and rapacious style of old. Law and order would prevail and all would be well. It is for this the governing class is fighting with such grim confidence.

I have said that its influence perverts justice at every stage. If a tenant enters upon a farm from which he has been evicted he simply commits a trespass; but, on account of the peculiar and intolerable condition of Irish society, this is magnified into a crime such as was common enough in the time of the Plantagenets—an entry "*cum manu forti*" "*et cum multitudine gentium.*" The whole thing resembles one of those frightful and prodigious births in which the imagination of Hugo delighted. The local crown solicitor is directed to prosecute; the little court-house is filled with military and police. And, except so far as the Crimes Act may be used to shorten proceedings by a summary conviction, the case is sent for trial to the assizes. There the imposing machinery of a state prosecution is witnessed. Eminent counsel for the crown through their solicitors select the jury, and, while the process goes on, the judge, in scarlet and ermine, looks unconscious of the loading of the dice before his eyes. The high-sheriff sits beside his lordship. The high-sheriff represents the governing class; and from his place in the eye of all spectators punctuates the points of the prosecution by becks and nods and wreathed smiles. As I myself have played a part in such terrible travesties of justice I must be supposed to speak with some authority.

But it is not in the casual and more or less external relation of counsel that I have witnessed the unexampled insolence of the oligarchy and its inability to comprehend the existence of any rights outside its pale. I have seen these qualities when I held a temporary judicial appointment under the Arrears Act of 1882. Landlords and agents seemed to think they had a right to visit me and discuss their cases and to sit beside me on the bench. From place to place, wherever I went, I was shadowed by them, until at length, in their disgust at finding me utterly impracticable, they endeavored to induce the police to refuse obedience to my orders and to treat me with disrespect. The police were too wise to act towards me in such a manner, but I know that the members of some sub-commissions and that some other investigators of arrears found the police far from willing to

support their authority when the person disregarding it was a magistrate.

These are the gentlemen who are always mouthing about law and order. They are the very first to defy the one and overthrow the other when inconvenienced or aggrieved by their observance. In very truth "law and order" is nothing but the shibboleth of an impudent faction calling itself the wealth and intelligence of Ireland, and which under that war-cry arrays the forces of the empire against its best subjects.

There is no change in the feeling and hardly any change in the demeanor and action of this class from the time Dean Swift launched upon it invectives that shall live as long as the language they illustrate and ennoble; nor since Young depicted them in the lasting colors of severe and simple truth; nor since Berkeley crystallized the effects of their rule in words that burn into the brain like fire. It is not many years ago since I saw a peer of the realm and his agent take their seats upon the bench beside a county court judge for no other object but to overawe or influence him in an ejectment case, in which the peer was plaintiff. The shamelessness of the proceeding surpassed what is told of the Earl of Annesley sitting upon the bench and bullying the witnesses for his nephew in the celebrated ejectment case of the last century. In the Annesley case the heir, poor and obscure though he was, had the protection of a jury against the influence of the peer, but in the case of which I speak the defendant had no shield whatever except the integrity of the judge. Neither was it an ordinary county court ejectment. The defendant had a valuable interest in the holding if his story were true, namely, a promise that would operate as a lease in equity.

I heard a county court judge tell a story of his being invited to a great country-house near a town in which he was to hold sessions. He was received with marked distinction, and on the following day was driven to his court accompanied by his host himself. The latter went upon the bench with the judge, and in due course an ejectment came on in which he was plaintiff. But the judge dismissed the process, thereby mortally offending the host. So deep, indeed, was the offence that the judge's stay at the house was abruptly terminated. I know of an instance in which the best people of a county deliberately conspired to obtain favorable decisions from a legal sub-commissioner.

There is a very excellent rule of the Land Commission preventing sub-commissioners from accepting hospitality from per-

sons in the localities where they are engaged in fixing fair rents. The sub-commissioner in question was invited to a lawn-tennis tournament to be held on the grounds of a great proprietor, and to stay at his house during his sittings in the town. The whole county was asked as well, and the duty of moulding the commissioner was allotted to certain young ladies. The gentleman, an Ulster Presbyterian, and consequently not belonging to county society, would, it was thought, be peculiarly amenable to the influence of young people of fashion. Whether he was limed or not I cannot say, but a very considerable land agent and receiver, who played a part in this little comedy, informed me that the rent reductions were very satisfactory to the landlord in question.

I could fill pages with such illustrations. Even in those which I have mentioned I omitted particulars that would deepen their tints. But it will be understood that acts, however mean, corrupt, or wicked they may be, can bear no reprobation when the society of which the offender is a member chooses to consider them virtuous. As long as a judge or prosecutor is lauded by his class for any invasion of personal or public rights he need not care for the criticism of those whom it has been his habit to look upon as traitors watching the opportunity to rebel. Even Belfast swindlers found the prison, to which political necessity compelled a partisan judge and prosecutor to consign them, nothing short of a Castle of Indolence, wherein they might indulge in dreams of defrauding other American insurance companies when their short term of imprisonment should have expired.

It is the same throughout. The emergency man who cleaves open the head of a tenant, or the bailiff who shoots the peasant resisting a wrongful seizure of his property, or the policeman whose oath in court is more fatal than his bayonet outside, is complimented by the resolutions of grand juries and lauded in the reports of resident magistrates and commissioners.

It is against all those elements and influences, compacted into a strong, solid, and uniform power, that the Irish people are contending for their rights. In that struggle they are entitled to the sympathy of every man who hates oppression and who loves justice, and to whom liberty is not an empty name.

GEORGE MCDERMOT.

SPENCER'S ATTACK ON THEISM.

WE propose in the following paper to examine somewhat in detail Mr. Spencer's reasonings against the commonly-accepted theistic doctrine of the First Cause contained in the first part of his book on First Principles, and more particularly as they are developed in his second chapter, entitled "Ultimate Religious Ideas." In order, however, the better to understand the nature of his objections it will be necessary to give an outline of his own system and the conclusions to which he adheres.

Mr. Spencer begins by telling us that as there is a soul of goodness in things evil, so there is "very generally also a soul of truth in things erroneous." Applying this truth, which he develops, to "the oldest, the widest, and the most profound" antagonism of beliefs—that between religion and science—he shows first how there must be some element of truth common to all religions, however opposed they may seem to be to one another: "that all religions, though even none of them be actually true, are yet all adumbrations of a truth." And he tells us that their "fundamental verity is that element common to all religions which remains after their discordant peculiarities have been mutually cancelled." * Likewise, on the other side, science, too, in all its stages of advancement has always contained a kernel of truth, however much it may have been obscured by that which was conjectural or absurd. Since, then, both religion and science certainly possess at least a fraction of truth, there must be some radical truth more fundamental than that which either asserts on which they may be thoroughly reconciled; unless we take refuge in some Manichean doctrine, and maintain that "religion is divine and science diabolical." The problem, then, which Mr. Spencer sets out to solve is the discovery of this truth which will be "the basis of a complete reconciliation."

Since, however, "religion can take no cognizance of special scientific doctrines, any more than science can take cognizance of special religious doctrines," it follows that the keystone of truth which is to unite the arches of religion and science can only be that most abstract verity contained in both.

Beginning now with "ultimate religious ideas," Mr. Spencer takes up the question which very early forces itself upon the

* *First Principles* (D. Appleton, 1888), p. 23.

reflecting mind, namely, What is the origin of the universe? In answer he says three "verbally intelligible suppositions may be made. We may assert that it is self-existent; or that it is self-created; or that it is created by an external agency." Each one of these three "suppositions," as he calls them, he examines in particular, and endeavors to show how they all involve impossibilities of thought; and his conclusion is, that "these three different suppositions, verbally intelligible though they be, . . . turn out when critically examined to be literally unthinkable." * Beginning with the phenomena of the universe he finds the same result. "We find ourselves," he says, "obliged to make certain assumptions, and yet, on the other hand, we find these assumptions cannot be represented in thought." † In the first place, an inquiry into the impressions produced upon us by external objects "inevitably commits" us to what he calls the "hypothesis of a First Cause." But when we look further into this First Cause "we are driven," he says, "by an inexorable logic to certain further conclusions," namely, that this First Cause must be infinite and absolute. After bringing us to these, which he calls "unavoidable conclusions," he endeavors to show us their "fallacy" "by disclosing their mutual contradictions." We shall not now, in giving this summary of his system, follow the arguments whereby these contradictions are revealed; we shall revert to them later. The conclusion to which he comes is the same as was deduced from the consideration of the origin of the universe—the negative one, that the "hypotheses" involved in asserting a First Cause are absolutely unthinkable. And this is that most abstract ultimate verity which Mr. Spencer set out to find in religion. And he thence infers: "If religion and science are to be reconciled, the basis of reconciliation must be this deepest, widest, and most certain of all facts—that the Power which the universe manifests to us is utterly inscrutable." ‡

We need hardly follow Mr. Spencer through the various steps whereby he arrives at an entirely similar conclusion on the side of science. He asks what are space, time, force, matter, and motion? The various answers which philosophers have given he passes under examination, and endeavors to show that they one and all involve contradictions of thought. Space, time, and matter are "absolutely incomprehensible." "Frame what suppositions we may," he says, "we find on tracing out their implications that they leave us nothing but a choice between opposite absurdities." § So force and motion likewise bring us to "alternative impossibilities

* *Ibid.*, p. 35.† *Ibid.*, p. 36.‡ *Ibid.*, p. 46.§ *Ibid.*, p. 54.

of thought." The conclusion then for the man of science, Mr. Spencer tells us, is that "in all directions his investigations eventually bring him face-to-face with an insoluble enigma. . . . He realizes with special vividness the utter incomprehensibility of the simplest fact considered in itself. He, more than any other, truly *knows* that in its ultimate essence nothing can be known." *

On the side of religion and on the side of science, then, the same conclusion is reached, namely, that the absolute is utterly incomprehensible; or, what amounts to the same thing, all knowledge is relative.

But, if this be so, what of the absolute? "Is the result of inquiry to exclude utterly from our minds everything but the relative?" Mr. Spencer replies: "The answer of pure logic is held to be that by the limits of our intelligence we are rigorously confined within the relative." But, disregarding this "answer of pure logic," he tells us of a "qualification which saves from that scepticism otherwise necessitated," and this is that, "besides that *definite* consciousness of which logic formulates the laws, there is also an *indefinite* consciousness which cannot be formulated. Besides complete thoughts, and besides the thoughts which, though incomplete, admit of completion, there are thoughts which it is impossible to complete, and yet which are real in the sense that they are normal affections of the intellect." He admits "we are *obliged* to form a positive though vague consciousness" † of the absolute by the very fact that we can speak of the relative, and adds, "impossible though it be to give this consciousness any qualitative or quantitative expression whatever, it is not the less certain that it remains with us a positive and indestructible element of thought." But while we are "obliged" to have a consciousness of the absolute as the basis of our intelligence we are yet forbidden to think of it as *such* or *such*. Yet how can we be conscious of anything and still not be conscious of it as *such* or *such*? Mr. Spencer acknowledges the objection, and says: "Very likely there will ever remain a need to give shape to that indefinite sense of an ultimate existence which forms the basis of our intelligence. We shall always be under the necessity of contemplating it as *some* mode of being—that is, of representing it to ourselves in some form of thought, however vague. And we shall not err in doing this, so long as we treat every notion we thus frame as merely a symbol, utterly without resemblance to that for which it stands." ‡

* *Ibid.*, p. 67.† *Ibid.*, p. 89.‡ *Ibid.*, p. 113.

And then he concludes: "By continually seeking to know, and being continually thrown back with a deepened conviction of the impossibility of knowing, we may keep alive the consciousness that it is alike our highest wisdom and our highest duty to regard that through which all things exist as The Unknowable."*

What have we now come to? Religion affirms as its most abstract verity absolute mystery; science likewise affirms that the "reality underlying appearances is totally and for ever inconceivable to us." Both religion and science, then, are at one in affirming the "relativity of all knowledge." But this conclusion to which "pure logic" leads Mr. Spencer "seems opposed to the instinctive convictions of mankind." Wherefore, in deference to these convictions, our "indefinite consciousness" does service in affirming the "positive existence" of the absolute to be a "necessary datum of consciousness." And thus in the event a complete reconciliation is reached, and religion and science and the "convictions of mankind" are at peace.

We have not, in this outline account of Mr. Spencer's system, given any of the arguments by which his successive positions are enforced, because, in the first place, these are not needful to understand his general trend and his final conclusion. But we have omitted them mainly because we shall examine one set of them with some degree of fulness, namely, that which bears upon the theistic doctrine. And, since all his arguments against absolute knowledge in the first part of his work have a very marked family resemblance, those we shall review may be fairly taken as indicative of the character of the remainder.

Before entering upon our subject proper, it will be well to recall some simple fundamental truths that ought to be borne in mind throughout the whole discussion. The first is, that such principles as the law of contradiction and the law of causation and others of their kind have an absolute value, and can therefore be positively and without hesitation affirmed of the Infinite and Eternal; nay, even of the Unknowable. Mr. Spencer implicitly admits this principle by his very affirmation of the "positive existence" of the unknowable. To deny it would be playing with a two-edged sword, as fatal to him as to us. Moreover, he distinctly asserts the absolute truth of the law of causation when he pronounces the unknowable to be "that through which all things exist."† There is no escape from the admission of the absolute truth of these fundamental laws except in absolute scepticism,

* *Ibid.*, p. 113.

† *Ibid.*, p. 113.

and absolute scepticism, in Dr. Mivart's words, "is a system so absurd as to be incapable of even being rationally stated."

Secondly, it follows, as an evident corollary from the absolute truth of first principles, that whatsoever can be clearly proved through these principles, will possess precisely the same character of absolute certainty as the principles themselves. And, thirdly, the truth which more closely concerns us, if two or more conclusions can be firmly established concerning the same thing; whatever difficulties or apparent contradictions may arise in the attempt to reconcile these truths among themselves, as coexisting in that being, they can never warrant us in rejecting the truth of the separate conclusions. To illustrate: If it can be clearly demonstrated that in man there are matter and spirit, the contradictions that may appear in the attempt to explain the union of these two elements in one *compositum* can be no ground whatever for denying their existence. Or, again, if we can prove there is a First Cause, an Infinite, and an Absolute, these three truths must remain, even though we should meet a thousand difficulties in the attempt to harmonize them in one and the same Being.

Bearing these preliminaries in mind, let us proceed to our subject.

"Respecting the origin of the universe," says Mr. Spencer, "three verbally intelligible suppositions may be made. We may assert that it is self-existent; or that it is self-created; or that it is created by an external agency. Which of these suppositions is most credible it is not needful here to inquire. The deeper question, into which this finally merges, is, Whether any one of them is even conceivable in the true sense of the word?" He takes up first the atheistic doctrine of self-existence, and this he endeavors to show to be "absolutely unthinkable," solely on account of what he calls the "impossibility" of conceiving of self-existence. But, since self-existence is affirmed by the theist as well, it is necessary to examine what he says against the conception of it.

It ought to be observed at the outset that the self-existence of the universe and self-existence as the necessary attribute of *some* being are two quite distinct things; and Mr. Spencer's reasons against self-existence are made to draw a sort of parasitical strength from the fact that the self-existence of the universe can be disproved on independent grounds.

"It is clear," says Mr. Spencer, "that by self-existence we especially mean an existence independent of any other. . . ."

In thus excluding the idea of any antecedent cause we necessarily exclude the idea of a beginning; for to admit the idea of a beginning—to admit that there was a time when the existence had not commenced—is to admit that its commencement was determined by something, or was caused, which is a contradiction. Self-existence, therefore, necessarily means existence without a beginning; and to form a conception of self-existence is to form a conception of existence without a beginning. Now, by no mental effort can we do this.* And this confident negation is the argument! Here we come upon a central error which is common to all Mr. Spencer's arguments against the absolute—the confusion of “conception” with “imagination.” He seems to think we can “conceive of” only those things of which we can render an image in the mind. Speaking of the “concept” we have of the earth, he says we form it in this wise: “When we seek to *imagine* the earth as it really is we join these *two ideas* as well as we can—such *perception* as our eyes give us of the earth's surface we couple with the *conception* of a sphere. And thus we form of the earth not a conception, properly so-called, but only a *symbolic conception*.” † Certainly the “perception” our eyes give us of the earth's surface is no “idea”: it is a sensible impression or image; and how can a sensible impression be joined to the “conception of a sphere”—a purely abstract idea? They are in two entirely distinct orders and cannot possibly be united. We do have a concept of the earth, and it is indeed true that it is accompanied by some image in the imagination—that of a sphere most likely; nevertheless, the image is not the concept nor the concept the image. Now, what Mr. Spencer means by “symbolic conceptions” are nothing else than these images; they are not “conceptions at all.” This confusion of “images” and “conceptions” is so important and so fundamental at the present day, when the distinction between the sensitive and immaterial faculties is so commonly lost sight of, that we must be pardoned for quoting from Father R. F. Clarke, S.J., a somewhat lengthy but luminous exposition of the difference between the two:

“The distinction between the two images—the sensible image painted on the imagination and the supra-sensible image dwelling in the intellect—is of the greatest importance. The sensible image must precede the supra-sensible; we cannot form a concept of any object unless there has been previously imprinted on the imagination a material impression of that object. The sensible

* *Ibid.*, p. 31.

† *Ibid.*, p. 26.

image must, moreover, exist side by side with the supra-sensible: the one on the imagination, the other in the intellect; and as long as I am thinking of the intellectual concept the material phantasm must be present to my imagination. . . . When I think of a triangle my intellect contemplates something which is above sense, the *idea* of a triangle—an ideal triangle, if you like—and at the same time my imagination has present before it the *material picture* of a triangle. The intellectual image is something clear, precise, exact, sharply marked, without any defects or deficiencies. The material image is something vague, indistinct, indefinite, and applicable to a number of individuals only by reason of its indistinctness and indefiniteness. The intellectual concept I form of a triangle is as precise as anything can be. I know what I mean in every detail belonging to it. I can define it and set forth all its characteristics one by one with perfect correctness. The picture of 'triangle' present to my imagination is the reverse of all this; it is dim, imperfect, undetermined. It is neither isosceles, rectangular, or scalene, but a sort of attempt to combine all these. . . . But there is another important distinction between the *immaterial concept* in the intellectual faculty and the *material phantasm* in the imaginative faculty. If I examine the latter I not only find that it is vague and indistinct, *but that it is not a true representation of the object*; it is not what it professes to be. [This is precisely the trouble with Mr. Spencer's 'symbolic conceptions': they are not exact, because they are only images and not conceptions.] The picture of a triangle which is present in my imagination is not, strictly speaking, a triangle at all. For the sides of a triangle are lines, *i. e.*, they have length but not breadth, whereas in the picture of a triangle, as imagined or actually drawn, the sides are not lines at all, but good thick bars of appreciable breadth. . . . Not so the intellectual concept. . . . It is an ideal triangle. . . . It is a true, perfect, genuine triangle, dwelling in the spiritual sphere, the sphere of what philosophy calls *noumena*, things capable of being intellectually discerned, as opposed to *phenomena* or mere appearances." *

So when Mr. Spencer tells us that "great magnitudes, great durations, great numbers are none of them actually conceived, but are all of them conceived more or less symbolically," he is simply confusing "images" with "concepts." True, the images which they call up are inadequate and vague, but the concept may be mathematically clear. The image which we have of a distance of twenty-five thousand miles, or of one thousand years is exceedingly indefinite, but our concept of either is *absolutely exact*. So, too, the picture which we have in our imagination of

* *Logic* (Benziger Bros.), pp. 106-8.

Englishmen, for instance, is necessarily very vague and indistinct, but our concept, on the other hand, is perfectly clear and precise: we know exactly what we mean by Englishmen, and therefore we certainly must have an exact concept of them in our mind.

What, now, is the difficulty in conceiving of self-existence? None whatever; only we have no adequate image answering to it in our imagination, for the evident reason that we have never had any *experience* of self-existence. By the concept we mean something very definite, namely, an existence which has within itself its own sufficient reason. Now, if we are asked, How can a being have a sufficient reason for its existence within itself? we answer frankly, We do not know, and cannot know. But reason itself, when turned upon ourselves and the phenomena about us, obliges us to accept the self-existence of *some* being as a fact; therefore, according to our third elementary principle, the difficulty of *how* this can be does not overthrow the fact that it *is*.

We have dwelt so long on conception and imagination in connection with this question of whether self-existence is conceivable or not because, as we said, the confusion of the two is a fundamental error with Mr. Spencer. He denies the possibility of conceiving of creation or the duration of the First Cause for the same reason that he here denies the conceivability of self-existence.

But to return to Mr. Spencer's argument. After his confident denial of the conceivability of self-existence he continues: "To conceive existence through infinite past time implies the conception of infinite past time, which is an impossibility." To this we reply that "time," whether finite or infinite, has nothing whatever to do with self-existence. Time is nothing but a pure abstraction from succeeding things whereby one is excluded from another in the succession. But in the self-existent being there can be no succession; for if as a whole it assumed successive modes or states of being, then, evidently, each successive state of it, being *new*, must have been caused; and if caused it cannot be self-existent, for the two are contradictory, as Mr. Spencer himself concedes. Similarly, if the self-existent being were successive in any part, so to speak, such part by the very fact that it is successive must have been caused, and can therefore be no part of the self-existent being. Since, therefore, self-existence excludes succession, what becomes of time? Evidently time vanishes, and there remains merely *duration* without

change. Mr. Spencer would say that we cannot conceive this any better than infinite time. To this we may quote what Dr. Mivart says of Divine duration: "We cannot, of course, think of Divine duration without the presence in the mind of a misleading image of succession. . . . The idea of such an existence [as Divine duration signifies] we can give expression to, and therefore, evidently, we can conceive of it, though, of course, *we can never imagine* it. We can express it by a simultaneous affirmation of existence and negation of change."*

But, says Mr. Spencer, even though self-existence were conceivable, "it would not in any sense be an explanation of the universe"; for "no one will say that the existence of an object is made easier to understand by the discovery that it existed an hour ago, or a day ago, or a year ago; and if its existence now is not made in the least more comprehensible by its existence during some previous finite period of time, no accumulation of such finite periods—even could we extend them to an infinite period—would make it more comprehensible."† It is, of course, needless to reply to what "no one will say," and certainly no one ever pretended to explain the present existence of a thing by its previous existence. The *reason* for a self-existent being is within its own nature; *what* it is there we do not pretend to know. But we have already seen that time does not enter into the concept of self-existence; therefore "finite periods" and "infinite periods" may be quietly dispensed with.

It will be observed, from what we have seen of Mr. Spencer's objections thus far, that he takes no notice whatever of the arguments which are commonly held to oblige the assent of the mind to the fact of some self-existent being. On the contrary, starting with the assertion that self-existence is an "assumption" or "hypothesis," he rejects it on the sole ground of its inconceivability. But, since we have shown that it is not inconceivable, it follows that so far forth the theist has yet to be driven from his position.

Passing over now his refutation of the pantheistic doctrine of self-creation, with which we have no concern, we come to that of theism. Mr. Spencer begins by telling us that "equally in the writings of Plato, and in those of not a few living men of science, we find it taken for granted that there is an *analogy* between the process of creation and the process of manufacture." Parting company with these great thinkers, he pitches his hostile tent over against them and assails this analogical way of

* *On Truth*, p. 485.

† *Ibid.*, p. 31.

representation, because, after all, it only symbolizes "to us a method after which the universe might be shaped," and does not "help us to comprehend the real mystery, namely, the origin of the material of which the universe consists." "The production of matter out of nothing is the real mystery which neither this nor any other simile enables us to conceive."* The theist accepts the mystery of the "production" of matter out of nothing, but, nevertheless, asserts the *fact* as a logical necessity, and maintains that this *fact* is conceivable. The analogies he uses are mere helps to his intellect to perfect his concept of creation, while he makes no pretension to explain the mystery of the *process*. The insufficiency of the doctrine of creation becomes the more manifest, says Mr. Spencer, when we turn from matter to "that which contains it"—namely, space. Were there nothing but an "immeasurable void" the question would still arise, "How came it so?" and the "theory of creation," he says, would return the answer, "Space was made in the same manner that matter was made."† We think not. Here we have the same difficulty which occurred above concerning "time." "Space" is an abstraction from all extension; and extension is itself an abstraction from all extended things. So where there are extended things there is space, and where there are no extended things there is no space. Hence it is not true, what Mr. Spencer says, that "not only are we compelled to think of space as now everywhere present, but we are unable to conceive its absence either in the past or in the future."‡ We *can* conceive of its absence perfectly well, though, of course, we can never *imagine* it. When, therefore, the theist says matter is created out of nothing he at once does away with all questions of space or time, for they follow upon matter from which they are mere abstractions; and matter, strictly speaking, is not *in* time or space at all. And, now, these borrowed difficulties about space being set aside, we see no reason why creation, with which they have nothing to do, is not quite conceivable, just as annihilation is conceivable. "Creation and . . . annihilation," says Dr. Mivart, "are not only quite conceivable, but can be (since they are) actually believed in as facts of the past and future respectively. When, however, we try to conceive of the creation of the universe we cannot help imagining a space and time anterior to its appearance; and when we try to conceive of the annihilation of the universe we cannot help imagining the duration of an empty space after it has disappeared.

* *Ibid.*, p. 34.† *Ibid.*, p. 34.‡ *Ibid.*, p. 35.

These are, of course, mere deceptive mental images, and, when their fictitious nature is recognized, the difficulty which attends the conception of creation and annihilation disappears. But though creation is, of course, *unimaginable* (being . . . a thing utterly beyond our experience), yet even the late Mr. G. H. Lewes has admitted the truth of what is here asserted. He says, 'when it is argued that the creation of something out of nothing, or its reduction to nothing, is unthinkable, and is, therefore, peremptorily to be rejected, the argument is defective. The process is thinkable, but not imaginable.' '* This last remark is directly in point. The confusion of conception and imagination already noted is at the bottom of Mr. Spencer's objections to creation by an external agency.

But even if creation were conceivable, he continues, "there would still arise the question, How came there to be an external agency?" And he very rightly shows that an external agency involves the conception of self-existence; and then he disposes of this conclusion after this fashion: "As was proved at the outset of the argument, self-existence is rigorously inconceivable, and this holds true whatever be the nature of the object of which it is predicated."† How "rigorously inconceivable" self-existence is we have already seen. Then he concludes with the following wonderful bit of sophism: "Whoever agrees that the atheistic hypothesis is untenable *because it involves the impossible idea of self-existence* must, perforce, admit that the theistic hypothesis is untenable if it contains the same impossible idea." Most certainly; but who, except perhaps a few agnostics, ever argued that the atheistic hypothesis is untenable "because it involves the impossible idea of self-existence"? It is untenable not because it involves self-existence, but because it involves the self-existence *of the universe*, which is quite another thing. Our intellect, while it shows us that there must be *some* self-existent being, shows us just as clearly that the *universe* has not a sufficient reason for its existence within itself; *therefore* atheism, which maintains the contrary, is untenable.

We come now to another phase of our subject. Starting with the impressions which the external world makes upon us, and which we are rightly told "we are compelled to regard as the effects of some cause," Mr. Spencer arrives, through an application of the self-evident law of causation, by a perfectly valid train of reasoning, to a First Cause. If we look at the nature of this First Cause "we are," he says, "driven by *inexorable logic* to

* *Ibid.*, p. 462.† *Ibid.*, p. 35.

certain further conclusions"*—namely, that it must be both infinite and absolute. "In our search," he writes, "for a cause [for our consciousness and the phenomena around us] we discover no resting-place until we arrive at the hypothesis of a First Cause; and we have no alternative but to regard this First Cause as infinite and absolute."† Here common sense would say, that if we have "no alternative" in the matter, why let us accept it as a fact that the First Cause is infinite and absolute; and this is quite in accord with the third elementary truth we laid down in the beginning. The arguments for the First Cause, the infinite and the absolute, here rest upon the self-evident principles of contradiction and of causation which have absolute value; therefore the conclusions which clearly follow from them have likewise an absolute value. Mr. Spencer makes no attempt to overthrow the arguments which lead him to the conclusions just quoted; he prefers to show their "fallacy" by "disclosing their mutual contradictions."‡ There is just a little flavor of the paradox in one who professes to know nothing about the First Cause, the infinite or the absolute, "disclosing their mutual contradictions." But let us recall our third truth; suppose there *are* contradictions (so called), in our endeavor to reconcile them have we not already come, with Mr. Spencer, by "inexorable logic" to the fact that "we have no alternative but to regard the First Cause as infinite and absolute." If *we* cannot harmonize them let us say so, but let us at the same time say that *de facto* they do harmonize.

But what are these contradictions? We cannot examine all of them, and must therefore confine ourselves to a few specimens. This portion of his argument Mr. Spencer quotes from Mr. Mansel. The absolute, we are told, cannot be conscious, for "consciousness" is only conceivable as a relation. There must be a conscious subject, and an object of which he is conscious. The subject is a subject to the object, the object is an object to the subject, and neither can exist by itself as the absolute."§ We reply that the absolute is conscious *of itself*, and in being conscious of itself is conscious of all created things. But it is urged that self-consciousness is contradictory in the absolute, for we must still have the subject and object of consciousness, and therefore a relation; and if we have a relation, then we have no absolute. But, we reply again, if self-consciousness requires a *real* distinction between what we call subject and object, then indeed the one may be conscious of the other, and the other of the one, but neither would be conscious *of itself*; and therefore there could

* *Ibid.*, p. 37.† *Ibid.*, p. 38.‡ *Ibid.*, p. 39.§ *Ibid.*, p. 40.

be no such thing as self-consciousness at all. This we know by our own experience to be absurd, for is not each one of us conscious of himself?—nay, of his very consciousness—and does any one on that account pretend to say that we are *two real* beings, or a double entity, whatever may be said of the “dualism of consciousness”? And cannot the absolute be conscious of himself and yet transcendently more *one* than we are? No, the subject and object *in* self-consciousness are not *really* distinct; they are identically the same Being, which we simply view under two aspects: as thinking and as thought of, and the one we call the subject, the other the object.

Again, “Absolute unity, as indifferent and containing no attributes, can neither be distinguished from the multiplicity of finite beings by any characteristic feature nor be identified with them in their multiplicity.”* Is it, then, not a sufficient distinction of the absolute from the finite that it has, admittedly, *no* attributes distinct from its substance, as every finite being must have? Why are we bound to distinguish it by the presence of attributes when their absence marks it out from all things else?

Then we come upon such specious objections as this in the “special application” of “the fundamental conceptions of rational theology”: “How, for example, can Infinite Power be able to do all things, and Infinite Goodness be unable to do evil?”† Evil being simply the absence of good in a being which ought to have it is, therefore, a *non*-entity; just as falsehood is the absence of truth where it ought to exist. We see, then, no very great contradiction in Infinite Goodness not being able to do a nonentity.

These are fair specimens of the “contradictions” which Mr. Spencer “discloses” in the conception of the First Cause as infinite and absolute. No one, of course, maintains that reason can know all that is involved in these three concepts, but certainly it can disarm, if it cannot explain, all the *positive* objections which itself can bring against them.

One point more we must touch upon briefly before we conclude, and that is the oft-repeated anthropomorphic objection. We have seen that Mr. Spencer, though admitting that we have a *positive* consciousness of the Absolute, denies that we can give it any “qualitative or quantitative expression whatever.” He tells us we cannot even think of the absolute as personal, because to do so would be a degradation of him.

* *Ibid.*, p. 41.† *Ibid.*, p. 41.

“Is it not just possible,” he says, “that there is a mode of being as much transcending intelligence and will as these transcend mechanical motion? . . . Does it not follow that the Ultimate Cause cannot in any respect be conceived by us because it is in every respect greater than can be conceived? And may we not, therefore, rightly refrain from assigning to it any attributes whatever, on the ground that such attributes, derived as they must be from our natures, are not elevations but degradations?”* In the first place, we have seen from our examination of his arguments that there are truths we do know about the Ultimate Cause. But is his objection fairly put? Certainly the attributes we make use of must be derived from our own natures, for if we think at all we are bound to think in *human* terms; but what theist ever affirmed, *philosophically*, that these attributes can be predicated of God in just the same way that we predicate them of creatures? We predicate them only analogically: that is, we expressly say that in assigning human attributes to God we in no sense mean that these attributes are in God *just as the human mind conceives them*, but only since God is the *cause* of all the attributes that are in man, that there must be *something* in God corresponding to these human attributes. Consequently, when Mr. Spencer tells us that we are forbidden to assign any “qualitative or quantitative expression whatever” (*vide supra*, p. 7) to the absolute, he is both right and wrong: right, in that no such expression which we can give to the absolute is an exact and adequate representation of what actually exists in the absolute; wrong, in that such expressions as we give *do* represent as far as is possible to us—that is, in an analogical way—that “something” in the absolute which corresponds to them. So when, for instance, we say that God is good, we do not mean that our idea of goodness exactly realizes the attribute of goodness just as it is in God himself; but we mean that there must be some perfection in God, since he is the source and cause of all perfection in creatures, which corresponds to the perfection of goodness which we see in men. Similarly—returning to the present objection stated above—it is true that there *may* be modes of being, so to speak, in God for transcending Intelligence and Will; we can know nothing about it one way or the other. But what of that? What we do know very certainly, and what we see to be self-evident, is this, that whatever perfection exists in an effect must have *something* corre-

* *Ibid.*, p. 109.

sponding to it in its cause ; otherwise the cause never could have produced the effect. Now, we ourselves possess intelligence and will ; therefore we are not only right in affirming, but we are bound to affirm intelligence and will, analogically, of that Ultimate Cause, "through which," to use Mr. Spencer's words, "all things exist."* Such pure perfections as these, says Dr. Mivart, are only "objectively false, because, as compared with their object, they are utterly inadequate, being infinitely below the truth ; while, in another sense, they are perfectly true, being the most complete representations of the truth possible to us. There is a vast difference, indeed, between this view and a simple denial that God possesses attributes that are analogous to human qualities. That denial is practically atheism. The assertion here made only maintains that our conceptions err in not being *true enough, i. e.,* in their necessary impotence *to* attain to the comprehension of an inconceivable reality which, nevertheless, really *is* all that can be conceived plus an inconceivable infinity beyond."†

These remarks on anthropomorphism bring us naturally to what we have to say in conclusion. Viewing it in the light of the final conclusion of his system, namely, that all knowledge is of the relative, Mr. Spencer's argument in its naked form is essentially this: of the attributes or perfections of the absolute *just as they are in the absolute itself*, we can know nothing ; therefore we can know nothing whatever about the absolute. The premise is true, but the conclusion does not follow. He himself breaks through it so far as to admit that we have a "positive consciousness" of the unknowable. His position is at bottom absolute scepticism, for if his reasoning is valid, then we are logically driven to confess our total ignorance, not only of the absolute but of *everything*. For what fact is there that we know *ultimately* in all that it involves ? So simple a thing as the falling of a stone requires for its last explanation the incomprehensible element of gravitation. We cannot even explain how we think or how we feel except *very* superficially. But, certainly, the fact that our knowledge of these things is limited does not oblige us to profess that it is no knowledge at all.

Mr. Spencer, as we have seen, takes hold of the conclusions to which reason constrains the theist, and viewing them *in themselves*, independently of their proofs, sees that they contain an ultimate essence which must remain inscrutable. Thereupon he rejects them entirely, disregarding the arguments upon which they rest, and tells us we can know nothing whatever about

* *Ibid.*, p. 113.† *Ibid.*, p. 481.

them. But our criticisms have shown us that, besides its confessedly inscrutable essence, there are yet many truths concerning the Absolute which he calls inconceivable or contradictory that are neither the one nor the other. These last are the truths which the theist cherishes as the highest triumphs of his reason, and which, harmonizing with his faith, are the source of all that is great in his little being. A few men may, indeed, follow in the wake of the English agnostics, but the world will never again build a temple to the unknown God.

CHAS. A. RAMM.

St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, September, 1889.

PHASES OF THE LABOR CONFLICT.

WITHIN the last few weeks the contest between labor and capital which has unhappily been entered upon by very large industrial interests in Great Britain and her colonies has culminated in two strikes, one of which is perhaps the largest on record. In both instances the workingmen have been defeated. The object in both cases was to secure positions which the "new unionism" has made essential principles, namely, the recognition of the unions, and the exclusion from work of all who will not join them. These are first steps, but only, as we explained last month, preliminary steps to a large number that are to be taken. All the subsequent steps, however, depend upon success in the beginning, and, in consequence of the defeats so far sustained, the full realization of the programme is indefinitely delayed. In Southampton the strike was initiated by the men, who claimed the right for the union to regulate the management of the docks. This was resisted by the employers, and the men went out. The violence of the strikers alienated the sympathy of the public. In consequence of the efforts made by them to prevent all access to the docks troops had to be called out, and to be maintained under arms for several days. The employers remained firm and kept closely united together, and in the end secured the victory. What was most disheartening to the men was their being disavowed by the central authority in London, although, when the strike was entered upon, it was understood that its promoters were acting with its sanction. This is an indication of what consti-

tutes the great difficulty on the men's side—the difficulty of maintaining union. In this instance the leaders seem to have betrayed the men; in a subsequent case, that of the Allan Line, the reverse happened, the men were disobedient to the leaders. Although the latter determined that the terms offered by the masters were fair, and such as ought to be accepted, the men persisted in their refusal to work. Conduct of this kind will ruin the cause, however weak its adversaries may be.

The Australian strike is, considering the number of men and of different trades involved, the largest and most important on record. The first actual step was taken by the employers, the ship-owners, who refused to allow the officers of their vessels to join the Seaman's Union. But, although the first act was taken by the capitalist, such action was rather an occasion than the cause of what followed. The conflict had been on the point of breaking out for a long time, and when the seamen struck not only the other trades in close connection with them and with the marine service banded themselves together, but also the miners and the sheep-shearers took part. The latter had for some time been endeavoring to drive from work all non-unionists, and the time was judged a fitting one to bring to an issue the question whether or no non-unionists should be allowed to work. Union on the part of the men brought about union on the part of the masters. Almost all business was brought to a standstill. Unfortunately the men did not abstain from violence; the police and militia were called out, and, strange to say, the governments of the pure democracies of Australia seem to have been on the side of the masters. The issue was clear and distinct: Shall freemen—that is, non-unionists—be employed or not? The failure of the strike has put back the new unionism's programme for an indefinite period. The same result has been brought about, or at least seems likely to be brought about, in London. Several of the dock companies there have decided to reassert their freedom and to employ whomsoever they please. This decision has been made on account of the arbitrary conduct of the men during the past year. They have, it is said, refused to work for little or no reason, have loitered and dawdled over their work, and in many ways proved themselves unworthy of the independence they have been fighting for. In consequence ships were two or three times as long in unloading and in loading as they are in New York, and the danger became imminent that commerce would leave London and pass to other and even to foreign ports. In fact, in one instance a firm of ship-owners has made Hamburg its port of

shipment. This is the state of things at present: the men seem to be getting the worst of the conflict. The near future, however, promises some important developments. A gigantic union of all the trades which are in any way associated with shipping is in contemplation: time only will tell whether it will succeed or not. The other side has not been in any way negligent; the owners of ships have likewise entered into a union, called the Ship-owners' Federation. This has at its back an immense capital, and embraces most, if not all, of the owners of the ships engaged in British commerce. It proposes to assist any particular ship-owner who may be in difficulty with his men, either by compensating him for the loss that may be sustained by laying up his ships, or by securing "free men" to enable him to continue the service. For the latter object registries have been opened for those who do not belong to unions, or for those who, while they belong to unions, are unwilling to submit themselves to all the requirements of those whom they look upon as agitators. The difficulty of carrying on the shipping trade has lately been so great that the Shipping Federation has had it in contemplation to lay up the whole of the ships belonging to its members. No action could be more serious than this, not only for the men but for the whole country; so serious, indeed, that nothing but absolute necessity would justify it. The mere fact, however, that it has been contemplated shows how strained the relations between capital and labor now are, and how strong is the call for a fair and candid consideration of the question by all who may have any influence. In fact, an adjustment of the relations between capital and labor is day by day becoming more urgent, and a matter of far greater importance than any merely political or national question.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS have now issued five of Mr. Perry's excellent translations of Imbert de Saint-Amand's studies of famous French women, and promise a sixth. These volumes probably followed each other in chronological order from the pen of their author, although the American publishers have pursued one quite different with the translations. For some occult reason *The Wife of the First Consul* preceded that much more interesting volume, *Citizeness Bonaparte*, which reproduces those intense letters to Josephine from her young husband which have so few parallels as expressions of strong passion. She used to read them aloud to her friends, male and female, as they reached her, and say "Isn't he droll, this Bonaparte?"

The Happy Days of the Empress Marie Louise, Marie Louise and the Decadence of the Empire, and then *Marie Antoinette and the End of the Old Régime* follow. Each is interesting and instructive. Saint-Amand himself leaves something to be desired with regard to the unities of time and place. Thus, a detailed and profoundly affecting account of the imprisonment and execution of the king's sister, Madame Elizabeth, in 1794, occurs in the middle of the last-named volume, which yet leaves Marie Antoinette in 1789, on her road to Paris, preceded by the frenzied women shouting that they are bringing back "the baker, and the baker's wife, and the baker's little boy." Saint-Amand, sympathetic and kindly in all his judgments, is, nevertheless, a monarchist at heart. But his thoughts have somewhat "widened with the process of the suns," and he has accommodated himself to the inevitable. It is often possible to differ with him—to take a harsher view of the early days of Marie Antoinette, or a more censorious one of Marie Louise after Napoleon's exile to Elba and to St. Helena. But, in the latter case at all events, it seems to us that the lenient and apologetic view is also the sound one. And that not merely on the almost purely sentimental ground chosen by Saint-Amand, even though in matters of the sort we count the sentimental ground as of extreme importance. We take it that in the innermost conscience of all the persons most intimately concerned in the Austrian alliance—Bonaparte himself, Francis II., and the young girl who, as she felt at the

time and afterward, was vainly "sacrificed" for political reasons—there must always have remained the conviction that no real marriage was contracted between her and the French emperor. Saint-Amand's chapter on "The Religious Difficulty" in *The Happy Days* is instructive on this point, as much by what it suggests as by what it actually says. The known disapproval of the Pope, who, being then a prisoner at Fontainebleau, was not consulted; the scruples of the Archbishop of Vienna to perform the ceremonies of the marriage-by-proxy, which were overcome only by a trick of diplomacy; the action of the thirteen Italian cardinals who refused to be present at the marriage in Paris, and who suffered degradation, exile, and poverty therefor, at the hands of Napoleon; the absurd triviality of the latter's plea that his religious union with Josephine was null on the ground that he mentally withheld consent to the act he pretended to perform; all these things were more than enough to have seriously disturbed any but the most accommodating and slippery of consciences. And however far such consciences may yield to present pressure, if they are Catholic, as these were, they are prone to qualms and to incessant returns upon themselves. It is not wonderful that, when virtual widowhood was imposed on Marie Louise as arbitrarily as her so-called marriage had been, a heart which Napoleon had never won, and a conscience she had been taught to tamper with, should have betrayed her into false positions. She was in the falsest of positions whatever she might do. Her open friendship with Count Neipperg may have been indiscretion or indelicacy, but even if her marriage with him had preceded, as it did not, the death of Napoleon, even in that case it must have been only technically guilt. She was the victim of technicalities for that matter from first to last; and, by a posthumous fatality, the real woman, who perhaps would not amount to very much could one get at her, has been pursued by them and judged in the court of pure legalities—a fictitious shade arraigned before a purely factitious tribunal.

Mr. Edward Sandford Martin is said to have enjoyed the singular distinction of having his fugitive contributions to the poetical columns of various American newspapers collected into a volume by an admiring British publisher and brought out across the water without their author's knowledge. How true the story is we cannot say, but it might be absolutely so without exciting any wonder. Mr. Martin's rhymes, which have now been put into a handy form by a New York house (*A Little Brother of the Rich and Other Verses*. Charles Scribner's Sons), have just

that light touch and flick of pleasant humor which our English friends compliment us by finding "so American." They are very pithy and well expressed, these verses; and, though they are seldom serious, and in but one or two instances essay any flight into the regions we are accustomed to think of as poetic, they have, nevertheless, a core of sound sense which makes them worth more than one reading. And they are tolerably sure to get it, if only for the clever knack of rhyming which their author has. His flies are in amber. Two of the poems which are very good are both so short, and their themes make them such good pendants to each other, that we quote each entire. The first is called "Mixed":

"Within my earthly temple there's a crowd.
There's one of us that's humble; one that's proud.
There's one that's broken-hearted for his sins,
And one who, unrepentant, sits and grins.
There's one who loves his neighbor as himself,
And one who cares for naught but fame and pelf.
From much corroding care would I be free
If once I could determine which is me."

The italics in "Be Kind to Thyself" are Mr. Martin's own:

"Comes the message from above—
'As thyself, thy neighbor love.'
With myself so vexed I grow,
Of my weakness weary so,
Easier may I tolerate
My neighbor than myself not hate.

*"Take not part of thee for whole,
Thou art neighbor to thy soul;
The ray from heaven that gilds the clod
Love thou, for it comes from God.
Bear thou with thy human clay
Lest thou miss the heaven-sent ray."*

Another very agreeable volume of poems is Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake's *Verses Along the Way* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Some of them we observe to have been reprinted, and without acknowledgment, from this magazine; and from that circumstance infer—perhaps not rightly—that others may have seen the light before. They bear the test of collection and self-comparison exceedingly well. The four poems called "On the Sea" are especially musical. Mr. Swinburne has made the sea so peculiarly his own in the verses which are his best, that it is almost inevitable to say that both in subject and

in manner these poems of Mrs. Blake, while giving a vivid and picturesque sense of the sea, give also a keen reminiscence of its great laureate. Mrs. Blake has an unusual facility in both rhyme and rhythm; some of her verses, like "In May-time," "Lost," "The Little Sailor Kiss," "A Christmas Carol," and half a dozen others that might be named, almost set themselves to music. From the poem "Daisies," which, on the whole, we prefer, perhaps for the too personal reason that it brings up so plainly before the inner eye certain far-off "sunshiny fields ablaze with daisies," we quote the final stanza:

"Daisies!

Your praise is

That you are like maidens, as maidens should be,
Winsome in freshness and wholesome to see;
Gifted with beauty and joy to the eye;
Head lifted daintily, yet not too high;
Sweet in humility; radiant in love;
Generous, too, as the sunshine above;
Swaying with sympathy, tenderly bent
On hiding the hurt, and on healing the rent;
Innocent, looking the world in the face;
Fearless, with nature's own innocent grace;
Full of sweet goodness, yet simple in art;
White in the soul and pure gold in the heart;
Ah! like unto you should all maidenhood be,
Gladsome to know and most gracious to see—
Like you, my daisies!"

Mrs. Blake's tribute to the late John Boyle O'Reilly is fine; characteristic, too, or so it strikes us, of both the dead poet and the living one who laments him.

Mr. Marion Crawford is one of those fortunate novelists who "go on conquering and to conquer." His later works, as they succeed each other, are almost unanimously voted better than the first ones, which yet were good enough to gain an extraordinary popularity. His last story, *A Cigarette Maker's Romance* (New York: Macmillan & Co.), is altogether pleasant, dingy as are the surroundings in which the scene is laid. There is a period in the narrative in which the interest grows painful; the sympathy which Vjera and the unfortunate Count have excited seeming inevitably doomed to an anti-climax which the reader must resent. But the end, when it does come, reconciles us to Mr. Crawford and his art. He has managed his little drama with unflinching skill. There seems the material for a successful play in it. Both in sentiment and in treatment the

story is pure and elevating. Mr. Crawford deserves his popularity, which we hope may continue to increase.

Mrs. Deland's new novel, *Sidney* (New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), shows the same preoccupation with religious problems as her first one. It is interesting, but neither so amusing in its lighter portions, nor so aggressive in its assaults on Calvinistic orthodoxy as "John Ward, Preacher" was. There are very good things in it, though. Mrs. Paul, for instance, is handled in a way that recalls the artist who drew old Lady Kew; which is saying a great deal. The story is ill-named, considering how far short of being either a heroic or even a vital figure Sidney falls. Miss Sally is worth a dozen of her for the claim she makes upon the sympathies of the reader. Dealing so predominantly as it does with the fundamental subject of the being of God, this book must, we suppose, be ranked with the novels of tendency. Our own difficulty with it is to conjecture precisely what tendency it may have been meant to exert; unless, indeed, it were the author's purpose to insinuate that human nature is so essentially self-seeking that unselfishness is never other than exotic to it. And to such teaching we should demur.

Sidney has been brought up from infancy by her widowed father, Major Lee, at first to ignore, and afterwards calmly to reject, all belief in God and immortality. The major is represented as a man who has loved with a deep and abiding passion a wife early torn from him by death. What his religious views may have been prior to that loss is mere matter of guess-work to the reader; but after it, what he conceives to be the impossibility that a wise and good God could make a world in which Love and Death are found together, drives him to reject all faith in such a Being as idle superstition. But as life remains, and love remains, and death remains, and as grief such as he has borne for twenty years seems to him a calamity far more painful than either life or love are pleasant, his aim in educating Sidney has been, first to preoccupy with materialism all the soil in which the common beliefs in God and immortal life are sown, and then to ward off grief by making her rise superior to love. In this hopeful enterprise nature would seem to have come promptly to his assistance; Sidney being, from first to last, in spite of her delicate beauty, her "sweet disdain," her "serene aloofness," her sincerity, which is most often shown by an unabashed preference of her own comfort to that of other people, as little prepossessing a young person as we have recently met

in fiction. In real life one now and then encounters something very like her, and we are bound to add, if only as a tribute to Mrs. Deland as a student of human nature, that we have found such peculiarities as hers to coexist with some approach to such a mental attitude as Sidney's toward Christianity. But to insinuate that such a mere intellectual apprehension of God as Sidney finally arrives at, as "Some One who knows" and has a purpose to which all things He has made unconsciously contribute, will avail to make a cold-hearted person unselfish, is as patently absurd as it would be to deny that such absence of faith as must exist in untaught and unbaptized children will prevent them, where nature has been kind, from exhibiting an instinctive generosity and a proneness to compassion.

Mrs. Deland rescues one of her characters from the painful dilemmas into which a sensitive conscience, a high sense of honor, a tender heart, and an inability to say the thing which is not when he knows what it is, are continually getting him, by making him a convert to the Catholic faith—"that wise church," as she calls it, which "attends to the soul but lets the intellect alone"! Robert Steele began the career which landed him in the safe shelter of "the most detailed religion in the world," by telling the intending buyer of some stocks which he held in trust for his mother, that he wanted to sell only because he had good reason to know they were about to depreciate largely in value. The natural consequence was that the stocks remained on his hands, and his mother was ruined by his indiscretion when she might have been saved by his timely silence. But such silence had seemed to him dishonest. Everybody in his circle blamed him as the betrayer of a trust—which looks as if his circle were given over, root and branch, to very shady ideas of morality. That is Robert's first fall—or rise, as the reader pleases. Mrs. Deland is not at pains to say how she herself regards it. His second—a real one this time—is his habitual use of morphine to deaden physical pain to which he becomes subject. Brave enough to ruin his mother rather than save her by involving some one else, he becomes a coward when at the mercy of his tortured nerves. When the story opens he is again a rich man, his stocks having risen in value after his mother's death. He is in the hands of Alan Crossan, a young doctor of not much importance save as Sidney's lover; and in the course of convalescence from his wretched habit he becomes for a while the guest of Major Lee. Here he is taken care of by sweet little Miss Sally Lee, an innocent old maid of thirty-nine, whose "life has been so full of

giving that she has never had time to think that there has been no receiving in it." She is very good to Robert, who is four years her junior; and he, who has but a low and contemptuous opinion of himself, by-and-by mistakes the exhilaration which really comes from returning health for love of his nurse. What rest and medicine have done for him he imagines to be the result of her trust and sympathy, not knowing that Miss Sally believes in everybody and has a heart which has room for all the world but no private chamber in it for any single one. Miss Sally, however, is as prone to misunderstand herself as Robert is. What he offers as love, she, very much astonished, a good deal flattered, but with no knowledge of what love means, accepts; and they become engaged, to the wonder and covert amusement of all who know them. This is Robert's second slip. His third comes when he stands by and sees a woman throw herself into the river and drown without endeavoring either to prevent the act or save her from its consequences. He dared not, he tells Alan Crossan, who accelerates his own death in a vain attempt to rescue the suicide. He felt that he had no right to interfere forcibly with a moral act which concerned no one but the soul and its God. Just here Mrs. Deland tries the credulity of the most imaginative reader too far. A real man, especially if gifted with the native kindness she attributes to Robert Steele, even if he had felt this difficulty, would also have felt, and more promptly, the impulse to find out first whether the misery that impelled a wretch at his side to such an irremediable act might not be alleviated or totally removed by means within his own power. But a real man is a personage whom Mrs. Deland has not yet succeeded in getting into her pages.

The crown of Robert's misdemeanors is put on when he "meets Truth—which is God—face to face" one day, and seeing clearly that he has no love for Miss Sally, sees also that it has become his miserable duty to pain and humiliate her by telling her so. He shirks it as long as he can, but then states the case to her exactly as he sees it, offering at the same time to marry her if she wishes. Miss Sally promptly decides that she has no such wish. Though she cries all night and feels utterly ashamed, yet at the bottom of her heart she realizes that her deepest grief arises from the relief she experiences at her release. She feels that she ought to be heart-broken, and alas! she is not. But, as she hides this humiliating joy, while confessing openly that it was not by her that the engagement was broken; and as she coincidentally takes a bad cold and dies of it, Robert is left to believe

himself the immediate cause of her demise. He relapses into morphine, whence he emerges to enter the Catholic Church. "Good Lord!" Alan Crossan says, when told of this intention, "What are you going to do with your reason?" Robert explains that it has become plain to him that he cannot trust his reason, and that he will therefore "enter a brotherhood" and never act again except under obedience. And by-and-by Alan begins to see that it is best for his friend to confide himself to this "wise church which nourishes the soul but leaves intellect to itself"! Mrs. Deland seems more than slightly muddled in her conception of the nature of the authority exercised by the church over private consciences. Just at the end of the story, having chronicled how Sidney "found God" by an emotional process to which words are unequal, but which Major Lee felicitously characterizes as a mingling "of the Calvinism of your maternal grandfather and pantheism," Mrs. Deland remarks:

"Robert Steele, feeling vaguely that Sidney, religious without a religion, drew her strength from the same source as did he, absorbed in the wonderful ritual of the most detailed religion in the world, yet prayed for her salvation with the anguished fear of the consistent Christian who hears his Lord denied."

For Sidney's peace comes solely from the abiding sense that there is an Intelligence to which all that baffles men is plain. It does not include faith in Christ, except as one in whom was pre-eminently that life of God of which everything that passes is but a fleeting expression. It neither hopes for immortality nor rejects the possibility of it, but simply "does not think it matters." Only the Sidneys of fiction, it may be observed, rest calmly on that slenderest of foundations for either happiness or peace. In real life the Lucy Smiths—kind, natural, and warm-hearted women, who love and lose, and who have no better faith than this—wear out their lives in pain and baffled longing for the assurance that is given by Jesus Christ alone.

Vignettes: Real and Ideal (Boston: De Wolfe, Fiske & Co.) contains fifteen short stories by as many American authors of more or less repute—rather less than more, as a rule which is likely to reverse itself in some cases in due course of time. One of the best of these sketches is "The Untold Word," by an American with so foreign-sounding a name as De Sumichrast. Mrs. Jane G. Austin has a not very characteristic sketch entitled "Safe in Purgatory" which has nothing supernatural about it in spite of its name; "Madame Clerc," by Edward Irenæus Ste-

venson is clever, and shocking, but not shockingly clever; Emma V. Sheridan describes "A Choice" of a husband made by an actress between her suitors, and its disastrous results. The sketch, which ends with a succession of curt statements setting forth that the wife was regarded by her husband as a pleasant toy; that when the child came he "was distinctly displeased; when it died, the mother grew sullen"; and that when the couple returned to America from foreign parts, the wife "left all her jewels, and with her maid started for New Orleans" to recommence life anew as an actress; is characteristic of a good deal that is seething very near the surface in women's minds nowadays. Mr. John J. à Becket contributes a realistic and well-written sketch of a night in the station-house, where his hero passed the vigil of his wedding.

Paul Heyse's *Children of the World* (New York: Worthington Co.) is long, ponderous, and by no means well-translated. As a specimen of Worthington's publications it is singularly defective in the matter of paper, printing, and general get-up. As a novel it is very German; crowded with characters to an extent that suggests *Wilhelm Meister*; interesting in spite of its over-elaboration of parts; not intelligible when one seeks an explanation of the bearing of the tale upon its title, and especially on its motto: "The children of the world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." In Heyse's thought, the children of the world are the scientific unbelievers who have divorced themselves from faith but not from morality. A world constructed throughout on just that plan, could one conceive it; a world, that is, in which all the inhabitants were so fashioned that their desires could not go beyond its horizon and every man intuitively "cut his coat according to his cloth"; might afford a fair field for the evolution of a certain low kind of natural beatitude. But, in the world we live in, the emancipated man and woman of science are continually brushing up against a stone wall of limitation to their activity, built up now by the faith, now by the despair, now by the untamed desires of their fellow-men. And that is a barrier which does not seem likely to be broken down in our time—never in any time by those who are wholly "of the earth, earthly." Oddly enough, the only really contented and happy people in Heyse's story are the two who fairly deserve the appellation of "children of light"—the little "*Zaunkönig*" and the pious Frau Valentin. There is a hideous study of unholy pietism made in the Candidat Lorinser, which bears traces of having been done from life. The story

of Toinette is painful from first to last; that of Edwin and Leah has many good points and is well imagined. Baldur, too, is as charmingly conceived as suffering and baffled longing can be by one who keeps within the narrow limits of a world which has no future, and, for such as Baldur, no satisfactory present.

The Squatter's Dream (New York and London: Macmillan & Co.), by Rolf Boldrewood, is a story of Australian life whose title promises more color and romance than its contents realize. To intending squatters, or to men who have squatted successfully and gone back home to live, all the more contentedly because they have a well-outlined background of past hardships against which the serene present of assured comfort is thrown up, the story of Jack Redgrave's long ill-success should have a zest beyond any it could have for ordinary readers. And yet one says that with hesitation, reflecting on the enormous and continued popularity of that "native author named Roe," whose work Mr. Boldrewood's in some manner suggests. Imagine Roe in an entirely new field, with picturesque scenery and surroundings, and yet with the same invincible necessity laid upon him to preach prudence, economy, forethought, and to point a moral from the failure of any man to practise all these things. There is doubtless a great deal to be learned on such points, as well as on the comparative value of sheep and cattle farms, from the *Squatter's Dream*. The book needs a glossary almost as much as did *The Story of an African Farm*. It is full of technicalities which only Australian settlers should be presumed to understand.

Of the three novels based on Scriptural subjects which have recently appeared, two are brought out by G. P. Putnam's Sons (New York)—*The Hammer*, by Alfred J. Church, lately professor of Latin in University College, London, and *A Son of Issachar*, by Elbridge S. Brooks. The latter is reprinted from the *Detroit Free Press*, which published it this year as one of its prize stories. Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward and her husband, Mr. Herbert Ward, who appear in this order on the title-page, are the joint authors of *Come Forth* (New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Professor Church's story, based upon the exploits commemorated in the first and second books of the Machabees, with Judas Machabeus, "The Hammer of the Lord," for its hero, and adhering very closely to the lines of the sacred text, has the great advantage over the others of a theme not incommensurate either with his powers or with the reasonable expectations of his readers. It is well-written

and interesting, though indefinitely less so than the first-hand historical narratives from which he has drawn his own. One slip, curious enough in an English professor who should have had opportunities enough of more or less familiar acquaintance with the many Jewish families who have good social standing in London, and who might have been expected to qualify himself to make authoritative statements as to their present beliefs when he compares these with those he supposes to belong wholly to the past, occurs in a footnote to p. 153. It runs thus:

“There seems to have been a belief among the Jews of this time in the efficacy of prayers for the dead. So we read in 2 Maccabees xii. 45: ‘Whereupon he made a reconciliation for the dead that they might be delivered from sin.’ This is probably the chief reason why the Council of Trent included the Books of Maccabees and other Apocryphal writings in the Canon of Scripture.”

Professor Church would not have had far to go—probably not farther than the nearest synagogues—to find the Jews still devoting one day of every year to fasting and praying for their dead “that they may be delivered from sin.”

Mr. Brooks is reverent, and his story is in many ways as pleasing as any book of the sort can be. We strongly object, however, to his repeated descriptions of our Lord as “slight and *trim* in figure,” and as having a “strong but womanly face.” *Trim* is seldom used in this way except to express slight contempt. The Son of Issachar is also the Son of the Widow of Nain. He is an inconstant, wavering, worldly-minded Jew, who, in spite of the renewed life he owes to our Saviour, is capable of murder, and of uniting with Judas to betray Him. It is true that the motive of both traitors is represented as not wholly base. Judas wishes to force our Lord’s hand; he is impatient with His slowness, and to the last hopes for a temporal ascendancy of the Jews as the result of His mission. As usual, the tale is complicated with two love-stories, though the Son of Issachar is the hero of both. The true love, which finally rescues him and transforms him into the proto-martyr, Stephen, is that which results in his marriage with the resuscitated daughter of Jairus.

Come Forth, despite the prestige of its chief author, is an extremely absurd and disagreeable tale. Its hero is Lazarus. There is some very modern and romantic love-making in it between him and the voluptuously beautiful daughter of Annas, the High-priest, which grates on the religious nerve. Our

Saviour is introduced on one occasion, walking the waters of a stormy sea, and bearing this young woman in His arms in order to lay her at her lover's feet. There is a good deal of twaddle in the New England style, moreover, between another pair of lovers, Baruch, "who was born blind," and Ariella, the sick daughter of a Pharisee, who was healed of her affliction by our Lord, to the extreme disgust of her father. An air of detestable commonplaceness, not so much of execution as of imagination, pervades the book from end to end. And that, one reflects, was also the great trouble with Miss Phelps's *Gates Ajar*.

I.—SCIENCE AND REVELATION.*

The argument of this treatise, on deep philosophical and scientific topics, is enlivened and made easier to read and understand by being thrown into the form of a triologue. Dr. Armstrong is the Socrates, a very solid old gentleman, reminding us of Dr. Brownson. A young physician acts the part of objector and proposes the side which the old doctor is to refute. A young lady, who is about the quickest and most clever young miss one could meet with in many a long day, asks for explanations and sums up what has been said in her own way, after the Italian fashion of a discussion between *Il Dotto* and *L'Ignorante*.

Monsignor De Concilio has shown acuteness and wide grasp of metaphysical reasoning in the treatise on "Catholicity and Pantheism," which first appeared in this magazine. The present work shows the same philosophical ability joined with a sufficient acquaintance with science for a competent treatment of his topics.

Neither theology, philosophy, or science are ill-treated by being forced into concessions and compromises which are intended to make them fit into a scheme of violent assimilation and harmony, and produce a sort of theolo-philosopho-physiological monster like Barnum's mermaid. All that the theory of evolution can claim as scientifically certain or probable, all the probability there is in the nebular hypothesis, all the really scientific conclusions of geology, and all well-founded opinions respecting the chronology of human history, receive due and ample recognition. Other hypotheses which are combated are discussed on rational and scientific grounds, with fairness as well as with force. Where

* *Harmony between Science and Revelation.* By Right Rev. J. De Concilio, D.D. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

theology comes into the play, the author certainly does not minimize, and if he pushes the line of authority beyond what some other writers are disposed to claim, he has at least a considerable *consensus* and intrinsic probability in his favor. Works of this kind are very useful and very interesting to a large class of intelligent and educated readers, and to such we recommend the careful perusal of the present volume, hoping that the author may find encouragement for a second edition, and the publisher for an improved style in its execution.

2.—THE HOLY CHILD.*

This poem is as yet almost unknown, and yet deserving to become well-known and admired by all who have a taste for pure religious poetry. It is published in handsome style with several beautiful illustrations. It is very suitable for a Christmas gift, and as a premium in schools. A longer review, which we intend to publish in an early number, will, we hope, introduce this truly beautiful poem to the Catholic public. For the present we give it this brief recommendation to serve for the approaching Christmas season. It may be had of Mr. Newton, 21 University Place, New York.

3.—EDUCATION AND THE HIGHER LIFE.†

The Bishop of Peoria has given us a charming book. It has the charm of originality and boldness. It has a peculiar charm in its wonderfully beautiful English. The bishop has a power in the use of words that very few writers can boast. The book enchants one by its poetry. But it has a value other than the mere pleasure it affords the reader by its charm of poetry, beautiful English, originality, and boldness of thought. It forces the reader to think. It is philosophical and deeply Catholic. Every page of it is instinct with profound love of God, with reverence for God and things divine born of a faith that is deeper and nobler than even the chosen few possess. The man is in the book—serious, learned, religious, cultured, nobly free, gifted, eloquent, high-minded, but withal a Christian and Catholic bishop. These essays rank the Bishop of Peoria the peer of Arnold, of Carlyle, only he outranks them, for these burn-

* *The Holy Child; or, The Flight into Egypt.* By Thomas E. Van Bibber. Second Edition. New York: The Writers' Publishing Co. 1888.

† *Education and the Higher Life.* By J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1890.

ing thoughts are fire struck from the steel of faith and the flint of love. Whoever reads them must be the better for the reading. They are profoundly Christian and sincerely Catholic. Would that some man who, like the Bishop of Peoria, can look at the sun of truth with eyes wide open and is blinded not, would write a review of these essays.

The book contains some two hundred or more pages, there being eight papers—chapters they are called—in all. The subjects handled are thus designated: Ideals, Exercise of the Mind, The Love of Excellence, Culture and the Spirit of the Age, Self-Culture, Growth and Duty, Right Human Life, and University Education, the last being the paper read at the placing of the foundation-stone of the Catholic University at Washington, and which received such extended notice from the press of the country. To form any correct notion of these essays one should read them for himself. But to give some idea of them let us give an extract or two from Self-Culture.

After telling us that the passion for truth and culture is the man's passion, and after speaking of the difficulty of attaining to wisdom and of the "discouragement and weariness that will again and again suggest doubts concerning the wisdom of this ceaseless effort to improve one's self," he says: "Observation, reading, and writing are the chief means by which thought is stimulated, the mind developed, and the intellect cultivated." Thus he speaks as he goes on of observation: "The habit of looking and the habit of thinking are closely related. A man thinks as he sees; and for a mind like Shakspeare's, for instance, observation is almost the only thing that is necessary for its development. The boundless world breaks in upon him with creative force. His sympathy is universal, and therefore so is his interest. He sees the like in the unlike, the difference in things which are similar. . . . When the boy is wandering through the fields, sitting in the shade of the trees, or lying on the banks of the running stream, he is not only learning more delightful things than books will ever teach him, but he is also acquiring the habit of attention, of looking at what he sees, which nowhere else can be gotten in so natural and pleasant a way. . . . Unless we have first learned to look with the eye, we shall never learn to look with the mind." Then he speaks of reading as a source of self-culture: "The wise read books to be enlightened, uplifted, and inspired. This reading is a labor in which every faculty of the mind is awake and active. They are attentive; they weigh, compare, judge. They recreate within

their own minds the images produced by the author." Of history as subject-matter for reading as a means of self-culture he says: "History, in bringing us into the presence of the greatest men and in showing us their mightiest achievements, rouses our whole being. It sets the mind aglow, awakens enthusiasm, and fires the imagination. It makes us feel how blessed a thing it is to 'scorn delights and live laborious days'; how divine to perish in bringing truth and holiness to men." Of the reading of poetry as a means of self-culture the bishop says: "The best reading is that which most profoundly stimulates thought, which brings our minds into active, conscious communion with the mind of the author; and hence the best poetry is the most efficacious and the most delightful aid to mental improvement." Now one short quotation more as to writing in aid of culture: "Writing is as great an aid to the cultivation of the mind as reading. It is, indeed, indispensable, and the accuracy of thought and expression of which Bacon speaks is but one of its good results. 'By writing,' says St. Augustine, 'I have learned many things which nothing else could have taught me.'" But how convey any adequate idea of the essays by short quotations taken here and there from many pages? Read the book for yourself.

A book notice can give no idea of what these essays treat of. Nor do the titles of the essays convey adequately what they contain. The book must be read to be known. The publishers have sent it forth in a neat dress, printed it on excellent paper, and at a price that places it within the reach of all. It is not a book for any special class. It is intended for any man who reads and thinks of what he has read. There is no one who may read it, whether he be Catholic or non-Catholic, and not be benefited, if he be at all capable of being influenced by noble Christian thought expressed in wondrously beautiful and correct English. We very warmly recommend *Education and the Higher Life* to the general reading public.

4.—LIFE OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.*

The appearance of such a man as St. Thomas, in the midst of the scholastic agitation of the thirteenth century, was of that providential character which the eye of faith sees in the lives of all the great saints. It was the will of God that Thomas Aquinas should show the world in his own person a perfect model

* *The Life of St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor.* Edited by Father Pius Cavanagh, O.P. Illustrated. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

of the Catholic scholastic theologian. His powers were undeniable, his genius imperial, his supremacy undoubted; and yet he used his privileges and his position to enforce upon the turbulent spirits of the time, and upon all generations of students after him, the lesson that the theologian was not to be influenced by pride of intellect, laying down the law as if he had himself discovered all truth, but one who, taking the faith for his point of view, humbly puts forth and peacefully discusses the propositions that he considers true. And in this life of the great doctor there is nothing more striking than his mildness and gentleness, his changeless serenity of heart and temper.

This life by Father Cavanagh can be warmly recommended to those who have not the leisure to read a larger work, or to those who would wish to have at hand for reference a clear and succinct account of all the principal events in the life of the Angelic Doctor. It is beautifully printed on tinted paper, the illustrations are fine copies of middle-age art, the binding exceedingly chaste and handsome.

5.—THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.*

It is exceedingly difficult to form an opinion of a work of which one has seen but a half. The half of Mr. Sanderson's work, now before us, treats of the history of the ancient world and that of the middle ages; and, considering the vast amount of matter the author endeavors to bring within the small space of a text-book, it is not unsatisfactorily treated. It is, of course, sketchy; but sometimes, it seems to us, unnecessarily so; and to be understood clearly by the pupil, requires an accurate knowledge of history on the part of the teacher for its elucidation—such a knowledge, indeed, as is not always possessed by the ordinary instructor in our State schools. There can be no doubt about the kindly spirit shown towards the church in this revision. That the kindness displayed consists in his having told the truth about popes and monks, and only the bare truth without ornament, does not lessen our feeling of thankfulness. His revision deserves well at the hands of those for whom it is intended, for it is, we think, in some respects superior to anything of its kind in use in our public schools. We would suggest that the phrase "having deceased" be replaced in a future edition by, having died.

* *Epitome of the World's History, Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern.* With special relation to the History of Civilization and the Progress of Mankind. By Edgar Sanderson, M.A. Revised and condensed, with Emendations and New Matter, by John Hardiman, A.M. Part I. Ancient and Mediæval. Boston: Boston School Supply Company.

6.—THE JEWS UNDER ROMAN RULE.*

The author tells us in his preface that the epoch of which this volume professes to treat embraces a period of about three hundred years (B. C. 164 to A. D. 135), and has an intimate bearing on one of the most momentous turning-points in the history of the world. The book exhibits considerable research, but not a great deal of depth. The last, however, could hardly be expected in a small volume covering, as it does, so much ground. The author is not a tedious writer, not verbose, and his sentences are short and crisp: all particularly admirable qualities in a historian. It does not seem to the present writer that he has made out the Jews to be a very lovable people, and yet he appears to be in sympathy with them in their unhappiness under the Roman rule, so often at least as he allows his personality to be seen, which is seldom. As has been said, the author is not wordy, he is interesting, and his pictures are lively; yet he lacks warmth and color. Inasmuch as colorless writing feigns to be the order of the day, whether in fiction, or history, or poetry, there can be little doubt that the author of *The Jews under Roman Rule* will find appreciative readers. Whether or not such writing has any claim to be called literature is a question.

7.—ANTHROPOLOGY AND BIOLOGY.†

This is the second edition of four lectures delivered by the Rev. Thomas Hughes, S.J., before the members of the Detroit College Alumni Association during the winter of 1889. The work is admirable in the highest sense, not alone for the power of clear logical reasoning it displays, but for its lucid and eminently literary style as well. The writer of this notice knows of no work of its kind so worthy of perusal, and regrets that press of matter forbids giving it the review it deserves. The author's collation of facts is made in a decidedly satisfactory manner, being neither long-winded nor too brief; and as an example of a compressed style it is worthy of the honest admiration of the reader. Abstruse subjects are here treated of, but not abstrusely; scientific theories that clash with his views are not thrust aside with an epithet of contempt as if not worthy of notice; such views are invariably handled with gentleness and

* *The Jews under Roman Rule*. By W. D. Morrison. The Story of the Nations Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; London: T. Fisher Unwin.

† *Principles of Anthropology and Biology*. By Rev. Thomas Hughes, S.J. Second edition. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

consideration, but refuted with an irresistible logic. And it is the calm, considerate reasoning power of Father Hughes, adorned by singularly pure and judiciously-used rhetoric, that gives a charm to his lectures not often found in the literary productions of scientists.

8.—A CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL.*

The twenty-third issue of the *Catholic Family Annual* surpasses in literary style and artistic illustration any one of its predecessors. Highly appreciated as the *Annual* has been heretofore, the present issue exceeds all expectations formed concerning it. Aside from its literary merit, by no means secondary, the *Annual's* calendar deserves special mention as a peculiarly beautiful specimen of the printer's art. The illustrations, as has been said, are really artistic, equal in merit to those in our best magazines. Especially good are the portraits of Cardinal Newman, John Boyle O'Reilly, and Father James Curley, S.J., and the view of the New Museum, Dublin. In the list of contributors are the well-known names of the historian John Gilmary Shea, the historian and scientist John A. Mooney, the novelist and essayist Maurice F. Egan, and R. T. Rea, whose admirable essay on the late Lawrence Kehoe is one of the features of the annual. K. W. Barry contributes several articles, among them a highly appreciative essay on Boyle O'Reilly. Agnes Hampton has given a clever sketch entitled "Three Noted Jesuits." In the interests of American literature we must take exception to a passage in the article on Dr. Hettinger, which states: "With the exception of Father Harper's *Metaphysics of the School*, no one has yet made a serious effort to naturalize in modern English speech the terminology of the scholastic system." This is hardly exact. The American Jesuit, Father Hill, in his *Logic and Ontology; or, General Metaphysics* (reviewed in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, June, 1873), has done for philosophical terminology in English precisely what Hettinger has done for it in German; and it is the opinion of competent judges that the American has given a terminology superior to that of the English Jesuit. Father Bayma, S.J., in his metaphysical articles published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, has equalled if not surpassed Father Harper in the same line.

* *The Illustrated Catholic Family Annual for 1891*. With Calendars calculated for different Parallels of Latitude and adapted for use throughout the United States. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates, Limited.

As heartily as we commend the *Annual* do we desire it a circulation even wider than it has had hitherto. It is not merely a reference book, but a book of good, wholesome knowledge, most agreeably presented.

9.—CHILDREN'S BOOKS. *

In *Rhymes for Little Readers* Miss Adams has produced a distinctively American "color book." In much of the verse there is a good moral undercurrent, and our good old friend Mother Goose has not been forgotten. Art in the nursery is one of the best of educators, and such dainty color books as is this one of Miss Adams are steps in the culture of the youthful eye and taste.

Babyland is filled with odd little stories. What child will not enjoy "Polly Pry" and "Toddlekins," rhymes, and a wealth of illustrations that really illustrate. The volume is dressed in an attractive and decorative cover, and Miss Adams' color-drawings are a fitting introduction and conclusion to the delight and glee that live between its covers. Both of these little books are brimful of the sweetest and purest of all human loves, that of mother for child, of child for mother.

10.—CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC. †

The *Home Almanac* presents an excellent appearance and contains many first-rate stories, notably the ones by Maurice Egan and Christian Reid. Miss Starr's stanzas "Enter into Life" are touching and have the qualities of genuine poetry. But what makes this Almanac of especial value is the large assortment of pleasing and innocent pieces of writing which it contains, treating of all sorts of subjects. These either convey information worth having, or they are calculated to entertain the fancy with poetical and romantic scenes and incidents.

The reader is given a large number of good pictures to please the eye, most of them being also well-adapted for the instruction of children. The impressions conveyed throughout are either positively religious or such as indirectly foster the knowledge and practice of our holy faith.

* *Rhymes for Little Readers*. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. *Babyland*. Edited by the editor of *Wide Awake*. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

† *Catholic Home Almanac*. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO THE READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

WE are happy to announce that the complete list of Catholic authors whose works are now published in the English language is almost ready for the press. The labor involved in its preparation has been simply enormous, considering the difficulties in the way of getting the desired information. As a precaution against financial loss in this expensive enterprise the copyright of the list has been secured and all rights reserved for the Columbian Reading Union. In the January (1891) number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD we shall publish only the names of authors in alphabetical order, with a request for prompt notice of any omissions or corrections. Concerning each Catholic author we wish to get (1) the titles of books, (2) the names of publishers, (3) an indication of which books are now for sale. From our members we have received valuable assistance in our long search after Catholic authors, but unfortunately some sent only the titles of books, without stating the name of the publisher, from whom we could ascertain whether or not the books are out of print.

When our plan of making this complete list of authors was first made known it was expected that publishers would see the advantages of the work from their point of view and make some offer of financial aid. It was even proposed to ask each publisher to pay a share of the cost of printing the list proportionate to the number of his books. The fitness of things would seem to demand that the Columbian Reading Union should find on its roll of membership the names of the publishers whose books it has gratuitously advertised. But the facts do not correspond to our wishes or to the fitness of things. At present we must look for the funds necessary to pay the expense to be incurred in this undertaking not to the publishers as a class—their purse-strings are proverbially slow to move—but to the Catholic reading public, as represented among our patrons and members. A prompt remittance of the annual fee of one dollar is especially requested. We have very few conditions or regulations, but what we have are very important. Our members must know their relations to the Union to establish a clear understanding. Hence we again call attention to these points:

Membership.—Each person sending one dollar will be enrolled as a member of the Columbian Reading Union; dues to be paid annually in advance during the month of January.

Libraries, Reading Circles, and other societies may obtain a membership through one representative, who alone will pay the annual dues.

The privileges of membership are not transferable, and terminate each year in the month of December. Subject to this limitation, new members may join at any time.

For the purchase of books members will have special facilities enabling them to save time, trouble, and expense. In proportion to the number and value of the books ordered, *a liberal discount* can be guaranteed. The full retail price of each book must be sent with the order, so as to conduct the business on a strictly cash basis. After deducting express charges or postage, the balance of surplus obtained by the discount allowed will be returned with the receipt.

Post-office or express money orders, checks, and drafts should be made payable to the *Columbian Reading Union*.

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Among the first-class works of modern fiction we place two novels, entitled "Whom God Hath Joined"—which first appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD under the title of "Katherine"—and "John Van Alstyne's Factory." In both these works the literary form is entitled to the highest praise; and what is more to be admired, this literary excellence is made to do noble service in the adornment of Christian truth. It is much to be regretted that such stories, which make for virtue and morality, have not a wider circulation, so as to create a demand that will compel publishers to keep them prominently before the public. Our plans are intended to provide an antidote for this deplorable condition. Catholics are not yet organized to defend their own literary interests, though they have sufficient patronage, if properly directed, to assure the sale of any book that has a just claim on their attention.

With pleasure we give here the letter sent by the distinguished writer alluded to, who took Lewis Dorsay as a pen-name in the powerful story called "John Van Alstyne's Factory" which recently appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

"Since expressions of personal feeling seem desirable in the eyes of the promoters of the Columbian Reading Union, I am very willing to say that I find the purposes of that association, and its plans, so far as I know them, admirable from many points of view. It cannot but be good to get our young people together and set their minds to work in that harmony of approval, or disapproval perhaps, of more or less critical discussion any

way, which must be excited by their common knowledge of any books which are worthy of being recommended to their attention. That seems to me to be the chief good likely to arise from the plan of reading together. The subsidiary one alluded to by Father McMillan at the recent convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, as "the necessity of encouraging in every possible way those who are able to produce literature upon all subjects in which Catholics are interested," is great, to be sure, but, if it is ever achieved, will it not be in consequence of having attained the other?

"I see you put me down as the author of two books. Only one of my stories has been put into book-form. And the publishers of *Whom God Hath Joined*, Henry Holt & Co., inform me that the only edition of it, brought out in 1886, is wholly exhausted.

E. G. MARTIN."

"New York City.

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The following names belong to the list of authors among Catholic women :

Sullivan, Mrs. M. F. : Ireland of To-Day.

Starr, Eliza Allen : Pilgrims and Shrines.

Patron Saints.

Life of Queen Isabella.

Songs of a Lifetime.

Sadlier, Agnes : Barbara Leigh.

Gretchen's Gift.

The Jesuits.

Shapcote, Emily Mary : Legends of the Blessed Sacrament.

Rythmical Prayer.

Eucharistic Hours.

Among the Lilies.

Stewart, Agnes M. : Life of Bishop Fisher.

Life and Letters of Blessed Thomas More.

Life of Cardinal Wolsey.

The Yorkshire Plot.

The King and the Cloister.

The People's Martyr.

Life of Cardinal Pole.

Margaret Roper.

Earl Nugent's Daughter.

Mary, Queen of Scots.

The Last Abbot of Thornton.

Stewart, Miss E. M. : Stories of Christian Schools.

Sadlier, Mrs. J. : Aunt Honor's Keepsake.

Blakes and Flanagans.

Bessy Conway.

Confessions of an Apostate.

Con O'Regan.

Daughter of Tyrconnell.

Elinor Preston.

Father Sheehy, and other Tales.

Alice Riordan.

MacCarthy More.

Maureen Dhu.

New Lights ; or, Life in Galway.

Old and New.

The Confederate Chieftains.

Heiress of Kilorgan.

The Old House by the Boyne.

The Hermit of the Rock.

Willie Burke.

Purgatory.

Sadlier, Anna T. : Augustine ; or, The Mysterious Beggar.

Consolation for the Afflicted.

Dumb Boy of Fribourg.

Ivan ; or, The Leper's Son.

Ethel Hamilton.

Sadlier, Anna T.—continued:

Idols; or, The Secret of the Rue d'Antin.

Lucille; or, The Young Flower-maker.

Matilda of Canossa.

The Monk's Pardon.

Names that Live in Catholic Hearts.

Recluse of Rambouillet.

The King's Page.

The Two Brothers.

The Old Chest.

The Wonders of Lourdes.

Ubaldo and Irene.

Gems of Catholic Thought.

Women of Catholicity.

Taylor, Miss: A Marvellous History.

Lost, and other Tales.

Stoneleighs of Stoneleigh.

Tyborne, and Who Went Thither. Master Will and Won't.

Taunton, Margaret T.: My Lady at Last.

Tynan, Katherine: Louise de la Valliere.

Shamrocks.

Tincker, Matilda A.: House of Yorke.

Grapes and Thorns.

Six Sunny Months.

A Winged Word.

Ward, Miss: Texts for Children.

Ward, Mrs.: Sketch of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

Gospel Stories.

Stories from the Old and New Testaments.

Walworth, Ellen A.: An Old World Seen Through Young Eyes.

Katharine Tegakwhita: A Story of the Indian Missions.

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We are thankful to the many kind friends who have written to us suggesting the names here added to the foregoing list:

Carròll, Mother Austin: Life of Catherine McAuley.

Life of St. Alphonsus.

Angel Dreams.

Glimpses of Pleasant Homes.

By the Seaside.

Happy Hours of Childhood.

Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy. 3 vols.

Crowley, Mary C.: Merry Hearts. Happy Go Lucky.

White, C. A.: Student's Mythology.

Bible History.

Ancient Literature.

O'Grady, Eleanor: Aids to Correct Elocution.

Fitzgerald, Marcella A.: Poems.

Clark, A. M.: Popular History of Astronomy.

System of the Stars.

Brewster, Anne Hampton: Compensation.

St. Martin's Summer.

Preston, Harriet Waters: Mireio. Georgics of Virgil.

Winthrop, Augusta Clinton: The Bugle Call, and other Poems.

Seward, Olive Risley: Editor of "Travels Around the World,"
by Wm. H. Seward.

Around the World Stories.

Children's Stories

White, Mrs.: Journal and Letters of Jennie Whit.

Mattingly, Mrs. Sarah Irwin: Religious Orders in the United States.

Brownell, Henrietta M. K.: God's Way, Man's Way.

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In order to elicit answers from some of our members we publish these questions:

"Where can information be found concerning Hermann Geiger, author of *Lydia*?"

"Can I learn, through the Columbian Reading Union, whether *The Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation*, by Ven. Bede, is published now and by whom? I am finding it most interesting; but the copy I am reading was printed one hundred and sixty-seven years since in London."

"What life of Joan of Arc in the English language would you recommend?"

S. M. G.

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The Institute Library of Savannah, Ga., is managed by the Young Men's Catholic Union. It has sound advice for its members in these

HINTS TO MAKE READING FRUITFUL.

1. *Read with attention.* Burke read as if he were never to see the book a second time. Guard against careless reading. Better read one history, one poem, one essay well, if it take a year, than to fritter away hours in a process that blunts the sharp activity of the mind and weakens its power of seizing on a difficult subject.

2. *Read what interests you.* In what does your ignorance disturb you most? With what events, new principles, would you like to be conversant? Make sure of these.

3. *Read what bears directly on your profession, business, position in life.* Propose to yourself a definite purpose. Why am I reading *this* book? Why am I reading it *now*? The habit of asking ourselves these questions will involve the calling of ourselves to account for our reading and the considering it in the light of wisdom and duty. Every self-educated man from Franklin onward was earnest in his readings.

4. Have some *definite solid reading* always on hand; don't be merely a literary butterfly.

5. *Read with method.* Make special efforts to *retain* what is gathered from reading. Make *always* a mental synopsis of the essay, article, or book read, and *often* a written one. What was proposed in that article? Was it descriptive or argumentative? If the latter, what did the author wish to prove? Did he prove it satisfactorily? What were the chief arguments? Did the subject and manner of arranging the reasoning please me? Was the style pleasing? What special thought or saying ought to be sown in my memory? Never omit a reference, and make notes. Besides the intrinsic value of what is written, note-

taking is a means to the end of quickening the intellectual energies, of arousing and holding the attention.

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"We studied *Fabiola* thoroughly, reading up and investigating every allusion to persons, places, events, etc. We read the history of Rome, particularly in its relation to the church. Some of us also read *Callista*, *Dion and the Sibyls*, *The Vengeance of a Jew*, and *Aurelia*, by Quinton. This last is not on the Columbian Reading Union guide list, but deserves to be. It is a well-written story of the earliest period of the church.

"We decided to take up the Middle Ages next, and chose *Matilda of Canossa*, which deals with the struggles of Gregory VII. and Henry IV., and the rise of the temporal power of the pope. With due regard to chronology, topics were copied into a note-book for easy reference. Each member was assigned a topic to 'look up.' The result of the investigation was told or read at the following meeting. It is surprising how unexpected talent developed among us. Ladies who seldom before ventured to read aloud even at home find they can write and read most creditable essays. However, we do not dignify our efforts with such high-sounding titles. We call them 'accounts.'

"Our object is to study the *life* of each century. To find out who lived in each age, and what they did for the good or ill of humanity; the condition and development of the arts, sciences, literature, and education; the growth of manufacture and trade; and the habits and customs of the period.

"But most particularly do we wish to study the attitude of the church towards the progress of the times; and how the church controlled and was, in turn, affected by the tide of affairs.

"We study such books as are available, always preferring those in the guide list. Having a diversity of authority, there consequently results a diversity of opinion. Lively discussions ensue, and further 'looking up' is required. All which tends to quicken the interest of the members.

"As each century is completed a review by questions will be given (each member bringing in two questions) to test the results of our reading. We will finish the eleventh century in two more meetings. Selections from Darras on that period of church history, and from Lilly's *Turning-point of the Middle Ages*, in regard to the geographical bearings of each nation at this time, will then be read.

J. O. M."

"Cleveland, Ohio.

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We wish to make a general acknowledgment of many letters

lately received. Though time would not permit a lengthy answer to each correspondent, we have been much pleased to note the signs of progress indicated by the accounts, such as the one given above, of work done in various Reading Circles. For suggestions concerning authors, and good wishes in behalf of our efforts, we are indebted to—

J. R., Fredericktown, Mo.; A. L. K., Quincy, Ill.; M. O. L., Joliet, Ill.; L. I. A., Evansville, Ind.; L. H., Little Rock, Ark.; M. N., Toronto, Canada; J. W. V. L., St. John, N. B.; T. B. W., Eagle River, Wis.; M. P. H., Groveport, Ohio; S. M. R., Cleveland, Ohio; S. V., Mayerville, Ky.; J. P. B., Chicago, Ill.; E. D. M., St. Paul, Minn.; E. F. O. R., St. Paul, Minn.; E. A. D., Mankato, Minn.; J. R., Currie, Minn.; E. B. P., Helena, Montana; F. R., San Antonio, Fla.; A. M., Hunter, N. Y.; J. T. M., Syracuse, N. Y.; A. M. A., Brooklyn, N. Y.; C. B., Cape Vincent, N. Y.; M. L. M., Big Indian, Ulster Co., N. Y.; M. J. B., New Haven, Conn.; F. A. S., Baltimore, Md.; E. M. J., Salem, Mass.; A. S. D., Everett, Mass.; J. A. M., Philadelphia, Pa.; S. S. J., Philadelphia, Pa.; B. D. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.; W. H. G., Pittsburgh, Pa.; J. O., Tarentown, Pa.; J. B. G., Wilmington, Del.; J. T. R., Martinsburg, W. Va.; H. B. B., Vincennes, Ind.; H. C., Vincennes, Ind.; A. L., Hoosick Falls, N. Y.; B. D., Sedalia, Mo.; P. F. M. K., Providence, R. I.; J. M. C., Chicago, Ill.; M. M., Georgetown, D. C.; O. R. S., Washington, D. C.; J. A. S., Grand Rapids, Mich.; M. H. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.; E. T. L., St. Thomas, Fla.; W. B. L., Whately, Mass.; L. A. R., Atlantic City, N. J.; M. M. C., Philadelphia, Pa.; S. M. P., Norfolk, Va.; C. C. S., Buffalo, N. Y.; M. T. K., Buffalo, N. Y.; K. J. D., Rochester, N. Y.; W. H. B., Bridgeport, Conn.; U. A., Arcadia, Mo.; B. D. C., Springfield, Mass.; S. W., Roxbury, Mass.; H. M. T. S., Dubuque, Iowa; C. P. K., R. E. M., L. K., J. M. D., W. J. B., New York City.

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We have been frequently asked what Brother Azarias has written, and where copies of his writings might be procured. In reply, and for the convenience of the members of the Columbian Reading Union, we have now ready a printed list of his works, with such articles of his in periodicals as we could discover and identify. Whatever Brother Azarias has written is the result of earnest thought and careful study. An author whose writings have been commended by Cardinals Newman and Manning, Monsignor Corcoran and the great Brownson, Fathers Hewit and Coleridge, S.J., must be of interest for the Catholic reader. The chief merit of his writings, apart from their style, consists in this, that he has taken his stand on the common ground where philosophy and literature and religious doctrine meet; and from this elevated position he seeks to interpret

authors and systems. Those who have read his philosophical analysis of *The Imitation of Christ* in his essay on the *Culture of the Spiritual Sense*, or his essay on *Dante and the Spiritual Sense of the Divina Commedia*, will understand what we mean. In these essays Brother Azarias is at his best. We herewith append the titles of his published volumes, with critical notices, chiefly from non-Catholic writers:

An Essay Contributing to a Philosophy of Literature. (Sixth edition, revised and enlarged. New York: P. O'Shea. \$1.50.)—"The writer is evidently a man of very high culture and wide reading, and his book—so far as its literary and philosophical qualities are concerned—is a very creditable composition. With the qualifications mentioned at the outset of this notice, we warmly commend this little book to the student of literature. It gives in a nutshell an intelligent and acceptable theory of the origin, if not of the growth, of literature; and its opulence in illustration, incidental reflection, and criticism makes it a mine of information and suggestion such that a student cannot afford to neglect."—*Literary World*.

The Development of Old English Thought. (Third edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.)—"Brother Azarias has a notable faculty of writing only good books. . . . Barring a streak of ultra-Roman allegiance that here and there discolors, as it seems to us, the pure stream of his work, we can frankly declare his books among the best that are made. We are not surprised to find 'third edition' on what is, in the order of reaching us, his last work, which seems to have been written some years ago. He calls it *Development of Old English Thought*. For his matter he goes beyond the material usually called literary, and, with a far more trustworthy method and spirit than Taine's, seeks to know the sources whence the literature of the English people derives its tone and coloring. He looks into ancestors, soil, climate, nationalities separate and mixed, creeds old and new, the environment of Caedmon, Cynewulf, Beda, Alfred, and others. He studies the great 'literary centres' of Britain, and very properly leaves his theme at the millennial century. The book forms a capital introduction to a course of reading in English literature. There is a good index to the two hundred pages of well-packed and smoothly-mosaicked text, in which are the brilliantly laid clippings from mighty tomes which none but patient delvers in the quarries will read and ponder."—*New York Critic*, March 22, 1890.

"It must be said that Brother Azarias has written an able and interesting text-book in his professional line. Especially in regard to the earliest times of Christianity in England, and to the relation between the Teutonic immigrants and the old inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland, does our author show his best paces. In some respects he has written a text-book superior to any we know of as now in use. What he knows he knows

thoroughly, so thoroughly, indeed, that he can afford to treat Old English questions with the imaginativeness necessary to the best, most interesting kind of writing. . . . There are few writers so well prepared in what might be termed the technique of Old English history and literature. . . . His chapter on the Kelt and Teuton is admirable."—*N. Y. Times*.

Aristotle and the Christian Church. (New York: W. H. Sadler & Co. 75 cts.)—"This volume is both historical and philosophical. In its historical aspect it traces the varying fortunes of Aristotle in the West and the East down to the beginning of the Renaissance. In its philosophical aspect it shows how intimately the philosophy of Aristotle is woven into the teachings of the Church. It also demonstrates wherein the Schoolmen differ from the Stagyrte. Cardinal Manning, after reading the proof-sheets, wrote to the author: 'It shows very extensive research, and is full of interest to Catholic students. . . . Your book will be very useful in recalling students to the world-wide philosophy of the Catholic Church.'

"The author . . . is certainly successful in throwing light upon an obscure corner in the history of philosophy. He also vindicates the schoolmen from the charge of having been unduly influenced by the Aristotelian discipline. In thirteen brief but pregnant chapters, and in fascinating literary style, Brother Azarias works out his theme, showing the influence of the mighty Greek in the West and in the East, among the Arabs, in the Church, and in the University.

"We know of no such luminous treatment of the Saracenic intellectual movement in Spain, its method, results, and limitations, as that which the author gives in the chapter on 'Aristotle and the Arabs.' It is a most wholesome corrective of Draper in his 'Intellectual Development of Europe,' and is an honest piece of literary work, since the author gives references and authorities . . . The monograph is outwardly a dainty bit of bookmaking, and inwardly a most delightful pocket-piece of enjoyment for those who revel in high thinking. We hope Brother Azarias has more polished shafts like this in his quiver, for . . . we recognize in the scholar and thinker, behind the name, a true member of the philosophic fraternity."—*New York Critic*, May 11, 1889.

Books and Reading. (Second edition. New York: 460 Madison Avenue. 25 cts.)—"This unpretentious volume will supply a long and keenly felt want among Catholics. It has three distinctive merits, which will securely place it in the affections of readers. It has perfect literary form; it is so thoroughly practical that it will fit every temper; it not only tells how to read and what to read, but it abounds in keen and delightful criticism of our leading modern authors. The style of the essay is plain, precise, and elegant; it is nervous and concentrated; every sentence provokes ideas, and each paragraph is rich in illustration and allusion."—*The Catholic World*.

For biographical sketches of Brother Azarias, or extracts from his writings, see: Lippincott's *Dictionary of Biography* (new edition); Appleton's *Cyclopædia of American Biography*; the Stedman-Hutchinson *Library of American Literature*. Space will not permit us to give here the titles and references to the celebrated articles on special topics written by Brother Azarias for the magazines and reviews. The list containing all the information we could gather will be sent to every member of the Columbian Reading Union. One of our indefatigable workers in Wisconsin has undertaken the task of sending it to the leading educational institutions of the United States.

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ANALYSIS OF DION AND THE SIBYLS.

“Very Rev. A. F. Hewit writes of this novel as follows: ‘We pronounce Mr. Keon’s *Dion and the Sibyls*, without hesitation, to be a dramatic and philosophical masterpiece. Whether the vitiated taste of the novel-reading world will appreciate works of so classical a stamp we are unable to say. But all those who relish truth conveyed through the forms of purest art will thank Mr. Keon for the pleasure he has given them if they shall, as we did, by chance take up his book and peruse it attentively, and will concur with us in wishing that a work of so much merit and value might be better known and more widely circulated.’

“*Analysis.*—To whom is this work dedicated and why? Where was it first published? How received in England? Cause of success? ‘Hard writing and easy reading.’ How did Pius IX. show his appreciation of the work? How is the epoch to which Dionysius belonged to be regarded? What emperor of modern times is said to have resembled Cæsar Augustus in features? On what is the assertion based? Who were the celebrated literary men of the age of Augustus? Note what is stated in regard to them in the course of the story, and study them and their biographies in other purely historical works. Who was the ‘Paduan’? What constituted ‘the glory, glitter, and horror’ of the time? Which is the nation of heroes? Which were the times for which Augustus made those lamentations with which scholars are familiar? What was the symposium? Explain the meaning of ‘I sit between sighs and tears.’ Locate Campania and the Pyrrhenian Sea. Which was the ‘Queen of Roads’? Note the expression, ‘Mourn not in the cowardice of despair.’ Locate Thrace. Note the description of the sunset. Describe the troops that appeared on the highway beside which Paulus and his party rested; also the leaders of the troops, and the ladies accompanying them. Their costumes. Give the incidents of the meeting between Paulus and Tiberius Cæsar. Study the meaning of the description of Sejanus. ‘He was a keen man, a subtle man, but not a very profound man.’

“What was the master-passion of the Romans in the time of the Cæsars? How does this fact impress you? How did Tiberius plot against Paulus? What view did Sejanus take of it? Do you find here any indication of character? Why does Sejanus think Tiberius and not Germanicus will reign? Explain the expression ‘This lad seems to be of the Regulus breed.’ Who was Tully? How does Vellieus quote him? How is fallen greatness to be restored, according to Vellieus?

“Describe the interior of the inn kept by Crispus. What parallel have we in our day to the position of the Greeks at the Roman court? What was the significance of the terra-cotta mask on the marble face? Of what importance to the Romans was the Greek language? Judging from the treatment accorded to Cicero, which was the better man, Julius Cæsar or Augustus Cæsar? Who were the personages encountered by Agatha in the bower? Why are they of interest? Note the originality and awful sublimity of the description of the demons by the Lady Plancina. What was the Pantheon? By whom founded? What is it now? Who devoted it to its present use? Repeat the description of Dionysius. How did Paulus comment upon Roman ladies? Notice the point in the retort of Dion to Labio. What example is given in this chapter of Roman immorality in the emperor’s family? Was the *liberty cap* of Roman origin? Note the speech of Thellus in behalf of the gladiators, and the strong expression, ‘Thellus has been at the funeral of fear.’ Why are certain sentences in this chapter printed in *italics*? Who was the ‘Child in Syria who had just entered his eleventh year’?

“What emotion prompted the compliment paid to Paulus by Benigna? What skill is displayed by the author in this chapter? Comment on the personal appearance of Augustus and his great power. Take note of all that is stated in this work regarding the ‘Sibylline Books.’ Explain the expression, ‘Such and such a person has the Sejan horse.’ How did Vedius Pollio feed his lampreys? Why did not the emperor punish him? How were women regarded by the Romans? What was the subject of conversation between Dion and Paulus in the Mamurrian palace? Who was Haterius? With whom compared? Note carefully the portraits of Tiberius, Germanicus, Caligula, Sejanus, Paterculus, Thellus, and others, all ‘admirably and vividly drawn.’ Keep Longinus in mind. Find the quotation, ‘A disgraced life is worse than a useless life, and a useless life worse than a noble death.’ Compare the account of the breaking of the Sejan steed with that of the chariot race in Ben Hur. What suggested to Paulus the use of the burning torches? Describe the court of Augustus as assembled to hear the argument of Dionysius on the being of the one God. Read the argument with most careful attention; it shows Mr. Keon’s power of philosophical reasoning, and his insight into the deepest significance of Christianity. Try to reproduce from memory, and in writing, portions of this argument.

“Locate Latium and ‘The Suburra.’ State the value of the Roman coins mentioned. When did the sagum replace the toga? Locate Illyricum. What kind were the Tauric horses? What means ‘the Boot of Magna Græcia’? Give an account of the adventure of Paulus with the robbers, and note his prudence and the good points in his stratagems. Locate Lake Thrasymene. What made the mountain pass famous?

“What striking contrast is drawn regarding M. Lepidus Æmilius? Who were his rivals? Describe the Castle Monte Circello and give an account of the adventures of the Lady Aglais and Agatha. What are the last two words of the last line of the *Iliad*? With what insinuation were they quoted? How does Marcus show a knowledge of the plot of Paterculus? Explain the expression, ‘Hardly able to bear up under the Pelion-upon-Ossa of his honors.’ Explain the words of Lepidus; ‘Alas! we all helped to substitute caprice for justice when we lowered the Roman Senate into a court.’ In the description of the imperial-signet rings what is meant by the statement, ‘This, his first fancy, was an instinct; no affectation *there*’? Contrast the methods of Paterculus with those of Marcus Lepidus. Any indication of character in this? Note the description of Plancina; also that of the Sibyl. What impresses you most in the latter description? Give an account of the Sibyls and their books. Who were the warlike people who shouted Dion’s name on battle-fields? Find elsewhere further information regarding the monument erected to ‘the unknown god.’ Give an account of Charicles. What means ‘Phœbus-like head’? What use was made of the signet-ring? Note the high, noble tone of the love-scenes of this novel. To what are they a contrast? How did Charicles prove the immortality of the human soul? Where did Dion and his friends meet finally?

“Note the soliloquy of Paulus on Mt. Olivet; also the appearance of the One who passed him. How did Paulus rebuke Herod and why? Paulus meets the Beloved Disciple. Reproduce in writing, from memory, the proof of the Resurrection. What singular occurrences are related in Dion’s letter? How do the Fathers explain them. Subsequent history of Paulus and of Dionysius? Give your opinion of this novel.”

We are unable to state the name of the writer who made this suggestive analysis of *Dion and the Sybils*, though we have a strong suspicion that the credit of it belongs to one of the first and stanchest friends of our movement. It came to us from St. Clara’s Academy, Sinsinawa Mound, Grant Co., Wis., with the announcement that the other historical novels on our list will be analyzed in the same way.

WITH THE PUBLISHER.

THE Publisher begs to remind his readers before the Christmas holiday season begins, that few gifts could prove more generally profitable and acceptable than the present of a year's subscription to THE CATHOLIC WORLD. He has very little space for his notes this month, and so cannot go to any lengths to show this. He feels confident, besides, that there is no need to prove it to his readers. They know that for a very small fraction over a cent a day they have nearly nineteen hundred pages of the most profitable and varied reading each year: that fact alone proves much for the value of the Magazine as a gift.

* * *

But there may still be some of his readers who do not feel able to make the gift of a whole year's subscription to a friend, and to such he makes the following offer. To every *new* subscriber sent in to us *during the month of December* THE CATHOLIC WORLD will be sent *for four months* for one dollar. This is not a costly yet is a valuable present to make to a friend, and the offer is made in order that the Magazine may enlarge the circle of its friends. A four months' trial will certainly add to the number of those who tell the Publisher that they "cannot do without THE CATHOLIC WORLD."

* * *

The Publisher feels that he is consulting the interest of his readers by presenting in this number a list of recent articles in the contemporary magazines on the late Cardinal Newman:

Dublin Review for October: "Some Reminiscences of the Early Days of His Catholic Life." Rev. R. M. Stanton; "'Tis Fifty Years Since." Rev. Wm. Lockhart; "Our Loss and now Our Gain." From an Anglican stand-point. Rev. H. Hayman.

The Month for October: "A Father of Souls." Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J.

Merry England: The October number is entirely devoted to Cardinal Newman, and is issued under the title, "Cardinal Newman: A Monograph. John Oldcastle."

American Catholic Quarterly for October: "Cardinal Newman." Rev. Herman J. Heuser.

Irish Ecclesiastical Record for October: "Cardinal Newman." Rev. Wm. Lockhart.

Contemporary Review for September: "Cardinal Newman and His Contemporaries." Wilfrid Meynell.

The New Review for October: "Cardinal Newman." C. Kegan Paul.

Fortnightly Review for September: "John Henry Newman." W. S. Lilly.

The Expositor for September, October, and November: "Reminiscences of John Henry Newman." A. W. Hutton.

The Bystander for September: "John Henry Newman." Goldwin Smith.

The Andover Review for September: An article by the editor.

The Fireside Magazine for September: An article from an Evangelical stand-point, by Rev. Charles Bullock.

Besides these articles an *Outline Life of Cardinal Newman* has been written by Rev. William Barry, D.D., and published by the Catholic Truth Society of London. Ward & Downey, of London, have just issued *A Short Life of Cardinal Newman* by J. S. Fletcher. Richard H. Hutton, late editor of the *London Spectator*, has written *Cardinal Newman*, the first volume in the series of "English Religious Leaders," published by Methuen & Co., London. It is announced that to Father Ryder, of the Oratory at Birmingham, has been entrusted the task of editing the late Cardinal's letters, written since he became a Catholic. Miss Annie Mozley, a connection of the Cardinal by marriage, has edited, and Longman will soon issue, his correspondence whilst he was in the Church of England. Besides the fact that Longman, Green & Co. have recently issued new editions of several of the Cardinal's works, it is worthy of note that the *Arians of the Fourth Century* has been translated within the past month into modern Greek.

Charles P. Somerby, 28 Lafayette Place, New York, has just published an important little volume entitled "*The French Invasion of Ireland in '98* : Leaves of unwritten history that tell of an heroic endeavor and a lost opportunity to throw off England's yoke." The book has been written by Valerian Gribayédoff, an artist whose work has recently received marked honors in European art galleries. The subject is one which in English literature

has received no notice at all, and in French histories but scant mention. The author uses as a basis a small work entitled *Jones' Narrative of the Insurrection in Connaught*, which, strangely enough, was reprinted in Carlisle, Pa., in 1805, which he supplements by original researches in the archives of the British Museum and the Bibliothèque de France. The leader of the invasion, General Humbert, passed the remainder of his life in America, where he served in the War of 1812.

Mr. Henry F. Brownson, 25 Seitz Building, Detroit, Mich., has translated, from the original Italian, and will publish early in December, *The Life of Christopher Columbus*, by Francesco Tarducci. The work will be embellished by twelve full-page illustrations after Luigi Gregori's paintings at Notre Dame, Ind.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. announces:

A new edition of Père Grou's *Interior of Jesus and Mary*, 2 vols., revised and edited by Rev. S. H. Frisbee, S.J., of Woodstock College.

Constitutiones Diœcesanæ Neo-Eboracenses quas in Synodo Diœcesana Sexta, Die xxi. Novembris, A.D. 1889, in Ecclesia Metropolitana S. Patritii, Neo-Eboraci habita, confirmavit et auxit Illustrissimus ac Reverendissimus Michael Augustinus Corrigan, Archiepiscopus Neo-Eboracensis.

The Blind Apostle and A Heroine of Charity. By the late Kathleen O'Meara. Being Volume III. of the "Bells of the Sanctuary Series."

The Christian Virgin in Her Family and in the World. Her Virtues and Her Mission at the Present Time. From the third French edition.

The Workings of the Holy Spirit in the Church of England. Reprint of a letter addressed to Dr. Pusey by His Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster in 1864.

The Science of the Saints in Practice. By John Baptist Pagani, second General of the Institute of Charity. Vol. I. January to April inclusive.

The Blessed Sacrament and the Church of Saint Martin at Liège. By J. Cruls, Curé Dean. Translated by permission of Monseigneur Doutreloux, Bishop of Liège, by William S. Preston.

Benziger Brothers announce:

A Happy Year; or, The Year Sanctified by Meditating on the Maxims and Sayings of the Saints. From the French of the Abbé Lasausse.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- HOLY WISDOM; OR, DIRECTIONS FOR THE PRAYER OF CONTEMPLATION, ETC. Extracted out of more than Forty Treatises written by the Venerable Father F. Augustin Baker, a Monk of the English Congregation of the Holy Order of S. Benedict; and methodically Digested by the Rev. Father Serenus Cressy, of the same Order and Congregation, and Printed at the Charges of His Convent of S. Gregorius, in Doway, at Doway, by John Potté and Thomas Fievet, Anno Domini 1657. Edited by the Rt. Rev. Abbot Sweeney, D.D., of the same Order and Congregation. London: Burns & Oates, Limited; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.
- LITTLE GEMS FROM THOMAS À KEMPIS. Selected and arranged for Every Day in the Year. By Sara O'Brien. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.
- LE LIEN CONJUGAL ET LE DIVORCE. Par Jules Cauvière, Ancien Magistrat, Professeur à l'Institut Catholique de Paris. Paris: Ernest Thorin, Editeur.
- SUMMA APOLOGETICA DE ECCLESIA CATHOLICA AD MENTEM S. THOMÆ AQUINATIS. Auctore Fr. J. V. De Groot, Ord. Præd., S. Theol. Lect. Cum Approbatione Rev. Episcopi Ratisbonensis et Licentia Ordinis. Ratisbonæ: Institutum Librarium predem G. J. Manz.
- MANUAL OF CHURCH HISTORY. By Rev. T. Gilmartin, Professor of Ecclesiastical History, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. Vol. I. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son; London: Burns & Oates.
- JOHN MACHALE, ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM: HIS LIFE, TIMES, AND CORRESPONDENCE. By Rt. Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D.D., D.Lit. Laval, Domestic Prelate of His Holiness. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet.
- THE HEART OF JESUS OF NAZARETH. Meditations on the Hidden Life. Preceded by an Essay by Cardinal Franzelin. By the Author of *The Voice of the Sacred Heart*. Second edition. Wells: The Carmelite Convent.
- THE PACIFIC COAST SCENIC TOUR. From Southern California to Alaska. The Canadian Pacific Railway, Yellowstone Park and the Grand Cañon. By Henry T. Finck. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
- WHICH IS THE TRUE CHURCH? OR, A FEW PLAIN REASONS FOR JOINING THE CATHOLIC COMMUNION. By C. F. B. A. Fifth edition. With an enlarged Appendix and additional Notes, and A Short Reply to Mr. Collette's Essay on "The Papacy." London: Burns & Oates, Limited; The Catholic Truth Society.
- CHURCH OR BIBLE: WHICH WAS APPOINTED BY CHRIST TO

- TEACH MANKIND THE TRUE RELIGION? Two Lectures by the Rev. Arnold Damen, S.J. The Catholic Truth Society. American Series of Publications, No. 5.
- WHO CAN FORGIVE SINS? OR, THE ABSOLVING POWER OF THE CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD. A Lecture by the Rev. Patrick Danehy. The Catholic Truth Society. American Series of Publications, No. 4.
- THE WORLD MOVES: ALL GOES WELL. By a Layman. Boston: J. G. Cupples Company.
- ECHOES OF THE PAST. Poems. By Mrs. Clara L. McIlvain. Louisville: John P. Morton & Company.
- VALENTINE RIAINT: A REVIEW OF NOTES AND RECOLLECTIONS FROM 1860 TO 1879. Translated from the French by Lady Herbert. By W. J. Amherst, S.J. London: Burns & Oates, Limited; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.
- SANCTUM EVANGELIUM. Secundum Lucam in Carmina Versum. For sale by Benziger Brothers.
- CATHOLIC MANUALS OF PHILOSOPHY. Psychology. By Michael Maher, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.
- IN SCRIPTURE LANDS. New Views of Sacred Places. By Edward L. Wilson. With one hundred and fifty Illustrations from original photographs by the author. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.
- SOCIOLOGY. Popular Lectures and Discussions before the Brooklyn Ethical Association. Boston: James H. West.
- THE EVIDENCE OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE. Being the Ely Lectures for 1890. By Lewis French Stearns, Professor of Christian Thought in Bangor University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
- ELECTRICITY IN DAILY LIFE. By Cyrus F. Brackett, etc. With one hundred and twenty-five illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
- ANCIENT HISTORY FOR COLLEGES AND HIGH SCHOOLS. By P. V. N. Myers. Part II.—A History of Rome. Boston: Ginn & Company.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

- REPORT OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETIES OF GREAT BRITAIN. Held at Glasgow, August 3 and 4, 1890. Liverpool: Central Council Catholic Publishing Depot.
- GOTHAM'S GREATER ROTTEN ROW. Peter B. Sweeny's Project for a Splendid Public Pleasure-Ground for Lovers of the Horse and the Horse Himself. New York: Published by the Municipal Improvement Association.
- ADDRESS GIVEN AT THE TIME OF HIS INSTALLATION AS PRESIDENT OF NASHOTAH HOUSE BY WALTER RUSSELL GARDNER, D.D. Printed by request.
- A CHRISTMAS-TIDE SERVICE. By Robert L. Fletcher. Chicago: S. Brainard's Sons, Co.



THE

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A NEWTOWN PIPPIN; OR, CHRISTMAS AT BAYOU ROUGE.

I.

THE AFTERNOON OF NOVEMBER THE 20TH, 1889.

STRAIGHT on before the house, glistening in the sun, lay the sugar-fields of Bayou Rouge; beyond, seen as in a vision through the scintillating golden haze, were the cypress forests, their hanging mosses, funereal at night, now war-torn banners tossing in the soft and hurrying wind. On the great white-columned porch stood a young girl of about seventeen, her black hair drawn back in a shining coil, her robe of yellow tissue gathered at her throat by a knot of crimson rose-buds. She was very pretty, and whilst gazing on her one thought of a rare gem in an antique setting. Before her stood an old woman with a face black as ebony, its usual good-natured, happy expression clouded by a look of trouble and disdain.

“Now, Aunt Martha, what *is* the matter with you and Miss Matilda?” asked the girl with much earnestness.

The old woman's brow puckered. “I ain' no use fur that ooman, an' I ain' gwine nigh her!” she ejaculated. “They ain' no use axin' me, Misse Lalie, no they ain'!”

“Now, Aunt Martha—” said the girl coaxingly.

“You may pursis', misse, but I ain' gwine. I'm jes' natchully sot agen that ooman sense I seen—”

Aunt Martha stopped abruptly and pretended to be absorbed in the proceedings of a bold jay that hopped hither and thither on the far end of the porch.

“What did you see?” demanded the girl with some impatience.

“You ain’ skeert?”

“No! no!”

Aunt Martha drew nearer and lowered her voice to an awesome whisper: “I seen her fust a-takin’ out two bits o’ haar. She skewer ’em up with bits o’ ribbon. Then she tuk en put ’em boff en the armour.”

“Well, what of that, aunty?” asked the girl, her eyes rounding.

“You doan know what that ooman up ter, Misse Lalie?” queried the negress excitedly. “She done voudou the family.”

“Aunt Martha, aren’t you ashamed to be so foolish?” cried the girl, half angry, half laughing.

“Humph!” ejaculated Aunt Martha. “Ef you is ma’ied, Misse Lalie, you dun have no expeunce. I tells you that Miss Matildy ain’ no better than she oughter be. She ain’ no lily-white gal! She done dry up, an’ I jes’ as lief walk wif a goas’ as wif that ooman. Doan’ you fret, misse, that Jooly gal, she’ll fotch an’ carry fur her— The Lawd be good to us! what es Marse Cla’uns brungen home that yah coon foah?”

The girl forgot Miss Matilda and Aunt Martha, clapped her hands, and ran down the steps of the porch to greet a young man in hunting-dress, a gun slung across his shoulders, a live coon in his arms.

“Clarence! Clarence!” she cried; “I’m so glad you’re home—don’t let him touch me”—the coon was attempting to reach her with its paws—“and, Clarence, Miss Matilda Dawes is here!”

The face of the young man, that had been all smiles, fell at the mention of Miss Dawes’ name. “Why, Clarence,” the girl pursued, “I thought you would be delighted; she has seen the land, and I’m sure she will buy it. She’s not at all enthusiastic, but I’m sure she likes it.”

“Never mind the land or Miss Dawes just now, wife Eulalie,” said the young man. “What do you think of Pancho for a pet—”

“I’m not interested in the coon,” interrupted Eulalie; “at least not at present,” she added gently. “I’m so anxious about the property, Clarence. If she buys, and I’m sure she will, you’ll be able to go on; won’t you, Clare?”

All this time Aunt Martha had been standing by listening intently, and now she broke out in triumph. “I knowed

it!" she cried. "What I done tole you, misse, 'bout 'er conjurin'. That ooman she voudou you shuah. You 'suadin' Marse Cla'uns t' sell the propputy, an' Gord A'mighty knows he's haid tr'ub' 'nuff keepin' it. Marse Cla'uns, you jes' go in an' get you'se'f fix up fur dinner. Misse Lalie, she ain' 'counterble jes' now, foah the Lawd, she ain'!"

Clarence looked wonderingly at Eulalie, who laughed merrily and said: "Aunt Martha thinks Miss Dawes has voudoued me; she is as superstitious as a Louisiana negro, although she is a Christian—"

"I ain' no Loozany nigger; I'se Merrylan' quality, an' in coas I'se a Christian," interrupted Aunt Martha irately.

"Then don't you know it's a sin to believe in charms?" questioned Eulalie.

"I doan know nuffin 'bout chawms, but I does know I'se been agen the debble an' all his wuks, an' ef the deb' ain' in that Matildy ooman—" Aunt Martha came to a sudden pause as an old lady, very erect, demanded in a thin voice from the porch: "Did you not tell me, Madame Legendre, that you dine at five? It now wants but a few minutes to half-past. And the tisane of orange-flowers has not been brought me, and I would be much obliged to you if you would not have flowers put in my bed-room. Those put there I have thrown out the window. Flowers indoors emit malaria."

Eulalie, her face scarlet, turned to give an order to Aunt Martha, but Aunt Martha had disappeared; and Clarence hastened to cover his wife's confusion by saying, "It is entirely my fault, Miss Dawes. I was to have been home at noon, but," pointing to the coon, who was eyeing Miss Dawes curiously, "this little fellow detained me."

"You are a hunter, I presume?" said Miss Dawes.

"At times," laughed Clarence.

"I have been here a day and a half, sir," said Miss Dawes stiffly. "I should imagine your large plantation would demand your entire attention."

Eulalie, half in tears, blurted out: "Miss Dawes, the sugar is growing; nothing can be done now; Clarence has worked hard—look at his hands!"

A close observer might have detected a smile of satisfaction on the face of Miss Dawes. Neither the husband nor the wife perceived it, and Clarence said, as he held Eulalie's hand in his, "What it is to have an ardent defender, Miss Dawes!"

There was no smile on Miss Dawes' face as she settled her

colored glasses more firmly on her nose, and said judicially: "It is quite legitimate for a wife to defend a husband, even when he is in the wrong."

There was for a moment an awkward silence, broken by Clarence saying: "Eulalie, do you and Miss Dawes go in to dinner. I'll join you presently."

Silently Miss Dawes and Eulalie went one way, Clarence another. And from an upper window Aunt Martha viewed them with a look of love for Clarence and Eulalie and one of utter disdain for Miss Dawes.

II.

THE MORNING OF THE 25TH.

There is no pet so amusing, so mischievous, so gentle, so silent, so abounding in affection as a young and healthy coon. More playful than a kitten, more imitative than a monkey, it is a delight and a nuisance, and seemingly possesses the accident of ubiquity. Some mornings after his advent to Bayou Rouge Pancho, Clarence Legendre's coon, sat on his hind legs in a corner of his master's study, alternately dipping his bread in a bowl of water and pausing to watch the pen of Clarence glide over a piece of parchment. When Clarence stopped to glance at the deed of sale he was copying his eye would light on Pancho, and then Pancho with his little paw, so like a hand, dipped and ate his bread; but when Clarence went on with the writing Pancho would slowly rub together his paws and watch him with earnest attention, something very like intelligence gleaming in his bead-like eyes.

Clarence wrote as one in haste to get through an abhorrent task, and he did not pause when a knock came to the door, but called out impatiently, "Well?"

"It's me, Clarence; let me in," said his wife's voice on the other side the heavy oaken door.

"Can't *me* walk in?" he asked, half annoyedly.

"Oh! I thought it was locked," said Eulalie as, after pushing open the door, she passed quickly to where Clarence was sitting. Resting her hand lightly on his neck, she said, "Clare, tell me what is the matter, won't you?"

"You know everything," he said huskily. "Morgan was going to foreclose, but now that Miss Dawes buys the plantation down in Plaquemines—I'm copying out the bill of sale—I can

settle with him, and then Bayou Rouge is ours truly for the first time in twenty-five years."

"Then, why aren't you glad, Clare?"

"I am glad, an't I, wife Eulalie?" he asked, laughing. "But you see I'm busy. There's so much to be done—settling with Miss Dawes about the purchase money, and with Morgan."

"I wish I could help you, Clare," she said humbly; then brightening, "Do you know what to-day is, Clare?"

He shook his head absently, and took up his pen.

She looked at him earnestly and said, her voice raised but a little above a whisper: "This very day five months ago we were married, Clare."

"Wife Eulalie!"—his strong voice was broken, and she sobbed softly in his arms.

After a while she said: "I wish we could have a holiday together."

"We can," he returned. "All this will be settled in a few hours."

"Then I tell you what let's do," Eulalie exclaimed joyously. "Sugar-grinding begins to-morrow, and you'll have no time for weeks; let's see about the things for the Christmas fires."

"How about Miss Dawes?" Clarence objected.

"We can leave her at home, if you think she won't mind. She must have changed very much from what she was in your mother's time, Clarence."

"How so?"

"She's so difficult now, and your mother thought so much of her."

"She is what I have heard my mother say of her a thousand times: she's a Newtown pippin."

"What is a Newtown pippin, Clare?"

"A Newtown pippin is an apple with a rough outside, but of all apples it has the sweetest heart."

"Oh!" ejaculated Eulalie, doubtfully.

"You know, in 1867; when mother was up in Washington about the plantation, mother and I would have starved to death had it not been for Miss Dawes of Connecticut. Mother was without money or friends, you know."

"Yes, and whenever she finds fault I say to myself, 'Starvation,' and that makes me keep my temper. I try to love her, and I wouldn't do a thing to hurt her," said Eulalie, with much seriousness.

Clarence was pale, and he spoke irritably when he said: "Do

run away now. I'll be free as soon as Morgan goes—I expect him every moment."

Eulalie, troubled at heart, she knew not why, hurried out of the room; and, now that he was alone, Clarence rested his head on his arm, and groaned aloud, "My God, my God, what am I to do?" Pancho eyed him attentively, and rubbed together his paws more perseveringly than ever. With a sudden start Clarence took up his pen, wrote rapidly for a line or so, then with a muttered "I cannot, and by God's grace I won't," he threw down the pen and walked to a window looking out on the fields of cane, now falling under the knife of the cutter.

A strained look on his face, he took from the breast-pocket of his coat the newspaper he had had for more than five days and read what he now knew by heart. Read of how Bonne et Belle plantation down in Plaquemines had been washed away by the caving-in of the river-bank. And this was the plantation he would sell the woman who had been so good to his mother. She had seen it some weeks ago, she liked it; he had received nothing but a newspaper account of his loss, why should he not take her money? If he did not this Morgan, who had ensnared the property of his mother—this Morgan, his enemy and the enemy of his people, would take his home from him; this home his mother had toiled to save for him through twelve long and bitter years; this home that he too had worked so hard to make a fitting nest for that rare gem, wife Eulalie. And the hands in his fields!—he had rescued them from a degradation of vice, he was having their children educated, good Father Duprè was making Christians of a royal order of them all. Was he to allow all this to be destroyed? And then he thought of what his mother had told him of that wretched lodging in Washington where he had been a babe in her arms. "I would have died but for Matilda Dawes," his mother had said in life, time and again. Oh! for God to help him and wife Eulalie to bear the burden now so magnified to his eyes.

Pancho had ceased rubbing his paws, and now on all-fours, watching the turned back of his master, crept softly over the floor to the writing-table, sprang onto a chair and then to the table, alighting noiselessly on the outspread parchment. Pancho snuffed it curiously, not taking his eyes off his master; then he raised himself on his hind legs, gravely dipped his paw into the inkstand, and then passed it over the parchment, repeating the process till the parchment was an ugly puddle of ink, and he was eyeing his master contentedly when Clarence turned about.

Pancho uttered a squeak of terror, sprang to the floor, and flew to his corner, where, shivering with fright, he began in a hurry to dip and eat his pellets of bread. His astonishment must have been great when his master stooped over him and stroked him, and commended him thus: "Pancho, little man, you have done a good, good day's work."

III.

ELEVEN A. M.

Miss Matilda Dawes was in great distress and, because of this distress, she was not a little angry. When she went abroad she was wont to wear two strands of false hair, and now that she wished to drive to the village of St. Marks the false hair was not to be found. She related her troubles at length to Eulalie, who had just left her husband, and wound up with this decisive utterance: "I put the hair away in the armoire, myself, Madame Legendre; therefore there can be no mistake on my part. I guess your servants are not reliable; they are, without doubt, indolent. Who is your housekeeper?"

Although it was Aunt Martha, Eulalie answered faintly that the housekeeper was entirely trustworthy.

"Julia," said Miss Dawes, reckoning on her fingers—"Julia carries water and makes the beds; Lucia sweeps, and Agamemnon dusts"—with emphasis: "It was Agamemnon who stole my hair!"

"I'm sure not," Eulalie hastened to defend; "Uncle Agnon is as honest as the day."

"He tells lies," Miss Dawes asserted.

"He tells fibs, occasionally," defended Eulalie.

"Madame, I am older than you, and you will allow me to know what it is to tell a lie. Didn't he tell me you were busy yesterday when you were asleep? Why didn't he tell me the truth?" demanded Miss Dawes.

Eulalie was worried about her husband, she was troubled about Aunt Martha, believing her to be the thief, and Miss Dawes annoyed her. "He knew if he told you the truth you would have called me lazy," she blurted out; "and I was up almost the whole night before with the sick in the infirmary—"

"There, there!" interrupted Miss Dawes soothingly; "I can't bear to see any one cry. Never mind about the hair—"

"But I do care," broke in Eulalie, "and, I promise you, you

shall have your hair in less than an hour. I'll see Aunt Martha—" she stopped, red in the face and confused.

Not perceiving her confusion, Miss Dawes said questioningly, "I hope none of the—persons of color have been wearing it?"

In spite of her worry Eulalie laughed at this, and having promised to return shortly, went to look for Aunt Martha. She found the good woman in the dining-room plucking rose-leaves for the mid-day claret—this, together with finding fault with the Louisiana negroes, whom she despised heartily, being the sum-total of her duties in her old age. "For shuah, Misse Lalie," she sighed, "I doan know what you is goin' ter do 'bout this yeah rose-glass when I ain' heah ter see t' it. You cain' trus' that Jooly gal, she jes' lief put in green as er ripe rose-leaf. I seen her do it, an' I was jes' that natchully wucked up I took an' box' her ear— But what is ailin' you, misse? You look genually caterstrophied, so you does."

"Aunt Martha," said Eulalie, looking at her steadily, "I have just come from Miss Matilda, and she is very angry—"

"Doan you min' her, honey," interrupted Aunt Martha eagerly; "she no 'count ooman. We is quality, misse. What foah you pay 'tention t' her conflagberations?"

"Aunt Martha," continued Eulalie, taking the only way of getting at the truth, that of humoring the old woman's acquired superstitions, "did you take her grigis?" (charms).

Aunt Martha sighed, and, with many pauses and protestations, vowed that she could not see her mistress voodooed, and that she had taken the grigis.

"Where have you put it? Where is it?" questioned Eulalie, fearful that Miss Dawes' hair had been destroyed.

"You needn' be skeert, misse," said Aunt Martha, consolingly, and misunderstanding her mistress' emotion, "I'se done tucken put foah pins crossways, an' I'se walked backurds roun' it foah times. Laws, misse, hit woan' hu't no un now. Heah 'tis"; and she drew the hair, wrapped in a 'kerchief, from her pocket.

Eulalie, the parcel in her hand, was about to speak her mind to Aunt Martha when the room-door was burst open and Miss Dawes, her cap awry, hurried in, crying excitedly: "Madame, you will come with me to your husband immediately. I don't know what is the matter with the man; I believe he is deranged! After all my trouble, the care I took to see the land for myself, he now says he will not sell."

Aunt Martha elevated her arms and, clasping her hands, ejaculated piously, "The good Lawd be praise'! Jes' as soon as I tucken off that yeah voodoo, Marse Cla'uns he change he's min'."

IV.

HIGH NOON.

"If you had exercised a little patience, Miss Dawes, I would have explained to you why I cannot sell Bonne et Belle plantation. But, with your usual carelessness for the feelings of others, you would drag my wife here to be a witness of my—shame." Clarence felt bitterly, or he would hardly have spoken so roughly to a woman. "Here, madam, take this paper and read," he continued, handing Miss Dawes the newspaper he had taken from his pocket; adding, "I have had the news ever since your arrival."

Eulalie was standing by his side, her hand laid on his, and he now led her to a chair. She was bewildered, and, obedient to a gentle command he whispered, she seated herself, and he returned to where Miss Dawes, lying back in an arm-chair to catch the light, read the newspaper.

Miss Dawes read as if she would never finish, and when she had finished she read again, the account of the washing away of Bonne et Belle. It was only when the second reading was ended that she said grimly: "Then you knew this yesterday, when I spoke of the payment to be made to-day? No wonder, young man, that you hemmed and hawed over the bargain."

"I have known it for five days," he returned quietly.

Miss Dawes gazed at him over her spectacles, and said slowly: "I held you in my arms when you were a baby, Clarence Legendre; I did not know that I was holding a thief in embryo."

Eulalie sprang from her chair and stood herself before Clarence, her eyes dilating, her arms stretched wide as if to shield him. "You wicked, slanderous woman!" she cried.

He whispered his wife to command herself, again he told her to be seated, and led the way to a chair, but this time he did not touch her, and, as before, she obeyed him mutely.

He stood between them. The woman who had befriended his mother, and whom he had deceived, on one side; his wife,

whom he had never loved as he loved her now, on the other. He looked at neither, but at the great cross on the wall before him, on which, stretched there for the love of him, hung the figure of his God, whom he had in a dark moment forgotten.

At last Eulalie broke the silence. "Won't you tell me, Clare, what it all means?" she entreated.

Not looking at her, but keeping his eyes fixed steadily on the cross, he said: "On the morning of the nineteenth of this month Bonne et Belle was washed away by the river. I did not tell Miss Dawes of this, but intended taking her money for what no longer existed. Do you understand?"

She suffered too much for him to speak, but her arms were outstretched to him. He did not see this, for his eyes were still fixed on the cross.

"Young man," said Miss Dawes severely, "you live in a fine old house, you keep it full of servants, you keep up a princely table, you apparently are a rich man; what induced you to turn thief?"

It was Eulalie who spoke. Her voice was strained, and she spoke swiftly. "The house and lands have been mortgaged ever since the infamous—" She paused; she would not bring up the dead past of Reconstruction, so worded her sentence differently: "They have been mortgaged for many years; the servants would be homeless if we turned them out—most of them are very old; everything we eat is produced or raised on the place, and this is done almost without cost. Clare is not a thief, and you are a wicked woman for saying so."

He would not have defended himself, but he was not unthankful to his wife for her defence of him.

"You are a little fire-eater," retorted Miss Dawes, "but you are a good girl for standing by your husband," she added. Turning to Clarence, she asked: "Who has your mortgages? I suppose you were going to pay him off with my money?"

"Miss Dawes," he answered, "I must entreat you to spare me further; some other time—"

"There can be no other time," returned Miss Dawes; "I'm going away to-day. The man who has the mortgages is—?"

"His name is Morgan; he is in the law. Here is his card." And Clarence took from a drawer in his desk a card which he handed her.

Miss Dawes put the card carefully in her pocket-book, and said, as she rose from her chair, "I'm going to leave you two alone; it will do you good to talk this over; and, young man,"

she stretched out her hand, which Clarence took with some timidity, "you're a good fellow at bottom, and you have a good wife; appreciate her; you won't get such another when she's dead." Moving toward the door she suddenly remembered the lost hair. "Did you get my hair?" she asked Eulalie abruptly.

Eulalie wished to speak but her voice was choked, so she silently drew from her pocket the packet Aunt Martha had restored to her.

"It was not in your pocket all the while, was it?" demanded Miss Dawes, with grim humor, as she took her property.

Eulalie tried to smile, and again Miss Dawes started for the door. Again she turned back, and this time she walked up to Clarence, and, standing on tip-toe, saluted him on either cheek. "I've kissed him hundreds of times before," she said to Eulalie, and then hurriedly left the room.

Eulalie was looking eagerly at her husband, but down in his heart he feared her and he dared not meet her eyes. She held out her hands and called softly, "Clare!"

"Yes, Eulalie," he answered, but still he kept his eyes turned from her.

With a beautiful ingenuity, that strove to make it appear that it was she who was to be forgiven, she faltered, "Are you angry with me, Clare?"

In a moment his arms held her.

"Don't ever speak of it again," she forbade, when he would have humbled himself for the deceit he had practised.

He was so happy in his reconciliation with himself and with God that Morgan was forgotten, when Agamemnon entered to announce that that gentleman was in the library. "Mr. Morgan 'waits the honor of your company, Marse Clau'ns," he said.

"All right, Uncle Agnon," said Clarence, "I'll be down presently."

"Can nothing be done, Clare?" asked Eulalie, when Agamemnon had left the room.

"Nothing," said Clarence, sadly; "the place will be his by the twentieth of next month, wife Eulalie. There is nothing left."

She stole her arm about his neck and whispered, "There are you and I, Clare."

V.

THE AFTERNOON OF THE NINETEENTH OF DECEMBER.

The soft breeze that fluttered the papers scattered over Clarence's desk was sweet with the odor of roses and orange-blossom and jessamine, and the golden haze of afternoon pulsed on the wall with the rise and fall of the wind-stirred branches of the trees outside.

"Clare," said Eulalie, seated by his side, her head leaning on his arm—"Clare, I wish it would have been possible to have remained here till after Christmas"

"Yes," he said, absently.

"What is it, Clare?" she asked.

"I was thinking, that is all," he answered. She did not speak, and he continued: "To think my mother toiled in those fields, when I was a little boy, to help make a crop of sugar—and it was so small, wife—only four hogsheads—that we might keep body and soul together, and it all went—"

"How, Clare?"

"Taxes. Good God! there must be something wrong that in spite of all she did, and I did something too, it should be for nothing."

He frightened her; she had never seen him so unstrung. She took his horny hands in hers and kissed them, and reminded him that she had him. "And is it not better to lose Bayou Rouge than to lose you?" she asked. And he answered that it were better for him to lose the world than for him to lose her. These exaggerations of love soothed them, heartened them, and proved love to be what it is—the all-powerful medicine for afflicted souls.

They were both gazing out on the fields, now bare of cane, lying brown and yellow in the setting sun, when Eulalie returned to her wish about Christmas. They were still talking of the disappointment they felt, not so much for themselves as for the hands and the house-servants, when Agamemnon, with an unusually doleful countenance, announced dinner. In the dining-room every house-servant who could find an excuse for being there waited their coming. They were all servants from the old time, which could not have been utterly evil, or else would not have been fostered in their hearts such pride in and love for "the family" as they possessed. The youngest of

them—Aunt Martha called her a girl—was Julia, and she had reached her fiftieth year.

Of course Aunt Martha was there, and never had her dignified bearing been greater; never had she been more anxious to see that dinner was served in proper order, that due respect was paid not only to her master and mistress but to herself as well. Julia was her particular trial, and to her she had said before dinner: "Jooly, gal, I gives you faah warnin', if I sees you eatin' ahine the cutten—I'se done seen you do it afoah—I'll tuck an' fro' you out er window, you jes' min'."

Dinner had not proceeded beyond the soup when carriage-wheels were heard coming up to the house, and Aunt Martha, her curiosity getting the better of her, went out on the porch to see who it could be. She had not been gone long when she returned, her head thrown back, a most disdainful look on her face. "'Tain' no quality; only that Miss Matildy ooman," she deigned to answer to Eulalie's look of inquiry.

Eulalie and Clarence had but risen to go out to welcome their unexpected guest when the guest herself burst into the room, exclaiming: "I thought I'd be in' time for dinner—" She paused and eyed the table with interest. "Well," she continued, chuckling, "one wouldn't suppose to look at that table that to-morrow you'd be without a roof over your head."

Not very well knowing what reply to make, Eulalie and Clarence expressed a great deal of delight, which they did their utmost to feel, at the unexpected advent of Miss Dawes. "Uncle Agnon," said Eulalie, "please see that some warm-soup is brought up."

"But don't bring it up till I call for it," commanded Miss Dawes; "I have something to say before I eat my dinner."

"Yes," put in Eulalie, "and you would like to change your travelling dress."

"My dress is good enough," said Miss Dawes, with a sniff. "But I wish you'd send all these—I don't know what you call them, your uncles and your aunts and all the rest—out of the room."

If Aunt Martha had known how she would have cast the most direful spells on Miss Dawes. As it was, although the other servants left the room at a sign from Clarence, she did not budge from her position behind Eulalie's chair.

"Well, aren't you going?" demanded Miss Dawes, glaring at her from over her spectacles.

"No, I ain', Miss Matildy," she quavered; "Misse Lalie,

Marse Cla'uns, an' me we's quality, an' it ain' fittin' we sets down to dinner an' no un to fotch an' carry."

Eulalie knew pretty well that it was useless to attempt to go against Aunt Martha's expressed determination, so she ventured: "I don't think we need mind Aunt Martha, Miss Dawes."

"In coas she needen, honey," asserted Aunt Martha. "If she gotten sump'n ter say about we uns quality, Ise done heerd it afoah; an' if she wanter speechify 'bout her folkses, I ain' keeren."

Miss Dawes did not look pleased, and Clarence said diplomatically: "Aunt Martha, I wish you would see about the dinner; you know Jooly gal is not to be trusted."

Jooly gal's name to Aunt Martha was as the sound of the trumpet to the war-horse, and she started out of the room with as much alacrity as her old limbs would permit; and as she went she was heard to mutter: "In coas I goes foah Marse Cla'uns, but 'tain' on her 'count nohow."

As soon as Aunt Martha had disappeared Miss Dawes locked the door after her, and, though many knocks came to it during the tale she now related, she would allow no one to be admitted till she had finished.

"What a pair of unfortunate babies!" she began, looking from Clarence to Eulalie and back again. Neither of them denying this assertion, she continued: "Why didn't you employ a lawyer to deal with Morgan?"

"I thought I had enough of the law in Morgan himself," said Clarence bitterly.

"Clare," he could not conceal his surprise at being so addressed by Miss Dawes, and she repeated—"Clare, there is where you made your mistake. When you have trouble with a man keep clear of the law; but when you have trouble with a lawyer, why fight the devil with his own fire. Though," she said, reflectively, "I don't know but what a woman with push in her can get ahead of a lawyer; at least I know one woman who did." She was beginning to be interesting, slow as she was at coming to the point. "Do you know that three-fourths of Morgan's claims on you were unjust?" she asked, after a long pause.

"I do," answered Clarence; "but I could not benefit by the knowledge; he had the law on his side."

"Oh, hang the law!" exclaimed Miss Dawes energetically. "Don't you know your poor mother was borrowing money from him to pay the twenty-five per cent. tax from 1866 to 1870; and don't you know the tax was no tax, the government refund-

ing the money to Morgan? And then what right had he to the money you paid him, and you did pay him a good round sum? Don't you know by cutting up such capers he put himself into the power of the law, and if I hadn't turned up he'd had you feathers and all; but I showed him I knew his tricks, and I threatened him with the penitentiary, if you've got such a thing here—you ought to have an asylum for idiots and babies—and I made him give up his claims, and there's your acquittal," she threw a tape-bound document on the table, "and Bayou Rouge is yours till you're ready to give it up to some other lawyer who chooses to ask you for it."

Clarence sat stunned, staring at Miss Dawes, scarcely taking in what had been told him. Could he have allowed himself to be so imposed upon? "I do not know what to say—"

"Don't say it, then," interrupted Miss Dawes, sententiously.

"But," he objected, and he found it very hard to shape his words, so tremulous and stubborn were his lips, "there were mortgages in Morgan's possession that were without a flaw."

"Don't bother about them; the property is yours, fast and sure," interjected Miss Dawes. "If that has not given you an appetite I can't help it. I want *my* dinner now. Well, what do *you* want?"

Clarence was standing by her, holding out his hand, and then—something told him it would not displease her—he stooped and kissed Miss Dawes.

"Before I order the dinner brought in won't you answer my question?" he entreated.

"What question?" said Miss Dawes shortly, but smiling.

"About the mortgages. I did or do owe Morgan a great deal of money," he said.

"You owe him nothing; he has received all that is due him. That paper explains everything. Now order up the dinner." Nor would she listen to their gratitude, but, pushing them aside, she unlocked the door and ordered the dinner herself; peremptorily, too.

Late in the evening, when Eulalie and Clarence were alone, Miss Dawes having gone to her bed, they called in Uncle Agnon and Aunt Martha.

"I want you to know," said Clarence to them, "how good Miss Matilda has been to us. She has paid off the mortgages and Bayou Rouge is really ours at last. We shall all be together till the good God calls us."

“Foah shuah, Marse Cla’uns?” asked Uncle Agnon, trembling with excitement.

“For sure, Uncle Agnon.”

Then, overcome, Uncle Agnon fell into a chair, crying out in a quavering voice that the good Lord had heard the prayers of a poor negro; and Aunt Martha wept tears of joy on Eulalie’s neck.

VI.

CHRISTMAS.

The last Mass was over in the pretty little church at Bayou Rouge, and Aunt Martha, holding a great green umbrella spread to shield her from the rays of the sun, stood in a pathway leading to the house, a number of the house-servants and many of the hands gathered about her, listening with great respect to the words that fell from her lips. “Ise been reckonin’ ter speechify you, my chillen,” she said, taking in with a glance the house-servants, “an’ mos’ ’specially you critters as ain’ ’quainted wif quality ways.” She here addressed the hands, who stood in the outer of the circles that surrounded her. “You all knows Misse Matildy—” Yes, they all knew Miss Matildy— “Misse Matildy,” Aunt Martha corrected sharply. “She’s very nice ooman. I al-lus ’spected she’s quality from the fust,” she continued, with audacious and superlative mendacity. “You know she is tucken in the family. I hearn Marse Cla’uns say so, an’ I ’spects you dis-porten you’s’e’ves accordin’. You heah, Jooly gal?” she asked sharply of that poor woman, who certainly was not inattentive. “Now all you uns go en ’joy you’s’e’ves; Ise ’specten ter see you this evenin’,” she commanded graciously, giving her hand a benignant wave to disperse the little crowd.

“We’s comin’; we’s shuah*ter be thaar,” came from the little crowd as it separated, and Aunt Martha proceeded on her way home attended by Uncle Agnon, for whom she had a little respect because of his having been the body servant of Clarence’s father.

In the field adjoining the house four great Christmas fires blazed brightly enough to dim the splendor of the southern stars throbbing in the purple haze of the heavens; there was dancing and the music of violins on the uncovered pavilion lit by great knots of flaming pine; fire-crackers exploding and rockets ascending from every direction; children shouting and laughing

about the Christmas fires—but then every one was laughing, and must needs shout if he would be heard. Great iron pots of gumbo hung over lesser fires; hundreds of oranges cut and thrown into the copper kettles for sherbet; baskets of pralines and barrels of yams for roasting; black eyes, black skins, and whitest teeth shining and flashing in the firelight. And now above the tripping feet, the ecstasy of violins, the shout and the laughter, and the explosion of powder, rose and fell, surging and swelling, the royal chant of the Christ-Child. Caught here, caught there, a multitude of voices bore up the melody till the volume of sound vibrating through the soft atmosphere pierced its way upwards, even to beyond the throbbing stars.

HAROLD DIJON.

THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

THE Catholic Truth Society, as stated in its prospectus, is one of the results of the Catholic Congress of Baltimore. In one sense, therefore, it may be considered as much the offspring of New York as of any other diocese represented in that memorable gathering. It first assumed corporate shape, however, at the archiepiscopal residence in St. Paul, Minnesota, on the evening of March 10, with nine members present and Archbishop Ireland presiding. What it owes to the silent influence of Saint Paul, the great Apostle of the Gentiles, in determining the place of its nativity, or what it may expect from his powerful patronage in the future need not now be discussed. The society has been organized "to enable Catholic laymen to perform their share of the work in the dissemination of Catholic truth and the encouragement of wholesome Catholic reading." It does this in two ways: Firstly, by the circulation, at lowest cost, of Catholic literature; secondly, by correcting through the secular press misrepresentations of Catholic doctrine that may get into the public prints, thus giving correct statements of our belief and worship. Its purpose is an acknowledgment that Catholic truth desires nothing so much as broad daylight, and that religious dissensions can best be done away with by correct information and widest publicity. Its end, therefore, is peace and concord, not war. How well it has accomplished its mission so far may best be learned from a glance at the second quarterly report of the corresponding secretary, dated October 8.

Under section 1 of the society's work, namely, "The publication of short, timely articles in the secular press (to be paid for, if necessary) on the fundamental doctrines of Catholicity," six articles have been published. Under section 2, namely, "The prompt and systematic correction of misstatements, slanders, or libels against Catholic truth," thirty articles have been published. Under section 3, namely, "The promulgation of reliable and edifying Catholic news, as church dedications, opening of asylums and hospitals, the workings of Catholic charitable institutions, abstracts of sermons, and anything calculated to spread the knowledge of the vast amount of good being accomplished by the Catholic Church," thirty-eight articles have been published. These articles have appeared from time to time in the leading dailies of St. Paul and Minneapolis, and one in the *British-American Citizen* of Boston, Mass. Besides this upwards of forty-five articles relating to the society and its work have been published in the *Northwestern Chronicle* of St. Paul, the *Irish Standard* of Minneapolis, the *Catholic Standard* of Philadelphia, the *Republic* of Boston, and the *Messenger* of Worcester, Mass., many of which were copied into numerous other Catholic papers, periodicals, and magazines.

Under section 4, namely, "The circulation of books, pamphlets, tracts, and Catholic newspapers," the following books have been disposed of at the lowest prices obtainable from the publishers on lots of 500 copies: *Imitation of the Blessed Virgin*, 399 copies; *Catholic Belief*, 281 copies; *New Testament*, 248 copies; *Facts of Faith*, 450 copies; *Vaughn on the Mass*, 41 copies; *Rational Religion*, 37 copies.

The plan for disposing of these books, initiated by the Most Rev. Archbishop at the cathedral, and followed up in many city parishes and some rural ones, too, seems to be quite practical. It is this. A supply of cheap and useful books was procured. A sermon was preached, sometimes on the subject-matter of the book, sometimes on books and good reading in general, at all events on a topic germane to good literature. A few young men had the books in charge. The people were invited to buy them on their way out of church. The result has been very satisfactory in every case. To be sure, the proceeds of the sales have often shown a net loss to the society; for, be it well understood, the Catholic Truth Society is in no sense a money-making concern, though it is intended to be self-supporting.

Under this same head the following original pamphlets have

been issued under the title of "The Catholic Truth Society's American Series of Publications": *Refutation of some Calumnies against the Catholic Church*, by Rev. Jas. C. Byrne, 6,000 copies; *The Vail-Burgess Debate*, by Roger Vail, Esq., vice-president of the society, with a preface by Right Rev. Jas. McGolrick, Bishop of Duluth, 10,000 copies; *How Catholics come to be Misunderstood*, by Rev. Thos. O'Gorman, of the Catholic University, 4,000 copies; *Who Can Forgive Sin?* by Rev. P. Danehy, 6,000 copies; *Church or Bible?* by the late Father Damen, S.J., with short sketch of his life by Hon. Wm. J. Onahan, of Chicago, 2,000 copies. This last was exhausted almost immediately, the State of Michigan alone ordering nearly 1,000 copies, and a second edition of 5,000 copies has just appeared. 16,000 copies of a leaflet entitled *Some Things Catholics do not Believe* have also been published, and 21,000 copies of the society's prospectus have been distributed.

Experience has shown that the original publications of the society are in much greater demand than works already in circulation which it has offered, and that they can be issued at exceedingly low figures; hence the utmost pains are being taken to prepare a series of cheap popular works on the living topics of the age that may be scattered broadcast through the land. Several of the originators of the society being converts, their great aim is to issue matter that may be of service to their non-Catholic fellow-countrymen in leading them to the light of faith. The society will therefore be pleased to send its publications from time to time to any inquiring or well-disposed non-Catholic whose name and address may be sent to it by the clergy or friends.

Under section 5, namely, "Occasional public lectures on topics of Catholic interest," six lectures have been delivered in St. Paul and Minneapolis, the last one, October 8, by Hon. Daniel W. Lawlor, "The Jesuits." A course of five more lectures to be delivered during the winter in the twin cities has been planned and will probably include the following subjects, to be treated by the best ecclesiastical and lay talent obtainable: (1) "Sacrificial Worship essential to Religion"; (2) "Divine Revelation in Delegated Authority"; (3) "Infallibility: What it is and What it is not"; (4) "Catholics loyal to Church and Country," and (5) "Rights and Duties of Catholics as Citizens."

Under section 6, namely, "Supplying jails and reformatories with good reading matter," a number of visits have been paid to the county jail and considerable literature distributed among the

Catholic inmates. It is not easy to estimate the silent influence of a good book on a prisoner during his dreary hours of confinement. It was while lingering through a long and dangerous illness that St. Ignatius of Loyola read the books which inspired him to devote the rest of his life to the service of God and resulted in the founding of the great Society of Jesus. Why should not the seeds sown in the heart of a prisoner by a good book often result in his conversion and reformation? Arrangements have just been made by which a number of the best Catholic newspapers of the country will be distributed weekly at the workhouse in Minneapolis.

That the interest felt in the work of the Catholic Truth Society is not merely local but national is evident from the following summary of membership on October 8 :

St. Paul.....	115	North Dakota.....	3
Minneapolis	26	South Dakota.....	2
Minnesota cities.....	30	North Carolina	1
Illinois	4	Iowa	5
Kentucky.....	7	California	3
Missouri.....	3	Pennsylvania.....	3
Colorado.....	9	Massachusetts.....	1
Michigan	2	Delaware	1
New York.....	6		
District of Columbia.....	2	Total.....	224
New Jersey.....	1		

Of these fourteen are women. If we recall the fact that after fourteen years the English Catholic Truth Society, which has accomplished so much for the Catholic cause in England, has only eight hundred members, the above number is by no means discouraging for an American society only seven months old. The next quarterly report will show a large increase in membership, especially in the Eastern States, thanks to the kind notices of the Catholic press. There is also a local conference of the society in Kansas City, Mo., with some forty members, and another one in Worcester, Mass, just organized with nine members. There is nothing mentioned in the prospectus which a local branch of the society would not be competent to do, though, of course, for obvious reasons, the special work of issuing a series of Catholic Truth Society publications must, for the present at least, remain in the hands of the parent society in St. Paul. Scores of letters have been received from priests and laymen in

all parts of the country warmly endorsing the new society. The following from a clergyman in Ohio is a fair sample of their general tenor:

“I am rejoiced to know that your commendable enterprise is meeting with the success it deserves; and I trust to see the society spread through every diocese of the States. We have been waiting a long time for such a beginning, and thank God that it has been successfully made. It is time for us Catholics to realize how apathetic we have been. Not a little of the ignorance prevailing about our holy religion is to be attributed to ourselves. I hope to see a general waking up on the part of Catholics in the line you have so spiritedly marked out. Success attend all your efforts!”

The following special letter of approbation was received from the Archbishop of St. Paul at an early date in the history of the society:

“*M. W. Cole, President of the Catholic Truth Society.*

“DEAR SIR: I give my warmest support to the work of the Catholic Truth Society, as outlined in your prospectus.

“I am sure that every priest will be delighted to co-operate with you to the best of his ability. ‘Lay action’ is the motto of the hour, and in no manner can this action be utilized with so much power and effect as in spreading abroad by pen and paper a knowledge of the teachings and the history of God’s Church.

Sincerely, etc.,

“† JOHN IRELAND,

“*Archbishop of St. Paul.*”

Another letter, containing earnest words of encouragement and a check for fifty dollars, soon followed from the venerable Archbishop Grace.

As the Catholic Truth Society and its work become better known it would seem to be a difficult matter for any earnest Catholic to find an excuse for not joining it. Its affairs are managed by a board of seven directors, who are elected annually and hold monthly meetings, alternately in St. Paul and Minneapolis. It involves no irksome duties, there are no compulsory meetings, no fines or penalties, and the annual subscription is only nominal. It cannot interfere with other societies already in existence, for, as its ultimate object is to bring “other sheep into the fold,” its ultimate effect must naturally be to strengthen and increase the membership of all other Catholic societies.

Any Catholic man, woman, or child who desires to aid in the good work according to his ability and opportunities may become a member by sending his name and address to the recording secretary, M. A. Stapleton, 218 East Third Street, St. Paul, and by subscribing one dollar a year, in advance, or ten cents a month. Members are entitled to the benefit of any special rates on books or other publications that the society may secure, and such other advantages as it may be able to offer in the future.

Copies of all its original pamphlets to date are sent to each member on receipt of subscription fee. Prospectuses, reports, constitution and by-laws, and any other information can be obtained gratis by addressing the corresponding secretary, Wm. F. Markoe, 509 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

In conclusion, I may be permitted to remark that if every Catholic would aid in the work of the Catholic Truth Society according to his ability, no matter how little or how great, and according to his opportunities, no matter how few or how many, what great and far-reaching results might be achieved. When we consider the ceaseless activity of the enemies of Catholicity it would seem that the time had gone by when Catholic laymen could afford to remain idle. When we reflect that all the signs of the times seem to point to the conclusion that America is to be the battle-ground upon which the last great battle between truth and error, between Christianity and infidelity, is to be fought, and that the future of the whole world must depend largely on the result of that struggle, it would seem an imperative duty for every American Catholic to contribute his mite towards the triumph of truth.

WM. F. MARKOE,

Corresponding Secretary C. T. S.

FIGHTING FIRE.

WHEN mother just had set the coffee on the table steaming hot,
Father came, all grimed and smoky, from the forty-acre lot;
And she turned the color o' ashes. Waiting till he came a-nigh
her,
From her lips broke, short and hoarsely, "You've been fighting
fire!"

"That's just it," he said; "it started somewhere in the early morn
Down beyond the forty-acre, close beside the field o' corn
Just in ear. You know, Maria, 'twas to buy the winter's wheat
And the flannel for the young ones, and our bar'l o' meat:
And I can't wait for the breakfast; I came up fer whips* and Joe.
He must get the plow and horses, fer if 't comes to worst, you
know,
We will have to plow the corn up; but that will be my last try,
While a neighbor lends a helping hand to my right hand. Good-
by!"

I'd just started (I am Joe, ma'am), when I kind o' turned my head,
Seeing him look round the door-yard, get the whips from out the
shed,

And go tearing down the pasture, while I followed with the plow,
Feeling kind of wild, excited, but not 'stonished. That's just how
We had got to live up north, ma'am: always ready to turn out
If we heard a horn a-blowing or saw smoke-clouds sail about.
So I followed after father. As I let the field-bars down
I turned back and saw my mother, with the babies hanging roun',
Standing in the door a-looking, one hand spread above her eyes
And the other shielding baby from the hot sun in the skies.
When I cleared the great long cornfield and got down a-near the
smoke

Plows were there with horses to 'em or with oxen in the yoke—
Hands upon them, sturdy neighbors turning in from leagues and
nigher;

All it need to arouse them was the horn—to fight the fire.

How we fit it! There stood father, head erect, eye kind of
wild;

* Bunches of green boughs, usually pine boughs, used for beating out and brushing back the fire.

Through the smoke and din and clatter I know he saw every
child

That was hanging round my mother; saw his fences, crops, and
stock;

Saw the brown-tipped winter fodder, saw the cornfield in the
shock;

And he spoke and said, "Come, neighbors, if you save my corn
to-day

You will keep us off the county through the winter. Come, I
say!"

Answered Harris from the Corners, "Be it, neighbor, done to me
As I do to you whenever my own turn to fight may be."

But Jake Turner cried out crossly, as his eyes were windward
cast,

"Might as well take to your plowing with that fire, first as
last!"

Yet he took his whip for all that, and he joined the gathering
ring

As they raised their whips together, let them fall with steady swing.

First they faced the smouldering circle, treading down, the wind
behind,

Whipping with each forward motion every smoke-wreath they
could find.

Then they turned toward the fences, whither flames were lightly
tossed,

Yes, and leaping, caught the corners where the rail-ends met
and crossed.

Father tore the rails asunder, rolled them till the cinders flew;
Twenty followed after, trampling, sweating—swearing, too!

While the sun rose higher, higher, and we looked and longed
for rain.

Twenty formed another circle, beat the grass, afire again!

Till, far down the field a-looking, all together gave a shout:

Bigger flames had risen, leaping, where they thought the fires
were out;

And the fence was *all* on fire. Then my father wiped his brow
On his shirt-sleeve, groaned, and whispered, "God's ag'inst me—
take the plow!"

In the shouting and hallooing, like an echo in a dream,

One faint note that cleft the hubbub like a dinner-call did seem,

And Jake Turner faced me, saying, "What d'yer kids mean
blow'n' the horn?"

But his words were drowned in shouting: "To your plows: 'tis in the corn!"

The horses? Well they worked as men do; bless you, they know what it means

Turning them out without shelter, cutting off their hay and greens!

Twenty plows went down the cornfield and came back, and twenty men

Beat the stalks that lay a-smoking; twenty whips at work again!

If we trampled down one flame spot, two came up behind our backs;

If we followed fire afore us, more fire started in our tracks!

Gone the pasture, gone the fences, beaten low the corn in ear,

Till at last the battle ended and there was no further fear

'Less the wind brought some new message; and the sun was in the west

When the men turned slowly homeward for the needed food and rest.

And we turned too, I and father. He looked wild and kind o' dazed

As he said: "Come, Joe, there's mother and the girls, the Lord be praised!

If He wouldn't let me feed 'em, don't He own the hull world's store?

He'll take care that they'll not hunger; always fed his own o' yore.

She'll be anxious. Let's not tell her that it has turned out so bad.

She'll have supper waitin' for us, dear old mother! Come, my lad!

We can leave out tellin', may be, that we had to plow the corn."

As he spoke I just remembered of that faintly blowin' horn!

And I fairly staggered, cryin', "Father! father! did you know Some one, 'long about the noon-time, said that they heard *our* horn blow?

What if something should 'ave happened?" Then he fiercely turned to me:

"Do you want to drive me crazy? What d'ye think that it could be?"

Then we left the tired horses and set out upon the run,
By a short cut through the holler, with our faces to the sun;
Father panting, "When we git there, if we find that they're
all right,
We will hev' the tallest prayin' that we ever hed this night!"

Well? But when at last we got there, and the farm came into
view,
Satan's red-tongued hounds had bin there, puttin' in the best
they knew.

Gone were barns and stacks and fences, black and smokin' all
the place;
Gone, too, mother and the babies. Father fell upon his face!

Well, it wa'n't no time for weepin'. I just yelled with all my
might,
Shoutin' "*Mother! Mother! MOTHER!*" to the left and to the
right,

Tearin' down the smoky ridges, past the orchard to the crick:
For I knew my mother wouldn't lie down flat and let 'em lick
Out the life o' them three babies. Sure enough, I found 'em
there,

Scorched and scared, and dazed and stupid, but alive, the hull
two pair!

An' we did hev' some tall prayin' down at Carterses that
night,

When we got there after sunset, in our black and wretched
plight.

Carter's rough, but true and helpful; Mother Carter good as
gold;

All of 'em was cryin', cryin' at the story mother told!

Somehow the hull thing broke father—made him just a poor
old man;

So I hev' to hold my shoulder to the wheel the best I can.

But my mother? *She* was thankful; seems she couldn't do
enough

O' the things she used to shirk from, thinkin' they was most
too rough.

And the girls? Well, they've forgotten, and they're growin'
strong and fast;

And they're full o' grit, like mother; they'll be help enough at
last.

Yes, we left the farm for ever: father got to hate the place; Wouldn't, couldn't, be persuaded there again to set his face. Lots o' folks hev' just such stories; for up there in Michigan Every acre is encumbered, Satan's morgidge on the lan'! You might buy ours for a nickel: do you s'pose we'd ever go Raisin' crops off human ashes?—no, indeed, ma'am, not for Joe!

But there's somethin' always haunts me in the night-time, noon, and morn,

When again I think I hear that far-off faintly blowin' horn:
That was mother, in her anguish, tryin' hard to let us know,
And we never dreamin' of it! While I live, I'll hear it blow!

MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

BRAVE WOMEN; OR, CHRISTMAS IN THE ARCTICS.

IT will be four years next November since Archbishop Seghers was murdered in Alaska. Nearly a year later, when the news of his death arrived, the whole world rang with the story of his heroism and devotion. Few, however, know that almost on the spot marked by his blood noble women are carrying on the work which he died to begin.

In the summer of 1888 the Sisters of St. Anne left Victoria for the Yukon River, and on its banks founded their schools. There were three of them—a reverend mother and two novices. The Jesuits had been given charge of the missions in this district, and at their station of Kossariofsky, in the wildest part of the wild Northwest, in the midst of savage mountains and trackless forests, the sisters began their work.

It is the custom in their houses to keep a journal. It is more in the nature of a simple letter addressed to the sisters in the mother-house than a journal properly so-called.* It is not intended for publication, and to me this seems a mistake. If there is anything our people in the United States should be led to take an interest in it is mission work. Living and moving and having our being in the midst of a great material civilization, it is no wonder that the taint of it has entered into our souls. Ever busy with what we shall eat and what we shall drink and wherewith we shall be clothed, there is danger that

our minds may become indifferent, the spiritual side of our nature dwarfed, and we may begin to lose all care about laying up treasures where the rust and the moth consume not and where thieves do not break through and steal. The stronger this temptation to materialism the more powerful the remedy must be, and it seems to me there is no specific so efficacious as the consideration of the acts of those noble men and women who, leaving behind them all the material comforts which we prize so much, go out into the waste places of the earth and devote themselves to labor—not for hope of praise from those whom they have left behind, or of reward from those whom they go to benefit, but simply and entirely for the love of God and the salvation of immortal souls. Surely the consideration of such examples of devout self-abnegation is the strongest antidote to the materialism of our time and country. If the letters of the Catholic missionaries that are sent home—more of them should be prepared for publication—were brought to the knowledge of our people through the medium of the Sunday-school and the pulpit; if the children were personally appealed to and encouraged in giving something for the missions, not only would their generosity grow with their growth but they would be stronger and better Catholics, inasmuch as they have identified themselves with and taken a share in the spreading of the faith.

It is with the idea of bringing home to Catholics in the United States the work which heroines of their own flesh and blood are doing that we give a few extracts from the journal of the sisters on the Yukon River. It is no long, boasting, statistical account of "Doors Opened" and "Souls Reached" and "Bibles Distributed"; neither is it a record of morbid introspection; but it is a simple, common-sense letter, which will appeal to simple, common-sense people. It flows on from day to day with the story of their uneventful life, their little pleasures, and, now and again, a hint of their privations. Their preparations for the great festivals, the progress of the children, the little visits paid them at long intervals—this is the sum of it all; but those who have eyes to see may read between the lines the story of heroic lives that I had almost thought were lived no more upon this earth.

In the beginning we must remember that the Alaska of the Yukon is not the Alaska of the summer tourist. As the crow flies it is twelve hundred miles from Kossarioffsky to Sitka and Juneau, and this in a country marked on the maps as unexplored. From October to April its inhabitants are shut out from the

world. Ice closes navigation on the river, and travel by land is possible only on sleds drawn by teams of dogs. In the summer months the weather becomes extremely warm, and mosquitoes and sandflies make life almost unendurable. The journal opens with August of last year, 1889. The Indians have gone off to their summer camp to hunt and fish, and have taken their children with them. The convent is still occupied by the three sisters and a few boarders. The usual laborious house-cleaning that is for ever associated with vacation fills up the time, but the arrival of the steamer or of a transient guest are events to be duly chronicled. Incidentally we get an insight into some of the amenities of life in Alaska:

“After Mass the steamer *St. Michael* arrived. Father Rogarou is on board, and he brings three new boarders from Nulato. They are big girls, from fourteen to fifteen years old, and are full-blooded Indians. The good father looks well, but it is evident he has suffered from lack of food. When the survey party passed through Nulato the father and the lay brother had been weeks without flour. The gentlemen of the party gave them a few sacks and also other provisions. All these privations do not prevent him from being as jolly as ever. He is always gay and happy. In one of his visits to us he said he actually enjoyed the missionary life, as he had dreamt of it and prayed for it for years.”

Flour is mentioned particularly, not only because it is an article of food but because it is also the great substitute for money with the Indians, as we shall see below.

August is the beginning of the rainy season. The diary continues:

“To-day, the 27th, the children and I climbed the mountains. I had never gone this way before. At the top we were surprised by a heavy rain-storm. As these mountains are covered with trees we took shelter under them for some time; but the rain continued and we could not remain, as we were a great distance from home. Soon we were wet through. The children were delighted with it, and, of course, the mistress had to be so too. We sang ‘Holy Angels’ and ‘Maiden Mother’ as best we could while walking. After half an hour the rain ceased, but, remember, the grass was very long, some of it higher than our heads. At last we got down in safety, but I did not know the place we were in or in which direction to turn, for here one sees nothing but trees and brushwood. At the foot of the mountains the pines and arbutus are so thick that I could not see through

them. I told the children to say a Hail Mary, and we all recited it together. After that we went straight ahead without knowing whither. Little by little I saw the sky, and soon I struck a good route; we were only a mile from the house. On entering we found Father Rogarou, who had come to make a short visit, laughing heartily at our appearance, for we were quite wet through."

The people of the Yukon district are entirely dependent on what the steamers bring during the summer for everything in the line of what may be called "civilized provisions." The loss of one cargo is a very serious matter, especially if the loss occurs late in the season. The steamer *Arctic*, which had on board the sisters' winter store, ran upon a rock, and the journal continues:

"No lives were lost, but all the provisions which should have come to us are now at the bottom of the sea. You may well imagine that, in spite of our submission to the designs of Providence, we could not help being a little uneasy for the future: our daily bread for a whole year was lost to us like the rest. . . . That evening we had for our meditation Abandonment to Divine Providence, and I think the subject was never so profitable. He who watches over the birds of the air, and who clothes the lilies of the field in all their glory, he will surely not desert his children who pray him continually: 'Give us this day our daily bread.' "

But the sisters were not the only sufferers. The great destitution and hardships, vague echoes of which got into the American papers, were caused by this accident. Under December 9 we find the following entry:

"It is incredible the number of people who are in distress. We hear that at Nulato, at Nucklaquayet, and, I believe, all along the river, the miners are almost starving. Over two hundred of them have gone down to St. Michael's, as they had absolutely nothing to eat. There the company must support them if they do not want to have a revolution. As Mr. Greenfield (one of the agents of the company) said last summer to mother-superior: 'We must give if we would save our lives. A refusal would be the signal for our death.' There are miners above us on the river who have had but one sack of flour all the year. They depend altogether on hunting and fishing. Poor fellows! All this misery has been caused by the wreck of the *Arctic*. For ourselves we cannot complain. We have lost much,

it is true, and we have to draw the lines very tightly to make ends meet. The rabbits as well as the fish begin to get scarce. Not being able to buy anything with flour I do not know what we shall do. Flour is what the Indians like best. What can we do? We have none to spare. As ever, we count on the assistance of our good Lord. He has helped us already, and in ways we should never have thought of. Now he will not desert us."

And later, under the first Sunday in Lent, we read of an incident which would be laughable were it not for the consequences of it in that country. Father Rogarou is eaten out of house and home:

"About 8 P.M. we heard the noise of a train of dogs. It was Father Rogarou who had come from St. Michael's, where he had been to buy provisions. He had had enough for the year, but eighty miners got into Nulato half-dead with hunger and cold, and he had to feed them until they were in a condition to continue their journey. Now they are at St. Michael's, where they are living at the expense of the company."

But women who have taken up the work that these women have are not used to looking at the dark side of things. All through September and October we have many glimpses of their simple joys:

"The first Sunday of September we had Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament with music; Brother Negro, who is quite a musician, accompanied with the accordion. There were some Indians present and it was a great treat for them."

Just think of it: Benediction with an accordion! Think of it, men and women, as ye kneel on your velvet cushions when the music swells through the ringing arches and incense clouds the air. Benediction with an accordion!

"September 8. We had a pretty ceremony after Mass—the baptism of one of our pupils. Father Robaud made it as solemn as possible. It was a little boy, six or seven years old, of pure Indian blood. When he came to us he did not know a word of English, but to-day he was able to recite the Creed perfectly. He received the beautiful name of Joseph Mary. Poor little boy! after the ceremony the father gave him a crucifix and a medal. He was so happy. The other children then wanted to be baptized right away, they found it so nice."

The last sentence is a realistic touch. Poor children!

“September 12. Up to this time we have never had a picnic. The weather is beautiful and our preparations have been made since yesterday. As you know we have very little in the way of provisions: pancakes served as our principal dish. For each pancake Sister M. Pauline had found, I do not know where, a bit of dripping about as big as a bean. Moreover mother-superior had a little candy which our mother-vicar had put in our trunks when we left Victoria. However, we must not eat it all, because after this we shall have many other feasts, and if there were no candy something would be wanting; who knows but we shall keep some of it for the arrival of new missionaries next year? After dinner, which we had in the midst of the great forest, we sent back our little ménage and then we climbed the mountains. The path is both terrible and difficult in some places. Once on the spot how beautiful the view before our eyes! The river and its branches spread away as far as one can see, the divers hues of the foliage soon to be buried beneath the winter’s snow. . . .”

O ye young lads and lassies! who go to your picnics in easy-cushioned cars, in luxurious staterooms, with all your boxes and hampers and *impedimenta*, I wonder were ye as happy as these?

Those who have at school received a box from home will appreciate the following:

“September 16. . . . For a long time we have been expecting the two boxes from San Francisco which Miss F——— M——— and Miss M. A. M——— sent us. Tired out as we were we could not resist the temptation to open them. Surely it is incredible how generous these children are and what feelings of esteem and love they must have for the Sisters of St. Anne to prove their thanks in such a way. I wish you were here to see. I would enumerate all the two boxes contained but I believe that Frances has sent a list to Sister Mary Providence. I am very sure, however, there was a deal more in the boxes than appeared on the list.”

On the second of October they have another picnic, but with the significant remark: “This time we had no pancakes; not even tea.” Apropos of picnics, the journal continues:

“Permit me here to say a few words on the natural satisfaction we feel every time we take a walk in the woods. The air is so pure and does us so much good that we bring back renewed strength. Every day since the mosquitoes left I have gone out with the children for recreation. You know how we

are buried in the forest; consequently we have only to leave the house to be in the midst of the woods. As yet I have not seen any bears or foxes."

And now the winter begins to set in. The same day, the 2d of October, as the journal quaintly puts it: "The Angel Guardians brought us snow. It continued to fall the two following days and is at least six inches deep"; and on the fifteenth we find they had sleighing.

The care of the children now begins to engross all their attention.

"October 7. It is curious to watch these poor children. Only four of them understand English; the others must be communicated with by signs. At dinner to-day they had cabbage for the first time in their lives. Little Joseph asked for it the second time. He did not know its name, but with his usual smartness he said: 'Please, may I have some more garden?' So you see, Rev. Mother, we have fun sometimes."

"October 16. It is surprising how much the children help us with our work. Twice already they have done the washing. Each one in turn goes to the kitchen to learn how to make bread. They are especially quick at manual work. They have already begun to knit their own socks. They have a certain kind of ambition, too, and in the evening, when the dishes are washed, they sit up with us and seem quite a happy family. We, too, are happy."

The feast of All Saints comes, and with it this beautiful reflection, which shows the motive of all their work:

"At last, dear mother, we have reached All Saints. Once more let me say how happy we are. The beautiful meditation this morning has charmed us. One day we too shall be reunited in the heavenly Jerusalem. What an encouragement for us! How good a thing it is to think of heaven, and what value should we not put on the daily sacrifices which merit such a place! Oh! let us so work that, if we do not have the happiness to see one another again here below, we shall at least meet above, and there there shall be separation no more for ever."

Then follows an affecting incident:

"To-day we had general Communion. Our hired man received. Poor fellow! it was years since he had been to his duty. When he came in to breakfast he looked so happy

mother-superior said to him: 'If your sister (who is a Grey Nun in Montreal) only knew this how happy would she not be.' 'Ah! my sister,' he said, 'if my poor mother only knew it!' And he burst into tears."

Here are a few incidents which throw some light on their domestic life. Some Indians come to sell rabbits:

"We think it is St. Joseph who sent them here; for several days we have been without meat. It is very seldom we can get sufficient for the children, and we give them chiefly bread and fish."

"November 16. The children's cots arrived to-day. Up to this they had slept on the floor. When our hired man appeared with them there were cries of joy from all sides. In the evening, when retiring, some got in with their heads to the foot of the bed, and others watched me to see how I should do, as if asking: 'Is it so?' When they came here first each had a blanket which she spread on the floor and then rolled herself up in it. This was their ordinary method of going to sleep."

In December they begin to get the real hard weather. The following gives us an idea of life on the Yukon near Christmas:

"Time is precious and the days are short. At two o'clock we leave off all manual work because it gets so dark. The lamps are in use all the time. The sun rises at eleven and sets at two. The view of the firmament is magnificent. You remember what I told you last year. Nothing could be grander. It snows, freezes, and blows all at a time. The cold is not excessive. The thermometer is generally 10° to 25° below zero. During the novena before Christmas it went down once to 44°. We have a big fire going day and night to keep us warm.

"There are many holes in the roof of our house, hence we have lots of leaks. We put pots and pans and dishes under them, but with all this the rain gets on to the floor and has stained the lining of the chapel. The other night I heard tok, tok, tok; it was annoying, and I got up to see what was the matter. I found two of the children almost drowned in their beds, so I had to take them—bed and clothes and all—to the fire to get them dry."

Near Christmas time the Indian children who had left them in the summer begin to return:

"To-day the externs came in—*i. e.*, the Indians of the village. They have been only two or three days in their winter

camp. I was happy to see them again. It must have been the Child Jesus who brought them, for it was just the first day of the novena before Christmas. Poor children! they knew their prayers so well when they left us last spring, but now they have forgotten them quite. They come to school at half-past five in the morning—the latest at seven. What I wrote last year of their filthy condition is still true. However, it does not matter. Let us thank God and try to do them some good.”

And now Christmas comes, and there, away in the wilds, they try to carry out the pleasant traditions of their youth:

“After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament we had our Christmas-tree. Our poor children had never seen the like before. The tree looked pretty and was well decorated. Each child had a handkerchief, an apron, some toys and pictures. For the girls Sister M. Pauline had made little bundles containing three needles and four pins. How happy they were! What a memorable day for all! Andrew has performed his part of Santa Claus very well indeed. There was an agreeable surprise for ourselves on the tree, namely, some cloth slippers which mother-vicar had sent us last year, and which only arrived on the last steamer this year. Mother-superior reserved them for the Christmas-tree. In all truth we could receive them as coming directly from home. Moreover, in one of the slippers mother-superior found two letters, written last year after the Feast of St. Anne. Notwithstanding their old date we were jubilant over them. After Santa Claus had distributed the presents he opened his pack, where he had in reserve for each child a little bag with three beans, a few cakes, and three lumps of sugar. Our Indians who were present were not forgotten; we had for each of them a handkerchief and a cracker. We ended our little festival with a hymn to the Child Jesus. After that there were admiration and wonder, general and particular, over the presents. The happiness of the children was complete, and we had general uproar till supper.”

We wonder will any of our young friends next Christmas, when they are merry round their Christmas-tree and are filled with good things, think of their little brothers in far-away Alaska with their three beans and their three lumps of sugar?

On February 16 Emma, the Indian woman, and eleven children were baptized. “Now we have no pagans in the house, but all are good Catholics.”

Last fall we saw how poorly the sisters were situated; all through the winter there is no word of complaint, but on the first of March just the faintest inkling that things must be very strained with them now:

"We have many petitions for St. Joseph. The mission is nothing but poverty itself. If St. Joseph does not raise up some charitable persons the good cannot be done as it ought."

The following shows the severity of the climate on the 7th of March:

"After Mass we went to take a little walk with the children. In less than five minutes one of the big girls had her cheek frost-bitten. It was forty degrees below zero and, with that, the wind was very strong."

On March 15 we have an entry which will give an idea of Alaskan travel:

"Father Robaud comes back from Nulato, not dead, it is true, but in a bad state. Mr. Smith, a miner, got into Anwick a few hours after the father and had the kindness to bring him over to Kossarioffsky, as the dogs were worn out. The journey from our mission to Nulato is something terrible. I will give some details. The good father left here with a sled, seven dogs, and an Indian. Beyond Anwick there is not a single human habitation until you reach Nulato. With a good road the journey would take him five days; you may imagine how much longer when no one had passed there for months, with the snow five or six feet deep and the weather indescribably cold. The poor dogs soon gave out. Their paws began to bleed, and the blood immediately froze, until they could hardly drag themselves along. One by one they dropped out and lay motionless. The father had to search for them the next day where they had lain down if he did not wish to lose them. As regards himself and the Indian, both were in a miserable plight. The Indian had his nose and cheek frozen; the father his foot. They took eleven days to get to Nulato and every night were obliged to sleep out-of-doors. They dug a hole in the snow and slept there. Once it was on the river and the weather was awful. They had been able to make but two miles when night came upon them. They could not even reach the forest. They had to remain on the ice and to lie down without fire or supper. Despite the fatigue of the day the father could not sleep. Towards morning he tried to rise but he could not; he was buried alive. After a time the Indian succeeded in getting out of his tomb. His first care was to look for the father. Soon he found him, but before he could get the poor priest free he was obliged to chop off with a hatchet the snow and ice which had frozen round him in the night. When he got out he was wet to the skin, but in a few moments every stitch had frozen, and he was encased as in a suit of mail."

Lent is passing away rapidly; on Passion Sunday they are to have the First Communions.

“Our Indian woman with four of the children are preparing for their First Communion next Sunday. They went to confession the vigil of the feast of St. Joseph, and then the eve of the great day they spent in recollection. Fr. Tosi heard their last confessions about four, and you hardly know how consoling it is to see how well these dear children understand the happiness that awaits them. As you know already, dear mother, they are older than our civilized children—from fourteen to fifteen. Sister-superior is busy with them all day, as well as on the morning of the great day. Their costume is very simple, a check calico dress, a white collar, and a veil—that is all. Mass was said at nine. Father Tosi was celebrant, assisted by Father Robaud. After the singing of the Sanctus the communicants recited the prayers before Communion in Indian and then approached the holy table. Father Robaud sang the Confiteor and Father Tosi addressed them some words, the Blessed Sacrament in hand, after which the good Jesus, for the first time since the institution of the Sacrament, entered into five hearts of the poor Indians of Alaska. What joy for the great Master! He who had waited for them for nineteen centuries has been able to find at last a home in their hearts.”

And now the end comes. Navigation will soon be open and this letter must be sent away. How pathetic are the closing words: “And now, dear mother and good sisters, I leave you for another year.” Another year of solitude, of hardship, and of work. Even now, as we sit by our pleasant firesides, these brave women are toiling away in cold and hunger for the souls of their benighted brethren. Leaky roofs and short commons must be, after all, only a small portion of their sacrifice, for they are cultured ladies, cut off from all intercourse with their kind. And we who wish so much and do so little, is there anything in our power that might make the hard lot of these heroines less hard? Can we do anything to help them in their noble work that the kingdom of Christ may prevail?

.R. R. E.

THE ISLAND OF MAJORCA.

IN England we often hear people, in these days of overwork, both of body and mind, asking one another: "Where shall we spend our holiday?" and in the same way the numberless American passengers by the fine ocean liners continually want to know "what new place to go and see." Paris, the *Corniche*, Switzerland, Italy—all have been exhausted. One recommends Brittany; another, the Channel Islands; a third, the Tyrol. There is much to be said for each and all of these; yet we venture to think that, for novelty, beauty, and real, earnest, Catholic feeling no spot will surpass the Island of Majorca, one of the largest of the Balearic group. A short account of a visit paid there in the month of April of this year may not be without interest to our readers.

A quick train from Paris, passing by Bordeaux, brings you to Barcelona; and from thence a steamer, which goes twice a week, takes you to Palma, the capital of the Island of Majorca. It must be owned that, whether from want of energy on the part of the Mallorcans, or from their dread of being invaded by too many strangers from the mainland, the steam-packet service "*laisse à désirer*," as the French say. In fact, it is as bad as possible.

The boats are small and crowded, the food on board is uneatable, and they take fourteen hours in making a passage which could be done in eight or ten. But all these miseries are forgotten when Palma is reached. The cathedral, with its flying buttresses and pinnacled tower, rises above the town and is the main object seen from every point, while the other side of the shore made Pius IX. remark to the Majorcan pilgrims: "I remember your island very well. It is the land of wind-mills."

The first building, after the cathedral, which meets one's eye on landing is the Lonja, formerly the Exchange, with its beautiful Gothic doorway, with its carved angel above and its arched roof supported by fluted pillars, spreading upwards and outwards like a gigantic palm-tree. It is now deserted or used only for public meetings; but there are still remains of beautiful Gothic tracery in the windows. The whole town is wonderfully picturesque, with its narrow streets and high, white houses; its deep, overhanging roofs and pigeon-cages; its open balconies;

and, above all, its beautifully-twisted marble staircases, leading from the large courts or "patios" below, with the old wells in the centre, to the fine rooms above. The streets, we must allow, are wretchedly paved, and so steep and narrow that drivers make a peculiar sound on entering one, so as to stop any carriage or cart coming in from the opposite side; otherwise one or the other vehicle would have to back out the whole way, as *passing* a carriage is an utter impossibility. The first visit made by every traveller is to the cathedral. It was begun by Don Jaime I. immediately after the conquest of Majorca from the Moors in 1232, and is in a severe and massive style of Gothic peculiar to the island. It is of an immense size, being 247 feet long, 190 feet wide, and 150 feet in height. The pillars forming the nave are octagonal and of extraordinary height. There are immense rose-windows at either end filled with stained glass; and the impression made by this building is one of great solemnity and majesty rather than beauty, while the very small amount of light admitted by the windows adds to the mysterious effect of the whole. Seen for the first time on a Sunday morning, it is simply a mass of black, kneeling figures covering the whole floor. By the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, especially, it is almost impossible to get near the altar, so great is the number of communicants. There are no benches or chairs, according to the custom in Spanish churches; but some few women have little stools. All wear black mantillas, and the men are as devout as their wives and sisters. There is the greatest reverence and perfect silence—a striking contrast, alas! to the behavior of Italians in their churches. The choir is in the centre of the nave and low, so that it does not interfere with the view of the whole building. The stalls are in old walnut wood, beautifully carved.

The "Capilla Real" is the oldest part of the building, and in the centre is a yellow marble sarcophagus containing the body of Don Jaime. It might serve as an excellent meditation on earthly grandeur, for it is difficult to see a more revolting skeleton.

The treasury of the cathedral is rich indeed. There are the most magnificent silver candelabras, weighing sixteen thousand ounces; a monstrance of gold and silver, which is used on Corpus Christi only, but which it is difficult to imagine can be placed on any altar from its gigantic size and weight. There are beautiful reliquaries, studded with diamonds and precious stones, one containing a large piece of the True Cross, another an arm of St.

Sebastian brought from Rhodes, and many others too numerous to mention. Then there are vestments and frontals for the altars, of which the gold and silver embroidery is exquisitely fine and beautiful, and as fresh as if it had been embroidered yesterday. The pulpit is of a great size and finely carved. The reredos of the high altar is a magnificent piece of Gothic wood-carving, and consists of seven niches containing the Blessed Virgin and saints, painted and gilt like illuminated missals.

A side-chapel containing some fine monuments leads to the cloister, from whence there is a good view of the tower of the cathedral.

The churches in Majorca are innumerable, but two are especially beautiful: that of St. Francis, built in the thirteenth century, full of rich marbles, and containing the tomb of one of the great saints of the island, Beato Raimundo Lulio, who was born in 1235 and martyred in Algeria. His full-length statue is in marble. The cloisters of the church are exquisitely beautiful. Then there is the Jesuit church, which, like St. Francis', has the most richly carved doorway, reminding one of that of the cathedral at Salamanca, and containing the body of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, the holy Jesuit lay brother, who lies in a side-chapel above a very beautiful altar. In the sacristy are shown his clothes, books, instruments of penance, etc., and the veneration felt for him throughout the island is universal.

One of the first excursions proposed to the visitor at Palma is to the castle of Bellver, a fortress standing on a wooded height 400 feet above the sea and overlooking the whole town and harbor. This also was built by Don Jaime II. It consists of a circular tower of two stories high and two interior galleries with vaulted roofs, and a detached tower, which is much larger, communicating by arches with the main building. The views from the circular "patio" and from the roof are very fine. Underneath are the dungeons, and it is still used as a state prison. A marble slab let into the wall records the death of General Don Luis Lacy, who was shot by order of King Ferdinand VII., "a victim of his too-ardent love of liberty." Here St. Alphonsus Rodriguez often came, with a priest friend of his, who used to be sent to hear the royal confessions; and it is recorded that on one occasion, exhausted with the heat, he was resting for a few moments in the wood when Our Lady appeared to console and strengthen him, and wiped the sweat from his brow. On the spot pointed out by the believers in the legend a lovely little chapel has been built, with a picture de-

scribing the scene, which is a favorite place of pilgrimage. A quantity of wild lavender grows round it and is supposed to have peculiarly healing qualities.

We have said nothing yet of the inhabitants of this beautiful island, and it is difficult to speak too highly in their praise. Crime is literally unknown amongst them. A robbery is an unheard-of thing. The result is that no one ever fastens a door or a window. You may leave anything about and it will remain untouched. There is no begging in the streets or at the church doors. Every one whom you meet salutes you with a kind, bright look and a few courteous words, very much in the same way as in Haute Savoie, where the peasant, when he sees you, exclaims: "*Bonjour, madame et compagnie!*"—by which he means your guardian angel. A watchman patrols the town through the night, crying out in tones of wonderful sweetness and melody: "Thanks be to God! the town is tranquil and the night is fine." Or else: "It is — (such and such an) hour in the morning and the weather is serene." This watchman is called "*Il Sereno*," and one of the charms of a night in Palma is to hear this somewhat sad but most musical cry.

Nothing can equal the kindness and hospitality extended to strangers by the inhabitants, *provided they be Catholics*. Protestants they never associate with, scarcely considering them as Christians, and we believe there are not above two or three in the whole island. The Palma aristocracy are the descendants of nine great and noble families, amongst whom the island was divided at the time of the conquest, and may vie with the oldest nobility in Europe. They have beautiful palaces, filled with magnificent tapestry and pictures, rare old silver plate, and engraved silver tables, dating from the times of the Moors. They have also beautiful country places, with fine woods full of game, lovely views of the sea, a profusion of wild flowers, especially the bee orchis. But their country houses are miserably bare and comfortless to English ideas, very much as the Italian villas are, though they might be made delightful with taste and money. The only one which is well furnished, although in the Majorcan style, is that belonging to the Austrian Archduke Don Luis Salvator, son of the last reigning Grand Duke of Tuscany. This beautiful property, called Miramar, is about fifteen miles from Palma, on the sea-coast, which is rocky and rugged, with a succession of points or headlands stretching out into the sea, one behind the other, and wooded down to the water's edge, with lovely little sandy bays, in which the blue sea merges into

every exquisite shade, from azure to sea-green, and is as clear as crystal. His villa is part of an old college built by B. Raimundo Lulio for the instruction of the monks in Oriental languages with a view to missionary work. The first printing-press in Majorca was set up here; but after the martyrdom of B. Lulio the college was given up. The chapel only remained, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and part of the Gothic cloisters. The archduke has restored the church beautifully and placed in it some very valuable relics, a very fine old picture over the high altar, and a rare and large crucifix. He has also built a beautiful little circular chapel lower down on a rock projecting into the sea, both as a landmark for sailors and also for the use of the peasants and fishermen living near the shore. It is dedicated to B. Raimundo. Nothing can be more original than the internal fittings of the archduke's villa. They are all pure Majorcan—beds, tables, chairs, chests; all have been collected from various parts of the island and are more than three hundred years old. He has also a magnificent collection of old Majorcan pottery and glass, the shapes of which are exquisite and would make any china-fancier break his heart for envy and longing; for, alas! the manufactory of such things has long since ceased to exist, and it is utterly impossible now to obtain the smallest specimen. The English consul only has procured two or three fine bits and some good plates. The archduke's gardens are arranged in terraces going down to the sea. Nothing can equal his kindness and hospitality. He has built a "*hospederia*," or inn, for the accommodation of travellers, where everything is provided (beds, linen, crockery, glass, plate, etc.) except food. The servants are paid by him, and he seems never more pleased than when he can show a large party over his magnificent property. He is a very clever man and a great writer. He is also a wonderful linguist, speaking eight or ten languages with equal facility, and having even mastered the Mallorcan patois or dialect, so as to be able to talk freely with the people. He is the Providence of all the countryside and looks after his peasants, body and soul. A great sorrow drove him to this solitude. The young and fair bride whom he was to have married was burned to death a day or two before the wedding. But this overwhelming grief, though it drove him far from the court and general society, seems only to have strengthened his sympathy for all that suffer. Even in his retirement at Miramar sorrow seems to have followed him. He had a favorite secretary—"the only son of his mother, and she

was a widow." He persuaded her to let this young fellow be his companion in his solitude and treated him as his own son, when he took the fever and died in a few days. The archduke has had a beautiful monument in marble, executed in Italy, put in his private chapel to his memory. It represents him rising from the dead, while an angel leads him upwards, with the simple word engraved below: "*Resurrexit.*"

We have not spoken of the road from Palma to Miramar, which yet is beautiful. You pass first through a succession of olive-groves, the trees being hundreds of years old and twisted into every imaginable shape and form, so that they look often more like strange animals than trees, and are of enormous size. Then you come to a gorge, with a foaming river beneath, and richly wooded, up which you wind slowly till you arrive at the town of Valdemosa, which is situated in the midst of the mountains, bridging, as it were, the chasm between them and filling up the little valley, which is a perfect garden of orange and citron trees, mingled with the old cypresses which cut the line against the picturesque houses and magnificent buildings of the great Carthusian convent soaring above all the rest. But the poor monks were turned out in the anti-religious movement in Spain in 1835, and it is now inhabited by a few private families and visitors, George Sand having been amongst the latter.

Some fine frescoes remain, representing a fight with the Moors; Lulli teaching Arabic at Miramar; the setting-up of the first printing-press, and the donation of the abbey to the Carthusians by Don Martin IV. in 1393. The position is lovely: the hills towering all round of different heights and shapes, while glimpses of the sea appear, between, as you climb upwards to Miramar, which is only about two miles beyond.

But of all the excursions in the neighborhood of Palma the most beautiful is that to the town and port of Sotter, about four hours off. The road, after passing through the richly-cultivated plains near the city, winds upwards by a zigzag road to the highest pass in the island. The shapes of the mountains are magnificent, the peaks rising one above the other and crowned by one called the "Puig Major." The views from the top of this pass are lovely. On one side stretches the great Palma plain and city, its cathedral standing out conspicuously above the town, with the blue sea beyond. On the other the beautiful valley of Sotter, encircled by hills, amidst which the little town seems to be nestled as in a bed of orange-groves. Descending by the steep zigzag road into the valley, you come

on one of those beautiful old wayside crosses which are common in this land of faith, and there a mother was kneeling with her little child, who was sick. But she had brought it there confident that He to whom she was praying so earnestly would listen to her petition and heal it. The little town is wonderfully picturesque. A stream runs through it, crossed by quaint bridges; the houses, with their overhanging roofs and balconies, being built on each side of it, while graceful trees from the little gardens hang over the water, and glimpses of the mountain-tops are visible here and there.

The port is about two miles further on, with an excellent harbor and a light-house on the rocks on each side. Here is a small fishing village surrounding the northern side of the bay, and above it a kind of cave, hollowed out of the cliff, from whence there is a lovely view over the sea. But the chief interest to Catholics in this place arises from the fact that it was from hence that St. Raymund of Pennafort, who had been refused a passage in any vessel by the king, whom he had reproved, spread his cloak out as a sail, and so was wafted safely across the sea to his monastery in Valencia. The stone is still shown from which he thus embarked, and his feast is kept annually by the people with the greatest devotion.

A new road has been lately made through the picturesque village of Deyà, to avoid the steep ascent from the town, and vies with the old one in beauty.

We have not spoken of the costume of the women, which is as graceful and modest as it is pretty. It consists of a striped petticoat, a black bodice with sleeves to the elbow, ornamented with really beautiful buttons, which are generally heirlooms in the family. A soft white muslin veil falling from the head, a large white muslin collar with fine plaits, fastened in front, and a white apron completes the dress. The men wear black jackets, wide Moorish breeches, bright stockings, and a wide, colored sash. They are a fine, tall race, and the women are singularly graceful and handsome.

A railroad has been actually made of late years across part of the island, which is a wonderful innovation in Majorcan habits, clinging as the people do to old customs and detesting novelties. The train passes through a most carefully cultivated country, where the soil is of wonderful fertility and produces a succession of rich crops, cereals being planted under the vines, olive and fig trees, so that not an inch of ground is lost. Thanks to this new railroad, an expedition can now be easily made to the caves

of Artà, which are one of the wonders of the island. The station is at Manacor, from whence a two hours' drive takes you to Artà. The entrance to the caves faces the sea, and access is obtained by steps cut in the lime-stone rock. They are very extensive and might be taken for a natural Gothic cathedral, with immense pillars, which, when struck, vibrate with sounds like musical notes, and with beautiful stalactites hanging from the roof. The beauty and grandeur of these caves must be seen to be realized.

For those to whom such distant expeditions might prove too fatiguing we would recommend a drive to "*Ben-Dinat*," which is an estate belonging to the Counts of Montenegro, and lies a little outside the town, beyond what is called "*Il Terreno*." It was close to this place that Don Jaime landed with his army, and here the battle was fought in which the Moors were routed and the Christians obtained possession of the island. After the fight, the king, being hungry, went into a cottage and asked for food. Bread and garlic were given him, which he took and exclaimed: "*Ben dinat!*" Hence the origin of the name. A beautiful castle has been built on this site, surrounded with gardens and woods, and here Lord and Lady Bute spent several months some years ago.

But the length of an article will not permit us to say more of this beautiful and interesting island. We hope to have convinced our Catholic readers that it is well worth a visit and that it will leave on their minds the same impression as the Tyrol—*i. e.*, that one or two spots still remain on the map of Europe where God and His laws are thoroughly respected, where the Church is loved and obeyed, and where the people, referring all things in their daily life to the Divine Will and guidance, are thereby rendered prosperous, happy, and contented.

MARY ELIZABETH HERBERT.

THE WHY AND HOW OF CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

MORE than one of our Catholic journals have penned the sentence: "Congregational singing has come to stay." This favorable judgment is, on the whole, rather surprising at first thought, seeing that but very few opportunities have been afforded for the hearing of it, and fewer still where its performance has been remarkable from a musical point of view. The truth is, our journals echo the common sentiment of the clergy and people. Nothing has so quickly touched the popular heart and awakened general interest as this subject of congregational singing.

Those who have long thought about it, and earnestly prayed for it, have good reason to rejoice. Plainly the Holy Spirit has inspired this singularly ready acceptance of the project, even by thousands, we may say, who as yet have not had the opportunity of hearing it at all in practice. Many a heart, doubtless, craved for it long before they thought such a boon was either permissible or possible. One might have looked for indifferent inattention from many and not a little of hasty opposition from some quarters, on the score of its apparent novelty as a form of associated prayer for public Catholic worship. We are wisely conservative whenever there is question of change in the traditional expression of our religious faith. Any attempt to introduce other than time-honored methods in the conduct of Catholic devotional exercises, or of preaching the Gospel, is pretty sure to be received with critical scrutiny, if not with suspicion as to its ultimate motives. And all the more so if the proposal does not originate in the counsels and official declarations of persons eminent in learning or authority. Yet, as we all know, the response to the question "Shall the people sing?" was immediately, heartily, and almost unanimously affirmative throughout the country. This happy result is good evidence that, in the discussion of the subject, no chord had been struck that jarred inharmoniously with that "instinct of faith" which enables Catholic people, of all grades of intelligence, to quickly detect even the shadow of the cloven foot of the spirit of innovation in matters affecting the unity or integrity of the faith.

The present writer of the various articles on congregational singing which have appeared in this magazine has not only the

satisfaction of recording the above-mentioned confirmatory verdict upon the general question proposed, but he is now able to add that it has already been put into practice in several parishes with the full approbation and hearty encouragement of several bishops. He has also been requested by some of them to prepare a simple, exemplary form or order of a devotional congregational service, so arranged as to give the people ample opportunity of uniting their voices with the celebrant in the recitation of prayers and in the singing of hymns.*

In conversation upon the subject a very striking remark was made by one of those illustrious prelates. "I am thoroughly convinced," said he, "that congregational singing is not only most desirable for its own sake, as a means of increasing intelligent and lively devotion, but will also be most effective in bringing about that closer personal relation between the nave and the sanctuary which is of such vital importance in our present age, even for our own devoted, faithful people."

There spoke one whose vigilant eye saw the lamentable consequences of the lapse into mere routine in religious worship so observable in many parts of the Christian world, chilling the fervor of souls, weakening the bond of union between pastors and faithful, and leaving them open to the insidious attacks of the spirit of infidelity, disguised under the cloak of science, or offering sympathy with pretended promises of liberty, equality, and fraternity without either God or Christ. To chase away this ominous cloud of doubt and disbelief it is incumbent upon the Christian apostle to use every means to keep the light and warmth of the Divine Presence in the world clear to the mind and near to the heart.

Closer personal relations with God! That was his thought, as it was indeed in effect his word; a thought that goes to the bottom of things, and gives a solution to the question of the great Social Alarm which now agitates not only the poor and ignorant masses, but the most profound philosophers and the highest rulers in both church and state.

What is the wound which society has received at the hands of the enemies of Christianity? Doubt or denial of the existence of God, and the proclamation that his providential personal relations with mankind are neither real nor necessary to human happiness or progress. If Christianity cannot succeed in convincing mankind that God is, and is All-in-all to his own

* Priests wishing to avail themselves of this little manual for present use are referred to the advertising columns of this magazine for information concerning it.

world; that in him we live and move and have our being, then surely its mission will be in vain.

I may be permitted to quote a few words from a former article entitled "Let all the People praise the Lord," in the course of which I endeavored to show that the great thought of the Praise of God as Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier lay at the foundation of all Catholic worship; that this fundamental idea had become greatly obscured and lost sight of as a consequence of the enforced silence of the worshipping people when assembled together, as they are, precisely for the purpose of pouring out their acts of praise in common before the throne of the Divine Maker, King, and Lover of their souls. I wrote: "Why do we lament that in our day faith is growing cold? Why is infidelity so successful in spreading its poison among the masses? Our age is witnessing one of the very worst exhibitions of the spirit of the fallen nature of Adam the world has ever seen—the spirit of self-sovereignty, self-dominion, self-conceit, the arrogant assumption of the ability, by nature, not only to discover all truth, but as well of creating it, and consequently seeking to deny to God the honor and glory of being himself the uncreated Truth, the Praise due to him as Creator of the Universe, and the lowly worship of loving obedience to his divine laws as Lord of all. And are we not aiding and abetting this satanic war against the Most High God by putting our hands upon the mouths of his own loving children, whose hearts are burning within their breasts to find utterance, and forbidding them to raise their voices and thus drown, as they might, with the all-powerful accents of the Word of God this hellish clamor of the world, the flesh, and the devil? Their hearts are full enough, and out of the fulness of those hearts they would eagerly and joyfully, if so bidden, speak and sing the words of divine Praise; and as the full tide of holy song would rise in waves of sublime majesty to heaven from the sanctuaries of faith, who would not feel that, with these true loyal souls, their bond with God was safe against all attempts of the enemy to weaken or to rend it?"

These words are in perfect consonance with the ideas expressed in the terse and practical language of the eminent prelate quoted above—congregational singing will increase intelligent and lively devotion. It will effectively bring about that result of which the spirit of the age and the trend of modern thought has made one of vital importance—"a closer personal relation between the nave and the sanctuary," between the people and the priesthood, between man and God.

I beg the reader's kind attention to a little development of these two points. Congregational singing will increase intelligence in devotion, and quicken its fervor. It may justly be called a social law which invariably brings people together to talk and act in concert when there is any desired project to be effectively carried out, or where there is a principle soliciting adherents who are to be themselves firmly persuaded of its truth, and their lively interest aroused in spreading it abroad, and thus widening and deepening its influence. For these ends men form themselves into societies, unions, leagues, clubs, confraternities, and the like. What also cannot be gainsaid is that the success of any social movement, the wide-spread acceptance of any doctrine demands the active personal interest of the members of such associations. Let a few interested rich persons, the municipality or the state fully reimburse all the expenses of the meetings and endow the officers and leaders of this or that society with ample salaries: all this is fruitless, especially in questions of exerting moral influence, unless the members themselves can be got to feel a deep personal interest in the principles enounced and in the end proposed, and manifest their enthusiasm by the expression of their hearty adhesion and willingness to lend the strength of both voice and hand to the work. Think what effective results are to be looked for from a political rally of silent voters who make an official business meeting out of it with never a sign of assent or applause!

Those devoted to a cause know what moral force is exhibited by strong and earnest signs of approbation, and the plainest natural instincts impel men to show these signs of their firm convictions and earnest feelings.

Can we expect a meeting of devoted Christians to have their faith in God and in his divine religion confirmed, and the deepest feelings of their hearts to be aroused to holy enthusiasm, as they should be at all such meetings (an end unquestionably sought by the obligation laid upon them to assemble for acts of common worship), without encouraging or even permitting them the least personal expression of assent, even of that consecrated word of religious applause—Amen?

I say that such silent worshippers will in time begin to leave the knowledge of God and of his law to the sole possession of the priest, and the refreshment and refection of the soul at these banquets of spiritual strength, sweetness, and joy to him and others whose vocation in life forces upon them the study of and meditation upon divine things. Their part will de-

generate, as it plainly has already done in many places, into the listless fulfilment of a routine duty. Not only this, but when the hearts of the people no longer intone the words of the Psalmist, "I was glad when they said unto me let us go into the house of the Lord," but come to "hearing" Mass only as a duty, and have thus lost the notion of "uniting" themselves with the priest in its celebration as the supreme and glorious act of divine homage and praise decreed by the Catholic Church to be offered by both priest and people together, then that duty becomes onerous and irksome.

Such people will purposely go to the Mass said or sung by a priest who is not long in celebrating it. They soon lose their taste for solemn liturgical services, and what they do attend, even the short Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the less time consumed that keeps them upon their knees and in the forced mood of religious thought the better content they are. These are the people who seldom if ever go to Vespers. They have not enough interior devotion, it is true, to draw them thither, even as silent admirers of the music and ceremonies, but the chief reason is that they have become too ignorant to care to go. They are not interested because they have the vaguest notion only of what is being performed before their eyes, and with which they are not expected to have anything to do. It will go on all the same whether they are there or not. That is an official duty of the priest. The church in most places, and the state in others, pays his salary for it. If they do not come, what, after all, is lacking? I will tell you, my Christian brother, what is lacking. The Praise of God which is due him from you as well as from the priest. Divine Praise is the chief end of all Catholic worship. That is what congregations are assembled at Holy Mass and Vespers for. "The divine Praise by the congregation!" What sense has that to you? In what is your word or act in being one of an assembled congregation any more a word or act of divine Praise than if you heard Mass alone with a priest? Truly very little if anything more, as things are now. You have become quite as unintelligent a worshipper as such private worship would leave you, although you have been seen in your pew at High Mass regularly for years past.

Why have you become an unintelligent worshipper? Why do you, in spite of your good general education, know so little even of the literary make-up of the solemn service of Praise you so constantly attend? Why would you, Vesperal in hand, floun-

der around hopelessly at a solemn Vespers properly celebrated in the attempt to follow what is being done in the sanctuary or chanted by the choir? Devout in your demeanor and thoughts, as you both wish and try to be, confess it, you lack *intelligent* devotion.

Now to the questions. Why does not God get the divine praise which is his due, and that expression of it which only a congregation can give? Why are you an unintelligent worshipper? It is because there is, as things now are, no "personal relations between the nave and the sanctuary." To the sanctuary you are a nobody who may be present or not. What need has the sanctuary of you? Ah! that touches the point. It ought to be far otherwise. The sanctuary has need of you because the general praise of God has need of you. Without you the whole congregation lacks one from whose acts and words of worship God is to have the praise which the holy church designs and wishes to send up to him from them. The congregation is a body of worshippers with the priest, *congregati in unum*. *The worship is all song*. Then in what are they a body of worshippers if they have no lot or part in the song? When the church says to them, This is the worship ye shall here offer in common, she also says, And this is the song ye shall sing. Then, my dear Christian brother, if the congregation are not singing the praises of God, and you are not there singing with the others, where is their or your offering of congregational praise?

You are a faithful and devout Catholic, but that friend of yours who comes occasionally to High Mass and sits in the next pew to yours is, as you know, rather a cold-hearted one; and you have lately heard him give expression to his opinions of certain agnostic books and essays he has read which really shocked you. Why is his mind getting clouded and his heart chilled? I'll tell you in one sentence. He has had no personal relations with his church and its worship and work, and consequently very little with God. What fruits of faith and piety can you expect of him? You have asked him to join some one of the religious societies attached to the church, hoping to interest him in things that are of God, and so bring him out of reach of the serpent of infidelity crawling in his path. But your persuasions have been in vain. Don't you think that if the great Society of Praise—the Congregational service of High Mass, which he still has faith enough to attend, could give this brother something to do in furthering its chief object; if, in a word, he

was no longer a forced silent listener and observer, but a sweet and hearty-voiced associate member of a singing congregation, would not his personal utterance of the convictions of faith and the sentiments of divine love go very far towards enlightening his mind and inflaming his heart with divine truth, goodness, and beauty? Do you think that a Catholic man of good ordinary judgment, who could be brought to stand on his feet every Sunday before the altar and sing his Credo, would find agnostic literature attractive reading, or be in much danger from hearing its sceptical inanities paraded in the course of his social or business relations with others? If such a blessed consummation could be brought about I am quite sure you would not have to ask him twice to join your conference of St. Vincent de Paul. And I am thinking with good reason that both you and he, with many others, would be finding a spiritual hunger arising in your hearts which, to satisfy, would lead you often to Vespers and Benediction, and to other devout Congregational services. All sense of onerous and irksome duty where the sublime and joyful praise of God is concerned would vanish. Past would be all urging for you and them to enter the house of the Lord, to go up into the courts of the house of your God. Oh! how the very depths of your being would be stirred and your spirit thrill with indescribably joyous exaltation as you would feel the vast vibrations of the great wave of harmonious praise ascending to heaven from the assembled multitude, throbbing in unison with the tones of your own voice! What new and ravishing beauties would now disclose themselves in the varied rhythm of stately psalm, melodious hymn, and sublime canticle of faith or adoration, lifting all souls in soaring ascent to heaven as if borne upon the strong wings of a mighty angel, past all earthly bounds in his majestic flight, and, as if ushered by this heavenly Herald of Praise, himself a being of ceaseless song, into the very Presence of God Most High, God Most Good, God Most Holy and Most True!

Then would you look back upon days that are past, so happily past and gone, as upon long wearisome hours of monotonous prison routine and prison silence, when from the church gallery a few hired voices praised God in proxy for the people, too often singing to be heard by them rather than by God.

How meagre and trivial, by comparison, now appear the divine praises in song from such a source! How sad to memory's view the great throng of unmoved, irresponsive, silent worshippers, eager, if the truth must be told, that even that poor and vapid—pray Heaven it may not have been trashy, vile, and unworthy!—

performance would soon come to an end. And looking within the breasts of those who have hither come at Holy Church's bidding to offer the sacrifice of Praise to God, now at Holy Mass, now at Vespers and Benediction, it is not wronging the truth to say that, if not the last of all the motives present to the minds of the people, or the last one that draws them thither, or is awakened and enforced by the singing they hear, the Praise of God is certainly the least.

Come, then, Christian brothers, one and all, clergy and laity, let us to the work with all serious intent and energy. Congregational singing has already shown itself to be as practicable as it is acceptable, and as acceptable as it is desirable. Give no heed unto the few timid ones who fear "lions in the way without" and think that "we are not a singing people." To me that is about as sad a confession to make as if one should say—"we are not a praying people." As a fact, wherever the attempt has been made the result has been most satisfactory and encouraging, not to say surprising. Congregations were found to be a singing people on very short trial. It is the same with the young people. Touched by the broad hints given in the Congregational singing article entitled "An open Letter to a Nun" a certain convent academy resolved to give it a trial. With all their other studies, not a few, the whole body of young lady pupils were taught by one of the nuns to chant the Gregorian Mass of the sixth tone, as found in the Gradual; and after about six weeks sang it in a correct and charming manner, the bishop pontificating in the convent chapel—no choir of trained voices assisting—to that prelate's admiration and the agreeable surprise of several priests present on the occasion.

We want congregational singing for all; but if I would specify any special class for whom it is a need of the greatest moment I would above all desire it for our young men. They are the ones who in this sceptical age hear, often to their damage, the blasphemous denials and ridicule of God which blatant and conceited infidels scruple not to make before whoso may hear, willing or unwilling. We need a powerful antidote to this Bite of the Black Serpent. Hearty, devotional, intelligent singing in church, singing which affirms faith in God, in the Blessed Trinity, in Jesus Christ, and His Divine Redemption, singing which appeals to the holiest and purest sentiments of the heart—this is such an antidote. The enemy may speak his lies and his blasphemous ribaldry, but *song is the victor over speech*; and, thank God, we can sing his divine praises to his glory and our soul's

edification, and come off conquerors. The power and glory of song ever reigns in heaven, but hell knows not the divine art.

A practical word in conclusion. The subject deserves to be made the topic of a parochial sermon. I presume to say that the motives for its acceptance presented in this essay are both spiritual and forcible, and would not fail of instructing and deeply interesting the people. Half the difficulties will be surmounted when the people know that the pastor has definitely decided to undertake it. It can be begun at once, just as the people are, without any preliminary music classes. Let a congregational service in English be inaugurated for Sunday evenings, employing a short half-hour for a few weeks before the service begins in getting the people to sing a hymn or two the best they can. Be content at first with one hymn if they cannot learn more. By no means allow any singers to sit in the organ-gallery. This is a precaution of prime importance. Let the service go on and call upon them at the proper time for the hymn to repeat what they have learned, so that God may now hear his praises by their mouths. Encourage them by telling them that if their first attempts at singing may not sound very fine in their own ears it will be sure to sound sweetly in the ears of God. And that is true. Never find fault. Always praise and encourage, and they will take good heart, their countenances will brighten with pleasure, and they will do better every time. If you wish to learn whether they are pleased with the new service and the singing, just get within earshot of the crowd as it pours out of the church. The number that attend on the succeeding nights will show how acceptable it is. Take care that everybody joins with good voice in reciting the prayers as well as doing their best in the singing. Draw their attention especially to the Invocation of the Holy Spirit, and that Divine Helper, Strengtheners and Illuminator will surely manifest his aid in the holy undertaking. Need I say that, if we have faith, there are no mountains that we cannot remove?

ALFRED YOUNG.

MAMMY'S C'RIS'MUS.

ONLY a few years ago there yet stood in one of the counties of middle Georgia the ruins of an old Southern home once known as the Callaway mansion, a relic of slavery days and a mournful reminder of changes wrought by war.

Rank weeds choked the gravel walks; gates hung awry from rotting fences, leaving free range to stray razorbacks and venturesome goats over flower-beds and box borders; vast cotton-fields lay uncultivated; and empty, deserted cabins were tumbled in and covered with poison-ivy and trumpet-creeper.

The old house, stately even in decay, gave sad proof of former grandeur. The birthplace of Callaways for generations, it had been the ideal of all that was beautiful and luxurious in those homes of the sunny South famed for their beauty, hospitality, and generous plenty, and at the beginning of the war it was the home of Adam Callaway, the richest slaveholder and planter in the State.

Back from the road, near half a mile, it stood, delightfully secluded amidst a forest-like growth of ancient oaks and occasional pines, towering like watchful sentinels. In its palmy days broad verandas with immense fluted columns surrounded it, screened by climbing vines and cooled by refreshing breezes, fragrant of yellow jasmine and wild honeysuckle, of roses and pinks and lilacs, and all the sweet old-timey flowers that grew in the box-bordered squares of the great "front yard."

A carriage-drive, outlined by tall magnolias, swept round a quarter-mile circle from the "big gate" on the road to the "uppin' blocks" at the door.

The ever-open door, broad and high, invited entrance into the spacious hall, leading between great square rooms back to the immense dining hall, where many a merry company met to feast at its well-filled board, attended by troops of slaves.

From the south windows stretched away vast fields of cotton, bounded in the far distance by dark pine belts, and by acres of waving corn in the river-bottoms.

Hundreds of slaves peopled the "quarters," picked the cotton, pulled the fodder in the "low groun's," followed the plow, or swung the cradle in the grain-fields.

Care-free and happy, they made the air musical with their

plantation melodies from "sun up" till "sun down" while they worked, and when, in the gathering twilight, they rode home from the fields on the patient mules, the jingling plow-gear made accompaniment to the songs.

War, with its terrible devastation, brought ruthless ruin to this garden-spot of Georgia. Freedom scattered the slaves far and wide. Death called the master, and neglect and decay did their work for the old homestead.

Hardly a trace remained of its one-time beauty when, in the autumn of 1879, a young girl sat under a rose-tree in the old garden and watched the setting sun playing hide-and-seek among the tree-tops and glancing in at the shutterless windows of the old house, kindling therein blazing lights, as if illuminating the grand old mansion for some carnival of ante-bellum days.

As the sun dropped behind the clouds and the lights went out the girl stooped for a little willow basket at her feet, and, picking her steps through tangled vines and grass, followed a foot-path which led to a cabin in the back yard.

Young and fair, she seemed no part of this region of desolation and decay, and her frequent pauses—to catch the trill of a late-lingering mocking-bird, to reach on tip-toe for a bunch of crimson leaves or purple berries—proved that these sights and sounds were unfamiliar to her.

An old duck waddling homeward, heading a drove of ducklings, wakened the echoes as the stranger caught up one of the yellow waddlers, holding its velvety softness against her fair cheek, then, laughing merrily at the anxiety of the clamorous mother, placed it on its path and hastened towards the cabin.

Here alone were signs of habitation. Smoke curled up from the stick-and-dirt chimney. The chinks between the logs were newly daubed, and the door stood ajar, disclosing the big fireplace with its huge back-log and blazing lightwood knot. A couple of split-bottomed chairs stood on the wide hearth, a long-necked gourd hung from a nail beside the bucket-shelf, and from the smoke-blackened rafters depended ropes of red peppers, strung on cotton strings.

On a high-post bed, once in the "white folk's house," lay, or rather sat, an old negro woman, with hands clasped about her knees drawn up under the patchwork quilt, and her head wrapped in a bright "head-han'k'cher," resting on them.

Her quick ear caught the first sound of the light foot-fall without, and she straightened up with an eager, pleased look.

"Dat's her, dat's her," she muttered, with a knowing shake of the turbaned head.

"Dey ain' no needcessity ter tell ole mammy hit's her baby comin'. Dese ole yeres ain' deaf yit, en dey knowed dat 'pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat' 'dou't uver layin' eyes on 'er. De Lord bless de chile! Here she cum, nussin' her po' ole mammy, 'stid er me bein' up ter fly 'roun' en 'ten' on my baby misstis. 'Fo' de Lord! times *is* change. I dunno *whut* gwine happen dese days."

"Never mind, mammy, you 'flew 'roun'' while you could, I'm sure," answered a musical voice, as the girl stood in the cabin door.

"Dat's de trufe, honey. Dat's de Lord's trufe. Dey ain' no likelier nigger den I 'uz 'fo' de rheumatiz tuk me."

"Well, my dear old mammy, it's *my* time now; but see what I found—these lovely fresh eggs. Now for a nice supper for my mammy."

"Whar you bin rummagin', honey? A'ter dat ole blue hen, I' be boun'! I ain' bin able ter keep up wid 'er. She done stole 'er nes', en I jes' say: 'Wal, go 'long 'bout yer bizness den. I ain' got no time ter pester 'long er you."

"Why, mammy, I found them in the cutest place—under the great rose-tree in the front garden. You see I am peeping everywhere. I've been here only a few days and I know all the pretty places around."

"La, chile, dey ain' nuthin' putty 'bout here now. Nuver sence de day de niggers sot free, en ole marster drap dead, dey ain' bin a lick er work done 'bout de place."

"O mammy! do tell me about my grandfather, and about my poor, dear old grandmother up at the house. She would hardly speak to me when I came, but now she begins to watch me as I move about the room, and I think she would rather have me wait on her than Psyche."

"Psyche ain' none er us house niggers," said the ole woman with great contempt. "She dunno nuthin' 'bout waitin' on white fokes. She b'long out yanner 'hine de plow. 'Fo' God, honey, I seen de day ole miss' wud'n' no mo' let dat lazy nigger Psyche cum 'bout 'er den she fly. Ez fur me, I bin in de white foke's house eber sence I cud walk. Me en ole miss' 'uz chillun ter-gedder. I b'longed ter her, en time we growed up she 'uz de putties' en de riches' young misstis in all Cal'iny, en I 'uz de peartes' waitin'-maid ennywhar, ef I is say it myse'f. Ole miss' fambly mighty big fokes, honey!—de Bellinger fambly—and whar-uver me en ole miss' go we 'uz sum punkins, dat we is. Dey

bin rich sence way back. Dey ain' nuver bin po'—tell now"; and the palsied old head dropped on her clasped hands.

The young girl waited silently until her painful emotion passed.

"Wal, dey *wuz* rich den, fer sho. En den, when Mars' Ab'am Callaway married my young misstis, Eleanor Bellinger, him en her tergedder hed niggers en mules by de hund'ed; en ez fer plantations, dey des natchelly cu'dn' count de acres. Don' talk, honey! I tell yer whut de trufe: w'en we cum ter Georgy en sot up in Mars' Ab'am's manshun we hed *mo'* cump'ny en ever'thing wuz fine ez money cud buy. Misstis nuver hed but two chilluns: dem 'uz yo' ma en Mars' George, whut got kilt in de wah. I nussed 'em bofe; en, honey, I luv'd 'em same as dey 'uz my own chillun. Young marster he growed up pow'ful fas', en fus' thing we all knowed he 'uz jes' de han'somes' en de smartes' young gentermans in de county. Ole miss' eyes ain' big 'nuff ter see 'im. She say he mus' go ter collige en be eddycated. Ole marster say he lak ter know why he cain' git schoolin' 'nuff et home; say *he* ain' nuver bin to collige, en *he* git erlong mighty well. But ole miss' up en say he *gwine*; en *he went*. When she say anythin' gwine be done, it *gwine be done*. De Lord knows, honey, hit mout er bin er heap better ef he'd er stayed et home, ez marster sed. Leas'ways dar wudn't no Yankee cum foolin' 'round ter car' off my young misstis."

Tears ran down the wrinkled black face. She rested her head on her hands and rocked back and forth. Suddenly remembering who it was that sat beside her, she tried to assume a playful manner.

"Laws-a-mussy, honey, whut *is* I bin sayin'? Whar 'ud you be, I lak ter know, ef Mars' Clinton hedn' cum home from collige wid young marster? Don' you min', honey, whut ole mammy say. 'Wes' P'int—dar's whar dey wuz, en dey think a mighty heap er one 'nuther.

"'Fo' long Mars' Clinton he done fell in luv wid young misstis, en I ain' blame him—'kaze she jes' lak a mornin'-glory, wid 'er blue eyes en her pink cheeks. She ain' black-eyed en proud lak ole miss'—dat she ain'. Mars' Clinton he mighty likely gentermans; en he sut'n'y wuz a gentermans, f'um de top uv 'is head ter de sole er his fut. Fust chance he ax ole marster an ole miss' ter gi'e him der daughter, but it tuk 'em a right smart while 'fo' dey 'greed ter let 'em git married. On'y, den, when he promus to lib wid 'em—do all his fokes in New York. Young misstis tole me 'bout 'em when she cum back

fum up dar. She say dey mighty nice fokes. Yer see, honey, a'ter de weddin' Mars' Clinton tuk he bride ter see 'em all.

"Dem 'uz de days w'en dis ole house 'uz lak de promus' lan'. Ev'ybody 'uz happy, ev'ybody hed enuff en ter spar'. De niggers dance at de quarter ev'y' night, en whoop en sing at de corn-shuckin'. Dey 'uz a peart sight er uz gals waitin' in de house den, en er heap er boys doin' roun'. I didn' fool 'long er none un 'em, 'kaze young misstis mighty weakly, en den w'en you 'uz borned I des natchelly hed my han's full. I ain' let nobody in dat house tech you—no nigger needn' cum roun' 'spectin' ter hole *my baby miss*. Dat whut dey all call yer, honey. 'Kaze dar 'uz ole miss' en young misstis, en so you 'bleeged ter be baby miss. But de Lord he'p you, honey, des 'bout dat time fokes got ter talkin' 'bout war, 'bout de niggers gwine be 'manserpated. I ain' say nuthin', but I listen—en I notis ole marster bile over, he r'ar en t'ar en talk loud. Ole miss' don' say much, but she hole 'er head high en look mighty proud. Mars' George he reddy ter fight fus' go.

"Den I notis Mars' Clinton seem ter be oneasy. He don' somehow 'gree wid marster; en ole miss' watch 'im lak er hawk. Yo' ma, honey, 'pear mighty troubled, en she trimble lak er aspin-leaf ev'y time dey all begin ter argify.

"See how 'twuz, baby? Mars' Clinton he ain' none er us fokes. He bin fotch up up dar in de Norf en he ain' b'lieve in slavery, do he mighty good ter us niggers; 'kaze, ez I say, he's er gentermans. En he don' b'lieve Cal'iny oughter 'cede or sump'n 'n'er. Dat hu't ole miss' p'intedly, 'kaze *she* think Cal'iny know *whut* she er 'bout, ef ennybody do.

"I listen, en I notis Mars' Clinton he try not ter say much, but he pow'ful to' up in his min', en at las' he say he mus' go. Ole marster he rage en he t'ar, en he say: 'Go, sir, en nuver put your foot in my house ergen.' Ole miss' say sump'un 'n'er 'bout 'viper in 'er buzum,' en 'er eyes flash lak lightnin'. Young misstis, jes' lak a flower tremlin' in de win', she say she mus' go wid 'er husban'. En, 'fo' de Lord! honey, dat night dey 'uz all reddy ter go. I 'low'd dey boun' ter take me, 'count er de baby; but, lo en behole! young misstis cum ter *car' de baby herse'f*. I kotches her roun' de wais' en I say, Sholy, misstis, yer ain' gwine leave ole mammy; I cain' nuver let my baby go 'way fum me; I boun' ter go: I jes' *'bleeged* ter go. She put her head on my ole buzum, jes' lak when she 'uz a little gal, en des cried en cried. Den she say: 'Mammy, my dear ole mammy, you mus' stay ter take care of mother. I won't let baby forget you.' She

lifted my arms f'um roun' 'er en kissed me on my ole black face, en de nex' minit she 'uz gone, baby en all. Dis ole head swum roun' en roun', and I shet my eyes ter stiddy myse'f. Look lak I 'uz gwine 'stracted. I heered de kerridge wheels en den I knowed dey 'uz gone—en mammy lef' behine. I 'uz heart-hurt, honey—I 'uz heart-hurt. De swimmin' cum ergen rite sudden, en I fall down in er heap, en I niver riz till day 'uz broke. I cud'n eat en I cud'n sleep, thinkin', thinkin'! Who gwine take keer my baby? Who gwine watch dat chile en bring her up er lady 'cep'n' mammy?

“Nex' mornin' ev'ybody knowed dey 'uz gone; en it hurt 'em pow'ful, 'kaze young misstis gone too. Ole marster look kinder shuk, but ole miss' ain' gwine let on she keer; do' she ain' 'ceivin' me. A'ter while news 'gin to cum 'bout de soldiers fightin' sho' 'nough, en 'bout how Mars' George he whup ever'thing dat stan' befo' 'im. Dey sut'n'y wuz proud er Mars' George. I hear 'em say how Mars' Clinton in de yarmy, too, on de yuther side, en den I 'spicionate what mek marster en misstis so pow'ful angrified wid 'im.

“'Fo' God, honey, dat de longes' fo' year I eber lived; hit 'uz terrible; look lak ter me de end niver 'ud cum. But, good Gord A'mighty! it *all* cum at onct.” She clutched the bed-clothes and drew them up over her head, as if to shut out the memories crowding on her, but, with an effort, she smoothed them again with much precision, to hide her emotion.

“Jes' lak de yarmy cum erlong terday en bu'nt up de gin-'ouse en de barns en de mill, en mos' ever'thing dey cu'd; den de wu'd cum how de niggers sot free; en den er man cum ridin' up en say Mars George done kil'. Marster 'uz settin' on de back po'ch, en he hear ev'y wu'd de man say. He jes' tu'n white, en he drapped right out de cheer—dead! We worked on 'im, but dey wa'n't no use; he 'uz done dead. I niver is ter fergit how ole miss' look w'en she stan' by marster's side; her eyes sot in 'er head en shinin' lak fire. All day en all night she watched, en all day en all night ergin, tell dey fotch young marster home en dey laid 'em tergedder in de buryin'-groun' out yonder. En yit ole miss' niver shed a tear. I look at 'er sumtimes en I mos' drap, she look so cur'us, en she don' eat nuthin'. A'ter 'while she git pow'ful weak, en at las' she 'bleeged ter keep de bed. Den de fever riz en she got 'lirious in 'er min'. I ha' ter git erbout peart. I nussed 'er and talked t'er, en tried ter mek 'er cry, tellin' 'bout Mars' George, 'kaze, I say, ef ole miss' don' cry she boun' ter die. She jes' plum bu'n up inside. Long 'fo' dis time ev'y

livin' soul done lef' de place, 'cep'n' me en ole miss'. Ev'y one er dem fool niggers done gone off, en I hed ter skirmish 'roun' lively. Wall, ole miss' got able ter set up a'ter 'while, but she wu'd have nuthin' ter do wid nobody dat cum ter see 'er. I don' fret 'er 'bout nuthin', en I des sell de chickens, en eggs, en veg'ables out de gyarden, en sumhow we bin managin' ter scratch erlong; but I tell yer whut, honey, we's seen sum mighty ska'ce times. Den when de rheumatiz knock me down I sed ter myse'f: 'What we gwine do now is 'yond me.'

"T'ank de Lord, honey, you cum at las', en dese ole eyes seen yer onct mo' 'fo' dey shet for uver.

"Mammy cain' car' yer now, baby, in dese ole arms, but many's de time I hilt 'em out empty, wishin' fer my baby ter cum back. I ain' got nuthin' ter keep me now. On'y tek keer ole miss', honey—be sho' ter tek good keer ole miss'.

"Dar cum dat lazy, good-fer-nuthin' nigger now. I be boun' she done fergit ha'f she got ter do."

Psyche's good-natured face appeared in the door and Eleanor slipped quietly away.

Her heart was full of memories awakened by the old negro's story—memories of her gentle mother, who had faithfully kept the promise that she should not forget mammy.

Many a time she lay in her mother's arms and listened to tales about "Mammy and Ole Miss'" and the happy days in the dear old Georgia home. Many a time she had been sung to sleep with the crooning lullabies learned at mammy's knee, and many a time the promise had been given that when she was a "big girl" she could go to see mammy and grandma. "Tell them, darling," her mother would whisper, "that I loved them to the end." Frail and delicate, and conscious that she would never see them again, she instilled in her little daughter's mind the love of home and dear ones filling her own heart.

Just before her death she became a Catholic. Her husband, Gen. Clinton, had entered the church soon after the war. Eleanor was placed at Georgetown, under the care of the Visitandine Nuns, and through all the years, until her school-days were completed, the desire remained with her to "go to see mammy" and the place of her birth.

A party of friends coming to Georgia gave her an opportunity to make the visit.

Gen. Clinton gave his consent, but warned her that the advances made by him towards reconciliation had been repelled and years had passed without communication.

Eleanor's heart failed her when she came and saw ruin and desolation on every side, and she felt she could never forget the chilling disappointment of the meeting with her grandmother—merely a cold, ceremonious recognition from a stately, proud woman.

Mammy's joy was unbounded. She laughed and cried and talked all in a breath, and tried to excuse and explain away the coldness of her mistress.

Mrs. Callaway had secluded herself from friends and relatives, never leaving the house except to visit the graves of her dead or old Crecy's cabin.

Poverty was very bitter to her, and she had never forgiven the enemy who had taken from her not only her slaves but her children. The sight of her granddaughter revived the pain and sorrow of those dark days.

Eleanor was so absorbed in her own sad thoughts after leaving the cabin that she did not observe her grandmother coming up the path from the little grave-yard until she reached the house. It was now quite dark, and Psyche had forgotten the lights. Eleanor assisted the old lady up the dark stairs, through the hall to her bed-room. She brightened the fire, drew up the easy-chair and placed the shaded lamp beside it, and deftly arranged the many little things forgotten by careless Psyche. She was rewarded with a pleased look from her grandmother and a faint response to her good-night kiss. Often had the mistress sighed for the faithful old Crecy, who knew her every whim and fancy. Awkward, slow-motioned Psyche was a trial beyond endurance. Eleanor made use of this fact and in a quiet, gentle way made right all blunders and prevented many annoying omissions. She was learning to anticipate every wish and arrange little comforts, and all with so sweet a grace that the proud, lonely heart was yielding unconsciously.

Next morning Eleanor was up with the sun and soon at the little cabin. Mammy was watching for her, and made an effort to sit up to greet her baby miss; but the young "misstis" had to prop her up with the cotton pillows and hold the little bowl of hot gruel for her while she drank it. To cheer and rouse her Eleanor talked all the time.

"Mammy, don't you know Christmas is almost here? You must hurry up and be able to wear the nice dress I brought you."

"C'ris'mus! honey, C'ris'mus! Whar it gwine cum fum? Mammy ain' seen no C'ris'mus since year befo' de war."

"But, mammy, it's Christmas every year. Christmas, you know, when the dear little Jesus was born, and his mother took him in her arms to shelter him and keep him warm. Just as you used to do for me, mammy, your baby miss."

"I ain' think'n' 'bout dat. C'ris'mus wuz when ole marster go off ter sell he cotton; en mornin' a'ter he cum back de niggers all go up ter de white foke's house en holler 'C'ris'mus-gif', marster,' 'C'ris'mus-gif', misstis'; den dey gets head-han'k'chers en blankets en Sunday coats—en all sich. I dunno whar C'ris'mus gwine cum fum now. Dey ain' no marster en dey ain' no niggers—en dey ain' no cotton 'dout niggers en mules."

"My poor old mammy! And did no one ever tell you why it was Christmas? why everybody ought to be happy then? Mammy, were you ever baptized?"

"Dat I ain', honey. I ain' no use fo' dem camp-meet'n's High, holler, an' wuss'n dan you is afoah. Deed I ain' baptize'—not dis nigger!"

Eleanor's heart glowed with zeal. "Oh! if I can only make her understand," she thought. "I'll ask my guardian angel to help me and try."

In simple, child-like way she told the old, sweet story of the Babe of Bethlehem, of the home at Nazareth, and the sorrowful tale of Calvary.

The poor old heart, that had tasted the sweetness of tender affection and the bitterness of death and separation, easily believed and accepted the lesson of salvation.

She wished to hear it over and over again, and every day Eleanor repeated it for her, adding a few little prayers and aspirations, which mammy delighted to say, word for word, after her "baby."

God loves to give his divine light to simple, humble souls. Her faith was strong and fervent. She began to wish for Christmas to come, and asked to be baptized.

Eleanor, seeing that she grew weaker day by day, had written to her friends, who were in Macon, and asked them to send a priest to her; but she had heard nothing from them. The eve of Christmas came, but no priest. Mammy was so weak Eleanor feared to leave her, and spent her Christmas-eve in prayerful watching. The night passed and Christmas morning dawned beautiful and bright. The sun shone through the cabin window, flooding the room with light. Roused by the brightness, mammy opened her eyes and they sought the face of her young "misstis." "Baby," she murmured. Eleanor saw at a glance that death was

near. She hesitated no longer to pour the water of baptism. Mammy understood. For an instant the old face brightened with a supernatural joy. "C'ris'mus—done—cum," she whispered as Eleanor bent over her—"Little Jesus—cum—Baby—"

The words died away with her failing breath. The soul of the faithful old mammy was with the Babe of Bethlehem. Her Christmas was in heaven.

Eleanor's tears fell fast over the dear old face as she knelt beside the bed, and she did not heed a startled exclamation from Psyche, who wept noisily. "Bless de Lord! ef dar ain' ole miss'," she repeated, and Eleanor looked up to discover her grandmother kneeling near her. Psyche was sent off to call in the neighboring women, and as soon as Mrs. Callaway was alone with the dead her grief burst forth.

"O Crecy, my poor old Crecy!—you, too, have left me. Why do you leave me, mammy? You alone were faithful when all turned against me—faithful and kind when I was hard and cold. But my heart was breaking, mammy, breaking for my children. O God! why cannot I die, too? But not yet—not yet for me. I was too proud—too unforgiving! Have mercy, O God, have mercy!

The negro women began coming in and Eleanor gently drew her away. She leaned heavily on the young arm supporting her, and no longer tried to carry herself erect and haughty.

When Eleanor placed her in the big easy-chair and would have withdrawn Mrs. Callaway motioned her to stay. She came and knelt beside her grandmother, waiting her commands. After a momentary effort, she placed her hand on the girl's head. "Child! you have conquered. I steeled my heart against you; I said I would not forgive; I was jealous when Crecy loved you. I watched you in and out, and followed you once when you went to her cabin. I heard you teaching her to pray—to believe—to forgive. I went again and again. I could not stay away. There came a feeling of unrest, a longing for something to fill the great void in my heart. Once you left a little book in my room. I read it. It taught the following of Christ—love, forgiveness. Another time your door stood open and I saw a crucifix and a statue with a wounded heart—idolatrous images I would have called them, but while I looked they appealed to my heart and—I knelt before them. Kneeling there the proud, bitter feeling left my heart and I—I begged for forgiveness—for mercy. I tried to say some of the prayers I heard you teach old Crecy. Ah, child! it is fitting that I should have to learn

from a slave. May God have mercy on me! Pray, child, pray that he will have mercy on me."

Eleanor hid her face on her grandmother's breast. Ah! how fervently she had prayed for this heart to be touched by divine grace, and the Sacred Heart had heard her prayer.

Towards evening a carriage drove up, and Eleanor greeted with delight her friend Mrs. Salter and Father Prescott, from Macon.

Mammy was given Christian burial, and laid to rest in the little grave-yard near "Ole Marster en Mars' George."

The mistress did not long survive the old slave.

Mrs. Salter, a devout Catholic and an intimate friend of Eleanor's mother, took a deep interest in Mrs. Callaway and offered to remain with her.

Father Prescott came out often from the city. Mrs. Callaway was much pleased with him, and had many long talks with him. At last every doubt and difficulty was removed and she asked to be baptized. Her strength was fast wasting and Father Prescott did not delay the happiness she so earnestly desired. A few days later the end came, and calmly she breathed out her soul in Eleanor's arms, blessing with her last word her beloved granddaughter, who brought light to her darkened soul and peace to her troubled heart—that peace "born not of earth" which beams in Eleanor Clinton's own lovely face 'neath the coif and veil of a Visitandine, as she dwells now in her peaceful cloister.

To-day not a vestige of the old mansion remains. A railroad crosses its site and the only trace left of former days is the little grave-yard enclosed with a high wall. Within are four marble slabs, and one bears these simple words: "Mammy, from Baby Miss."

N. T. M.

FATHER BLANK'S PLAIN REASONS FOR PLAIN
LIVING.

HIS dwelling makes but sorry show ;
Roof, ceilings, doorstep, mean and low ;
His cassock, shoes, and old chapeau
Were once new—but that's long ago.

I fear me men will Truth despise
Unless trick'd out in finer guise :
I'll ask him for his reasons why.
I did ; and got this wise reply :

“ In all my life I never yet
Saw lucky fishers paint their net ;
Nor, save in pictures, shepherds deck'd
In rich attire with colors fleck'd.

Old nets won't scare the fish, they say.
Sheep from a king would run away.
Men, both of high and low degree,
Speak freely unto poverty.

At palace doors all hesitate ;
At poor men's doors none have to wait.
Truth plainly drest may walk abroad
And ne'er be taken for a fraud.

When Truth and I go out together,
No matter where, nor what's the weather,
I hear, as each his hand extends :
'That man and Truth are bosom friends.' ”

ALFRED YOUNG.

ARE CANADIAN CATHOLICS PRIEST-RIDDEN?

WHILE travelling through the Province of Quebec some years ago I happened to fall in with an American Protestant divine on vacation. He was particularly struck with the number and value of the churches which we passed, and he ventured the opinion that they were out of keeping with the small though apparently comfortable farm-houses, and that the money which built them had been extorted from the people by the priests. Last summer I heard a Catholic make a somewhat similar remark. I offered an explanation, which I purpose here elaborating, for there may be many like the minister and my Catholic friend.

Civil and ecclesiastical affairs were closely connected in New France. In the early days, when the Franciscans and Jesuits attended to the spiritual wants of the immigrants, each of the territorial divisions of the colony was called a mission. When the population increased and permanent settlement extended a bishop came to rule in Quebec, and the control of ecclesiastical affairs passed from the regular to the secular clergy.

Then the designation of mission began to give way to that of parish, and the ecclesiastico-civil customs of old France were applied to her Canadian colony. With the cession came confusion. First there was military and then English law, but the Quebec act of 1774, in accord with the spirit of the treaty of cession, secured to the French Canadians their religion, their language, and their civil laws, and, consequently, their parish system; and so we find, under the heading "religious matters" many pages of the Consolidated Statutes of Quebec setting forth the manner in which new parishes are to be erected and old ones subdivided, how parish meetings are to be held, trustees elected, assessments made and collected for the building of churches, etc.

A perusal of the chapter of the Consolidated Statutes dealing with religious matters would show that in what has been called "priest-ridden" Quebec the laity have a deal to do with the temporalities of their churches, and that the temples which so thickly dot the province were not erected by taxation without representation. The Quebec law reports prove that the *habitant*, who is so frequently described as a simple and devout Acadian rustic,

insists upon his legal rights and is particular about having ecclesiastical affairs managed according to order.

The initiation and carrying on of all parish work not strictly religious may be said to be in the hands of the people. Churchwardens for the management of the ordinary temporal affairs of the parish are elected by the householders, who are summoned to meet for that purpose annually; and vestry or, as they are called in Quebec, *fabrique* meetings are convoked by the *curé* on demand of the warden in charge. The priest-incumbent presides, but all business is decided by a plurality of votes.* As to the more important work, or what might be called work chargeable to capital account, such as the churches and parsonages which rather scandalized my Protestant and Catholic friends, Judge Beaudry in his book † on the parish system remarks that the people are greatly interested in these buildings, for nothing can be done towards their establishment, erection, or maintenance without the consent of the parishioners.

When, on petition of the majority of the inhabitants of a parish, the ecclesiastical authorities decide that a new church or parsonage should be erected, or an old one repaired, or a cemetery laid out, or that any other important parish work should be done, the *curé* is required by law to "call by the sound of the bell," after the giving of notice on two consecutive Sundays, a general meeting of the holders of taxable property in the parish or mission and preside thereat. At the meeting trustees are appointed, who form a corporation for carrying on to completion the required work. Their first duty is to draw up an act of assessment, which shall comprise a specification of the work to be done and a detailed statement of the expenses to be incurred, together with an exact schedule of the taxable property in the parish. This act of assessment must be placed on view for fifteen days, after which it is to be presented to the commissioners of the diocese for homologation. The commissioners are five laymen, appointed by the lieutenant-governor in council for each diocese in the province, who, in conjunction with the ordinary, consider and adjudge upon all cases respecting either the erection or division of parishes, the building or repairing of churches, parsonages, etc. The commissioners for each diocese form, in fact, a court of five judges, having jurisdiction as to the important temporalities of the parishes in their district. They are required to appoint a sec-

* Sir Hector Langevin's *Manuel des Paroisses et Fabriques*.

† *Code des Curés, Marguilliers et Paroissiens*.

retary and to keep a register of all judgments, orders, and proceedings. They are entitled to no remuneration, except in cases of legal contestation or personal attendance on the spot, when they are allowed to fix an adequate rate of remuneration. The fees chargeable by the secretary for his services and writings are set forth in the code. The commissioners may examine persons under oath, and can appoint one of their number to take the depositions of witnesses at the place where the latter reside.

In the matter of assessments the commissioners act as a court of revision, hear all objections on the part of those interested, judge and determine between the trustees and the assessed, and reject, modify, or confirm the act, in part or in whole, as they find it just or reasonable so to do. When the commissioners have passed the act the assessments made thereunder become a first charge on the land, and the work is begun and proceeded with under the direction of the trustees, who are bound to render annually an account to the parishioners, called together by due notice for that purpose. If the first assessment should not be sufficient the trustees may, on the authority of the commissioners, make, in the regular form, a supplementary assessment. Within a year of the completion of the work for which they were appointed the trustees are required to render a full report at a general meeting of those interested; and, should they not do so, a process is specified for compelling them to render the necessary accounts. After a satisfactory report has been filed the trustees are to hand over to the *curé* and church-wardens everything remaining in their possession of the moneys, materials, and effects, and all documents and records; and the said church-wardens can exercise the same powers and have the same recourse against builders, contractors, and other persons as were possessed by the retiring trustees.

The law, of course, does not prevent the doing of parish work of any kind by voluntary subscription; but a work begun by subscription can be continued or added to by the system I have just outlined, and the church-wardens can sue for unpaid subscriptions.

In Quebec, it must be remembered, the term "parish" has a civil as well as an ecclesiastical meaning; and there is laid down in the chapter of the Consolidated Statutes dealing with religious matters the form of procedure to be followed in the erection, subdivision, or union of parishes. Judge Beaudry, in the work already referred to, says: "It is to the bishops that belongs

the initiative of the canonical erection of parishes, but they can proceed thereto only on the demand of the proprietors who inhabit the territory to be erected into a parish"—this, of course, because of its civil form. The law provides that, on a petition signed by a majority of the inhabitants, the ecclesiastical authorities may proceed to the canonical erection, division, or union of parishes. Notice of such must be given on two consecutive Sundays, and any parties objecting may file their pleas with the commissioners within thirty days. In adjudicating on objections the commissioners may take evidence in the usual way, and, if they consider it necessary to make any change in the matter regulated by the canonical decree, the law says they shall consult with the ecclesiastical authorities and obtain their opinion. They then report their finding with full particulars to the lieutenant-governor in council. If no objection is made the secretary of the commissioners simply transmits the decree to the lieutenant-governor, who, on its receipt or the receipt of the commissioners' report in disputed cases, issues or refuses to issue, as the case may be, on the advice of his cabinet, a proclamation establishing the parish civilly, which establishment empowers the parishioners to assess themselves in the manner provided by the law which I have summarized.

The parish system which I have described has no bearing at all upon Protestants; they are specially exempt from its operations. But there is a form which, under certain circumstances, the parish may take, and in which Protestants have an interest. The Province of Quebec is divided into towns, villages, and rural municipalities, and the municipal code enacts that every territory erected, in accordance with the formalities of the civil law, into a parish and situated entirely in one and the same county forms of itself a municipality and has authority to make enactments in regard to its local affairs. The parish then has a council and a mayor, and the mayor has a seat at the county council. But this is the purely civil phase of the subject, and with it this article is not concerned.

The parish system, it is well to add, has nothing to do with the tithes. They are collectable by law from all Catholic agriculturists, whether they live in civilly constituted parishes or not, and consist of one twenty-sixth of the grain crops. From Catholics other than farmers the civil code exacts nothing, and the church depends on their voluntary payment of dues.

Enough has been written to show that Quebec is not a land

of darkness inhabited by priest-ridden people, whose substance is extorted from them for the erection of grand ecclesiastical structures. As Dr. S. E. Dawson,* a learned Protestant of Montreal, has said, "No doubt the clergy use their influence, as they would anywhere, but they cannot in any way drag into such matters their functions as dispensers of the sacraments," and whatever is done has been done freely by the laity, "who have more to say about it than is usually supposed."

Ottawa, Ont.

J. A. J. MCKENNA.

CRAIG-NA-ULLA; OR, THE ROCK OF THE BLESSED OIL.—A LEGEND OF ADARE.

NEAR "sweet Adare" there is a country grave-yard. It stands far away in the fields. Except the people of the neighborhood few know of its existence, it is situated so remote from the highway, and those of the district point to a rock in that grave-yard that they call *Craig-na-Ulla; or, the Rock of the Blessed Oil*. Tradition says that in time past this rock miraculously gave oil on one day of the year, that persons came from far and near to be cured, and that they were cured. It ceased flowing; and this is the tale they tell of its ceasing.

O'Donovan was lord of all the fair lands by the Mayne. He was known to be wealthy; and the country-folks said that the bottom of the castle was nothing but crocks of gold, and that when the doors were opened the whole place shone as if the sun was blazing there. He had one daughter, an only child, Ailne of the fair features and the gentle heart. O'Donovan was Irish of the Irish, bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh. He was, moreover, a Catholic; and in those days a Catholic could not hold land or property of any value, according to the laws of Queen Elizabeth and her successors.

But O'Donovan had as neighbor Sir Hugh Vauxbury, one of those true-hearted Englishmen who, when confided in, are never found wanting; and in his name the Irish chieftain had all his estates and property registered. Sir Hugh had two sons, Edmund and Ferdinand. On account of the friendly relations that

* Letters in *Toronto Week*, January and February, 1890.

existed between the families, Ailne O'Donovan was frequently at Inglemor, the residence of the English baronet.

The children grew into years; and the two boys, now become men, began to look with different feelings on Ailne O'Donovan. The elder brother, handsome as he was brave, desired the fair girl as his wife for her own sake; the younger, because he was debarred by birthright from the enjoyment of his father's possessions, thought only of the fair lands by the Mayne and the crocks of gold beneath the foundations of O'Donovan's castle.

O'Donovan was suddenly killed in one of those forays that, unfortunately, were frequent at that time; his true-hearted old neighbor peacefully breathed his last; and the heiress of O'Donovan's castle and plains was wedded to Sir Edmund Vauxbury, the eldest son of the deceased baronet. There were bonfires and merrymakings through all the countryside on the day that Ailne O'Donovan became mistress of Inglemor. And a fair spot it was! Standing on a green eminence over a tranquil lake, the house—built in the Elizabethan style—commanded a view from its parapeted roof of the confines of several counties; the fine old trees made the landscape solemn and stately; the long walks through green alleys in the forest made it romantic; the birds made it joyful, the sunshine pleasant, and the love of her young husband made life happy as the days are long for the daughter of the Irish chieftain.

One alone refused to take part in all this gladness. No one knew, no one could tell where the younger brother, Ferdinand Vauxbury, had gone. He was missed; but then it was only natural—so those considered who knew how he felt toward Ailne—it was natural that he should seek to absent himself from all this gaiety. His brother, who knew of what temper Ferdinand was, felt misgivings in his regard. When he thought of him an unaccountable pain, like the swift gash of a knife, would flash across his breast, and he would then beg of God that he himself might be spared to shelter and protect his young wife from the dreaded vengeance of his brother. But word or hint of this he never breathed to the fair creature that hung on his arm as they sauntered through the forest—and, oh! but they were happy.

The gladsome year sped swiftly on and the anniversary of their wedding-day had come around. A great feast was prepared. Guests were invited from afar, and the retainers at

home were welcomed with no less warmth. Nothing was talked of about the place but the festivities they were going to have up at the manor. The village boys and girls had been practising their parts; the village pedagogue his address; the minstrel his last rhymes; and the old piper looked to his yellowish bag, his drones and chanters. Numbers were arriving in groups and parties, and the place was getting filled with people.

Sir Edmund and the fair Ailne moved among them, welcomed them, received their congratulations, and chatted and joked. A new joy, too, was that day theirs. Up to this they had been of different religions; but on that morning they had become one, and their joy lasted fresh the whole day long.

Beggars were there, showing off their withered hands or legs, and beseeching, in good, round, lusty tones, the charities of those that passed. Many games were played on the green—leaping, throwing weights, etc., with many a prank and many a vacant laugh. One group, however, beyond the rest seemed to invite the attention of the lord and lady of the place. A number of rustics were gathered around an old crone, who was telling them their fortunes and their past lives with such accuracy and minuteness that they were all agape with wonder. She could tell right off their names and where they came from, and all about their homes and relations. From the verge of the crowd could be heard such exclamations as: “Millia murdher! d’ye hear that?” “Yerrah! she can’t be *right*,” another would cry. “Come away, Dhona—the cross of Christ betune us and harm—and have nothing to say to her.”

Seeing Sir Edmund and Lady Vauxbury approach, the old crone, with wiry stumps of beard sticking out of her grizzly face and leaning on a withered piece of ash, advanced to meet them. “I am telling these simpletons their fortunes,” she said, “but if ye please to step this way round the bend in the walk I have something that I would say to ye alone.” The gentleman and his wife led the way and the crowd, seeing the old woman following, drew back. For a moment the hag forgot her professional stoop and the necessity of leaning on her staff, and moved on erect.

“Did ye ever see that walk before, boys?” said one.

“Look at the way she springs on the left foot,” said a second.

“Barrin’ ’tis a woman, I’d say ’twould be him,” said a third.

“I tell you she’d hang for him in any coort in the kingdom,” said a fourth.

By this time the three had disappeared round the bend in the avenue; and, stepping one or two paces into a cross-walk, "Show me your hand, fair lady," said the crone. Scanning it for a moment, she remarked: "Your joy shall be turned into mourning; but out of darkness you can (if you wish) draw light." A flush of anger rose to the cheek of Sir Edmund. "Nay, your honor," said the fortune-teller in tones that seemed strangely familiar, "it rests with you, perhaps, to avert it. Pray, let me read your palm"; and seizing the baronet's right hand before he had time to refuse it was wrung as if by an iron vise. His blood came hurryingly to the fingers' tips, and but for shame's sake he would have cried out with pain. The fortune-teller looked at it hurriedly. "Calamity, sudden and dire—" she said, and drawing a concealed dagger stabbed the young man to the heart. The blood spurted over his fair young wife, and her husband fell a corpse into her arms. Paralyzed with horror, she gave one frenzied look at the assassin, and, in answer to that look, the hag hissed "That's for him. You and I meet again, and vengeance or victory shall then be mine," she said, and immediately vanished in the depths of the forest.

The poor lady was found by the merrymakers lying in a swoon, with her dead husband's head caught between her hands. A change came over the joyous scene; they removed the lady to her chamber and took the dead man to an apartment in the house, while some ran in haste for the doctors and others scoured the forest for the murderer.

After some days Lady Vauxbury gave premature birth to a son, whose right side seemed as if sprinkled all over with blood; and both were so delicate that little hope was entertained of the life of either. The nurse in attendance thought "If it were God's will it would be well that both were taken rather than one of the two should die." And so argued others as well; for the mother's reason was gone and it was thought she would never "get over the fright"; and what would a poor child be in that case, with a lunatic mother and a dead father? Strange to say, the mother was found reasonable in one point, and in that alone—in the matter of her baby. Speak of the baby and she immediately grew rational; speak of anything else and she was quite astray: the mother's nature asserting itself superior to all the laws of reason—"love stronger than death."

Both, however, lived and grew well apace; but what a life lay before the widow! At the fatal spot she erected a monu-

mental cross, and all her days and most of her nights were spent at the place. It was pitiable to see her tall, slender figure robed in black bending hysterically at the foot of the memorial of sorrow.

Just a year had passed away; she had come in late in the evening from the cross. Sad memories were in her mind. She sat idly in her room, and though it was drawing near midnight she felt no desire to retire to rest. The moon shone in through the uncurtained window, and no other light was there. All had gone to sleep, so she thought, when suddenly she heard a step outside her door and, without seeking permission, the handle turned in the door and a figure entered. It was her brother-in-law, Ferdinand Vauxbury.

“I am Ferdinand,” he said; “be not afraid.”

“What brings you here this hour of night? This is no time to come,” she answered.

“My business will be over in a few moments. I want to make a proposal.”

“I want neither you nor your proposal. Leave the room at once.”

“Now, if I said ‘I refuse to leave,’ you’d say ‘You’d order me.’ But all your servants are locked out. I took that precaution, and I take this, too (turning the key on the inside of the door). Now listen, if you are not afraid.”

“An O’Donovan was never afraid,” she said, standing up.

“Hear, then. You are at this moment a homeless woman, without houses or lands. I have been to the *Court of Defective Titles* in Dublin and have got all settled. Your father was a Catholic. I am appointed to the possession of all his property. Next, upon certain statements that I have made in Dublin all the lands and property of Inglemor are made over to me. You are therefore at present but a trespasser here. You can be the owner of it, however, if you like. You know you need say but one word.”

“Begone!” she said with scorn. “I’d rather beg the world through from door to door than say that word.”

“I give you three days to consider,” he replied; “if you have not changed your mind by that time be prepared to go. I leave you a copy of the papers.”

He moved away as he spoke, while the lady continued looking through the window at the moonlight, now remembering but too well the tones of that hissing voice which fell on her ear that fatal night twelve months ago.

Not many moments had elapsed when the nurse came rushing in. "O lady!" she cried, falling on her knees and wringing her hands, "I saw in my dreams a strange dark man enter the room, put something to baby's lips, and go away again. I woke, and O my God!"

"What of the child, nurse? Speak," said the lady.

"In convulsions, my lady; and as if he were going to die."

The mother hastened to where the child lay, and found it, as the nurse had said, dying. Doctors came; emetics were tried, but all in vain. The child may live one or two days, so said the doctors, but there was no hope.

A day passed, and the poor little thing struggled and writhed in pain; and the mother sat by and could not bear a part of the pain. A second day passed, and the little patient lay still and white, not dead but as if fatigued and powerless, now and again giving an appealing moan and starting with a shock of pain.

"Nurse!" said the mother, as the gray twilight came on, "when I was young and thoughtless I heard you tell of a rock that used to give oil miraculously, and diseases were cured, and mothers' hearts were comforted."

"Dear lady, it is not far away — Craig-na-Ulla," said the nurse. "The poor know of it. The rich don't want it."

"O nurse! say not so. It's the rich that's oftentimes poor, and the poor rich. What is wealth if happiness be not there? In the castles of the rich are there not often more broken and disappointed hearts than in the cottages of the poor? I tell you when I have seen our peasant girls break the garden knobs with their mallets I have longed for a happy heart and to be there. But say about the rock."

"In the troubled times, dear lady, when all the monks in the friary over in Adare were murdered, the people stole away the body of the holy prior of the Augustinian house. The soldiers pursued and came up as the people were digging a grave for the holy priest in the little church-yard. The body had been lying on a rock, and when the people saw the soldiers coming on them they had to run away and leave it as it was. Then the villains of red-coats came over to the holy priest; but, glory be to God! as they were going to lay their hands on the body the rock opened up and swallowed it down, and from that day to this man or mortal could not find where the opening was. But on the day of his death, every year, holy oil comes out of that rock, and numbers are cured."

"Numbers are cured!" repeated the lady.

"Yes, my lady; my brother was stone blind after the measles; my mother took him there, and when he came home he could see a rib of him half-a-mile away. There was James Kinavane—"

"Stay," said the lady. "When does this occur?"

"Of all nights this very night, my lady—the Eve of Holy Mary."

"Can you get one of the girls' mantles, nurse? And throw a shawl over yourself. God is good," she said, kissing her child's lips, "and the holy priest shall pray for my baby and me."

While the faithful attendant had gone to provide the desired change of apparel, "Good-by, dear old home!" said the lady, with a lonely heart. "I was happy for a season here. Good-by, old rooms! I shall never see you again. Good-by, dear cross!"—she looked through the dead walls—"there my love lies low. Come, baby, come! the last, the only gift left to me now; we part from the home of your fathers for ever. Living or dead we shall never re-enter here." She stretched out her arms and looked upwards. "O merciful Heaven!" she cried, "spare my child!"

The three days of consideration had come and gone, and Ferdinand Vauxbury returned to Inglemor. Everything was still and silent: the mistress of the house had departed.

With due formality he laid before the authorities of the barony his title-deeds. It was no affair of theirs to gainsay the authorities of the higher courts, and he was permitted to take peaceable possession. He was a man of dark and moody temperament, and few cared to make his acquaintance. To his domestics and retainers he was surly and tyrannical; to his neighbors and equals, cold and reserved. He led a lonely life, eating his own heart, like a disappointed man, and giving peace to no one; stories even went that the ghost of his dead brother haunted him. He had but one confidant, a young man whom, from the great family resemblance, the country people took to be a natural son. Between these two strange scenes would from time to time occur; wrangling, disputes, and recrimination; which the neighbors interpreted by the homely phrase, "Bad egg, bad bird."

In this way year followed year, until the usurper's hair grew white. Well-nigh a quarter of a century had passed since he came into possession when a young man presented himself for

the position of wood-ranger, which happened to be vacant, and was accepted. He seemed a person of grave and amiable manners, and had no one with him but his aged mother. He had not been long in the place when it was noticed that persons were coming about his cottage in the dead of the night, and leaving it before morning. For a time it was kept a secret, but soon it began somehow to get abroad, and the young master had his eye on the watch. "That fellow is a priest," he muttered to himself. About the same time an elderly man came there, too. This man was constantly getting into conversations with the people about things that happened years ago.

The Eve of the Blessed Mary had come. At twelve o'clock that night the holy rock was wont to ooze forth its *copia* of miraculous oil.

"There can be no doubt it is he," said the son to the father; "I saw him bathing at dawn this morning in the lake when he thought no one was by, and all his right side was like you'd poured a basin of blood over it." The old man shivered, and a rustling as if something unearthly seemed to go by. "He is now gone to Craig-na-Ulla; I saw him go there. Where he got his life there let him get his death; or will you wait till he turns you out of this place that you pawned your soul for?" He paused. "Art willing?" he added with a sneer.

The elder withdrew, but presently returned habited in a priest's garb, placed his dagger in its sheath at his breast, and they left.

Scarce had they gone when the elderly man with the sheriff and a strong guard sought them. The servants informed them that the old and young master had taken the path leading to Craig-na-Ulla. Thither they followed. On reaching the place they found the young master guarding the entrance to the grave-yard—but he, seeing the armed force, immediately disappeared—and the father standing on the holy rock, proclaiming that no one should dare to come near until he had first paid toll at the entrance. They had both vainly sought out the young wood-ranger; but he at that moment was in a cottage not far away, with a stole upon his neck, shriving the poor and the penitent that had come to the holy place.

"Surround and seize that man on the rock," said the officer in charge. Then the elderly man approached. "Ferdinand Vauxbury," he said, "do you know me? I am the counsel

whom, with false oaths, you got to plead in the Court of Defective Titles. I am now judge of that court. You wrongfully got the O'Donovan lands. You stated that they belonged to a Catholic; whereas at the time they belonged to your brother. You stated, moreover, that your brother was dead, and that his widow was a Catholic; whereas your brother was alive at the time. For these you are to be prosecuted for perjury and obtaining goods under false pretences. Furthermore, in order to make your statement true, to wit, that your brother was dead, you foully stabbed him to the heart; and there are those living who saw you do the deed, on that fatal night five and-twenty years ago, who tracked you to the edge of the wood, saw you divest yourself of your woman's disguise and flee across the country. You are to be arraigned for the murder of your brother." A wail of unearthly sadness was heard. The soldiers looked in the direction whence it had issued. In that second of time the accused man drew the dagger from his breast, and, before he could be prevented, fell a corpse on the sacred rock. The soldiers took the dead body, carried it to the first cross-ways, and there, digging a hole, laid it down, heaping a cairn of stones over it, to mark the grave of the suicide.

Lady Vauxbury and her son, now Father Vauxbury, entered the old house at Inglemor. A chapel was erected over the spot where the monumental cross stood, and where Sir Edmund was murdered. There the people of the district gathered, and there the everlasting Sacrifice was offered. Those who did not understand the celibacy of the Catholic priesthood urged the young man to marry, and perpetuate the name; but his simple reply was that it was better to bring up children for heaven rather than for earth. The Eve of Holy Mary was observed year by year with great solemnity, with meditation and fasting and prayer, and many a *Miserere* was chanted and many an *Ave* sung; but drops of oil thenceforward never came from Craig-na-Ulla.

R. O. K.

THE LIFE OF FATHER HECKER.*

CHAPTER XVII.

ACROSS THE THRESHOLD.

FROM Worcester Isaac went on to New York, stopping on the way to make a brief visit to the Fourierite community in New Jersey, known as the North American Phalanx. He probably had some personal acquaintances there whom he hoped to inoculate with his newly-found certitude. He reached home June 20, 1844, and five days later presented his letter to Bishop McCloskey. Concerning the acquaintance then begun, which, on the bishop's part, soon took the form of a discerning and wise direction, and eventually deepened into a life-long friendship, we shall have more to say hereafter. The diary chronicles their first meeting and gives the reason of the brief delay which ensued before Isaac was admitted to conditional baptism. The bulk of the entries made between this date and that of his formal reception into the Church, the first of August, contains spiritual doctrine of a kind so eminently characteristic of Father Hecker throughout his life that we continue to make extracts from it:

“*New York, June 25, 1844.*—This morning I went to see Bishop McCloskey. I found him a man of fine character, mild disposition, and of a broader education than any of the Catholics I have had the pleasure of meeting. He was acquainted with Brownson's writings and Emerson's, and personally knew Mr. Channing, whom he had met at Rome. He loaned me some books on matters pertaining to the Church. He is to be gone for a fortnight from New York, and I am to wait until he comes back before I take any further steps toward being united with the Church.”

“*July 5, 1844.*—It is the duty of every man to do that which expresses the divine life which stirs within him, and to do nothing which is inconformable to it. So far as he falls short of this, so far he falls short of his duty, his perfection, and divine beauty. I think we may say with very great certainty that this is the only way to obtain happiness in this world and

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eternal felicity in the world to come. It is to this God calls us, but we—no, not truly we, but the Man of Sin—flatter ourselves, as he did Eve, that if we follow him we shall not die but become as gods. We, to-day, have the same temptation to overcome that Eve had.

“ Oh, how much greater God would have us be than we are, and we will not! We must cast out the Man of Sin and submit to the Paradisiacal Man. This we are enabled to do, blessed be Heaven, by the grace of God through Jesus Christ.

“ What are the temptations which hold men back from following God and leading a divine life? In one word, the World. Pride, love of praise, riches, self-indulgence, all that refers and looks to time instead of eternity, heaven, God.

“ We should encourage all that gives us an impulse heavenward, and deny all that tends to draw us down more into the body, sense, time. Man, alas! is weak, powerless, and unable to perform any good deed which will raise him to God without the free gift, the blessed grace of God the Holy Spirit. We all fail to act up to the divine grace which is given us. O Lord! forgive my manifold transgressions, and empower me to be more and more obedient to thy Holy Spirit. My inward man desires to follow Thy Spirit, but the appetites of my members ever war against and often subdue him. Strengthen him, O Lord! and enable him to govern my whole three-sphered nature. Send down Thy celestial love into my heart and quicken all my heavenly powers.

“ It is very true that no man can serve two masters. Between God and Mammon there is no compromise, no mediator. Lord, make me fully sensible of this, and strengthen my resolution to follow Thee. I do look to the Church of Christ for help. Oh, may I find in it that which the Apostles found in Jesus!”

We cannot refrain from reminding the reader of the immature age, and almost total lack of education—in the ordinary meaning of the term—of the man who wrote these lofty and inspiring sentences. He was ignorant of everything but the most rudimentary truths of Catholicity; had never read an ascetic work; had never spoken on ascetical subjects with Catholics; had never read the life of a saint; and had no experience to draw from except his own. Yet mark the absolute certainty of his propositions and their uniform correctness. It should also be made known that these doctrines and sentiments, though written with the most evident haste, follow each other, page after page, without an

erasure or a correction. The truths which had dropped upon his mind were, indeed, rudimentary, but so well adapted was the soil to receive the seed that the fruit was instant and mature. Seldom has spontaneity so well approved itself by its utterances.

“*July 6.*—The immediate effect of Christianity upon humanity has been to increase man’s sensibility to the objects of the spiritual world. Poetry, music, the fine arts, are ennobling and spiritualizing only so far as they appeal to the nature of man divinized by the influence of the Divinity. Previous to the coming of Christ the tendency of the arts was, on the whole, rather to encourage licentiousness and sin than to elevate and refine human nature. The tendency of Christianity was to restore man to his primitive gracefulness, excellence, and beauty. Hence the expression of man in art—or, rather, of the divinity in man—became purer and more beautiful in its character. . . .

“In affirming Jesus to be the basis and life of modern civilization, nothing is detracted from the great and good men who preceded Him; nor” [is it denied] “that they have left traces of their genius upon modern society.

“When we speak of Jesus as God, we affirm Him to be the Source of all inspiration, from whom all, ancient and modern, have derived their life, genius, goodness, and divine beauty.

“Jesus quickened the spiritual powers of the soul which were deadened by the fall, and man again saw heaven, and angels descending and ascending to the throne of ineffable Love.

“All the promises of Jesus refer to gifts of spiritual power over inanimate matter, the animal creation, and the Man of Sin.

“Jesus came to give a spiritual life which would generate all knowledge and physical well-being. He came, not to teach a system of philosophy, however useful that might be; not to direct man how to procure food for his physical existence with the least possible exercise of physical strength, however necessary this might seem. But He came to give man a new nature which shall more than do all this; which will not only secure his well-being here, but his eternal felicity hereafter.

“As we rise above our *time* nature, and are united with our *eternal* nature, we feel more and more our indebtedness to Christ. It was to this He called us in all His words, and now calls us in the Spirit. . . .

“So long as low appetites are cherished, and selfish passions harbored, and vanity allowed a seat in our bosoms, so long will men be slaves to their stomachs, backs, and business. Every

quickenings of our sensibility toward love, heaven, equity, will lead us to change our circumstances so as to make them conformable to our new inward life.

“It is for us to be true to God, however unlike the world we may seem. It is in silence, in private, alone, that deeds can be done which shall outstrip those of the Alexanders and Napoleons in their eternal effects.”

“*July 7.*—All that we contend for is that man should obey God, and co-operate in His work *with his will and not against it*. Interior submission to the Love Spirit is the answer to all questions concerning man’s welfare, here and hereafter. Whatever a man is led to do in obedience to it is well done and godlike, though it lead him to offer up his only dear son.

“We do say, with great emphasis, that nothing under heaven should prevent a man from following God. Unless a man can give up all and follow Christ, he is none of His.”

“Every *true* man is a genius.

“All genius is religious.

“The objective forms of genius are the expressions of the beautiful, the good, and the true; in one word—God.

“He is a genius in whom the beautiful, the good, and the true permanently inhabit. . . .

“The genius in every work of art is religious, whatever the subject may be.

“We repeat that every man is called to give expression to the highest, best, divinest in him; and to this, and to this only is he called.

“We add that the Catholic Church is the medium of this divine life, and that she has nurtured and encouraged men of genius in her bosom as a fond mother.

“We do not mean to say that the Church has converted men of ordinary stamp into geniuses, but that she has given the highest inspiration to the inborn capacity of genius, and so, to men thus gifted, has been the means by which they have become more than they could have been without her: so, also, with the most ordinary men.

“We affirm that the influence of Protestantism upon the business world has been to make it much more unchristian than it was in the middle ages under the influence of Catholicism.”

At this period, when Isaac Hecker’s search had ceased, but

when he had not yet entered into complete and formal possession of the truth, we find him looking back at his past almost as if it were a thing in which his interest was but curious and impersonal. The thought of writing a history of it occurred to him, and he jotted down some brief notes, and made a partial collection of such letters and other memoranda, apart from the diary, as he found to have been preserved by his family. But this scheme was merely one of the occupations with which he beguiled the necessary delay imposed on him by Bishop McCloskey's absence. One can easily believe that the plan he proposed to himself has deeply interested the present writer, who, though regretting that it was not followed out by Isaac Hecker himself, has yet been enabled by the diary and the letters to measurably fulfil its purpose. He divided it into five periods, and, with a reminiscence of *Wilhelm Meister*, called it his *Wanderjahr*:

“The first should be named Youth, and give the ideal and the actual in youth.

“The second should be the struggle between the ideal and the actual.

“The third should be the mastery and supremacy of the ideal over the actual and material.

“The fourth should give the absolute union of the ideal and the eternal-absolute in their unconditioned existence.

“The fifth should give the eventual one-ness of the ideal-absolute with humanity and nature.

“Under these five heads I have in mind materials sufficient to make a volume, but lack the close application necessary to connect them. I do not say it would be readable when done. It would be the esoteric and exoteric history of my own life for ten years.

“I would open the first chapter thus: Let men say what they will, God above us, the human soul, and all surrounding nature, are great realities, eternal, solemn, joyous facts of human experience.”

In the fine passage that follows we have an anticipation of the prominent modern conception of Christianity, as a developing force in the history of man—closing an epoch and introducing a new species; or, as Father Hecker would have said in later years, raising man from his natural position as a creature of God to true sonship with Him through affiliation with Jesus Christ. The thought, as it stands in the diary, is eminently characteris-

tic of Isaac Hecker, who always felt, in a measure beyond what is ordinary, his solidarity with all his kind, and a longing to keep in step with them on the line of their direct advance :

“*July 12.*—We make no question that God gave to all nations, previous to the birth of Jesus Christ, His beloved and only *Son*, dispensations of light and love in their great men, and led them from time to time to the stage of civilization to which they arrived. The Christian affirms that God is the Parent of humanity, the Father of every human being.* It would be in direct contradiction to his faith to deny this. But Jesus Christ came to introduce a new life, whose light and love should so surpass all that had been before Him as to make it appear as darkness by contrast. This life makes no war against the good and true that already existed in men, but it embraces, includes, and fulfils it all, and then adds more than men had dared to dream before His coming. That Christianity is of this high character, not only did its Author show by the example of His life and death, but it has shown itself to be so wherever it has come in contact with any of the older forms of religious faith and doctrine. It has exhibited a power that is superior to, and which overcomes, all that arrays itself against it. We do not deny that Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Plato, Socrates, Zeno, Cato, etc., were good, great, and religious men, above the age in which they lived, and inspired by a life not only superior to that of their time but above that of a great part of Christendom, so-called. But we say that Christ gave to the world a life infinitely above theirs, and that, had they been His contemporaries, or ours, they would have been as far superior to their actual selves as the inspiration of Christianity is superior to that under which they lived.”

Although there is authority for saying that the business partnership between Isaac Hecker and his brothers was not formally dissolved until he went away to Belgium in 1845, he seems never to have resumed any active share in it after his return from Concord. Now and again the old scruples about this apparent inactivity returned upon him, and we find him contracting his personal needs within a compass so narrow that his support shall be felt as the least possible burden. Thus he writes, on July 13, that

* “As some also of your own poets said: For we are also His offspring. Being, therefore, the offspring of God, we must not suppose the Divinity to be like unto gold or silver or stone, the graving of art and the device of man.” (Acts xvii. 28, 29.)

his present state of suspension from all outward engagements cannot and should not be of long continuance. He adds:

“It is a clear and bounden duty that every one should in some way or other compensate the world for that which he consumes from its store. But I do not see how I can do this consistently with the present state of my mind. To be sure I have contracted my wants as respects eating as far as seems possible to me; somewhat in dress, but not as far as I should and can do. As for pleasures and many other causes of expenditure, I trust I am not immoderate. In this part of the world I do not see any prepared, congenial conditions. If I were in Europe, I should find in the Catholic Church institutions which I could enter for a time, until this period of my life would either fix itself permanently, or give place to another in which I could see my way more clearly. But here I am, and not in Europe. Some thoughts have arisen in my mind, and I will state them, as to what may come at some future time within the range of the possible:

“If I am joined to the Catholic Church, and there is such an institution in Europe, may I not go there and live for a time? Ah! is this possible?”

“If we owned a spot of ground, I would be willing to go on it and engage as much of my time as possible in cultivating and improving it.

“Lastly, I do not know what effect the advice and influence of the Catholic Church may have upon my mind, and do have a slight hope that I may find the exact remedy that I need in my union with her.

“I feel the assurance that if I follow the Spirit of God, and place all my confidence in it, it will do for me what I dare not hope to do for myself.”

A day or two later he jots down, casually as it were, one of those profound observations which are like pointers to his whole career. Occurring at this early period, when, as the reader may see hereafter, the germs of all his later thought and work were beginning to unfold, they are like rifts in the darkness which seemed to himself to lie about his future, and show plainly to the student of his life how straight and secure his path was amidst it all. He had been counselling himself to patience and entire reliance upon God's providence while waiting the opportunity “to create or procure the circumstances” necessary to the expres-

sion of his own individuality. He felt that this was the especial task to which all men were called. To use his own words :

“ It is for this we are created ; that we may give a new and individual expression of the absolute in our own peculiar character. As soon as the new is but the re-expression of the old, God ceases to live. Ever the mystery is revealed in each new birth. So must it be to eternity. The Eternal-Absolute is ever creating new forms of expressing itself.”

In the next chapter we shall have occasion to give Father Hecker's choice of an epitaph for Dr. Brownson. We think that the sentences just quoted are worthy to be his own.

In the middle of July Bishop McCloskey returned to New York, and Isaac waited upon him without delay. Their first long conversation made it plain to the bishop that the young man had very little need of further preliminary instruction, and it was settled that conditional baptism should be administered to him within a fortnight. That the nature of Isaac Hecker's vocation also revealed itself to this prudent adviser is also evident from this entry, made in the diary as soon as the visit was ended :

“ He said that my life would lead me to contemplation, and that in this country the Church was so situated as to require them all to be active. I did not speak further on this subject with him. He asked whether I felt like devoting myself to the order of the priesthood, and undergoing their discipline, self-denial, etc., and becoming a missionary. I answered that all I could say was that I wished to live the life given me, and felt like sacrificing all things to this ; but could not say that the priesthood would be the proper place for me.

“ I feel that if, for a certain length of time, and under the discipline of the Church, I could have the conditions for leading the life of contemplation, it would be what the Spirit now demands. Whether I shall not be compelled back to this if I attempt to follow some other way, I am not perfectly sure. The bishop intimated that in Europe there were brotherhoods congenial to the state of mind that I am in. If so, and I could remain there for a certain length of time, why should I not go ? I will inquire further about it when next I speak with the bishop.

“ There is a college at Fordham where there is to be a commencement to-morrow, which the bishop invited me to go and see. Perhaps I shall find this place to be suitable, and may be

led to examine and try it. The Lord knows all; into His hands I resign myself."

His impressions of the Jesuit collége at Fordham he does not record. The next entry in the diary is, as usual, taken up with the large topics which for the most part excluded particular incidents from mention. What his strict abstinence from permitted pleasures, and the rigorous self-discipline which he had so long practised, meant to himself, may be partly gathered from the extract we are about to give. He says he does not call such denial,

"in strict language, the denial of our true, God-created, immortal self, but the denial of that which is *not* myself, but which has usurped the place of my true, eternal, heavenly, Adamic being. It is the restoration of that defaced image of God to its primitive divine beauty, grace, and sweetness. We must feel and possess the love and light from above before we have the disposition and power to deny the body and the wisdom of this world. If we have the Christ-spirit, we will fulfil the Christ-commands.

"Thus was it with man prior to his spiritual death, his fall. He lived in and enjoyed God, and was in communion and society with angels, not knowing good and evil. His life was spontaneous; his wisdom intuitive; he was unconscious of it, even as we would be of light were there no darkness. We should see it and be recipients of all its blessings without knowing its existence. But darkness came, and man knew. Alas! in knowing he lost all that he possessed before.

"Jesus came to restore man to that eternal day from which Adam fell."

About this time he mentions having spent a day in the woods with some friends, at Fort Lee; it is the only allusion we find to any sort of recreation or companionship with others. He sat alone for an hour, he says, in a pleasant spot which overlooked the Hudson and the high Palisade rocks, and "seemed to be in communion with the infinite invisible all around in all the deep avenues of the soul."

Four days before his baptism comes this anticipation of it:

"*New York, July 27, '44.*—I have commenced acting. My union with the Catholic Church is my first real, true act. And it is no doubt the forerunner of many more—of an active life,

Heretofore I did not see or feel in me the grounds upon which I could act with permanence and security. I now do; and on this basis my future life will be built. What my actions may be, I care not. It was this deep eternal certainty within I did wish to feel, and I am now conscious that the lack of it was the reason for my inactivity.

“With this guide I ask no other, nor do I feel the need of the support of friends, or kindred, or the world. Alone it is sufficient for me, though it contradicts the advice of my friends and all my former life. It certainly seems to me absolute: if any error arises it will be from my disobedience.”

“*July 30.*—The inward voice becomes more and more audible. It says: ‘I am—obey!’

“The new clothes itself in new dress.

“What proof does a man give that *he is* if he does only what has been done?

“Can a man repeat the past with genius?

“One true act opens the passage to ten more.

“Man is left to his own destiny; religion but sanctifies it.”

When the day comes at last, the Sacrament itself gets only the briefest chronicle. The door seems but a door. Passing through it, he finds himself at home, and apparently without one quickening of the pulse, or any cessation of his desire to penetrate all its secret chambers. The explanation of this is to be looked for in the presumption that his baptism in infancy had been valid. It was conferred by a Lutheran minister who must have been trained in Germany, and whose methodical adherence to the proper form might be counted on. In the sight of God, doubtless, he had never since been outside the Church. He was like a child stolen from the cradle, but in whom racial and family traits had been superior to an uncongenial environment.

“*Friday, August 1, 1844, 1 P.M.*—This morning we were baptized by Bishop McCloskey. To-morrow we attend the tribunal of confession.”

Then he mentions a curious fact which recalls a similar experience of St. Catherine of Genoa: “We know not why it is we feel an internal necessity of using the plural pronoun instead of the singular.”

But if conditional baptism left him silent, the Sacrament he certainly received the following day opened the flood-gates of his speech:

“August 2.—Penance! joy! unbounded love! Sweet Jesus, Thy love is infinite! Blessed faith! sweet love! I possess an internal glory, a glowing flame of love! Let my whole life be one act of penance! O dear Jesus, the life-giver! Oh, what a sweet thing it is to be in the way of loveful grace! Jesus, keep me near Thee! Oh! how great a condescension, Jesus is my Friend. Oh! who has the conception of Jesus being his *Friend*? O ancient faith, how dear, how good is God in giving us sinners thee! Blessed is the grace of God that leadeth sinners to thee! Oh! how thou hast comforted the soul! It would turn from thee, but thou strengthenest it. The cup was bitter, but infinitely more sweet is the joy thou givest. My soul is clothed in brightness; its youth is restored. Oh, blessed, ever-blessed, unfathomable, divine faith! O faith of apostles, martyrs, confessors, and saints! Holy Mother of Jesus, thou art my mother. I feel in my heart thy tender love. O holy Mother! thou hast beheld me! Bless me, Virgin Mother of Jesus!”

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEW INFLUENCES.

BISHOP MCCLOSKEY, afterwards the first American Cardinal, was coadjutor to Bishop Hughes from 1844 to 1847. He was living at the old Cathedral when Isaac Hecker first called upon him. He was still a young man, less than ten years separating him from the youthful catechumen. In temperament they were very different. The bishop, a man of routine in method and of no original views of principles, was so, nevertheless, by mental predisposition rather than by positive choice. He was a man of finished education; a dignified speaker, whose words read as impressively as they sounded. Although the two men were so unlike, the bishop could, at least after brief hesitation, fully appreciate Isaac Hecker; nay, could love him, could further his plans, and stand by him in his difficulties. Before we are done with this Life, the reader will see this more in detail.

Nor was Bishop McCloskey without light as a judge in spiritual matters. By nature calm and self-poised, and readily obedient to reason, the grace of his high office, his wide knowledge of men, his extensive reading, were doubtless supplemented by a special infusion of heavenly wisdom, due to his upright purpose and his spotless life. Though not timid, he was not

conspicuous for courage; his refuge in difficulty was a high order of prudence, never cowardice; nor did he err either by precipitancy, by cruelty, or by rigidity of adherence to abstract rules of law. Father Hecker knew him thoroughly well, and admired him; more, he profited by his guidance, and that not only at this earliest period of their intercourse. It was by him that Isaac Hecker's vocation was, though not revealed, yet most wisely directed. Brownson told the young man that he ought to devote himself to the Germans in this country; Bishop Hughes advised him to go to St. Sulpice and study for the secular priesthood; Bishop McCloskey told him to become a religious.

Hitherto Isaac Hecker's environment had been entirely non-Catholic; the ebbing and flowing of a sea of doubt and inquiry upon which floated small boats and rafts which had been cast off from the good ship of Christ. Now that he was on board the ship itself, he found its crew and passengers sailing straight on toward their destined haven, paying small regard, as a rule, to the small craft and the shipwrecked sailors tossing on the wild waves around them, and only surprised when one or another hailed their vessel and asked to be taken on board. Nor did the attitude of non-Catholics, taking them generally, invite anything else. Isaac Hecker, passing into the Church, not only came into contact with its members, but was to be for some years exclusively in their company. But, though carried beyond the Ripleys, the Alcotts, the Lanes, the Emersons, and beyond the theories they in some sort stand for and represent, he had learned them and their lesson, and never lost his aptitude for returning to their company with a Catholic message. His farewell to that class did not involve loss of affectionate interest, for in mind he continually reverted to them. He knew that their peculiar traits were significant of the most imperative invitation of Providence to missionary work. He thought it was to that class, or, rather, to the multitude to whom they were prophets, that the exponent of Catholicity should first address himself. They possessed the highest activity of the natural faculties; they were all but the only class of Americans who loved truth for its own sake, that trait which is the peculiarity of the Catholic mind, and the first requisite for real conversion.

It may have been the latent strength of this conviction that, within a year after his reception into the Church, permanently affected the influence which Brownson had so long exerted over him. It ceased now to be in any sense controlling, and at no future time

regained force enough to be directive. They found the Church together, went together into its vestibule, and were received nearly at the same time. And then the wide liberties of a universal religion gave ample scope and large suggestion for the accentuation and development of their native differences. Brownson was a publicist and remained so; Isaac Hecker was a mystic and remained so. To the mysticism of the latter was added an external apostolate; the public activity of the former was, indeed, apostolic, but upon a field not only different from any he would himself have spontaneously chosen, but quite unlike. Our reader already knows how grievous a loss to the public exposition of the Church in America this deflection of Brownson's genius from its true direction seemed to Father Hecker. He never ceased to deplore it as a needless calamity, overruled in great measure, indeed, by the good Providence of God, but not wholly repaired.

Father Hecker's affection for Dr. Brownson never wavered, and his gratitude towards him was only deepened and made more efficacious with the lapse of time and the growth of his own spiritual experience. If they did not always agree, either in principles or in questions of policy, they always loved each other. The memoranda furnish an interesting proof of this abiding affection on the part of Father Hecker. He was asked:

"Don't you think we might have a memorial tablet to Dr. Brownson in our church?"

"Yes! Of all the men I ever knew, he had most influence over me."

"When you were in early life?"

"Yes, of course. Oh! in after life no man has had influence with me, but only God."

This meant, of course, the influence of master upon disciple, and not that of lawful authority or of fraternal love, to both of which Father Hecker was ever very sensitive.

Speaking at another time of Brownson, he quoted this sentence from *The Convert* as so perfect an epitome of the man that it should be put on his monument:

"I had one principle, and only one, to which, since throwing up Universalism, I had been faithful; a principle to which I had, perhaps, made some sacrifices—that of following my own honest convictions whithersoever they should lead me."

And just here is found one of those points of essential difference which it is interesting to note between these two men, so closely drawn together by Divine Providence at one period, and

in such a relation that to the elder the function of guidance seemed to have been appointed. In unswerving fidelity to conviction they were on a par, but in native clearness of vision and instinctive aversion from error they were far less closely matched. Brownson in early life had tried, accepted, and preached various forms of aberration from true doctrine. One might say of him, that, having found himself outside the highway at his start, he gathered accretions from hedge and ditch as he struggled toward the true road, and went through an after process of sloughing them one by one. Perhaps that process ended in making him over-timid. It was otherwise with Isaac Hecker. He, too, had stopped to consider many doctrines which purported to be true; more than that, he had recognized in each the modicum of truth which it possessed. But the falsity with which this was overloaded was powerful enough to repel him, in spite of the truth he knew to be contained in it. He carried in himself the touchstone to which all that was akin to it beyond him responded of necessity. The Light which lights every man who comes into the world, had not only never been darkened in him by sinful courses, but it seemed to burn with a crystal clearness which threw up into hideous and repellant proportions all that was offensive to it. Many voices had called him from without, but he had refused obedience unto any. He never submitted until his submission was full and not to be withdrawn. So, once in the Church, and enjoying her divine guarantee of external authority, he had few if any disquieting recollections of error to breed distrust of the light that shone within him. His soul was of that order to which truth speaks authoritatively and, at first hand; of that soil from which institutions which are to stand spring by a true process of development, because it is the soil which first received their germs. Always it is the soul of man which is inspired, the mind of man that is enlightened. Then the teaching comes as record of the fact and the doctrine; then the institution solidifies about them, a perpetual witness that to many men and ages of men the same message has been handed down by its first recipients and has produced in them its proper results. The race of such souls has not died out in the Christian Church. The one truth, spoken once for all by the Incarnate Word, takes on for them new aspects and new tones. They are the pioneers of great movements. Nurtured in the Church, their ardor burns away mere conventionalities; born outside the Church, the light she carries is a beacon, and the voice she utters is felt as that of the true Mother. To adapt once more a pregnant sentence from

young Hecker, of the truth of which he was himself an example: "It is God in them which believes in God."

But to return to Brownson. An entry in the journal, made nearly a year later, sums up the total impression which Brownson had made upon his young disciple:

"June 22, 1845.—O. A. B. is here. He arrived this morning. Though he is a friend to me, and the most critical periods of my experience have been known to him, and he has frequently given me advice and sympathy, yet he never moves my heart. He has been of inestimable use to me in my intellectual development. He is, too, a man of heart. But he is so strong, and so intellectually active, that all his energy is consumed in thought. He is an intellectual athlete. He thinks for a dozen men. He does not take time to realize in heart for himself. No man reads or thinks more than he. But he is greater as a writer than as a person. There are men who never wrote a line, but whose influence is deeper and more extensive than that of others who have written heavy tomes.

"It is too late for Brownson to give himself to contemplation and interior recollection. He is a controversialist; a doctor. The last he will be before long. Some have wondered why I should have contracted such a friendship for one whom they imagine to be so harsh and dictatorial. I have not felt this. His presence does not change me; nor do I find myself where I was not after having met him. He has not the temperament of a genius, but that of a rhetorician and declaimer. He arrives at his truths by a regular and consecutive system of logic. His mind is of a historical more than of a poetical mould.

"As a man, I have never known one so conscientious and self-sacrificing. This is natural to him. His love of right is supreme, and the thing he detests most is bad logic. It makes him peevish and often riles his temper. He defeats, but will never convince an opponent. This is bad. No one loves to break a lance with him, because he cuts such ungentlemanly gashes. He is strong, and he knows it. There is more of the Indian chief than of the Christian knight in his composition. But he has something of both, though nothing of the modern scholar, so called. His art is logic, but he never aims at art. By nature he is a most genuine and true man; none so much so. By no means E——" [Emerson?] "who ever prates about this thing. If he attempts embellishment, you see at once it is borrowed; it is not in his nature. There is a pure and genuine vein of

poetry running through him, but it is not sufficient to tincture the whole flow of his life. He is a man of the thirteenth or fourteenth century rather than of the nineteenth. He is an anomaly among its scholars, writers, and divines. He is not thorough on any one subject though at home on all. What a finished collegiate education would have done for him I am baffled to conjecture. He is genuine, and I love him for that; it is the crown of all virtues. But I must stop. I only intended to mention that he is here."

The reader may well suppose that Father Hecker fully appreciated Brownson's literary genius. The English language in his grasp was a weapon to slay and a talisman to raise to life. Never was argumentation made more delightful reading; never did a master instruct more exclusively by the aid of his disciple's highest faculties than did Brownson. Habituated his whole life long to the ardent study of the greatest topics of the human understanding, he was able to teach all, as he had taught young Hecker, how to think, discern, judge, penetrate, decide about them with matchless power; and he clothes his conclusions in language as adequate to express them as human language well can be. Clearness, precision, force, purity, vividness, loftiness are terms applicable to Dr. Brownson's literary style. It may be that the general reading public will not study his works merely for the sake of his literary merits; the pleasures of the imagination and of narrative are not to be found in Dr. Brownson. But he certainly will win his way to the suffrages of the higher class of students of fine writing. And let one have any shadow of interest in the great questions he treats, and every page displays a style which is the rarest of literary gifts. The very fact that his writing is untinted by those lesser beauties which catch the eye but to impede its deepest glances, is in itself an excellence all the greater in proportion to the gravity of his topics. Absolutely free from the least obscurity, his diction is a magnetic medium uniting the master's personality, the disciple's understanding, and the essence of the subject under consideration. Cardinal Newman, some may believe, possessed this supreme rhetoric in perhaps even a higher degree than Brownson, but so much can be said of few other writers of English prose. George Ripley, whom Father Hecker deemed the best judge of literature in our country or elsewhere, assured him that there were passages in Dr. Brownson which could not be surpassed in the whole range of English literature.

UNDER THE BÔDHI-TREE.

STONEVILLE certainly cannot boast of as many inhabitants as the great centre of civilization near which it is situated. It will concede this point, notwithstanding its warmly-expressed discontent with the last census return. But, as compensation for inferiority in number, it justly claims even a larger proportion of people of culture and ideality; of people who have had losses, who have everything comfortable about them, who send their sons to Yale or Harvard and their daughters to Vassar; who reverence Tolstôï and admire Ibsen; and who share with that neighboring metropolis a frequent ephemeral interest in newly imported cults of one kind or other, either through mere restlessness or indolent inability to mount to the heights of the old ones.

“It has an attraction of its own, and a picturesqueness—even after Switzerland,” thought Brantley Allen, who walked under its elms in the after-glow, his hat tilted backward and eyes noting the cloud-effects as seen down a vista of spreading boughs. “How little I thought last month that I should be here in Stoneville to-day. A mysterious influence seemed to draw me; my neuralgia needing Dr. Osmond’s treatment I thought, or—or a touch of homesickness, perhaps; I had been so long away. I never thought of telepathy until madame suggested— Can it be that I was occultly guided back to continue here my study of the wisdom-religion? Is the holy light waiting for me even in my birth-place? I wonder if in my Karma—” But what he wondered will never be known, for, with these last words, spoken half-aloud, he ran into a young man of about his own age, who wore a trim gray suit, had keen, clear eyes, walked briskly, and carried a small hand-bag, as though just from the station.

“My dear fellow,” remonstrated the latter, “if you had destroyed my eyesight with that umbrella of yours while you apostrophized the sparrows a part of your Karma would have been, beyond peradventure, to lead me about everywhere for the rest of my days at the end of a string. And where were you going, my charming youth?” “To dress for dinner.”

“What you mean is, you are going out afterward; for you know as well as I that in Stoneville no man is expected to don

evening dress for the delectation of his home-circle alone, an indulgence convenient enough sometimes for a lazy fellow who calls himself tired. But," suspiciously, "you must have been lost in the composition of spring-poetry when I met you, for you have passed your own street by three blocks. Hadn't you better turn?" To which Brantley Allen assented, with something like a blush. "When you finish the poem," continued his friend gravely, "be sure you send it to me. I will promise you not unstrained mercy, but justice—Jove-like justice. That is not my department on *The Comet* as yet, but the chief will allow me, I am certain, the pleasure of vivisecting a former playmate. Next year it would come in my regular work; and already I am pawing in the valley and rejoicing in my strength; I smell the battle from afar off, and say, among the ink-stands: 'Ha! ha!'"

"I will give you no chance of saying 'Ha! ha!' in that connection, I can assure you," rejoined Allen, with a little irritation; then, his usual amiability prevailing, "My dear Lawrence, you ought to know that with the *toga prætexta* I laid aside that childish habit of rhyming. Manhood has more serious preoccupations."

"Rhyming, persisted in, is a profession like any other," said Maxwell Lawrence lightly, "though the critic's calling is more compatible with profit and a certain imperturbable haughtiness which you may observe in my person. But really, you know," still intent on teasing, "I used to think some lines I found once on a slate laid on little Gladys Winthrop's desk had a spark of the divine fire in them. Let me see, how did they run?—

" ' Gladys, angle of my hart,
Cupid's hit me with his dart.
Of all the class you are most fare,
And has the nicest yellow hair.' "

"Hush!" muttered Allen, with almost a vicious grip on his companion's arm. They were close to two or three terraced steps leading up into a lawn, where a blonde young lady in blue flannel was tossing a ball across a tennis-net to a small boy. On seeing the young men she turned, racquet in hand, and advanced with the free, light step of one accustomed to much open-air exercise.

"Ah! the Athens train is in, then, Max, and it must be near dinner-time. Shall I see you both to-night?"

"Do I ever miss a Tuesday?" asked Lawrence, with gentle pathos.

“Never,” said Miss Winthrop laughing, “unless when Patti sings, or Terry acts, or there is a Bachelor’s Ball, or Perfection Assembly, or some such thing in Athens.”

“Oh!” reproachfully.

She seemed to pay no heed to him, turning her bright face, framed in its Tam O’Shanter, towards Allen.

“I am so sorry,” said he, slightly confused; “I had forgotten it was your evening, and our club meets from this time on Tuesdays.”

“Well,” she said, with pretended resignation and a lurking dimple and gleam of roguery, “so long as it is not at the consul’s. Madame Regnier’s *salon* is a sort of Armida’s cave, and I bid my friends a tearful farewell when they begin to go there.”

“You don’t mean that, Gladys?” opening his blue eyes in a kind of serious wonder. Both these young men had the privilege of addressing her by her first name in the absence of strangers, having known her intimately from childhood’s sunny hours. “The club *does* meet at the consul’s; but as for Madame Regnier, she is not exactly young, or, or—; and as for the other ladies—”

“Regard the conflict between his gallantry and candor,” cried she merrily. “If there is no æsthetic pleasure to be found what is the nature of the meeting, then?”

“Something much higher and more important,” said he, with mild gravity. “It is for psychical research.”

“And they don’t ask *me!*” arching her pretty eyebrows. “They do not know what wonders I can perform with Planchette. It is my slave; I have made it write things that amazed all present, I assure you.”

“I can myself,” said Lawrence loftily, “call spirits from the bar-room—ay, or the corner-grocery, and they will come—for cash—when I do call to them.”

“See now,” said the girl, “we have vexed Brantley with our flippancy. Forgive us, and come soon and tell me all about it and if madame’s *aura* is becoming to her. Good night. *Auf wiedersehen*, Max.”

“Of course,” Allen commented, breaking the silence as they went on, “to the uninitiated the highest enlightenment seems folly. But I really wonder, Lawrence, that you do not look into Theosophy—the pure, the sublime, the wisdom-religion.”

“I have looked into that as into other things in the course of my business,” said Lawrence indifferently, “and took no stock

in it; because, perhaps, the wisdom-religion I was born and reared in would suffice to make a saint of me if constantly practised. But is that what you meant when you said rhyming had been displaced by graver occupations?"

"Not entirely," confusedly; "but there were the Eastern tongues, and art, and general culture abroad, and— No, the fact is, I hardly thought of treading the Noble Eight-fold Path until I seem to have been guided, on my return, to Madame Regnier, who has had a renowned lay-chela as preceptor."

"Madame Regnier is an elderly sorceress herself, as Miss Winthrop remarked, and with quiet and gentle persistence usually gets whatever she wants. She has been urging me for a year or so to attend one of these meetings, and I have a conviction that I will have to, sooner or later. I only hope it will not resemble a social affair once at Madame Blavatsky's, where she reclined on a lounge and we all smoked cigarettes and discussed Zola's novels."

"Oh, nothing of the sort!" in a shocked tone.

"Well, there is a niece somewhere, isn't there? And you're a painfully, absurdly, sinfully rich young man."

"My dear fellow, *why* will you not understand? To one who aims at being rid of Tanha and attaining to Arahathship women are but the trees and bushes by the way. A mere impediment if one stops to look at them."

"Bushes! Call them flowers at least. And yet," with a swift, questioning look at his friend's placid face and a note of suspense in his voice, "you did not formerly so regard them. There was even something like an understanding—"

"My childish admiration for Gladys? Oh! even if she remembered it, which I do not believe, she knows that psychic perfectibility is now my only thought."

"You should have sent your astral projection ahead of you from Europe to prepare her for the change, my son," mockingly, but with a sudden, unexplained exhilaration. "Here I leave you; and what so poor a man as Hamlet is may do to express his love and friending for you, God willing, shall not lack. Which is to give you at parting a piece of advice, valuable though inexpensive. In this work-a-day world there are nobler uses for your wealth and leisure than the pursuit of Esoteric Buddhism—with my blessing!"

When it is stated that Maxwell Lawrence's uncertainty had weighed heavily as to how far Allen and Miss Winthrop's boy-and-girl relations had been held binding by both on his return

after years abroad, that loyalty to his friend had consequently imposed a painful restraint on his own intercourse with Gladys, his sudden buoyancy of spirits now may be understood. The path to the fair ladye lay honorably open. Though bold and conquering-hero airs were alien to him, he might at least arm himself and forward like valiant knight, with modest confidence in his own ability to down any dragon or other fearsome beast in the way. So, he whistled and broke into melodious snatches of song while he dressed himself in the absence of a valet; and said, with ardor, to his reflection in the glass:

“Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me;
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.”

Which was partly true, in a sense not intended. It was when he threw down his third tie that he became sensible, as he expressed it, that “though his soul sang with the morning stars, it interfered a trifle with his fingers.” He put an amount of concentration into the next effort which made it a success. “Ah, ha!” with deep-breathed triumph, “there was will-power enough there to hypnotize every individual neophyte Buddhist at the consul’s.” This reminded him once more of Madame Regnier and with an unexpected result. But the inherent and varied perversity of human nature is something defying calculation. He looked to his next meeting with Gladys—under changed conditions—as to something delicately and super-finely delightful, and so he was suddenly impelled to act with it as a child does sometimes with a favorite dainty—put it away and go about other business, this unenforced delay giving a subtle sweetness to anticipation. Thus, having beatified each moment at his toilet with thoughts of her, when it was finished he left his hotel and deliberately walked in the direction of the consul’s.

The consul’s, or Madame Regnier’s, as it was indifferently called, was a small brick dwelling on a side street, with a vine, visible by day-light, growing gayly all over the balcony in front. Upon this opened long windows, through which lights could now be seen and voices heard. The title of “Consul” given to the husband of Madame Regnier was simply a courtesy which had developed into a habit in Stoneville.

He had, for a limited term, acted as Belgian vice-consul in neighboring Athens, and since then had reposed contentedly

upon his sparse and dubious diplomatic laurels and given his whole time to the cultivation of other flowers, which were his passion; and he owned, with proud humility, that he was responsible for the flourishing vine on the balcony. He was a little old gentleman with white hair, perfectly polite, and he came out to greet Lawrence with effusion as he deposited hat and great-coat in the hall.

"Who is it?" said madame, gliding softly after him. "Ah! Mr. Lawrence, but I am charmed." She spoke English with a slight accent, but with a dainty precision and total absence of gesture characteristic of certain foreigners. "I have long hoped to turn your thoughts to these high matters, and I trust we will have an interesting evening. You are in good time for our musical prelude. I, with other of our few students here, find that heavenly art leads the mind to thoughts spiritual and prefigures the after-flight into supernal spheres, when Samaddhi will happily terminate." She held his hand while murmuring this; and Lawrence could but admire, as he often had before, her very striking head. Its thick, close-cut locks of iron-gray hair waved about the temples; fine gray eyes, with black brows and lashes, looked steadily into his own; and, if the complexion was very sallow, he noticed, rather, how firmly the small red mouth closed over beautiful teeth. Though more than middle-aged she was probably twenty years her husband's junior, and her over-stoutness of figure had, perhaps, been acquired from an indoor life, spent for their mutual benefit in giving French and music lessons.

"You know all our friends, I think?" leading him in in quiet triumph. He did not, but thought it unnecessary to say so. Allen he recognized, placed rather prominently near a reading-lamp; the niece, Miss Larue, a quiet, pretty little brunette, silent and timid-looking; a wild-eyed, rather haggard Russian youth named Naschimitkerfichef, who therefore begged these "spirit-brethren" to call him "all—simply Boris!" Miss Palmer, a very vivacious lady in a dress not at all new, but covered with little bows of ribbon; and a stout Belgian, Steinfeld, who formed part of the Regnier household, and with whom madame vibrated between toleration and politely-veiled antagonism on all subjects; which changes Lawrence connected somehow with the matter of board-money. There were others whom he did not know.

"Now our duo," said madame, tapping gently on the piano. Her niece and Steinfeld, both fine musicians, played on piano and violin, after some preliminary tuning, a charming "Reverie,"

followed by subdued applause. Then Miss Palmer volunteered, though "without her notes," to give them "a piece." Madame looked doubtful for an instant, as one who risks something, but acceded with thanks.

"And if I do forget, and run into something else," cried Miss Palmer airily, "why it will be a surprise!" It was a surprise, the like of which had not before resounded within madame's artistic walls. The lady had probably learned in less exacting times, and she played an old-fashioned boarding-school melody called "The Pansy Flower," with innumerable variations, most of which she cruelly mangled. Some faint, suppressed feeling was discernible among the audience, and at the fifth variation madame got up and, after a lightning glance at her niece, which killed that young person's incipient smile, glided from the room and was seen by Lawrence to lean her head against the hall-window and laugh softly. She was back in time to hover over Miss Palmer at the close:

"Ah! my dear, that was a favorite of my poor papa's; and my emotion at hearing it again would not let me stay in the room."

"Do you care for the 'Battle of Austerlitz'?" asked Miss Palmer, playing a chord or two suggestively. Madame's touch, light but forceful, was on her arm: "You know, sweet Miss Palmer, that anything so warlike and spirited would not harmonize, even if *you* played, with our studies to-night. Boris!" The Russian—whose excessive compliments, with others, to Miss Palmer, had seemed to Lawrence overstrained courtesy, even from musical ignorance—now struck him as an accomplished hypocrite; for, seated on the music-stool, he began Chopin's *Melodie in Bé mol*, and the instrument responded to his every varied touch, so artistic, so soulful, so masterly his playing. After this a diminutive page passed around some refreshment; and then madame assumed an arm-chair near Allen and an instant gravity. A sort of mysterious hush fell upon all; and Brantley Allen was visibly in earnest.

"Now," spoke madame musically, "dear friends, we will resume our studies in psychic lore. In what better mode can we pass the weary moments until we are reabsorbed into cosmic space than in learning to conquer the earthly part of us and perfect the development of our psychic senses?" Lawrence noticed that, for all that, she almost imperceptibly motioned her niece to the place next to Allen's. "Unhappily, the Indian adept, Coomara Theris, visiting in Athens, could not come to-night,

nor the lay-chelas, his disciples; so we cannot have the occult manifestations I had hoped for. But they have sent a message by magnetic current to Boris that they will be here in spirit."

The assemblage looked about in the corners with a certain solemnity; and Miss Palmer shuddered and fluttered her ribbons, as not liking invisible neighbors.

"So," resumed madame, "as to mere inquirers and aspirants, the power of wonder-working, of soul-phenomena, has not yet come. We must content ourselves, for the present, with humble faith and simple trustfulness. We sit," she said with graceful enthusiasm, "like Gautama himself, under the shade of the sacred tree, waiting for the light of truth to come to us! And, in the meantime, we have our Buddhist catechism." At this anti-climax Lawrence bit his lip, and might have smiled but that he felt her eye upon him. She actually produced a small book here labelled "Catechism," and began propounding the questions as to a class of little boys.

Madame: "What benefit does a Buddhist derive by the observance of the five Precepts, the Panca Sîla?"

Steinfeld: "More or less merit, according to the manner and time of observing the Precepts and the number observed."

Madame: "Are there other observances meritorious for the laity?"

Boris: "Yes. The Atthanga Sîla, or eightfold Precept, which embraces the five enumerated with three additional, namely:

"6. I observe the precept to abstain from eating at unseasonable times, that is, after the sun has passed the meridian." Lawrence remembered with admiration the large plateful of cake and jelly of which M. Naschimitkerfichef had just now disposed with much apparent relish.

"7. I observe the precept to abstain from dancing, singing, and unbecoming shows.

"8. I observe the precept to abstain from using garlands, scents, perfumes, cosmetics, ointments, and ornaments." It must have been some ill-disposed deva who had inspired the unlucky youth to wear on this occasion several of his largest rings and to drench his handkerchief in very evident cologne. An embarrassed cough showed his sense of the discrepancy, and an unconscious glance appealing for sympathy to Nathalie Larue gave his secret to Lawrence, who, though always culling the choicest lines from lyric poetry to describe his own similar state of feeling, merely characterized the other man mentally as "a gone coon."

“We will pass over the regulations for adepts,” said madame’s silvery tones. “None of us, alas! have reached the stage when, the carnal envelope thrown aside at will, we soar into those higher planes. Nathalie”—the gray eyes which saw everything had a hint of threatening—“share your catechism with Mr. Allen. In what book is written all the most excellent wisdom of the Lord Buddha’s teachings?”

Nathalie: “In the three collections of books called Tripitikas.”

Madame: “What are the names of the three Pitakas?”

Miss Palmer, piteously: “Oh! dear madame, I *can’t* pronounce these trippitickys!”

Brantley Allen: “The Vinaya Pitaka, the Sutta Pitaka, and the Abidhamma Pitaka.”

Madame: “What do they respectively contain?” Lawrence’s attention wandered entirely and definitely at this point. He had caught a gleam—just the slightest gleam—at Miss Palmer’s reply before the black lashes were swiftly lowered over the gray eyes which convinced him of what he had before suspected. He was not alone in enjoyment of this comedy. But what could be her object? he mused. A malicious delight in the absurdities of others and pleasure in subjecting them to her suave, resistless domination? Then, perhaps, with Allen and her niece—her blandishments there were evident, though unperceived by their object. Why had she desired *his* presence but because he had been long recalcitrant? He had betrayed antagonism even now by unobtrusively declining a badge marked B. I., such as the others wore; also a Buddhist catechism. Would she let this insubordination pass scot-free? A very sweet smile which he met seemed to guess his thoughts and reply that she would *not*. Mr. Steinfeld here arose hurriedly to beg “the brethren” to excuse his interruption of these “so noble studies,” but an engagement, remembered “all of the moment—”

“You lose much, Steinfeld,” observed madame frigidly; “but it is for you to excuse yourself to the most illustrious here. As we have with us the psychic presence of Coomara Theris and his chelas your adieux must be to them.”

Steinfeld hesitated, and was lost. He glared wildly through his glasses about the room, and muttered brokenly: “But where?—where?”

Madame’s plump hands indicated a space behind Allen’s chair. “It is most like they linger near the most advanced.”

Lawrence could not but wonder at Allen's earnest and absorbed look. And here was seen by gods and men the spectacle of a stout, elderly Belgian bending very low to empty space and murmuring to the air: "I make you my excuses, Coomara Theris and gentlemen, and good night," before hastily retiring. "And now," said madame softly, "we will have our great treat in verse." She opened a gilt-edged copy of *The Light of Asia* and passed it to Allen, marking the place to begin at Siddârtha's first lessons in school; he read aloud:

"With eyes bent down before the sage, who said: Child, write this Scripture, speaking slow the verse 'Gâyatrî' named, which only high-born hear:

Om, tatsaviturvarenyam
Bhargo devasya dhîmahî
Dhiyo yo na pracho-dayât.

Acharya,' I write, meekly replied
The Prince, and quickly on the dust he drew—
Not in one script, but many characters—
The sacred verse: Nagri, and Dakshin, Nî,
Mangal, Parusha, Yava, Tirthi, Uk,
Darad, Sikhyani, Mana, Madhyachar,
The pictured writings and the speech of signs,
Tokens of cave-men and the sea-peoples,
Of those who worship snakes beneath the earth—"

and so on, ending at "numbers," with a fine absence of embarrassment.

"Bravo, Brantley," thought his friend, watching the faintest smile playing about madame's mouth, especially at "Om, tatsaviturvarenyam." Luckily, there is no Orientalist present, except the astral projections of Coomara Theris and his pupils; but, oh! the mad charge he made. She couldn't resist it. Who next? Monsieur Regnier it was, who swallowed a troche with imprudent haste to begin:

"After me repeat
Your numeration till we reach the Lakh,"

down to

"Compute their future and their past;"

and making more than the expected wild work of

. . . "The Koti, nahut, ninnahut,
Khamba, Viskhamba, abab, attata,
To Kumuds, gundhikas, and utpalas,
By pundarikas unto padumas—"

madame arose at the end of this verse with a look of soft kindness and placed the volume in Lawrence's hand.

“You will take just this little part in the evening,” said she mellifluously, “dear Mr. Lawrence. You cannot refuse us so great pleasure.” As she presented it, it would have been ungracious and churlish to decline; and a cursory glance assured him that the steepest hurdles had already been cleared or knocked down.

“Be pleased to hear me. Paramânus ten
A parasukshma make; ten of those build
The trasarene, and seven trasarenes
One mote’s-length floating in the beam, seven motes
The whisker-point of mouse—”

Here he raised his eyes to surprise madame’s, shining with a brightness unequivocal.

—“Ten
Yukas a heart of barley, which is held
Seven times a wasp-waist—”

Once more he glanced up, with like result, but continued with slow deliberation; ending

“For thou! he cried,
Art Teacher of thy teachers—thou, not I,
Art Gûrû. Oh, I worship thee, sweet prince!
That comest to my school only to show
Thou knowest all without the books, and know’st
Fair reverence besides.”

He read these last lines with special emphasis, and encountered madame’s gaze with simple unconsciousness—almost a work of art, so child-like innocent it was. When the reading was over and farewells were spoken he said to her gently: “So many thanks for such a fruitful evening; above all, that you should have selected *me* to read that last beautiful tribute to Gautama.”

“The lines are applicable to your world-wisdom,” said she with mocking sweetness; “but you will still come to us, we trust, for occult study.”

“Enlightenment was Buddha’s in one single night,” he suggested; but she was now holding Allen’s hand and looking into his eyes. Also, she was observing with the back of her head, and instantly checking, a weak attempt on Boris’s part at a few words with her niece.

On their way homeward Allen broke the silence in which he was serenely gazing at the stars by observing that as in Gautama’s memorable watch good influence came from the east he thought he would henceforth sleep at a window facing the east.

"You might try it anyhow," said Max, "and you would certainly have *something* to show for it in the shape of rheumatism or neuralgia if you left the window open. Try a cigar?"

"My dear fellow, I no longer cloud my finer faculties in that way."

"You prefer some other way? A very enjoyable evening, was it not?"

"Yes! I am glad you found it so"; eagerly, "You will continue to attend?"

"Not unless I discover what 'B. I.' means. I refuse to be admitted to esoteric degrees without knowing what they are."

"Oh! the club name. I should think you might guess."

"I have," thoughtfully, "tried to do so. 'B. I.' might mean many things, as: Blessed Infants, or Blooming Innocents, or Blasted—"

"Nonsense!"

"Bouncing Indians would hardly do—"

The future chela forgot his principles so far as to mutter something angrily, in which "blamed idiot" was the only phrase audible.

"My dear boy, a thousand pardons! I did not like to suggest it, though I thought it probable. But, since you say so, why I think 'Blamed Idiots' is as modest and truthful a title as any collection of human beings can assume."

"'Buddhist Inquirers' is the name of the society," said Allen shortly, "and I'll bid you good-night, Lawrence, as our moods scarcely harmonize."

"I beg your pardon," contritely—but broke off, unfortunately, in a laugh, and the Buddhist Inquirer disappeared into the darkness.

To make amends to the easily-placated Allen was the work of a few moments at the next meeting, but involved a promise to attend with him an informal little afternoon *séance* at madame's in the course of the week. A far greater annoyance was the fact that Lawrence's next two calls on Gladys found her "not at home," and he chafed under the same feeling of injured disappointment as would the child he was formerly likened to if it found its carefully-secreted dainty had unaccountably vanished. He met her once in the street, but she was with others, and passed him with a smile very bright but, to his fancy, chilling. He was most reluctant when, on his first free afternoon subsequently, Allen held him to his engagement at the consul's. There they found only the family, Miss Palmer, and the constant

Boris. Madame and Steinfeld were politely skirmishing when they entered. She was saying, with decision: "In my country even the lower classes have better manners than here. Who in Belgium or in France will have seen even a peasant put his knife in his mouth? While in country-travelling here—ah!"—an expressive arch of the brows.

"That have I seen," declared Steinfeld coolly; "and the manners of the coarse class are everywhere the same."

"Ah!" with smooth impertinence, "you speak of what you know best doubtless. My observation in our country has not been as yours. For that matter," wearily, "they will hardly go to hell for their manners."

"Oh!" cried Miss Palmer, shocked.

"Madame," explained Steinfeld ironically, "is not always certain in her English. She says 'hell' sometimes when she means well; *und so weiter*."

Madame smiled in scorn.

"I do not know," shrilled Miss Palmer, shaking her head; "she might fear the place more than the name."

"You misunderstand, dear Miss Palmer," said madame clearly. "I fear not the name *nor* the place. You know," with soothing adapted to the startled uncertainty of a beginner, "we Inquirers we have not such gross material conception of the future. It is good of you to come, Mr. Lawrence, to what is merely a friendly experiment. Our adept's visit we still await. But Nathalie—she is very receptive, what you call sensitive, and Mr. Allen has wonderful will-power to magnetize."

Miss Larue left the room for a few minutes, during which it was decided that she should be willed to take from under a sofa-pillow a handkerchief there concealed. On her return she was blindfolded, and Brantley Allen stood up, his pleasant face wearing a look of high resolve, as though to master the science of Yoga at one effort. The usual results followed as at other amateur affairs of the kind: the girl wandered here and there uncertainly, until his eagerness for success induced him, very likely unconsciously, to impel her gently in the direction required. Then her hands were extended on high, with a slight discouraging murmur from those around, which to her quick ears was sufficiently evident; then stretched in front, with no applause; then down, touching the pillow, which she felt tentatively on all sides, and at last drew forth the handkerchief, amid great clapping of hands. Madame, in her disinterested ardor, kept this couple so employed for some time until Lawrence

suddenly expressed a desire to try his will-power. He did, but in such perverse direction that Miss Larue was utterly at a loss what to do. They just reached the window—above which her curly dark head was visible, white-bandaged, near his head, his hands placed lightly on her pretty shoulders—when in the street below passed Miss Winthrop, who glanced with a face full of wonder, changing instantly to a little pale and proud look of contempt, and was gone. “I have no power at all,” he abruptly declared, taking his hands away with sudden impatience at it all; “or else Miss Larue resists more powerfully.”

“Oh! no, indeed,” said the girl, looking anxiously toward her aunt.

“You try, Boris!” said the latter with a frown. And now things went beautifully, and it was a very successful *séance*. Lawrence could hardly await the end, and then made hasty compliments. But he seized just a moment, while madame was engaged in the hall, to run back into the room where Nathalie Larue was alone for the time. “I heard you,” said he under his breath, “ask the Russian, and he whispered directions. Why do you do it, Miss Larue?”

“Oh!” she murmured, taken by surprise, “the Tante Florine would be so angry if I failed.”

He strode along towards Miss Winthrop's, where he asked for her. “Not at home” again, though this time he was sure he caught a glimpse of a light gown he knew in the farther garden recess. Turning from the door, he gibed at himself grimly:

“Alack and well-a-day!
 Phillada flouts me.
 I cannot work nor sleep
 At all in season:
 Love wounds my heart so deep,
 Without all reason.
 I shall be dead, I fear,
 Within this thousand year:
 And all for that my dear
 Phillada flouts me.”

On Tuesday, as it was well within the thousand year, he was able to present himself, perfect in all appointments, fresh, smiling, debonair, in her parlors. Never had this charming girl, his pretty playmate of yore, been so unapproachable. Allen was there for a little while, gaining until he went a serious, somewhat wistful attention. Then others continuously; lastly, an elderly Harvard professor, whose claims on her time were some-

thing monstrous. "It is with you," he murmured, when, late in the evening, he found himself a moment beside her, "a case of: 'Youth, I do abhor thee; Age, I do adore thee.'" "Professor Page is papa's friend," she said coldly, "and I hope I abhor no one and nothing." "I fancied," meekly, "that you abhorred *me* when you looked at me through the consul's window one afternoon."

"The consul's? Oh! Madame Regnier's." With careless and contemptuous slighting. "You were to be envied, no doubt. But I was a little surprised, remembering how I have heard you speak of those performances. There might be other personal reasons, of course; and if it is those which make you absent yourself on Tuesdays! Brantley Allen is at least in earnest." Her voice changed slightly and she turned away her head. Lawrence felt a pang of disquiet not new.

"May I take you to the tea-room?"

"I am engaged to go with Mr. Parkins."

"Will you sit awhile in the conservatory afterwards?"

"I am to go with Mr. Miller."

"Come out on the balcony now at least. Here comes that—ahem!—blessed professor."

"I am to show him our particular orchid."

"It's enough to make one a misanthrope," gloomily. "Gladys, do you know the story of the Bô-tree?"

"I don't know—I forget"—off her guard.

"I will come and tell it to you to-morrow."

"To-morrow I am engaged. Thursday, if you will. Ah! professor, I was waiting."

But before Thursday Lawrence had been telegraphed for to attend a near relative, dangerously ill, in another State; and it was quite a month before he found himself walking again through the shady streets of Stoneville toward her door. Entering, unannounced, he saw her in the low window-seat, her white woollen gown and sunny hair outlined against its darker coloring. Her gaze wandered from the volume on her knee out through the open window over the green garden slopes.

"Gladys!"

She turned slowly the large eyes, whose clear and limpid gaze he had seen so often in waking dreams.

"Did I startle you? No? Thank you; yes, my sister is much better; sitting up. I seem to have been away a century. And during that time Brantley Allen, he writes me, has gone away to Ceylon—with a couple of dancing dervishes or something of that sort."

“With Coomara Theris, the Indian adept who was in Athens.” An inflection of reserve crept into her tone. “His true friends regret his going very much.”

“I hope,” touched at the implication, “that *I* am his true friend, though I seem to speak lightly. I am so much his friend, Gladys, that I had nerved myself to look into happiness through his eyes and give no sign of the bitterness, if it had been necessary.”

A quick color stained her cheek and she said hastily: “You will be in despair, Max, when I tell you the latest piece of Stoneville news. Madame Regnier’s niece has gone off and married a young Russian, whose name I cannot remember. It is said that her aunt was very severe and unkind to her. One thing appears to be certain: Madame since then has given up Buddha and all his works. She says her time is not sufficient for such deep researches.”

“And yet,” said Lawrence deliberately, “I cannot think an evening we all passed together under the Bôdhi-tree quite wasted, even though not spent *here*. Visions came to several of us. To Boris and Miss Larue evidently; to madame an elfin and Puck-like enjoyment; to Allen—though but a mirage, I fear; to me of a shining goal, toward which not even my demerits can keep me from straining. Gladys, I think you know now I have loved you all this while, even when I thought myself not free to tell you.”

“Not free?”

“Allen told me something of an understanding—”

“Yes,” she said now bravely; “and I must tell you that I thought more of him than of all the world beside. But when he came back”—slowly—“and seemed so indifferent and visionary, and not using his time and means to any noble end—or even useful—like—like others, I was disappointed, and glad, I am afraid, to release him. And yet”—she moved quite away from him, and stood at a small table, her slim hand turning the leaves of a magazine. He followed and laid his own lightly on hers. “Oh! goodly hand,” he said quietly, but with restrained intensity—

“O goodly hand!
Wherein doth stand
My heart distract in pain;
Dear hand, alas!
In little space
My life thou dost restrain.”

She drew it away, almost with petulance, and placed it before her eyes, in which stood tears. "I seem," she murmured, "to have changed in such a short time—so weak and easily detached and fickle—"

"If that is all that stands between us I will absolve you, sweetheart," taking her masterfully in his arms. "Only, henceforth, as the needle to the star, so must be Gladys."

Some time after, when they were again in the window-seat, she said:

"It was Mr. Steinfeld gave me the news from the consul when I met him. And, O Max! I am afraid he was pleased at madame's vexation about her niece!"

"Very possibly." He remembered hearing somewhere that Steinfeld was pecuniarily embarrassed, and therefore, no doubt, in hot water at his dwelling-place.

"And he said that after Brantley had studied in Ceylon for a certain time he would have his head shaved; and wear a yellow gown, and carry an alms-bowl about. O Max! I cannot bear to think of it—and away from all his friends!"

"My dear, he will have a long course first in a lamasery, where they will put him to recite 'Om, tatsaviturvarenyam,' and so on, like madame. But, if it would console you to have me go out and keep him company, with another yellow gown and alms-bowl in my trunk—No? Then I *will* be serious. It is my belief that our friend will come back to us in the course of time, more or less in his right mind but with an Oriental flavor. I am afraid that he will be languid and world-weary, and that he may give 'readings' from the wonderful volumes of whoever shall succeed Ibsen in Athenian favor. In the meantime, sweet, you and I will encounter our share of the world's work here, but always together—together."

Charleston, S. C.

JEANIE DRAKE.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE first thing that strikes you when entering upon a study of Browning is the two clearly defined camps into which students of literature are divided regarding him. The one will tell you that he is little more than a literary mountebank, tricky in expression and misleading in idea; that, read him as you may, back or forth, you cannot fathom him; that after spending time and trouble upon him you have your labor for your pains. The other camp is equally decided that Browning is the only poet of the period worth studying; that he is at the very least the peer of Shakspeare; that there are hidden treasures buried beneath his rugged verses, if you will only labor patiently enough and examine carefully enough the matter and form of his poems. Now, without going into either extreme, let us deliberately investigate the merits of this energetic and voluminous writer. As the result of my own reading I must say that Browning stands out pre-eminently a great poet. This we may acknowledge without being blind to his short-comings and his defects. The mastering of him is no slight labor, but it is a labor that well repays. However, it is a study that I would not recommend to children in years or to children in mind. His subject-matter is frequently such as not every one can look full in the face. It deals with nearly every phase of the morbid and the abnormal in human nature. But in his treatment of such subject-matter the poet is never sentimental, and never attempts to carry the reader's sympathies along with crime or falsehood. In his mode of handling the most delicate themes there is a robustness that is invigorating. Not that the reader can always accept his artistic interpretations of scenes, incidents, or events. So, too, does his form of expression sound rugged and harsh to the ear, and not unfrequently is it long-drawn-out. But the rhythm is complex and the sense is involved, and this it is that renders it so difficult to decipher his poems. Nor can we quarrel with the poet or his work on that account. If the artistic conditions under which he constructs his poems are novel and do not fit into our present standards of criticism, it remains for us—it is the part of all wise criticism—to sit humbly at the poet's feet and enlarge our standards. A few years ago the music of Wagner was only discord to ears attuned to the music of Mozart and Beethoven; surely no one will deny to-

day that Wagner has enlarged the possibilities of musical expression. Even so is it with Browning. He has added a new form to poetical expression, in which the very pauses in his thinking, the very checks to the train of his ideas, find their place. It behooves us, then, to study his methods.

We shall begin with the estimate taken of his intellectual working by no less an admirer than Mr. C. A. Swinburne as one leading us to a better knowledge of his mode of thinking and composing. "If there is any great quality," says this master of English rhythm, "more perceptible than another in Mr. Browning's intellect it is his decisive and incisive faculty of thought, his sureness and intensity of perception, his rapid and trenchant resolution of aim. . . . He never thinks but at full speed ; and the rate of his thought is to that of another man's as the speed of a railway to that of a wagon, or the speed of a telegraph to that of a railway. It is hopeless to enjoy the charm or apprehend the gift of his writings except with a mind thoroughly alert, an attention awake at all points, a spirit open and ready to be kindled by the contact of the writer. To do justice to any book which deserves any other sort of justice than that of the fire or the waste-paper basket it is necessary to read it in a fit frame of mind ; and the proper mood in which to study for the first time a book of Mr. Browning's is the freshest, clearest, most active mood of the mind in its brightest and keenest hours of work."* The aptness of these remarks is soon made apparent.

The mental alertness here recommended by Mr. Swinburne is called for from the manner in which Browning constructs his poems. The narration is not consecutive. The various parts have an appearance of being thrown together without design. Mr. Hutton has characterized this state as "mere abruptness and hurry, the rapid, sketchy accumulation of a writer of notes from his mental note-book, tumbling one after another in a bewildering crowd." † That is the first impression after a first glance. You perceive the fitness of the various parts only after you have surveyed the poem. For instance, you must get well into the third book of "Sordello" before you can grasp the meaning of the first book. Again, through all he says there run two, sometimes three, currents of thought, and the poet sets one up against the other. He is not only asserting his own position, he is also anticipating the remarks and objections of his imaginary listener. Sometimes the remarks are repeated ; more frequently is the reader left to infer them from the sudden digression of

* *Essay on Chapman.*

† *Essays*, ii. p. 173.

the poet. But it is this process of double-thinking that gives the clue to Browning's meaning. And it is the effort to follow the various clashing trains of thought that renders the reading of his magnificent monologues such a strain. We will not call it obscurity. It is a new method of presenting thought, and Browning chooses to reveal character through its intellectual processes.

A source of great disappointment in reading Browning arises from the fact that we seek in his writings something else besides what Browning intends to put into them. We bring to the reading of him preconceived notions culled from our acquaintance with Shakspeare, or Milton, or some other great poet. But Browning is not repeating what the great authors have so grandly said. He has his own methods; he takes his own views of life; he utilizes his own experiences of nature, and he gives them all forth after his own peculiar fashion. He has naught to do with the beaten tracks. He is not repeating. What others have well expressed he leaves alone. He has his own message to deliver to his age.

And we may set it down that that message—the undercurrent of all that he sings—is one of cheerfulness, steady hopefulness, and consistent soundness of mind. He is a believer in perfection and in perfection beyond the grave. He loves beauty and truth, and all art as the expression of beauty and truth. He is a wonderful searcher of hearts and interpreter of motives, and in scathing, unmincing language he reveals the hidden folds of souls. Read that sublime poem called "Easter Day." Note the force and beauty and graphic distinctness with which the poet shows how the soul realizes the vanity of existence without the possession of the Highest Good and Supreme Love. Not the good things of this earthly life—not artistic work, not scientific pursuits, not mere earthly love—can satiate the soul; these are only shadows of the reality belonging to the Beatific Vision.

But it is not easy to disentangle what is of Browning's own conviction from what is in keeping with the character into whose mouth he puts the words. Thus, Mrs. Orr tells us that the character of Don Juan in "Fifine at the Fair" is a standing puzzle to Browning's readers, because that which he condemns in it and that which he does not are not to be distinguished.* It will help us in this instance to make the puzzle less intricate if we bear in mind that Don Juan is an artist beyond the necessity of working for his art, with all the in-

* *Hand-book to Browning*, third edition, p. 150.

instincts of the Bohemian, loose in thought as he is loose in morals, yet just such a character as would be most likely to mingle with low and vile theories of life some of the sublimest ideas concerning the art of which he is passionately fond. In nearly all Browning's wonderful monologues is to be found this commingling of the high and the low, the true and the false, in such a manner that it takes thought and study to separate them. Amid patent sophistry and an apparent trifling with his subject there jets forth a flame of scorching truth that burns itself into the brain. Take "Bishop Blougram's Apology." Bishop Blougram, as we know, represents Cardinal Wiseman, and Mrs. Orr tells us that "Cardinal Wiseman himself reviewed the poem, not disapprovingly, in a Catholic publication of the time."* You must not for a moment imagine that the explanation here given of the bishop's faith and of his ecclesiastical position is the one approving itself to Cardinal Wiseman's own conviction. It is an explanation not to be taken seriously, even in the poet's intentions. It is simply a meeting with flippancy and shallow pretence on their own ground.

" For Blougram, he believed, say, half he spoke,
The other portion, as he shaped it thus
For argumentary purposes,
He felt his foe was foolish to dispute.
Some arbitrary accidental thoughts
That crossed his mind, amusing because new,
He chose to represent as pictures there." †

And yet, in the midst of this trifling with his subjects, you come across some wholesome truths clearly expressed. In reply, for instance, to the request to purify his faith and purge it of all so-called modern "excrescences," such as belief in the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius in Naples, the bishop says:

" Clearing off one excrescence to see two,
There's ever a next in size, now grown as big,
That meets the knife: I cut and cut again!
First cut the Liquefaction, what comes last
But Fichte's clever cut at God himself?
Experimentalize on sacred things!
I trust nor hand nor eye nor heart nor brain
To stop betimes: they all get drunk alike." ‡

Destroy belief in miracles—in the power of God—and you destroy belief in God himself. I need not tell you that the poet here alludes to an expression attributed to Fichte: "Gentlemen, in to-morrow's lecture we will create God."

* *Browning Hand-book*, p. 172.

† "Bishop Blougram's Apology," p. 114.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 108.

Again, take "The Statue and the Bust." The poet here seems to prefer activity to inaction, even when the end in sight is a bad one:

"Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will."

But suddenly, in the last stanza, he turns the tables upon the complacently virtuous, with "the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin," who are content to avoid evil without making great effort to do good:

"You of virtue (we issue join)
How strive you? *De te fabula.*"

And thus does he turn an essentially immoral act into a moral sermon.

Another feature of Browning, adding to our difficulty in understanding him, is that his themes are many of them foreign, and deal with obscure points of history. The humanity underlying these themes—the love and hate, the anger and the jealousy, the ambition and the cunning—is indeed of the stamp that makes the whole world kin. He takes it for granted that his readers have travelled; that they are equally at home in Florence and Venice, in Paris and Geneva and Rome; that the picture-galleries of Europe are so many books in which they are well-read; that they are acquainted with the sayings and doings of prominent contemporaries; that they possess an intimate knowledge of history, and that they are familiar even with the technique of music. Therefore does he claim a large share of culture in its broadest sense as a preliminary to the right understanding of his most characteristic poems. We are told that he wrote the "Pied Piper of Hamelin" for Macready's young son William; we regret that he has not done more such work with children in his mind's eye.

But as Browning is a teacher and an interpreter of life rather than an idle singer of an empty day, it behooves us to know definitely the lessons he would inculcate. To begin with, life is for him a stern reality, a matter of will and pain and suffering—the good of it and the ill of it both essential to enable the soul to reach the goal of perfection. And so the poet exhorts us to welcome the pain, to persist in the strife:

"Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe."*

* "Rabbi Ben Ezra."

Far from being properly fixed, the value of restraint and self-discipline is almost ignored in Browning's theory of life. His ideal of living is will-power carried into action. True, he would make of the evil in one's life an experience out of which one might rise to good. And so may one within clearly defined limits. But to go farther, as the poet seems to do, and make wrongdoing the essential out of which right-doing may come were as false in art as it is false in morality. Under no circumstances is the doing of evil to be urged that good may follow. Perfection, with Browning, is not the soul's spiritual growth in holiness and conformity to the will of God. It is rather a taking hold of the goods and the ills of life indifferently as they present themselves and utilizing them to the best advantage. Without evil there would be no growth of character; therefore does he call evil blessed.* Life, ideal life, he defines clearly enough to mean

“ . . . learning to abhor
The false and love the true, truth treasured snatch by snatch.”†

But what is the false, what the true? False and true, instead of being contradictory, are in his philosophy supplementary one to the other. Hence, in another place he represents the dying soul as beholding evil merged in good:

“ Over the ball of it,
Peering and prying,
How I see all of it,
Life there outlying!
Roughness and smoothness,
Shine and defilement,
Grace and uncouthness;
One reconciliation.

“ All's lend-and-borrow;
Good, see, wants evil,
Joy demands sorrow,
Angel weds devil.” ‡

The doctrine of Browning regarding pain is not to be identified with the pessimism or agnosticism that would sacrifice human nature to the general good without hope of personal advantage or belief in a personal God. Browning believes in a personal and a loving God. He can conceive no other:

“ In youth I looked to these very skies,
And, probing their immensities,
I found God there, his visible power;
Yet felt in my heart, amid all its sense
Of the power, an equal evidence

* “ Bishop Blougram's Apology.”

† “ Fifine,” p. 421.

‡ “ Pisgah Sights,” i.

That his love, there too, was the nobler dower,
 For the loving worm within its clod
 Were diviner than a loveless god
 Amid his worlds."*

Browning had no patience with the agnosticism of the day. To the last he retained his belief in the saving truths of Christianity and a divine revelation. The Divinity of Christ is the great solution to all man's world-problems:

"I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ
 Accepted by thy reason, *solves for thee*
All questions in the earth and out of it,
And has so far advanced thee to be wise.
 Wouldst thou unprove this to re-prove the proved?
 In life's mere minute, with power to use that proof,
 Leave knowledge and revert to how it sprung?
Thou hast it; use it and forthwith, or die!" †

That is, he would have men employ the short span of their lives, "life's mere minute," in living out the saving truths of Christianity rather than speculating upon them. And again, in "Ferishtah's Fancies," a poem of his old age, ‡ he represents the Persian sage as counselling the disciple who in his blind zeal had cursed, kicked, and cuffed one who said:

"God once on earth assumed a human shape,"

rather with all humility to hold in awe the great truth he does not understand—

"Fitlier thou saidst, *I stand appalled before*
Conception unattainable by me
Who need it most." §

Is there not here a covert rebuke to those of the present day who scorn the saving doctrine?

But the Christianity which Browning championed was too broad in its scope and too indefinite in its dogma to satisfy a sincere Christian soul:

"One trims the bark 'twixt shoal and shelf,
 And sees, each side, the good effects of it,
 A value for religion's self,
 A carelessness about the sects of it.
 Let me enjoy my conviction,
 Nor watch my neighbor's faith with fretfulness." ||

This is a vague creed. It is the creed of indifferentism. It is not the steady, unwavering belief in definite dogmas revealed by God, and exactly defined by him in the teachings of his

* "Christmas Eve."

† "A Death in the Desert."

‡ Written in 1883.

§ "Ferishtah's Fancies," v. *The Sun*.

|| "Christmas Eve."

visible church. And so, whilst Browning in his own way holds by some truths of Christian revelation, he cannot in any sense or under any circumstances be set up as an expounder of Christian doctrine. At least we Catholics prefer receiving the teachings of Christianity from our Little Catechism, from the decrees of the councils, and the decisions of the popes. Therein may we find the fulness of God's revelation to men so far as is needful for men's souls. Therein might Browning have received light regarding many a problem upon which he has left enigmatic utterances.*

And yet Browning seemed to take an especial pleasure in dealing with Catholic ecclesiastical subjects: now it is monks, now it is bishops, now it is legates, now it is popes. But his treatment of these subjects is in the main void of sympathy. For a man so bold, so outspoken, and so apparently above human respect, it is astonishing to notice the persistence with which he ignores † what is good, and what makes for good, in our Catholic faith, and misrepresents our ritual and ceremonies, our history, our popes and cardinals, our bishops and priests and monks. In "Christmas Eve" he describes the solemn hush, the awe and reverence accompanying the consecration of the Host like one of the initiated. Elsewhere in the same poem he takes care to tell us what he thinks of it all. Cunning and worldliness and deep-laid selfishness are to his mind the leading traits of our churchmen. Mediæval Catholicity in the poems of Browning is far from being the garden of virtue Kenelm Digby has so glowingly described. The sanctifying influence of the sacraments is beyond his power of realizing. This is all the more astonishing when we remember that Browning spent the best and happiest portion of his life in Catholic Italy. "Italy," said he, "was my university." Except Pompilia, in "The Ring and the Book," of all his elaborately drawn characters he has scarcely left one in which the spirit of Catholicity has had a wholesome influence. He never learned to appreciate the earnestness and sincerity of this people's faith; except in the case mentioned, and perhaps in the beautiful character of Pippa, he has given but little evidence that he realized how to every Catholic his faith is as much a living presence as the material world. He simply presents those types of Catholics that constitute the stock-in-trade of Protestant fiction. That a

* See in *The Month* for February, 1890, a valuable article from the pen of the Reverend John Rickaby, S.J., on Browning as a religious teacher.

† "Still spying there some dereliction,
Of truth, perversity, forgetfulness."

man of his intelligence and natural inquisitiveness could have lived his days without ever noticing the flowers of Catholic piety that must have bloomed in every village in Italy is another instance of the power of prejudice to blindfold the acutest, so that having eyes they see not. Cardinal Newman told us long ago, as a deliberate opinion learned from his own experience, "that no conceivable absurdities can surpass the absurdities which are firmly believed of Catholics by sensible, kind-hearted, well-intentioned Protestants." *

There are noble exceptions to this imperviousness. Francesca, who has given us the pathetic "Story of Ida," lived in the same town and breathed the same atmosphere with Browning. Her womanly, sympathetic soul learned to appreciate the inner Catholic spirit that she perceived. She found the beautiful way-side flowers of peasant poetry in Catholic Tuscany, so instinct with fervid Catholic devotion, possessed of a fascination that she could not resist, and she gathered a charming bouquet, fresh with the morning dews of piety, and large-hearted, noble-thinking John Ruskin tied them together with a beautiful ribbon of praise and commendation, and we inhale their fragrance and find it refreshing. And passing from the pages of this simple poesy, which reveals to us genuine Catholic Italian life and which is so redolent of earth and sky, back to Browning's interpretations of Italian sentiment—to his records of crime and sinister motive and rampant passion—is like shutting out the light and air of heaven and working amid the sickening odors of the dissecting-room. The Puritanism of Browning's nature entered into his art and made it as cold and crotchety and narrow in sentiment, as the religion of Puritanism itself. His subjects are largely drawn from the Italian chronicles of the seventeenth century. I fear that Browning's friend Stendhal did him but a doubtful service in putting within his reach and directing his attention to these revolting tales of crime.

No doubt the poet's aptitudes for interpreting certain phases of life were better than for picturing certain other phases. He has to consult his limitations. We dare say Browning could interpret the soul-workings of a Fra Lippo Lippi far better than those of a Fra Angelico, or the grovellings of a sensual and jealous Spanish friar more accurately than the aspirations of a Philip Neri; or he could concentrate the bad side of the Renaissance spirit—"its worldliness, inconsistency, pride, hypocrisy, ignorance of itself, love of art, of luxury, and of good Latin," to borrow Ruskin's words—in his poem "The Bishop orders his

* *Present Position of Catholics in England*, p. 41.

Tomb," more powerfully than he could the good spirit of that period as illustrated in the words and acts of a Carlo Borromeo. But while we accept his work at its full value, it is proper that we enter protest against his interpretations being taken as the correct measure of Catholic life and Catholic faith. It is proper that, while we may admire his soul-studies—whether he depicts the disintegration of a soul which has been strong in adversity made dizzy by success, as in "A Soul's Tragedy," or whether he shows the budding forth of a soul into life and light, raised up beyond the ambitions of place and power at the first touch of true love, as in "Colombe's Birthday"—we should refuse to accept his spiritual and religious teachings, wherever they in the least diverge from what we as Catholics believe to be true in faith and morals.

But in spite of all Browning's short-comings—and his short-comings are numerous, as regards both matter and form—he is still a great poet, the full measure of whose greatness the present age has not yet taken. He is truly many-sided in his themes. He can be tender and delicate and pathetic. He can be humorous and tragical; he can be lyrical at times, though his lyrics not unfrequently halt; he can tell a story with a life and energy that specially fit into his verse—witness "The Good News from Ghent" and "Hervé Riel": he can build up a philosophical thought in his rugged verse. He is unique as a master of the monologue. Take, for instance, one of the most perfect poems he has written, "Karshish, the Arab Physician." Karshish, "the picker-up of learning's crumbs," writes to a brother-physician, "Abib, all sagacious in our art," an account of his meeting with Lazarus, who had been raised from the dead. He pretends to treat the miracle in an off-hand manner, as something every physician can explain:

"'Tis but a case of mania—sub-induced
By epilepsy, at the turning-point
Of trance prolonged unduly some three days."

Even in such glib words would our own un-Christian medical experts decide upon the nature and cause of an approved miracle at Lourdes. Indeed, Karshish simply mentions the event to fill up his letter, and as part of other seemingly far more important news. But in order to make his report of the case complete—

—("in writing to a leech
'Tis well to keep back nothing of a case)—

he tells how Lazarus regards Jesus as none other than God himself:

“This man so cured regards the curer, then,
As—God forgive me!—who but God himself,
Creator and sustainer of the world,
That came and dwelt in flesh on it awhile!”

And then, after repeating other sayings of Lazarus, he grows impatient and assumes indifference to him and his sayings as those of a madman!

. . . “But why all this of what he saith?
Why write of trivial matters, things of price
Calling at every moment for remark?”

And at once he turns to acquaint him of a species of plant that he noticed:

“I noticed on the margin of a pool
Blue-flowering borage, the Aleppo sort,
Aboundeth, very nitrous. *It is strange!*”

The last words show that, his seeming indifference notwithstanding, the story of Lazarus still haunts him, and after another apology for its prolixity—

“Once more thy pardon and farewell,”

the whole force and truth and sublimity of the Incarnation flashes forth in a postscript:

“The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?
So, the All-Great, were the All-Loving too—
So, through the thunders comes a human voice
Saying, ‘O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself!
Thou hast no power, nor may'st conceive of mine.
But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
And thou must love me who have died for thee!’
The madman saith He said so. *It is strange.*”

The power of imagination that can create that poem is of a superior order. And a greater feat still—the masterpiece of his life—is “The Ring and the Book.” The poet comes across the verbal process of a domestic tragedy that happened several hundred years ago. An Italian nobleman murders his young wife and her parents under peculiar circumstances and suffers the death-penalty. The poet breathes a spirit into the document and resuscitates the life of the period. He gives the very throbbings of the popular pulse under the consternation caused by the red-handed act. You have the version of the ordinary people, and their comments upon the motives that led to it, upon

the morning after it had been perpetrated; you have the version manufactured by the cultured half of Rome; you have a third version after the excitement has abated and men's minds have cooled down; you have the special pleadings pro and con in the courts; you have the cool and cynical version of the murderer, confident in the prestige of his noble name—biting, sarcastic, thoroughly wicked; you have the pathetic story of Pompilia before her death, the child-wife and mother—parting with her two-weeks-old babe—so tender and pure, so docile in her obedience to parents and husband, so strong to resist temptation, so resigned to God's will in her sufferings and her tragic death; altogether, you have ten different versions of the same event according to the various points of view and the degrees of interest different persons or classes of persons take in it:

. . . "Learn one lesson hence,
Of many which whatever lives should teach,
The lesson that our human speech is naught,
Our human testimony false, our fame
And human estimation words and wind."

It is a lesson that Browning has been inculcating from "Sordello" to "Fifine"; namely, that words frequently fall short of the full expression of truth, and that the fullest expression is to be found in the representation of art:

. . . "It is the glory and good of Art,
That Art remains the one way possible
Of speaking truth to mouths like mine, at least. . . .
But Art—wherein man nowise speaks to men,
Only to mankind,—Art may tell a truth
Obliquely, do the thing shall breed the thought,
Nor wrong the thought missing the mediate word.
So may you paint your picture, twice show truth
Beyond mere imagery on the wall—
So note by note bring music from your mind
Deeper than ever the Andante dived,—
So write a book shall mean beyond the facts,
Suffice the eye and save the soul beside."*

Such is the kind of book Browning has been striving to give us all along:

. . . "A book shall mean beyond the facts,
Suffice the eye and save the soul beside";

and it is for us to get at the meaning beyond the facts and learn the greater truth. Furthermore, it is because of this deeper mean-

* "The Ring and the Book," Bk. xii. 838-63.

ing, and of the poet's many-sided manner of regarding truth, that he seems so lavish of phrase and clause, each throwing light on different aspects of the proposition he would state, and employs involved sentences with parenthetical side glances and elaborate digressions. The reading of such sentences is wearisome work, but when they are grasped in all their bearings you find that no line, or clause, or phrase can be spared. In the long list of his writings, from "Pauline," with its immaturities, to "Asolando," in which the poet for the last time runs his fingers along the various chords of his lyre, and strikes clearly and accurately the diverse notes at his command, there is much that is obscure and unsatisfactory to the ordinary reader, but there is also much that is intensely earnest and suggestive. Browning is one of the great forces in English literature.

BROTHER AZARIAS.

WHEN TURNS THE YEAR.

(*Rondeau.*)

WHEN turns the year upon its way,
 The trees in souging anguish pray
 That they and all the earth may know
 Th' enfolding mantle of the snow
 Ere glides the New Year into day.

For shall the snow efface, outweigh
 The marks of pain and grief that stay
 To dull our Mother Earth's pure glow,
 When turns the year.

And thus disheartened souls inveigh
 That olden cares may cease their sway;
 God's blessing on the new may flow;
 And old-time sorrows mutely go,
 Faded and quenched in New Year's ray,
 When turns the year.

MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THE unique book of the year just ended, and, from the poetical point of view, the most worthy as well as the most uncommon, is the collection of Miss Emily Dickinson's Poems lately brought out by Roberts Brothers (Boston). Compared with the better-known verses of the day, or even with most of those which have borne the test applied by generations of English-speaking readers, these posthumous poems are like strange orchids among a mass of gay, sweet-smelling, highly cultivated, but not rare or unfamiliar flowers. Considered merely as rhymed and metrical compositions they are over-full of apparently wilful sins against rule and convention; but, like the fantastic blooms to which we have compared them, these deviations from common standards justify themselves by appeal to a law not made for chrysanthemums and roses; not binding in the school-room nor in the editorial rooms of popular magazines.

Mr. T. W. Higginson, who writes a preface to the volume, remarks that verses like these, which were produced absolutely without thought of publication, and solely by way of expressing the author's mind, must "inevitably forfeit whatever advantage lies in the discipline of public criticism and the enforced conformity to settled ways," but "may often gain something through the habit of freedom and the unconventional utterance of daring thoughts." Miss Dickinson's thought, while individual and rare, does not strike us as happily characterized by the word "daring"; but her expression of it certainly owes an immense debt to the habit of freedom. Public criticism would probably have had no appreciable effect on either—certainly none that her reading, her quick eye and delicate ear might not be trusted to produce had she so willed. Now and then there is a line, and again what seems a perverse failure to use a rhyme that was almost inevitable and would have been appropriate, concerning which one finds it for a moment not so easy to restrain the pedagogic instinct; but, on the whole, here is a poet who knew so well a mind so well worth knowing, that one ends by accepting her expression of it as it stands, and being grateful to the editorial wisdom that left it unamended.

Miss Dickinson died four years ago, at the age of fifty-six, after a life spent in singular seclusion. For years she never set

foot outside her father's door, and for other years her walks were restricted entirely to the limit of his grounds. She wrote a great deal of verse, but, during her life-time, only three or four of her poems were published, and these only at the urgent solicitation of a few personal friends. Mr. Higginson says that though he was for many years in correspondence with her, he never met her face to face but twice, and then "brought away the impression of something as unique and remote as Undine or Mignon or Thekla." "She was a recluse by temperament and habit, and except for a very few friends was as invisible to the world as if she had dwelt in a nunnery."

Her poems have been divided by their present editors into four books, entitled "Life," "Love," "Nature," and "Time and Eternity." Each of them has striking passages which one dallies over and longs to transcribe for readers to whom the volume itself may be inaccessible. But, as a rule, the best poems are to be found in the two latter books, and we give to them what we can spare of space. Miss Dickinson never named her poems, but this one has been called "Day" by her editors:

"I'll tell you how the sun rose,—
A ribbon at a time,
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran.

"The hills untied their bonnets,
The bobolinks begun.
Then I said softly to myself,
'That must have been the sun!'

"But how he set I know not.
There seemed a purple stile
Which little yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while

"Till, when they reached the other side,
A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars,
And led the flock away."

Here are two stanzas from a charming little poem called "The Grass":

"The grass so little has to do,
A sphere of simple green,
With only butterflies to brood,
And bees to entertain,

“And stir all day to pretty tunes
 The breezes fetch along;
*And hold the sunshine in its lap
 And bow to everything.”*

Other delightful poems in the “Nature” section are the stately lines called “Summer’s Armies”; “The Hemlock”; “The Mountain”; “Purple Clover,” and “The Sea of Sunset,” which runs thus:

“This is the land the sunset washes,
 These are the banks of the Yellow Sea;
 Where it rose, or whither it rushes,
 These are the western mystery!

“Night after night her purple traffic
 Strews the landing with opal bales;
 Merchantmen poise upon horizons,
 Dip, and vanish with fairy sails.”

Our selections from “Time and Eternity” are made chiefly from the untitled poems:

“I never saw a moor,
 I never saw the sea;
 Yet know I how the heather looks,
 And what a wave must be.

“I never spoke with God,
 Nor visited in heaven;
 Yet certain am I of the spot
 As if the chart were given.”

“Death is a dialogue between
 The Spirit and the dust.
 ‘Dissolve,’ says Death. The Spirit, ‘Sir;
 I have another trust.’

“Death doubts it, argues from the ground,
 The Spirit turns away,
 Just laying off, for evidence,
 An overcoat of clay.”

This one is called “The Chariot”:

“Because I could not stop for Death,
 He kindly stopped for me;
 The carriage held but just ourselves
 And Immortality.

“We slowly drove, he knew no haste,
 And I had put away
 My labor, and my leisure too,
 For his civility.

“ We passed the school where children played,
 Their lessons scarcely done ;
 We passed the fields of gazing grain,
 We passed the setting sun.

“ We paused before a house that seemed
 A swelling of the ground ;
 The roof was scarcely visible,
 The cornice but a mound.

“ Since then 'tis centuries ; but each
 Feels shorter than the day
 I first surmised the horses' heads
 Were toward Eternity.”

It is hard to stop quoting, but the poem called “ Emancipation ” marks our limit :

“ No rack can torture me,
 My soul's at liberty.
 Behind this mortal bone
 There knits a bolder one

“ You cannot prick with saw,
 Nor rend with scimitar.
 Two bodies therefore be ;
 Bind one, and one will flee.

“ The eagle of his nest
 No easier divest
 And gain the sky,
 Than mayest thou,

“ Except thyself may be
 Thine enemy ;
Captivity is consciousness ;
So's liberty.”

In the poems ranged under the heading “ Love,” Miss Dickinson struck a note more intimate and personal, but not so welcome. Here, if anywhere—and in writing so individual as this, and so little meant to reach strange eyes, one looks instinctively to find it here—the clue to her proud seclusion may be sought. Now and then one's hand is almost on it. The jar in her music is now inward, and not, as elsewhere, simply a matter of rhyme and rhythm. It recurs again and again, faint, strange, remote, like a phrase half-remembered from some angelic melody, but beaten back and made dissonant by perverse limits when it would rise to its true altitude. It sounds, haughty and full, in these lines which close a poem on the soul's exclusiveness :

“ I’ve known her from an ample nation
 Choose one ;
 Then close the valves of her attention
 Like stone.”

It degrades to a natural level the assurance of immortality, often so wonderfully expressed and so proudly felt; and in the poem called “ In Vain ” it ranges the God, the Christ, the heaven that she believes in and pays homage to, as, after all, but accessories, necessary indeed, but ancillary, to merely human love—the love of man and woman at its natural best. The note is false. It strikes into the true melody from below, and makes a discord, but one strangely powerful in seductive charm. What the real theme is, one may learn who studies it in Mr. Coventry Patmore’s poems; more especially in the volume called “ The Unknown Eros.”

Of all that has been published concerning Cardinal Newman since his death, perhaps Mr. Richard H. Hutton’s essay (*Cardinal Newman*. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) brings into plainest evidence a fact which its author states in a merely incidental way. He has been remarking that Newman in his Birmingham work never in the least neglected the poor, and had, indeed, been most zealous in attending the sick and dying during the cholera season of 1849. “ Still,” he goes on, “ he never forgot that his special experience at Oxford indicated that he was more likely to affect deeply the cultivated than the ignorant, and everything he published from the time of his conversion to the present day has been almost exclusively addressed to minds of the same calibre and culture as those with which he was familiar at Oxford.” Mr. Hutton’s little book, made up so largely either of direct extracts from Newman’s pre-Catholic writings, or of restatements of their arguments in his own subtle and highly-finished style, has eminently the same character. It is the work of one who is a thorough admirer of Newman’s genius and literary gift, and who is in almost cordial sympathy with him concerning the great end to which these were devoted. That end, as Mr. Hutton sees it, was the defence of revealed religion, of Christianity. He is, himself, as he makes plain from time to time, a hearty believer in the Gospels, but disposed to claim that what he calls the revelation of the *character* of God was the main purpose of revelation, “ and that that might possibly be adequately accomplished without the aid of any elaborate church system, or any great network of doctrine over and above the evidence of what God had actually done in order to embody

that character in a human life and personality." He adds that to Newman's mind " 'the dogmatic system,' on which he insists, always seems to me to overshadow somewhat the central truth of revelation—the truth as to the character of God, and the significance of that truth as displayed in what he had done for men. It is surely not nearly so certain that any elaborately ramified 'system' has been revealed to us, as it is that God's character has been emphatically revealed in what the Son of God was and did for mankind."

Why not so certain, one asks, when it is on all sides admitted that the written record of "what the Son of God was and did for mankind" is but a book carried down the centuries in the hand of that "elaborate church system," if one choose to call it so? It was Newman's vital sense that "central" and "circumferential" are correlatives that made him seek the church until he found it, and then give his life to further bulwark and defend it.

Hutton says, again, and with what has more of the appearance than the reality of justice, that he thinks Newman "in his idealism emphasizes too much the unknowable aspects of the Divine nature. . . . It seems to me that Newman might have insisted more than he has done on the absolute character of the moral and spiritual revelation given us in the life of Christ." He has sound reason on his side, though, and it is a wonder that he does not follow it to its legitimate conclusion, when he adds that "it is more because this revelation cannot stand alone, without some clear glimpse of how the same being can have been both God and man, that what he insists on as the dogmatic doctrine of the Trinity has come to be of the essence of revealed truth." Assuredly it is because the kernel is nutritious that the nut is guarded by husk and bur. How soon it rots when prematurely peeled, let sect and schism show.

Mr. Hutton's defence of Newman against the charge of scepticism, as brought by Huxley and certain other shallow-pates, is masterly and sympathetic. The most interesting chapter of his book is that which treats of the "Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine"; as the most pleasing is that which immediately follows it, and which renders so hearty testimony to the fact that Newman's genius never achieved its "full-blown blossom" until it was solidly rooted in its proper soil. And admirable is his final summary of what he takes to be the ideal which has pervaded and constituted the significance of Cardinal Newman's life—"a life that has fed itself from beginning to end on the substance of Divine revelation, and that has measured the whole

length and breadth and depth of human doubt without fascination and without dread—a life at once both severe and tender, both passionate and self-controlled, with more in it, perhaps, of an ascetic love of suffering than of actual suffering, more of mortification than of unhappiness, more of sensibility than of actual anguish, but still a lonely and severe and saintly life. No life known to me in the last century of our national history can for a moment compare with it, so far as we can judge of such deep matters, in unity of meaning and constancy of purpose. It has been carved, as it were, out of one solid block of spiritual substance, and though there may be weak and wavering lines here and there in the carving, it is not easy to detect any flaw in the material upon which the long, indefatigable labor has been spent.”

Mr. William Morris, decorator, socialist, and poet, has written a romance, *News from Nowhere ; or, An Epoch of Rest* (Boston: Roberts Brothers), in which he makes a fair showing of his quality in all three lines of his activity. His prose, like his verse, is easy, picturesque, and flowing, an admirable vehicle for narrative, which is Mr. Morris's chief gift as a writer. His socialism is well-known to be ultra and pronounced; it means a levelling up of conditions, an abrogation of all laws, the abolition of private property, and free love, in the ordinary sense of that term. As a decorator he has made a reputation as a producer of artistic wall-papers and fine textile fabrics—frail stuffs, but elegant, and excellently well adapted to cover up unseemly and broken surfaces and make them look as good as new. Society, renewed on the model given by Mr. Morris in this little book, would have an invincible tendency to break out again in blotches and bad fissures in weak places. The walls would crack, the paper would tear, the tapestry would rot and mildew, and the house end by tumbling down about the ears of such folks as survived the fever and pestilence streaming up from its foul and uncleansed cellar. There is a wonderful naïvete in Mr. Morris's confidence in a cultivated art sense and freedom from moral restraint between the sexes as sufficient to interest, amuse, and wholly satisfy mankind. Give the race liberty for the “natural and healthy love between a man and a woman, even if that be transient”; do away with money; perform all necessary works, such as agriculture, bridge and road building, exchange of commodities, and the like by free co-operative labor; then develop the natural tendency of the free mind to produce pretty things, and lo! Elysium. This is about the gist of a very agreeably narrated, but in nowise fruitfully suggestive or salutary day-dream. The word reminds us that in writing it Mr. Morris has again made use of the fine imaginative device

which he employed in one of the best of his early poems, "The Land East of the Sun"—the device, we mean, by which his dreamer is in the end parted from the people who have thronged his dream. In the poem, John, coming at last to the land "East of the Sun, and West of the Moon," and finding there his swan-maiden and her companions, is as far from them as ever, because he remains invisible. In the romance, the denizen of the murky and dismal London of to-day, having waked up in the London of two hundred years hence, beheld its charm and learned its secret, is suddenly left once more in blank desolation. The faces that smiled on him are still visible, but they have become unconscious of his presence. Almost he sees the very words they were addressing to him die on their lips. Once more they are wholly wrapt in each other and have no thought of him. "As a dream of them that wake . . . in their city his image is brought to nothing." Perhaps Mr. Morris was not thinking of Psalm lxxii., whose twentieth verse we have just paraphrased. But Englishmen of his class and generation are so apt to have been brought up on Scripture, that the memory of it is like enough to have been the unconscious sustenance of his fancy.

W. S. Gottsberger & Co. (New York) publish a translation, by Mrs. Edward Hamilton Bell, of three short stories by Georg Ebers, *The Elixir, and other Tales*. They are all of them pleasant reading, but not specially suggestive of the more elaborate work of the same author. They are moral tales, apparently intended for young readers, and the moral is in each case worth inculcating. A portrait of Ebers forms the frontispiece of the volume.

Another of the Heimburg novels, *A Sister's Love* (New York: Worthington Co.), very fairly illustrated in photogravure, is translated by Margaret P. Waterman. With very little variety of theme, style, or characterization, these stories all manage to be interesting and wholesome reading for a leisure hour.

A Ward of the Golden Gate (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is the title of Bret Harte's latest novel. As usual, it is a variation on his special theme, the soul of goodness in things—or, to be accurate in men and women—evil. At this moment we do not recall one of his stories in which either a generous but persistent thief, a heroic ruffian, an honorable gambler or a self-sacrificing demi-rep, does not have a place of honor. It is with the abnegation of such a one, and its romantic results on the fortunes of her child, that the present novel deals—and deals in Bret Harte's accustomed graphic and enter-

taining manner. Kate Howard, transformed into a snowy-haired, hard-featured, model member of New York society and its Third Presbyterian church, gives the effect of a grim yet comic caricature. The real thing was not like this. Another earmark of this author's work—the introduction of some Catholic religious or institution, and never, so far as our memory serves us, in an offensive way, is present in this story also. It is Santa Clara's Convent, at San Francisco, this time; last time it was the Jesuit College at San José.

The Court of the Empress Josephine (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons), though not less interesting than its predecessors when St. Amand is dealing with real things, has so much padding in its make-up that it fails to be so as a whole. The author proposes, or so he says in his first chapter, to study one woman amid all the tumult and agitation of the first days of the Empire. But either there was too little of that one woman to fill up so much space, or else she was too effectually lost amid her surroundings. These are described at too great length; whole pages are occupied with details of what this bishop or that cardinal wore at the coronation; with accounts which would do credit to a court milliner, of Napoleon's gorgeous cloak and "tight-fitting white satin gown," Josephine's lace ruff and jewels, and the magnificence of the Bonaparte women. Still, there are admirable and interesting chapters; but they treat of the emperor, and only incidentally of his unhappy wife. She was unhappy at this time, as at an earlier date she had been almost indifferent, and at a later one more prudent and more loving. Now she was devoured by well-grounded jealousy and mordant fear. The spectre of divorce, not laid for ever, as she had hoped when she received the Church's blessing on her marriage, stood always before her in her desolate night watches, clanking a broken chain. By day, the post, which still ran, with some approach to its old frequency, between her and the emperor, absent in Russia, brought her only pale and cold imitations of the letters which had burned like the Egyptian sands where they were written. A novelist might make much of the situation, but it would be by imparting his own imagination to his pages. The historian's resources are more limited. Josephine's own letters, whose contents one may often surmise from the tenor of Napoleon's answers, he was not at pains to preserve. She doubtless was the subject of the only serious love he ever felt, but neither she nor any other woman appears to have had for him a love great enough to dominate and hold perpetual in-

fluence over him. For the rest, she was a tenderly devoted mother, a gentle, amiable, and docile wife; but, as a woman, apparently not capable of any feeling at once simple and profound, except where her children were concerned. One studies her situation more than herself, and the situation chiefly because it was at the side of one of the great captains of the world.

The Shadow of Roger Laroque (New York: Cassell Publishing Co.) is translated from the French of Jules Mary. It is a painful story of mistaken identity, in which the mistake is never cleared up except to the reader. A wife and her little daughter are convinced that they have seen the husband and father they profoundly love commit an atrocious murder. Their agonizing effort not to betray him is painted at full length and, apparently, from life. So, at least, one infers from the foot-notes to the narrative of the cross-examination of the child at her father's trial. A plot within the main plot, of the kind commonly known as French, explains why Roger Laroque, who is absolutely innocent of this crime, cannot offer, either to his wife or to the friend who undertakes his defence, the explanation which would extricate him from his false position.

Asbein (New York: Worthington Co.) is translated by Elise L. Lathrop from the unknown tongue in which it was written by Ossip Schubin, which is said to be the pen-name of a woman. It is a strange and fascinating musical tale, whose hero, the Russian virtuoso, Boris Lensky, has been, by certain critics, identified with Anton Rubinstein. Such details add nothing of importance to the story, which has a painful charm entirely its own. If it has a moral, we take it to be that marriage between a delicate-minded, high-bred, loving woman and a man of low birth and breeding, in whom Bohemian tendencies and musical genius predominate above all other qualities, need not be expected to turn out well. Natalie is drawn with great distinction and sureness of touch. Well done, too, is the description of the gradual deterioration of Boris and his inevitable plunge into the abyss, although he retains to the last his fatal charm, and his hold upon his wife's heart. The scene is laid for the most part in Russia. The translator has put the tale into excellent English.

I.—THE HOLY CHILD ; OR, THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.*

The scenes of sacred history present an inviting field for adventurers in semi-historical, semi-romantic fiction, in prose or in poetry. The measure of success which has crowned their efforts has been very unequal ; in a few cases it has been very great. The scenes in the life of Our Lord are both the most interesting and the most difficult subjects of word-painting. The one who has succeeded the best of late years in attracting general attention and admiration to his work is Mr. Wallace. *Ben-Hur* is a masterpiece. Its popularity, for which it was scarcely at all indebted to the appreciation and recommendation of discriminating critics, has been as extraordinary as well deserved.

A certain likeness to this romance in prose is at once suggested by the poem before us, especially in the first canto of the ninth book, entitled "The Wise Man from the East." It is not, however, in any way from imitation that this likeness has arisen. The poem was written, and parts of it were published, before the appearance of *Ben-Hur*. Nor is there any similarity in the plot, in the selection of scenes and events, or in any other respect which is definite, except that ideal conception of the principal characters which both authors have derived from a reverent study of the originals.

The poem is a narrative, complete and interesting, of imaginary incidents encountered by the Holy Family in its flight into Egypt. It is like a series of meditations, in which the imagination draws pictures—life-like and vivid, loving and reverent—of the events of the long and toilsome journey. We will call attention to some of these touching pictures :

"A Holy Family, journeying through the night.
Two human—One both human and Divine :
The Foster-Father, faithful, good, and true ;
The Virgin Mother, all immaculate ;
The Incarnate God, in budding infancy.
All three mysteriously linked in love !—
Love such as angels scarce can comprehend !"

Let us admire the wonderful faith and docility of the Foster-father. At the first hint of danger to the precious Child—without a moment's hesitation, without remonstrance, without question, without fear—obeying the Divine call, he abandons home, kindred, occupation—everything his previous life had made most dear—and "journeys on toward Egypt." It is the first fea-

* *The Holy Child ; or, The Flight into Egypt.* By Thomas E. Van Bibber. Second edition. New York : Writers' Publishing Co. 1888.

ture of the wonderful characterization which follows, in which the noble, manly traits are moulded into symmetry by his chosen trade; in which he, a working-man, a man of the people, develops into the enthusiastic master-builder in the restoration by Herod of the second Temple.

“ Few could there
Excel him in design or execution,
And none with quicker insight could embrace
The general plan or master the details.
So that, henceforward, to the end of life
The whole fair structure, with its outer walls ;
Its various gates, with all their names ; its courts,
Court above court, with numbered steps to mount ;
Its altars, for burnt offering or for incense ;
Its brazen sea, its lavers and its fonts ;
Its Holy Place, with all that there belonged ;
And all the various Temple furniture,
Hung like a living picture in his mind
Warm, life-like, vivid,
Until his spirit, like a hallowed fane,
Became aglow with consecrated thoughts
And his words streamed like incense.

Such had been
His wont while still a workman in the Temple,
And when his thoughts and fancies all were shaped
By what he wrought on. Since then higher views
Had dawned upon his soul—a holier star
Had risen. Visions, heavenly sweet, he had
Of a celestial Temple—not of wood,
Nor stone, nor built by human hands—of which
The first was but a shadow, soon to pass.”

His commanding genius, his rounded character, was freed from every taint of self by his intense love for the Holy Beings committed to his care.

“ Long and deep he gazed upon her eyes,
As though all heaven were mirrored in their orbs :
Heaven behind heaven, in far perspective view !
He gazed on her—she on the Primal Light !

.
On they journeyed, hushed but fast ; at first
Afraid to whisper much above their breath,”

their path illumined only by the halo from the Holy Child,
when suddenly they hear

“ Strains from yonder distant hill
Where shepherds watch their flocks.”

these prove to be the same shepherds who worshipped Him the night when He was born ; and they sing

“ The song the angels taught them on that night :
 ‘ Glory to God ! O Glory in the Highest !
 On earth be peace and good will toward men ! ’
 Some moments paused the travellers, to hear
 That pastoral anthem floating round the hills—
 That echo of a song composed in Heaven.
 With one accord, then, Joseph and the Virgin—
 One sinking to a deep and manly bass,
 The other mounting lark-like, silver-toned,
 Hand clasped in hand, and voice with voice commingled—
 They joined the shepherds in that song of praise,
 The whilst high heaven’s golden portals opened,
 And such a stream of harmony august,
 Commixed with voices high angelical,
 Pealed downward through the peopled orbs of space
 That the whole universe, through all its breadth
 And height and depth, grew tremulous with joy.
 And as the diapason rolled along
 Those heaven-sweet words could still be heard through all :
 ‘ Glory to God ! O Glory in the Highest !
 On earth be peace and good will toward men. ’ ”

They encounter a young Roman soldier, pale and thin from recent illness. Unable to endure the toil of soldiership, he had remained an idler in the camp. He was reading the pastorals of Virgil and tells of that inscribed to Pollio—“ which some say is based upon a prophecy which, six long centuries ago, was sung by the Cumean Sibyl in her cave ”—

“ In which mention is made, in mystic verse,
 Of what shall happen in the after time.
 Of an Immaculate Virgin—who shall be
 The mother of a God-like Child Divine.

Joseph was deeply moved. Was it not strange,
 He thought (and, thinking, stranger still it seemed),
 That a far pagan poet should write thus ?
 Should weave, in Latin verse, the self-same thoughts—
 The same ideal types and images—
 As by inspired Isaiah ?
 And who, then, could those mystic Sibyls be
 Of whom he had heard mention more than once,
 But always dimly, vaguely ?

Startled by hearing footsteps coming near,
 Mary turned her holy head to look—
 When, quick as thought, the Roman caught a glimpse
 Of the most heavenly human face that e’er

Imagination pictured to itself
 In moments of the deepest ecstasy.
 'Twas but a moment's vision. Instantly
 She closed her veil.

He, finding thus the Mother's face concealed,
 Gazed, spell-bound, on the Child !

Oh ! who can tell
 What a sweet influence, never felt before,
 Those holy infant eyes cast on his soul ?
 Like consecrated altar-lamps were they
 All filled with holiest oil ? Oh ! no, no, no !
 Too tame—too tame ! Small planetary orbs
 Reflecting radiance from a hidden sun,
 And beaming on the world with all the powers
 Which old astrologers once dreamed about ?
 Too weak—too faint ! Sun rays from drops of dew
 In summer morn reflected, when fair flowers
 And blossoming branches wave within the breeze ?
 All too inadequate—too faint—too dim !
 Could this, then, be the Infant wonderful
 Of which he had been reading on the bridge ?
 The Virgin Mother this—so long foretold
 By mystic sibyls, living far apart ;
 Foretold by Hebrew prophets, holy men ?
 (For he had heard some rumors of their works)
 And was the golden age about to dawn
 Which the great Mantuan poet had foresung ?
 Had not the earth itself become
 Prophetic ? Through its continents and isles
 Were not strange voices borne upon the winds
 And strange oracular meteors seen at night ?
 Thus through that young man's soul went billowing
 The spiritual influences then
 Abroad among the nations of the earth.
 The flow of his emotions was too high
 For his weak health to bear.

At last he fell
 Like one bereft of life upon the ground,
 And lay, all motionless, in a deep swoon."

The intercessions of the Blessed Mother restore him to life
 and health ; and

“ Though he was a faithful Roman soldier,
 He was at heart a guileless Christian too.
 Some say he was that good centurion
 Whose servant, sick to death, in after days
 Was cured by Christ—our ever-blessed Lord—
 Because the servant's master had such faith.”

Their journey leads them over a terrific mountain-pass—seemingly severed from human kind and voice of life—where an angel choir is heard to chant this:

Ave Maria.

“ From Pole to Equator
Through every latitude,
With praise and gratitude
In full-souled beatitude,
Mankind shall sing to Thee,
Ave Maria.

O'er land and o'er ocean
In all its vastity
The whole world shall ring to thee!
Dove-eyed love and devotion
And white-pinioned chastity
And high-toned emotion,
Tenderly fluttering, sweet pæans uttering,
Is each on the wing—on the wing to thee,
Ave Maria.”

Driven by a terrific storm into the “Cave of Seven Cedars,” an exquisite description is given of Joseph reading from his scroll of ancient Scripture. At length the holy Mother sleeps, and in her sleep has a vision of angels:

“ In sweetest dreams
She, slumber bound, was holding converse high
With cherubim and bright seraphic shapes.
The Angel Gabriel she seems to see,
Who held a flower
Before her view, reciting all the while
Some verses, very sweet, but somewhat sad,
But full of most heart-thrilling mystery
Which hung, like drapery, around the theme.
She knew not what the mystic flower meant,
But a strange fore-feel of some future woe
Thrilled through her frame and thus suffused her eyes.
Joseph also was deeply moved.
The big tears trickled down his ruddy cheek
And manly beard like rain-drops from wet eaves.
Then stretched the Holy Child His little hands
As if He wished to grasp the mystic flower—
To scan it, fondle it, mayhap to play with it.
The crown of thorns, the spear, the five red wounds,
The triple nails, the scourge, the holy wood—
All the twelve mystic instruments of woe
And glory, all in floral portraiture
Displayed, were there!”

Another vision tells of Christopher Columbus :

“ The time has not arrived by centuries
 Fourteen when a far distant land—most rich
 And grand—shall be made known to those that dwell
 On this side the great ocean. Then will rise
 A pious, subtle-thoughted man o’ the sea
 Who, praying much and studying much, will sail,
 After his hair grows white, across the wave
 And reach a wondrous country—a new world.
 His very name—so called by his compeers—
 Shall seem prophetic of the mighty deed :
 Christoforo Colombo, his two names.
 The first is founded on a future myth
 Of a vast giant, who shall bear, they’ll say,
 A Holy Child upon his shoulders broad,
 And, with him on his back, shall wade across
 A deep, wide water (so shall run the legend).
 The second name means—or will mean—a dove.
 On these two emblems long might fancy brood
 And build a world of wonders ! ”

Space will not allow of further extracts. We would fain tell of the second adoration, in which the sleeping Infant is thus addressed :

“ Holy One ! ‘ Holiest, Holiest Thou !
 Light of all light ! Power of all power supreme !
 As glorious art Thou now as at that time
 When myriad worlds at Thy outspoken word
 Sprang into being, and the morning stars
 Together sang for joy. Power, all creative,
 All constructive, all inventive, all
 Untiring, slumbers in Thee still—Thou Child
 With God-like attributes ! Thou Child ! Thou God !
 In heaven, on earth, on each most distant world
 Thou now art present, warming, lighting all !
 And yet—in infant grace beneath mine eyes
 Sweetly Thou slumberest ! Wonder of wonders this ! ”

We would give the touching tale of Kedar, the wild half-breed. We would lead you through the desert and show you the fearful sand-storm. We would take you to the foot of Sinai and thrill you with “ Joseph’s clear epitome—short but complete—of what within the Book is spread o’er many pages.” We would describe to you the home of their Egyptian exile, Heliopolis—“ that antique city, old and dim.” We would lift the veil from a lovely picture of the Holy Family assembled in Joseph’s workshop. We would summon again the angel of the Annunciation, and tell you of the thrill of joy which ran through

all the universe when the exiles were recalled from heathen lands to share again "those rites which God taught Moses on the sacred mount." We would, in conclusion, show you, by a few panoramic pictures of most concise and vivid word-painting, the shrine at Loretto; the wonderful salt-mine, lit up for Vespers; the Alpine glow, with "the hunter on the dizzy peak, almost hid from sight, dropping his bow and shaft and kneeling down to pray"; and all ending with the exquisite refrain, "Ave Maria," thus showing how the Church had built her devotions upon the Incarnation, the theme of this devout and loving book.

The extracts we have made may suffice as specimens, enabling our readers of cultivated taste to judge of its poetical merit and value. In our opinion it is excellent poetry, and, although as yet almost unknown, deserving to be widely known and highly appreciated. The author, who is now no more, was a gentleman belonging to a highly respectable family of Maryland, whose acquaintance we made at their charming country residence many years ago under very pleasant circumstances. If our estimate of his poem is confirmed by competent judges, and our review help to bring it into circulation, it will give us great satisfaction.

A. F. HEWIT.

2.—SHORT SERMONS ON THE GOSPELS FOR EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.*

These sermons, fifty in number, may be classed as five-minute sermons, and are admirably adapted to use for the early Masses of city parishes. The style is direct, the tone earnest, the matter well chosen. A revision, which we hope fresh editions will make possible, might relieve the text of some literary blemishes, due, doubtless, to the haste of preparation; for they were first published in a weekly Catholic journal in Dakota. This fault is, however, of no weight against the substantial merits of these sermons. We trust that the writer of them will continue to help on good preaching by such publications as the present are, and that in his next effort he will give more attention to the natural virtues, such as truthfulness, honesty, temperance and the like, without giving less to the supernatural ones.

* *Short Sermons on the Gospels for every Sunday in the Year.* By Rev. N. M. Redmond. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

3.—GRANDFATHER AND GRANDSON.*

This is the veracious narrative of what John Worthington, a lad of twelve years, suffered for the Faith during the bloody persecution of Catholics under Queen Elizabeth. The narrative of his imprisonment, his scourging and starvation, is pathetically told, in plain unadorned language. The author was wise in avoiding ornament. The use of it would have been parallel with that which adorns a stately work of art with tinsel. Good stories for Catholic children are said to be wanting. This little book is an excellent one; in every way superior to many we have seen given for premiums in our academies and convent schools.

4.—ST. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI.†

With the exception of five volumes of letters to be published, the *Miscellany* completes the collection of the ascetical works of St. Alphonsus de Liguori. This volume contains various "little works," and comprises all that St. Alphonsus has written in reference to the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, which he founded, regarded principally as a religious *institute*. These "little works" are prefaced by a brief and well-written historical sketch of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, in which is contained a short life of its holy founder. The historical sketch is followed by the Constitution and Rules of the Congregation, counsels concerning a religious vocation, and considerations for persons called to a religious state, which St. Alphonsus addresses to all those who wish to know and to follow the road of the evangelical counsels on which divine Providence invites them to walk in order the better to sanctify themselves and to save their souls. After the counsels are placed exhortations to novices, to strengthen them in their holy resolutions, and to warn them against the snares of the enemy of souls. Then follow the biographies of two saintly priests and a holy lay-brother; portraits delineated by St. Alphonsus himself. The volume ends with sermons and discourses; reflections useful to bishops in the government of their dioceses, and rules for seminaries.

* *Grandfather and Grandson*. Some pages from the family history of the Worthingtons of Blainsco. A tale of the persecutions endured by the English Catholics under Queen Elizabeth. Translated from the German of Father Joseph Spillman, S.J., by M. C. E. Wells. Somerset, England: Carmelite Convent.

† *Miscellany; Historical Sketch of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer; Rules and Constitutions of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer; Instructions about the Religious State, etc.* By St. Alphonsus de Liguori, Doctor of the Church. Edited by the Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.S.S.R. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers; London: R. Washbourne; Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

The *Miscellany* contains very much that is particularly useful to those in the world who feel themselves called to the religious state, and who are desirous to become fully acquainted with the rules and constitutions of an institute for the purpose of examining and determining their vocation.

5.—LANGUAGE LESSONS.*

This little book professes to divest grammar of the arbitrary and abstract character so often given the study, and of which much complaint has justly been made. This has been done in regard to the rules given, they being simple, and expressed in language that is not latinized. The parsing, too, is simple, but the analysis of sentences, it seems to the writer of this notice, is of an exceedingly arbitrary character. The use of shall and will is as clearly explained as the nature of those extremely useful and much-abused auxiliaries permits. But on the whole, considering the vast number of text-books on the study of our language, the present volume can hardly be a welcome addition to the number, as it surely is not a needed one.

6.—DER EPHESEBRIEF DES HL. APOSTELS PAULUS.†

This title recalls pleasant reminiscences of the many times we have heard Maß in the venerable Theatine Church of Munich, with its abundant treasure of relics of saints and its royal tombs. Every student knows the thoroughness with which German scholars do their work in all branches of sacred science. Dr. Henle has laid under contribution all ancient and modern commentators, in preparing his exposition of St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. The groundwork is laid in a critical Greek text, accompanied by an excellent German translation. The author prefaces his commentary by a brief historical and topographical sketch of Ephesus, a narration of the circumstances of St. Paul's special connection with the great Ephesian Church, and a dissertation on the evidence of his authorship of the epistle, on the time and the occasion of its composition.

The Epistle to the Ephesians is full of sublime doctrine concerning the superhuman dignity of Jesus Christ, and his royal dominion, not only over men and this world, but also over

* *Brown's Language Lessons with Graded Exercises in Analysis, Parsing, Construction, and Composition.* An Introduction to Gould Brown's Series of English Grammars. By Henry Kiddle, A.M. New York: William Wood & Co.

† *Der Epheserbrief des hl. Apostels Paulus, erklärt* von Dr. Franz Anton Henle, Canonicus am k. Hof und Collegia'stifte St. Cajetan in München und Privatdozent der Theologie an der k. Universität. Augsburg, 1890. Michael Seitz.

angels and the universe. The church is associated with him in a remarkable way, presenting the distinctive Catholic idea of its organic unity and hierarchical constitution as clearly as that of the divinity of Christ. The history of the church of Ephesus is one of the most obvious proofs, from the most ancient period of Christianity, of the apostolic origin of the episcopal hierarchy, and even of the institution of metropolitans. Dr. Henle shows from intrinsic evidence that the epistle was sent to Ephesus as the metropolis of the Asiatic province, and intended for all the churches in its vicinity. De Marca and Dom Chamard have remarked that nearly all of St. Paul's epistles were addressed to churches of greater or lesser metropolitan dignity, from Rome to Ancyra in Galatia. Ephesus was the metropolis of one of the principal exarchates, not depending on any patriarchal see, until it was forced in the fifth century to submit to Constantinople. The Ephesians always referred to St. Timothy and his institution by St. Paul as the origin of the special privileges of their see. The epistles to Timothy give such clear evidence of his appointment and character, not only as bishop but as metropolitan, that Baur, the founder of the Tübingen school, assigned the date of their composition to the second century, for the very reason that they bear witness to the hierarchical constitution of the Catholic Church, like the epistles of St. Ignatius of Antioch. The ineluctable force of historical evidence has driven anti-Catholic writers to admit the episcopal regimen in the churches of Asia Minor as established by St. John, who, as St. Jerome testifies, in the latter half of the first century, "founded and governed all the churches" in that region; not, however, as having an episcopal see, but by virtue of his supreme apostolic jurisdiction. They have to admit, moreover, that the same regimen existed elsewhere at the beginning of the second century. They seek to escape, however, from admitting the divine and universal institution of bishops as superior by the grace of order from presbyters, and as an argument in favor of their position refer to an apparently indiscriminate application of the terms "bishop" and "presbyter" to the same persons in the epistles of St. Paul and in the Acts of his disciple St. Luke. In the particular instance of Ephesus, when St. Paul sent for the *πρεσβυτερος*—translated by St. Jerome "Majores natu," and by the Douay version "ancients"—to meet him at Miletus, he charged them: "Take heed to yourselves and to the whole flock in which the Holy Ghost has placed you bishops." The explanation of this is very easy, if we suppose that the clergy, and, perhaps, also some of

the principal men of the laity from the church of Ephesus and its daughter churches, having come to take leave of St. Paul, there were several bishops among them, to whom especially St. Paul gave this charge. In like manner, when he sends a salutation to "the bishops and deacons," if we consider that he was writing to a metropolitan church and to its entire province, it is to the several bishops of distinct churches that he sends greeting, including the presbyters with them, as their assessors in the pastoral office.

Dr. Henle has noticed a very important circumstance, therefore, and of a general bearing, in designating the Epistle to the Ephesians as a general epistle to the Asiatic churches of the whole region depending on Ephesus.

The exposition of the entire epistle, verse by verse, is an extraction of the best essence of the most learned commentators, and is judicious, succinct, and suggestive. Our German clergy, and those others who have the great advantage of reading the German language, will find profit and pleasure in the perusal of this learned and excellent commentary on one of the most beautiful of St. Paul's epistles.

7.—HOLY WISDOM.*

Here is our dear old friend Sancta Sophia, the name translated but all the wholesome meat of celestial prayer fully preserved and given to souls who would serve God in the interior ways. From page to page the sweet incense of prayer is breathed out. To one who has ever used this "golden treasury," as Abbot Sweeney rightly calls it, the mere memory of its quieting influence and its elevating effect is grateful. We hear much of the appliances which are useful to stimulate the mind in thinking of eternal things, nor do we say that too much attention is given to the discursive form of prayer. Only this we say, that for many souls—for a far larger number than is commonly supposed—the best stimulant is total absence of appliances. For many a soul the chief rule of spiritual guidance is to be let alone—completely alone. The possession of the true religion, a steadfast purpose, a quiet hour, and the word of God—behold the entire equipment of the spiritual athlete. What more had the monks of the desert? What more had St. Ignatius himself? If anything more could be needed it is such a book as this luminous treatise on the way of heavenly prayer, by follow-

* *Holy Wisdom; or, Directions for the Prayer of Contemplation, etc.* By the V. Father Augustin Baker, O.S.B. Edited by the Right Rev. Abbot Sweeney, D.D., O.S.B. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

ing which the obstacles to the divine union are removed and the Holy Spirit known and followed by his own touch and guidance.

The entire science of spiritual things is here systematically treated about. We can scarcely imagine a point of difficulty which Father Baker does not resolve or a practice useful to devout souls which he does not explain. The fundamental principles of the interior life are indeed few, but they are learned easily only by the small number of select spirits whose call to prayer is answered by natural aptitude for retirement. The mass of us love contemplation or we are mere clods; but for our active minds to learn it is a slow process—yet, oh! how pleasant. To read and read again such a book as *Sancta Sophia*, or *Lallemant*, or *St. John of the Cross*, or the writings of *St. Teresa* is toil without weariness. Slowly the love of quiet gains ground in the soul. Gradually the groping becomes sure walking, timidity gives place to courage, and freedom rejoices in submission to the Divine Spirit, ever present, ever guiding.

What person of intelligence can so much as aspire to union with God and not long to know, if only by the hearsay of others, what that union is like and how it is felt? Can one tell by his feelings that God is guiding him? What is the thrill of the divine touch? Does the power of knowing have a share in the inner life, or is it only in the power of loving? What danger is there of deception? how much need is there of external guidance? what are the relations of the Sacraments, of the authority of the church, to the communications of the Deity received in the secret chambers of the soul. May persons living in the world hope to find God in contemplative prayer? What are the grades of elevation leading to the mountain top, all luminous and all obscured by the Divine Presence? The noblest spirits who have ever lived have not only answered these questions, but have done it from experimental knowledge; and have added, too, all that the more active spirits wish to know of the co-ordination of the mystical and the apostolic vocations. Father Augustin Baker is one of the most distinguished of these masters in mystical lore, which men too often forget is an essential part of the Christian religion. No philosopher could more adequately describe Christianity than the red Indian when he called it "the prayer."

The book is well printed, and is bound with a view to long and constant use. May God grant it a wide circulation! We see with pleasure that a good index is furnished, but we venture to suggest the addition of a table of contents to the next edition.

A LIST OF CATHOLIC AUTHORS.

PREPARED BY THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THIS list is necessarily limited to those Catholic authors whose names are found in the recent catalogues of publishers, and whose works have appeared in the English language. Hence no mention can be made here of many of the ablest contributors to periodical literature. Any notice of omissions or corrections will receive prompt attention.

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|-------------------------|---------------------------|----------------------------|
| À Beckett, Gilbert. | Bagshawe, Rev. J. B. | Binet, (S.J.), Père. |
| Adam of St. Victor. | Baker, Ven. F. A. | Bircher, William. |
| Adelstan, Countess. | Baker(O.S.F.), Rev. T.P. | Birkhæuser, Rev. J. A. |
| Agnew, Mrs. | Baldeschi, Rev. J. | Blosius, Abbot. |
| Agnew, Miss. | Ballerini (S.J.), Rev. F. | Blot, Père. |
| À Kempis, Thomas. | Balmes, Rev. James. | Blunt, Lady Anne. |
| Aladel, Rev. M. | Baluffi, Cardinal. | Blunt, Wilfred Scawen. |
| À Lapide, Cornelius. | Balzofiore, Rev. Philip. | Blyth, Rev. F. |
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 Schauz, Paul.
 Schapcote, E. Mary.
 Scheeben, Rev. M. J.
 Schmid, Canon.
 Schmitt, Rev. J.
 Schmøger, Rev. K. E.
 Schouppe, Rev. F. X.
 Schouvaloff, Rev. B.
 Scott, W. Clement.
 Scupoli, Rev. L.
 Seamer, M. F.
 Searle, Rev. G. M.
 Seawell, M. E.
 Segneri, Rev. P.
 Semler, Rev. Jos.
 Sequin (S.J.), Rev. E.
 Seton, Mgr.
 Seton, William.
 Seward, Olive Risley.
 Sharowood, T. S.
 Shea, J. Gilmory.
 Sherman, Rev. J. F.
 Shipley, Orby.
 Skey, L. C.
 Sighart, Dr.
 Siniscalchi (S.J.), Rev. L.
- Sire, Rev. Vital.
 Smarius, Rev. C. F.
 Smiddy, Rev. A.
 Smith, Rev. J. T.
 Smith, Rev. S. B.
 Smith-Sligo, A. V.
 Smyth, P. J.
 Snell, Mrs. C.
 Solassol, Abbé.
 Sole, Rev. S. H.
 Sonarius, Father.
 Soulier, Rev. Peregrine.
 Spalding, Archbishop.
 Spalding, Bishop.
 Spalding, Rev. B. J.
 Sparrow, Miss T.
 Stang, Rev. W.
 Starr, E. A.
 Stebbins, Genevieve.
 Stevenson (S.J.), Rev. J.
 Stewart, Agnes M.
 Stewart, Miss E. M.
 Stöckl, Dr. A.
 Stoddard, C. W.
 Stoger, Rev. Fr.
 Stolz, Rev. A.
 Stone, Rev. J. K.
 Stone, Rev. W.
 Stuart, E. I.
 Suarez (S.J.)
 Sullivan, A. M.
 Sullivan, Rt. Rev. J. H.
 Surin, Rev. J. J.
 Suso, Blessed Henry.
 Sweeney, Abbot.
 Sweeny, Rev. P.
 Swetchine, Madame.
 Tarducci, Francesco.
 Tardy, Rev. L.
 Tauler (O.P.), Rev. J.
 Taunton, Rev. E. L.
 Taunton, M.
 Teeling, Mrs. B.
 Teresa, St.
 Thaddeus, Rev. Fr.
 Thébaud (S.J.), Rev. A. J.
 Thomas, S. E.
 Thompson, Clara M.
 Thompson, E. Healy.
 Tickell (S. J.), Rev. Geo.
 Tincker, M. A.
 Tissot, Rev. Fr.
 Tondini, Rev. C.
 Travern, Bishop.
 Treacy, James T.
 Treacy, Rev. W. P.
 Trébutier, G. S.
 Treggiari, Rev. M.
 Tronson, Rev. L.
 Turgot, Bishop St. Andrews.
 Tynan, Katharine.
- Ullathorne, Bishop.
 Upton, W. C.
 Val d'Eremao, Rev. J. P.
 Valuy (S.J.), Rev. B.
 Vassall (C.S.S.R.), Rev. O. R.
 Vaughan, Archbishop.
 Vaughan, Bishop.
 Vaughan, Rev. Kenelm.
 Vercruysse (S.J.), Rev. B.
 Vere, Rev. Langton G.
 Verne, Jules.
 Vetromile, Rev. E.
 Veuillot, Louis.
 Villefranche, T. M.
 Von Bolanden, Conrad.
 Von Doss, Rev. P. A.
 Walker, Charles.
 Walsh, Archbishop.
 Walworth, E. H.
 Walworth, Rev. C. A.
 Ward, Mrs.
 Ward, Wilfrid.
 Ward, W. Geo.
 Warner, Lady.
 Warner, Fannie.
 Waterton, Charles.
 Waterworth, Rev. J.
 Webb, Hon. Ben. J.
 Wegg-Prosser, T.
 Weld, Miss K. M.
 Weld (S.J.), Rev. A.
 Weldon (O.S.B.), Dom B.
 Wenham, Provost.
 Weniger (S.J.), Rev. F.
 Weninger (S.J.), Rev. F. X.
 Westlake, H. N.
 White, James Geo.
 White, Catharine A.
 White, Caroline Earle.
 White, Rev. I. T.
 White, Rev. J.
 White, Rhoda E.
 Wilberforce (O.P.), Rev. Bertrand.
 Wilmot, A.
 Wilson, Mrs. R. F.
 Wilson, S. F.
 Wilstach, John A.
 Wilstach, Jos. Walter.
 Winthrop, Augusta C.
 Wirth (O.S.B.), Rev. A.
 Wiseman, Cardinal.
 Wohl, Mme. Janka.
 Wood, Alexander.
 Wood, Julia A.
 Woodward, E. M.
 Wynnell-Mayow, S. S.
 Zahm (C.S.C.), Rev. I. A.
 Zollner, Rev. J. E.

WITH THE PUBLISHER.

WITH this number the Publisher gives the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD his heartiest greetings. It gives him pleasure to announce for the coming year the assurance of the same and greater effort to make the magazine worthy of the place it has held so long in our Catholic periodical literature, and he looks with confidence to the continued support of its old friends as well as to an ever-increasing circle of new acquaintances. This hope is justified by the past—notably by the past year; and as its consequent prosperity has been the means of realizing many improvements, so will THE CATHOLIC WORLD in the year that is to come continue to advance the interest and the profit of its readers in every way possible. This requires an increasing subscription list, and for this we look largely, if not altogether, to our readers. Much has been done and well done during the past year, on lines laid down by the Publisher; his advice has been listened to, his suggestions have been taken up promptly, and the results have been most satisfactory. But work of this kind must be continuous. Our readers should feel, as many do, that in behalf of Catholic literature in this country each one of us has a mission, and it means more than simply subscribing to a Catholic periodical.

* * *

Subscribing to a Catholic magazine is good, and if every one did it who should there would be little to complain of, either on the part of reader or publisher. But one's duty does not end there: it should be talked about in these days especially, when good and sound talk can do so much; the magazine should be read and discussed with quite as much, if not more, of the interest with which one hears the articles in the purely secular magazines discussed. Let the Publisher suggest this as a profitable resolution to make for the new year.

* * *

It has not been the custom of THE CATHOLIC WORLD to make announcements of the articles that are to appear during the coming year, as is the case with so many, if not all, of our

contemporaries. There is a good reason for this. THE CATHOLIC WORLD has always been and will always be a *contributor's* magazine. It was founded and has been carried on not only in the interests of its readers but of Catholic writers as well. Every contribution to its pages is judged on the merits of the writer solely; name or fame is not considered, nor are its pages only open to a select circle of writers. All contributions of merit and interest to our readers find a ready acceptance from our editors and are paid for as well as circumstances allow. This is done with a view to encourage and increase the number of our Catholic writers, and the editor's bulky mail shows that this is fairly understood and acted upon. It is obvious, then, that such a policy towards our writers would not generally be consistent with the practice of engaging and announcing writers whose names would stimulate interest and be an advertisement of the magazine.

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Still, though this has been our practice, we have been obliged in certain cases to depart from it, and the reason can readily be seen. Among all the contributions which may be received we often find that none treat of topics of present interest, or others may be sent in which by their very nature require discussion in several numbers. We have a number of such articles at present, and it therefore gives us much pleasure to announce that with the February issue a series of articles by the Rev. William Barry, D.D., on *The Witness of Science to Religion* will be published and will be continued through four or five issues. Towards the close of the year we promise our readers a series of papers on Columbus and kindred topics.

* * *

THE CATHOLIC WORLD wishes to inform its readers that exception has been taken in the British Parliament to its articles on Irish affairs. We learn from the Parliamentary Blue Books that methods which we thought obtained only under a Russian autocrat have been pursued in England in the case of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. In Russia magazine articles objectionable to the government are blocked out; in England such articles are cut out altogether. Under a Conservative policy all copies of THE CATHOLIC WORLD containing articles touching Home Rule have been mutilated wherever possible. This injustice has been provocative of some sharp Parliamentary debate in more than one instance, and notably so during the last session. For

our own part we do not mean to allow this to pass unnoticed; indeed, we feel inclined to offer our thanks for the excellent and gratuitous advertisement this matter has given to THE CATHOLIC WORLD. And we promise our readers that Russia's methods of treating a magazine as pursued in England will be fully discussed in an early number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

It is worthy of note that the first edition of *The Life of Christ* by Père Didou, concerning whom a short article will soon be presented to the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, was exhausted on the day of its issue. It is further noteworthy, that among the more important articles in Vol. VI. of *Chambers's Encyclopædia* that on *Ireland* is written by Justin McCarthy, M.P.; *The Immaculate Conception* by Cardinal Manning, *The Jesuits* by the General of the Society, and *Liturgy* and *Litany* by the Marquis of Bute.

Wilfrid Meynell is the author of a volume entitled *John Henry Newman: The Founder of Modern Anglicanism and a Cardinal of the Roman Church*. It is published by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., London.

Messrs. Blackwood have published the fourth and last volume of Father Hunter-Blair's translation of the history of the *Catholic Church of Scotland* by Dr. Bellesheim. The second volume of the same author's *History of the Catholic Church in Ireland* has just been published in Germany. Following in Mr. Stead's wake, *The Religious Review of Reviews* is the title of a new sixpenny magazine issued in London for the first time last month. Another new magazine, at the same price, is called *Groombridge's Magazine*, of which Edmund Yates is the editor.

There is an unsigned article on Cardinal Newman in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December.

The Nineteenth Century for December contains an article from Cardinal Manning on "Irresponsible Wealth."

Longmans, Green & Co. have just published *The Philosophy of Fiction in Literature*, by Daniel G. Thompson; and announce for early publication *Voces Populi*, by F. Anstey, and a collection from the writings of Dr. Martineau, under the title of *Studies, Reviews, and Essays*.

Griffith, Farran & Co., London, have in press and will issue shortly a translation of Mgr. Dupanloup's *L'Œuvre par excellence, ou Entretiens sur le Catéchisme*, under the title of *The Ministry of Catechising*.

Duncker & Humblot, Leipzig, have just published *The Story of the Life of Leopold von Ranke*. It is edited by Alfred Dove and is compiled from the fragments of an autobiography and the letters and journals of the historian.

Another of the "Prig" books has just been published under the title, *Black is White; or, Continuity Continued*.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. announces:

Lady Merton: A Tale of the Eternal City. In three parts. By J. C. Heywood, author of "Herodias," "Antonius," etc. In two volumes.

Acts of the English Martyrs, hitherto unpublished. By Rev. John H. Pollen, S.J. Quarterly Series.

Life and Writings of the Blessed Thomas More. By Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R.

Harper & Bros. have published:

Seven Dreamers. New England Dialect Stories. By Annie Trumbull Slosson.

Ten Tales. By François Coppée. The latest addition to their "Odd No. Series."

Curiosities of the American Stage. By Laurence Hutton.

Strolls by Starlight and Sunshine. By Wm. H. Gibson.

The Wonderful Adventures of Phra, the Phœnician. By Edwin Lester Arnold, son of Sir Edwin Arnold.

The D. Lothrop Co. announce a new edition of Elbridge S. Brooks's *Story of the American Indian, and Massachusetts*, by Dr. E. E. Hale, in their "Stories of the States" Series.

Dodd, Mead & Co. have just published:

Three Years in Western China. By Alexander Hosie.

The Doctor's Dilemma. By Hesba Stretton.

Worthington Co. announce for publication during the holidays a volume of *Christmas Stories* from the German of W. Heimbürg.

Fleming H. Revell has just issued a volume entitled *Moral Muscle and How to Use It: A book for young men*, by Thain Davidson. He also announces *How London Lives*, by W. J. Gordon.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just issued, after many delays since it was first announced, *The Genesis of the United States*, by Alexander Brown.

Thomas Sergeant Perry is the author of a *History of Greek Literature* just published by Henry Holt & Co.

The *Life of John Boyle O'Reilly*, by Jeffrey Roche, the present editor of the *Boston Pilot*, is announced and will be issued in January.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- MEMOIR OF SIR JAMES MARSHALL, C.M.G. Taken chiefly from his own letters. By W. R. Brownlow, Canon of Plymouth. London: Burns & Oates, Limited; New York: Catholic Publication Society Company.
- CATECHETICAL INSTRUCTIONS OF ST. CYRIL OF JERUSALEM. From the Italian of Canon D. Fanucchi. By Rt. Rev. F. S. Chatard, D.D., Bishop of Vincennes. New York: Catholic Publication Society Company.
- EDWARD VI. AND THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER. By Francis Aidan Gasquet, O.S.B., and Edmund Bishop. London: John Hodges.
- HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES. Studies among the Tenements of New York. By Jacob A. Riis. With Illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
- SPIRITUAL CONFERENCES. By the Rev. Frederick W. Faber, D.D. New York: James Pott & Company.
- A HAPPY YEAR; OR, THE YEAR SANCTIFIED. By the Abbé Latausse. Translated from the French by Mrs. James O'Brien. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.
- DER FAMILIENFREUND UND KATOLISCHER WEGWEISER FÜR 1891. St. Louis, Mo.: *Herold des Glaubens*.
- THE FOREST. By J. V. Huntington. New Edition. New York: P. O'Shea.
- HEAVTON TIMORVMENOS. PHORMIO. P. Terenti Afri. Text with Stage Directions, by John C. Rolfe, Ph.D. Boston: Ginn & Company.
- ANNOTATED ENGLISH CLASSICS. Second Essay on the Earl of Chatham, by Macaulay. The Ancient Mariner, by Coleridge. Boston: Ginn & Company.
- THE VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE WORLDS. By the Rev. J. W. Vahey. Milwaukee: Hoffman Bros.
- SERMONS AND LECTURES. By the Rev. J. F. Laughlin, D.D. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.
- PRACTICAL SINGLE AND DOUBLE ENTRY BOOK-KEEPING. By Thos. A. Rice, St. Louis, Mo. Key to the above. Same author and publisher.

 PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

- HOW MONOPOLY CAN BE PREVENTED. By Robert E. O'Callaghan. For copies address the author, 1133 Park Avenue, New York.
- CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT. World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893. Chicago: Catholic Home Print.
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THE
CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LII.

FEBRUARY, 1891.

NO. 311.

THE SALVATION ARMY AND ITS LATEST PROJECT.

FOR Catholics to be indifferent to the mighty effort that is being made at the present time for the amelioration of the lowest classes would be a shame and a disgrace. It is true that in English-speaking countries Catholics themselves belong to a very large extent to the class which borders upon the very lowest—not, indeed, in most cases, through their own fault. The poverty and the miseries which attend upon poverty are generally the result of the iniquitous penal laws which were made against the church in England and Ireland alike. By the operation of these laws the ancestors of the present generation of Catholics were stripped of property and position, and the children are numbered among the disinherited. Moreover, the miseries of “Darkest England” are miseries for which the Catholic Church has no shadow of responsibility. The country which shook off the authority of the church and the integral faith of Christ and reorganized itself religiously and civilly in its own self-chosen way is reaping in the present state of things the fruit of its past actions. All this is true: the Catholic Church is in no way responsible; and Catholics are themselves as a body too poor to be of much remedial service for the evils in question. Yet every effort for the poor and the outcast cannot but touch the sympathies of the children of the church of Him whose mission was to the poor, of the church which has recently canonized the poor wandering beggar, Benedict Joseph Labre. And, therefore, far off as are General Booth and his Salvation Army from the church in many things, the noble exertions and the great services he has rendered to the poor command our praise and admiration. For forty years he has devoted himself to their service, living amongst

them in their meanest and most squalid districts, giving up the ministry to which he had been trained, and in the ranks of which he held an honorable place, in order to devote himself to their service.

His success has been enormous. Twenty-five years ago he and his wife were alone, without friends, without money, without even a church. Now the Salvation Army carries on its operations in 34 different countries, has 2,864 centres of operation, is directed in those operations by 9,000 officers of different ranks, of which General Booth is the absolute head. Its income is very nearly four millions of dollars a year. Its weekly organ in Great Britain—*The War Cry*—has a circulation of almost 300,000 copies; *The Young Soldier*, which also appears weekly, has a circulation of 103,000 copies. Thirty rescue homes have been established for fallen women, which in 1889 dealt with 2,200 cases. The army has in London five shelters, accommodating 900 persons nightly, and three food depots, dispensing 20,000 meals a day. These facts are sufficient to indicate the army's achievements, and to show that there must be in its founder and organizer commanding ability and something in its principles and modes of action deserving of at least attention. When it is added that every one of its members is required to abstain from intoxicating liquors this interest may be raised to admiration and to sincere good wishes.

In inquiring into the causes of this success the foremost place among them must be assigned to the fact, already touched upon, that Mr. Booth and his wife gave themselves up wholly and without reserve to the service of the most needy, the most poverty-stricken. This ruling end has been that which has determined the means. Refined and cultured people did not come within the scope of their efforts, and on this account one note of true Catholicity is wanting; for although our Lord's teaching makes it clear that it is very difficult for the rich to enter the kingdom of heaven, yet it is not impossible, and his church must be adapted to minister even to them. The methods chosen by the Army to attract and gain over the poor—its brass bands, its hymns set to the gayest of tunes, especially its familiar style of preaching—are such as to revolt reverent minds. We must admit, however, that Catholic missionaries sometimes feel obliged to adopt somewhat similar methods, although they do not go to the lengths of the army. This part of its methods we are compelled to condemn; and no success can justify its adoption. But there is a Catholic principle which has been adopted by the

army which offers an agreeable and surprising contrast. That principle is authority. General Booth is the one absolute ruler of the whole army; and that there should be such a ruler is deemed by him indispensable to success. As he somewhat irreverently said in a recent speech: "If a committee had been appointed to build the ark it would not have been finished to-day." He has no faith in what is so commonly said, that the men of this generation or of any other generation love absolute independence. "There cannot be a greater mistake in this world," he says, "than to imagine that men object to be governed. . . . Against a capable government no people ever rebel; only when stupidity and incapacity have taken possession of the seat of power do insurrections ever break out." Whatever may be thought of the grounds on which he bases his opinion, the practical issue in the case of his own organization—and, it may be said, in the case of the Jesuits also—shows that his conclusion is well founded.

Another element of General Booth's success is, that having called forth the energies of his disciples he finds a sphere for the exercise of those energies. To every one he gives work of some kind or other, and this work is for the good of others. This also he bases upon a belief opposed to current opinion. General Booth's conviction is that the opinion which holds that man does not like work is mistaken. What men dislike is work for unworthy, selfish, material ends. Let there be given, however, an opening into a higher sphere, an object and an end worthy of exertion, and men will not spare toil or labor. So a place is found in the army for every one, however low and uneducated he or she may be. To this must be attributed, in large measure, the irreverence which is characteristic of the army and, in consequence, what is a strong point on one side is a fatal weakness on another.

Another of General Booth's principles is, that what a man values he will pay for. Whosoever is "soundly saved" is expected to contribute from his possessions to the furtherance of the cause; no service is held without a collection, sometimes two. The four millions of annual income are the response made to this call, and seem to prove that in this respect, too, the general has formed a right estimate of human nature.

So far we have indicated the strong points of the army, derived from its founder's insight into man's heart. We pass now to the more religious aspect of his teaching. In this respect also the general is no dilettante. He has not watered or toned down the doctrines of the Gospel to bring them into harmony with modern

tastes, but insists, without the slightest compromise or mitigation, upon the severest teachings with reference to the punishment awaiting the impenitent in the future. Salvation means for him escape from material flames of real fire, and such escape is the motive for change of life, which forms the staple of the addresses of himself and his officers. That this escape may be secured, the absolute necessity of a good life is inculcated, and, of course, although we shall not find any definite dogmatic teaching among Salvationists any more than among longer established Protestant systems, yet so far as their practical teaching goes it is altogether opposed to the current dogma of justification by faith alone. Salvation is to be won by good works.

We have endeavored, in no grudging spirit, to point out the good points of this movement. In doing so we have incidentally referred to several blots—its irreverence, amounting almost to blasphemy; its want of a theology. It becomes our duty now to refer to other points in which it is lacking. The fact of its being outside the visible church established by our Lord need not be dwelt upon, that being evident at first sight. But what ought to be pointed out is that, however much its spirit may seem to be that of our Lord, there is a clear and manifest departure from his express teaching in the non-recognition and the virtually complete rejection by it of the sacramental system, even of those sacraments the institution of which is made quite clear by Holy Scripture alone, and which Protestants, as a rule, have accepted. This rejection of the means of grace established by our Lord gives the unmistakable stamp of its human origin to the Salvation Army gospel, and, consequently, of its intrinsic weakness. And what has been substituted for the divinely appointed means of grace? The doctrine of assurance of conversion, of being saved: not, indeed, the assurance of Final Perseverance, for this is explicitly rejected, but the certain knowledge of one's present acceptability to God. In Mrs. Booth's words, "the Salvation Army teaches a Saviour not only willing to pardon, but who does pardon absolutely, and *who communicates a sense of that pardon* by his Holy Spirit to the hearts of those who truly repent, and sincerely believe with living faith in him." The knowing that he is himself saved is made the motive and the basis of the Christian's life, without sacraments, without that fear and trembling in working out our salvation which St. Paul inculcates. This is the fatal error which, notwithstanding all safeguards with which they endeavor to surround it, will land the army in lawlessness and freedom of living.

Thus far we have been treating of the Salvation Army as a religious movement, and such it has been in the main from its beginning twenty-five years ago. After the Trafalgar Square "miserics," as Cardinal Manning calls the riots of 1887, efforts began to be made to relieve systematically the temporal distress and want of the poor of London. Shelters were opened, meals provided, registration of the unemployed begun. Good as these works were they were, as all the other similar undertakings, but palliatives of the evil. The most they could do was to diminish the number, to rescue and succor individuals. To do more than this has not appeared possible to the most benevolent. General Booth, however, has formed the conviction that it is possible to eradicate all involuntary poverty and idleness; that it can be done, that he and his army can do it; and of this conviction his book *In Darkest England and the Way Out* is the expression.

We proceed to give a brief account of this work. It is divided into two parts, the first being a description of the actual state of things, the second his plan for the removal of the evils—the "way out." The persons whom he proposes to help are "those who have gone under, . . . those to whom the prayer to our Heavenly Father is either unfulfilled, or only fulfilled by the devil's agency: by the earnings of vice, the proceeds of crime, or the contribution enforced by the threat of the law." The standard at which he aims is (adopting an idea of Carlyle's) that of the London cab-horse. He will be satisfied if he can obtain for every man and woman and child the things provided for this poor beast—"shelter for the night, food for its stomach, work allotted to it by which it can earn its corn."

"Can the Cab-Horse Charter be gained for human beings?" the general asks in a characteristic passage. "I answer, Yes. The Cab-Horse Standard can be attained on the Cab-Horse terms. If you can get your fallen fellow on his feet again, Docility and Discipline will enable him to reach the Cab-Horse Ideal, otherwise it will remain unattainable. But Docility seldom fails where Discipline is intelligently maintained. Intelligence is more frequently lacking to direct than obedience to follow direction. Some, no doubt, like the bucking horses that will never be broken in, will always refuse to submit to any guidance but their own lawless will. They will remain either the Ishmaels or the Sloths of Society. But man is naturally neither an Ishmael nor a Sloth."

The next question discussed by the general is as to the number of those who are at present unable to attain the Cab-

Horse Ideal. Making use of the most reliable statistics, he comes to the conclusion that there are in Great Britain three millions of men, women, and children (one-tenth of the inhabitants) in or on the verge of total destitution and despair. The nature of this destitution is described from life, from actual cases, in his subsequent chapters. A great deal has been written and said about the wretched dens in which thousands live in London, and words cannot give anything like an adequate idea of their character. There is, however, a class, and a fairly large class too, who are sunk to an even lower level, who are simply without any place in which to sleep; and this in many cases because, even after unremitting efforts, they cannot find work—"they have not even leave to sweat." In *Twelve Stories from Real Life*, told by twelve sleepers on the Thames embankment, a sample is given of this class of the Submerged Tenth. One of the most pathetic chapters of the many in this book is that headed "The Out-of-Works," and the story (in a subsequent chapter) of the man who—from want of work in absolute want—to appease the cravings of hunger took, in violation of his conscience, a loaf of bread illustrates the value of a knowledge of Catholic moral theology. The cravings of his conscience (his false conscience, that is) forced him to give himself up to justice; he was imprisoned for a month, came out with the mark of the "jail bird" upon him, an outcast of society, and sank lower and lower. The out-of-works in London are estimated at 20,000, and they form the bane of all efforts to improve the condition of labor, the material out of which the so-called "black-legs" or "scabs" are made, rendering the solid organism of Trade Unions impossible, their foundations being undermined by so large a number under the *absolute necessity* of obtaining work.

We cannot do more than allude to the general's account of the Vicious Class—the class, that is, of the Fallen Women and of the Drunkards. Every line of it is charged with wisdom and information. To one thing, however, we must call attention. Narrating the causes which have impelled women to adopt a bad life, among them he mentions ignorance. "Others are there because of the false education which confounds ignorance with virtue, and throws our young people into the midst of a great city, with all its excitements and all its temptations, without more preparation or warning than if they were going to live in the Garden of Eden." This is an indirect tribute to the Catholic discipline and mode of education, through the confessional and in other ways, and this tribute, which is paid by General Booth thus indirectly, was clearly

and explicitly given by Mr. Stead in his account of his celebrated investigation into the ravages of this vice in London. In this account he stated that he found that Catholic girls were far less liable to yield to the allurements of the tempter than Protestant girls, and traced this fact to their Catholic training. This is of importance as a defence against the pietistic attacks against confession which are so frequently made.

Now we come to the modern panacea for all these undeniable evils—education. “I regard the present generation as lost,” said a leading Liberal statesman. “My only hope is that the children may have a better chance. Education will do much.” That education will do much, so far from denying, we fully believe and heartily maintain. The recent statistics, which show a remarkable diminution of crime in Great Britain within the last twenty years, are a clear proof that such is the case. But that it will be sufficient to cure all the evils, moral and physical, no one who has the slightest knowledge of human nature dare hope; and that the secular public-school method of education rather increases than diminishes the dangers the facts adduced by General Booth go to prove. The importance of the subject justifies a somewhat long extract:

“It will be said the child has the inestimable advantage of education. No, he has not. Educated the children are not. They are pressed through the ‘standards,’ which exact a certain acquaintance with A, B, C, and pothooks and figures; but educated they are not, in the sense of the development of their latent capacities, so as to make them capable for the discharge of their duties in life. The new generation can read, no doubt; otherwise, where would be the sale of ‘Sixteen String Jack,’ ‘Dick Turpin,’ and the like? But take the girls. Who can pretend that the girls that our schools are now turning out are half as well educated for the work of life as their grandmothers were at the same age? How many of all these mothers of the future know how to bake a loaf or wash their clothes? Except minding the baby—a task that cannot be evaded—what domestic training have they received to qualify them for being in the future the mothers of babies themselves? And even the schooling, such as it is, at what an expense is it imparted? The rakings of the human cesspool are brought into the school-room and mixed up with your children. Your little ones, who have never heard a foul word, and who are not only innocent but ignorant of all the horrors of vice and sin, sit for hours side by side with little ones whose parents are habitually drunk, and play with others whose ideas of merriment are gained from the familiar spectacle of the nightly debauch by which their mothers earn the family bread. . . . I speak only of what I

know when I say that the obscenity of the talk of many of the children of some of our public schools could hardly be outdone in Sodom and Gomorrha."

Of the many melancholy chapters this one, "The Children of the Lost," is perhaps the most melancholy. What horrors and miseries has not the future in store for the coming generation when so many of the children of the present are being nurtured in the condition here described?—children born in work-houses; in overcrowded rooms, where common decency is impossible; children without homes of any kind. The children even of those parents who are so fortunate as to find work are brought up without parental care, on account of the long hours of their parents' labor; to use General Booth's striking language: "They are not so much born into a home as spawned into the world as fish." The fish relationship is substituted for the human.

That the account given in this work of the state of things in London, and in the other large towns of England and Scotland, is a true account, and one rather toned down than exaggerated, has not and cannot be seriously denied. The estimate of the number affected has been called in question, but in no very great degree. It would be a mistake to conclude that the nation as a whole, and the rich in particular, have totally neglected the suffering members of the community. The law provides for those who are starving, and many charitable institutions exist and large sums have been contributed for their support. The actual state of things is, however, an evident proof that, for one cause or another, every effort hitherto made has failed.

What is the relation of General Booth's plan to the already existing schemes? He entirely disclaims any desire to oppose or damage them; and it is clear that the only way in which these institutions can be injured by his success will be by his showing the public that he has found a more excellent way, thereby diverting subscriptions from the rest; and this he is perfectly entitled to do. If he stirs up the friends of those old institutions to increased contributions, and the institutions themselves to more efficient work, he will be only too glad, for then he will have less to do. He believes, however, that their want of success is due to defects; and these defects in Poor Law administration, in the plan of emigration, in what he calls "chaotic charity," in prisons and reformatories, he briefly points out. Trades Unionism, great and many though its advantages are, leaves the question almost untouched. And how does Thrift bene-

fit those who have nothing? And what about the various Socialist schemes? The extract is a long one, but it places the spirit by which General Booth is animated so clearly before the reader that we cannot refrain from quoting it:

“Of the schemes of those who propose to bring in a new heaven and a new earth by a more scientific distribution of the pieces of gold and silver in the trouser pockets of mankind I need not say anything here. They may be good or they may not. I say nothing against any short-cut to the millennium that is compatible with the Ten Commandments. I intensely sympathize with the aspirations that lie behind all these socialistic dreams. But whether it is Henry George’s Single Tax on Land Values, or Edward Bellamy’s Nationalism, or the more elaborate schemes of the Collectivists, my attitude toward them all is the same. What these good people want to do I also want to do. But I am a practical man, dealing with the actualities of to-day. I have no preconceived theories, and I flatter myself I am singularly free from prejudices. I am ready to sit at the feet of any man who will show me any good. I keep my mind open on all these subjects; and I am prepared to hail with open arms any Utopia that is offered me. But it must be within range of my finger-tips. It is of no use to me if it is in the clouds. Checks on the Bank of Futurity I accept gladly enough as a free gift, but I can hardly be expected to take them as if they were current coin, or to try to cash them at the Bank of England. It may be that nothing will be put permanently right until everything has been turned upside down. There are certainly so many things that need transforming, beginning with the heart of each individual man and woman, that I do not quarrel with any Visionary when, in his intense longing for the amelioration of the condition of mankind, he lays down his theories as to the necessity of radical change, however impracticable they may appear to me. But this is the question: Here at our shelters last night were a thousand hungry, workless people. I want to know what to do with them? Here is John Jones, a stout, stalwart laborer, in rags, who has not had one square meal for a month, who has been hunting for work that will enable him to keep body and soul together, and hunting in vain. There he is in his hungry raggedness, asking for work that he may live, and not die of sheer starvation in the midst of the wealthiest city in the world. What is to be done with John Jones? The individualist tells me that the free play of the Natural Laws governing the struggle for existence will result in the Survival of the Fittest, and that in the course of a few ages, more or less, a much nobler type will be evolved. But meanwhile what is to become of John Jones? The Socialist tells me that the great Social Revolution is looming large on the horizon. In the

good time coming, when wealth will be redistributed and private property abolished, all stomachs will be filled and there will be no more John Joneses impatiently clamoring for opportunity for work that they may not die. It may be so, but in the meantime here is John Jones, growing more impatient than ever because hungrier, who wonders whether he is to wait for a dinner until the Social Revolution has arrived. What are we to do with John Jones? That is the question. And to the solution of that question none of the Utopians give me much help. For practical purposes these dreamers fall under the condemnation they lavish so freely upon the conventional religious people who relieve themselves of all anxiety for the welfare of the poor by saying that in the next world all will be right. The religious cant which rids itself of all the importunity of suffering humanity by drawing unnegotiable bills payable on the other side of the grave, is not more impracticable than the Socialistic clap-trap which postpones all redress of human sufferings until after the general overturn. Both take refuge in the Future to escape a solution of the problems of the Present, and it matters little to the sufferers whether the Future is on this side of the grave or the other. Both are, for them, equally out of reach. . . . I leave the limitless infinite of the Future to the Utopians. They may build there as they please. As for me it is indispensable that whatever I do is founded on existing fact, and provides a present help for the actual need."

While General Booth concedes more to the Socialists than we can see our way to do his condemnation of their projects is complete, and recalls those who waste their energies in dreaming to the Christian duty of active service; in short, to the old corporal works of mercy. And one of the most hopeful features of the scheme is that it is not a merely humanitarian and philanthropic plan, but a plan based upon and finding its inspiration in religion.

No Catholic, of course, can fail to see the imperfection of that particular form of religion with which General Booth is identified; at the same time none can be more ready to recognize and to welcome all the good which it is possible to find in this particular form as in all others. It is a satisfaction, too, to all religious men that it is to a religious man, and not to a secularist or an unbeliever, that we are indebted for this work, even should nothing come of it. "To get a man soundly saved it is not enough to put on him a pair of new breeches, to give him regular work, or even to give him a University education. Those things are all outside a man, and if the inside remains unchanged you have wasted your labor. You must in some way

or other graft upon the man's nature a new nature, which has in it the element of the Divine. All that I propose is governed by this principle." No more emphatic recognition of the necessity for religious teaching and for religious principle could be desired. Why, then, have we this project for the removal of temporal evils? The answer to this question is given by another question put by General Booth himself, and is the summing up of forty years' experience of work for the spiritual well-being of the very poor:

"What is the use of preaching the Gospel to men whose whole attention is concentrated upon a mad, desperate struggle to keep themselves alive? You might as well give a tract to a shipwrecked sailor who is battling with the surf which has drowned his comrades and threatens to drown him. He will not listen to you. Nay, more, he cannot hear you any more than a man whose head is under water can listen to a sermon. The first thing is to give him at least a footing on firm ground and to give him room to live, then you may have a chance; at present you have none."

Here we see the scope and extent of the whole plan. The animating motive of the projector is religious; the ultimate object in behalf of those for whom the project is formed is religious; the amelioration of their temporal misfortunes is only a preliminary step.

The question arises, How are Catholics to look upon this "Way Out"? Can they sympathize with it? Can they give to it practical aid? To the first question there can be no hesitation in giving an affirmative answer. In fact, one of the very first to assure General Booth of his full sympathy was the Catholic bishop of the diocese in which General Booth labors—Cardinal Manning. To the second question the answer is not so easy, although prominent Catholics in England are contributing to the fund. The ground for hesitation lies in a fear lest the contributing should be active co-operation with the Salvation Army as such. And although, with Dr. Barry, we may prefer that the classes in question should be Salvationists than that they should be practically heathens, yet to give money to make them Salvationists seems inadmissible. The difficulty, however, is much diminished if not removed by the fact that, although the management of the practical measures which are to be taken will be in the hands of Salvation Army officers, yet the recipients of their bounty will be left perfectly free in religious mat-

ters—will not be required to become Salvationists. General Booth has given the most explicit public assurances on this point.

“No religious bias will interfere with the treatment of any man who comes to us under the scheme. A man can come as an atheist, if there is such a thing, and we will do our best for him. That man can go through the whole machinery of the scheme without any compulsory religion; but I will not say the Army people will not have a good pull at him, and I will not say that man will not have a hot time of it.”

In like manner Catholics will not be compelled to become Salvationists, but will be exposed to Salvationist propaganda. But are they not exposed to the same or to much more evil influences in the slums and on the streets of London and other large cities? The influence of the Salvationists is to be neither exclusive nor permanent. It is not a part of the scheme to retain those whom it rescues. Those who will be for the longest period under these influences will ultimately be transmitted to the colonies over sea—in other words, to farms of their own. The restoration of the rescued to their own families and friends is as much contemplated and desired as this transmission, and in this event all Catholics will be sent back to their Catholic homes.

It is now necessary to glance at the practical proposals which have excited the main interest in this work. We cannot do more than give the most general outline of them, without even attempting to summarize the pages devoted to their exposition. Of the two hundred and eighty-five pages of the book more than two hundred are given to these proposals, and it is, of course, upon their worth and value that the hope for the future rests. In proceeding to this practical part of his subject—the “Way Out”—General Booth lays down the conditions of success—conditions which spring from the very nature of the case—which must be taken into account, under penalty of failure more or less complete. These conditions are seven in number: 1. Any practical scheme must change and transform the character of the man when it is his character and conduct which constitute the reasons for his failure in the battle of life. 2. When the circumstances of the individual are the cause of this failure the remedy must change those circumstances. 3. Any remedy worthy of consideration must be on a scale commensurate with the evil. 4. It must be permanent. 5. Immediately practicable. 6. The

indirect features of the scheme must not be such as produce injury to the persons sought to be benefited. 7. While assisting one class of the community, it must not seriously interfere with the interests of another.

And now, what are the outlines of the scheme? Those who are in any way provided for by the state are for the time being left out of account. Only those who have no helper, who are living on the verge of despair, are considered. "The scheme I have to offer," says General Booth, "consists in the formation of these people into self-helping and self-sustaining communities, each being a kind of co-operative society, or patriarchal family, governed and disciplined on the principles which have already proved so effective in the Salvation Army. These communities we will call, for want of a better term, Colonies. There will be (1) the City Colony, (2) the Farm Colony, (3) the Over-sea Colony." The City Colony will receive all who apply, whoever they may be, will give them temporary employment, supply their pressing wants, and subject them to moral and religious influences. It will aim at either providing for them permanent employment or at sending them home to their friends. Those who remain will be subjected to tests to ascertain their honesty, sincerity, and industry, and the approved will be sent to the Farm Colony—an estate in the country, on which employment will be given. Here the same series of tests will be continued, and the farm-work will be a practical and proximate preparation for the ultimate development of the scheme, the Over-sea Colony. To this the well-tested and approved will be sent—those who remain after the unworthy have been dismissed; and after those who prefer their own country, or to return to their friends, have made their choice. In the English Colonies it is proposed to acquire large tracts of land (in fact, since the publication of his book, some sixty square miles of land have been placed at General Booth's disposal for this purpose), in which a prepared people is to be settled, and farms given to each settler, free of cost, except for passage out and equipment, which is to be repaid in future years.

And here we must leave the reader. The space at our disposal is too limited for us to enter into the details of the scheme. £100,000 are asked by General Booth with which to make a start, and £30,000 a year for its continuance. Within some six weeks of the publication of his work £70,000 were subscribed, and there is no doubt but that the money will be forthcoming; the army will find the organizers. Criticism has not been

wanting, nor will it be wanting. Time alone will show the real worth of the scheme. The difficulties which it will meet will be enormous. But, whether it fails or whether it succeeds, the effort to provide a remedy for this misery will be a lasting glory for the author of this book; and for every one of its readers its perusal cannot but afford a more solemn view of the life of man. The world will be to him something different from what it was before the book was read.

GILBERT SIMMONS.

AMERICAN CHRISTIAN STATE SCHOOLS.

REFERRING to Archbishop Ireland's education paper in the National Teachers' Convention, last year, at St. Paul, we lack no amount of contradictory comments thereupon—partial agreements on one side, wholesale condemnations on the other. Many staunch editors condemn outright the generalization of the Poughkeepsie scheme, while advocating the adoption of the leading features copied from the English Board and Irish National School systems. Others want the Canadian plan, a partial commentary upon which has appeared in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* (August, 1890). Official information bearing directly upon the Poughkeepsie compromise shall be given presently.

Regarding Irish National Schools and English Board schools, the government demands of Catholics or Dissenters that they bring their pupils up to a certain standard in secular branches. Tuition fees from rates and grants are paid so much per head. Religious instruction is perfectly free.

Not a few publicists object that the splicing of the public and parochial systems would introduce into our American religious affairs the state control of the things of faith and morals which we have stamped out of the Constitution, and have fought against as Catholics in every land under the sun.

A third class of Catholic journalists insist that the half-loaf project is to be rejected "in toto," and no compromise accepted as between distinctively Catholic and non-religious state schools.

The church seems in every other nation, which has not accorded large measures of freedom of conscience in school matters, to have drawn a bold-faced and sharp line of demarcation between denominational and public state schools.

It is somewhat remarkable that not only have other prelates in the States abstained from commenting pro or con. officially upon the St. Paul declaration of school faith, but priests also, where connected with journalism, have allowed lay editors to take the initiative in discussing this very vital topic. This action, or rather clerical abstention from action, is a fair refutation of the unproven assertion that Catholic laymen of brains and loyalty have no opinions of their own on the education question, or would not venture to advance them if they had.

But, after all, and while admitting the force of some editorial comment, it seems as if many of our esteemed contemporaries had missed the keynote of the intrepid Archbishop of St. Paul's semi-official paper on compulsory school laws and the possibility, in this land and time, of dovetailing the apparently antagonistic state and Christian school systems. Does not the whole gist of the remarkable and logical paper lie in the legend: *American Christian State Schools!* Parenthetically it is necessary to remark, an official denial has been given from Rome that Archbishop Ireland would be called to account for his bold utterances. They were, moreover, endorsed in this main feature by Bishop Keane, in his lucid exposition of the same theme at Worcester in November, 1890.

We know, who know anything thorough of the school question on the Continent of Europe, that, simply and boldly put, the controversy there lies between outright infidelity on the part of the state and uncompromising Christianity on the part of the church. The infidel Masonic governments of France and Italy, engendered by the Revolution and dark-lantern lodges, have made no secret whatever of their intentions regarding the complete secularizing of the young by means of professed godless state schools. There, then, could be no compromise possible on the part of the church—"pillar and ground of the truth." State schools in these two countries mean schools of Satan, the great adversary of souls, and the avowed patron—daimon—of the apostate priests, laymen and women, affiliated or not to that synagogue set over against Christianity—Continental Masonry.

In Spain and Austria, Holland and Belgium, a bold knot of "Liberal" bandits and Continental Know-nothings foisted on half or wholly Catholic nations state systems which proved hybrid offsprings of the same parent stock. Prussia and England alone in Europe stood out for religious freedom after sporadic fits of persecution. The United States have abstained as a government from *intention* of religious oppression. The separate States as-

sume control only of the secular features of education and profess their incompetency in spirituals. On the other hand, the church, as represented in the *Syllabus* of Pius IX. and in the encyclicals of his luminous successor, Pope Leo, only interdicts the *complete* control of education by the temporal authorities, and condemns the assertion of *total* exemption from spiritual superintendence in schools of mere, or principally, earthly instruction. This is borne out by the drift of the widely approved articles of Rev. James Conway, S.J., especially in *Rights of Our Little Ones*.*

Let us, therefore, examine how many interpret practically the mind of the church respecting our American school system.

I. HIGHER SCHOOLS.

Turning to the more or less favored project of affiliating higher Catholic schools to the University of New York, the editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, himself a Regent, has this to say in its behalf:

“The importance of this step is marked. It enables the Roman Catholic schools to become members of the State University the same as any other schools. It unifies the State system of higher education. The schools referred to become subject to the same rules, inspection, and examinations, and constantly measure their work by the same standards as other schools of like grade in the State. Their trustees and faculties will meet with those of the other schools in the convocation and in the various other educational gatherings of the State, and they will be equal participants under the law in all duties and obligations predicable of the component members of the State University.”

The enlightened Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland have long been enjoying the benefit of state grants by using similar methods. Catholic students are vieing with non-Catholics in the university examinations and bringing honor to their respective colleges in the rivalry. To make themselves equal, if not superior to, state or private secular schools is the condition *sine qua non* which even the Sacred Congregations require of all Catholic schools for the people before parents are bound to patronize them in preference to those secular schools in which, by precautions taken for religious training, the danger of perversion of faith or morals is rendered remote.

* “The State can, by natural right, found schools, appoint teachers, etc., and control such educational institutions, wherever necessary and not otherwise provided; but in such cases it must respect the reasonable demands of parents and leave the church full freedom . . . for necessary religious education” (p. 29).

At the annual meeting of the Regents, December 10, 1890, a charter was granted to St. Mary's Academy, Ogdensburg, for fifty years, and also to St. Bernard's Academy, Cohoes, and St. Peter's Academy, Troy, provided they should change the submitted twenty years' lease of their property to fifty years in accordance with the precedents established by the Regents, who in other cases have accepted irrevocable leases for a period of not less than fifty years instead of requiring absolute ownership of the school property.

Enclosing a copy of the New York Regents' *Syllabus*, the Rev. John P. McIncrow, of St. Mary's Catholic Institute, Amsterdam, N. Y., gives interesting details of his own school and of the applications for charters from different Catholic institutions of the State:

"You will learn from it that no Catholic schools can enjoy the honor and advantages of the affiliation except such institutes as make provision for the teaching of advanced or academic classes. Scholarship is the only test. The government of our school is entirely in our own hands, Catholic in every way. So far as I can learn, the paper of the great Archbishop of St. Paul has not led to any new agreements between the priests in charge of parochial schools here and the public-school authorities. The Jesuits' school in S. Troy, N. Y., was under the supervision of the public-school board of Troy for several years. The board required the examination of teachers, the exclusion of devotional articles, the teaching on holydays of obligation, the visitation of the school by the superintendent, and the use of public-school books. After a few years the sisters objected to the examination. The provincial of the Jesuits also objected to the compromise, and the plan was abandoned. The parish has now in splendid working order two large new school buildings, in which are taught nine hundred children.

"Rev. Father Curtin, pastor of St. Bridget's Church, Port Schuyler (W. Troy, N. Y.), in the diocese of Albany, has his school incorporated as a Union Free School. His experience is exceptional, because his district is made up in great part of Irish Catholics.

"Our affiliation to the University differs from that of St. John's Academy, Syracuse, N. Y. Very Rev. Father Lynch's, as you explain it in your paper, is under a fifty years' lease. Ours is perpetual, under our Rt. Rev. Bishop McNierny, D.D., as sole trustee. Five years ago our Legislature passed a special enabling act to legalize our incorporation. The difficulty in the way of St. Peter's Academy, Troy, N. Y., is the existence of the old board of lay trustees, who are organized under the old law and have never submitted to the transfer of the school property and church

property to the new, or O'Connor, organization—the bishop, the vicar-general, the pastor, and two lay trustees. St. Bernard's school property was donated to the church upon condition that it should be used for church purposes only. The formal transfer of the property to the Regents' trustees might invalidate the donation.

“I know nothing about the Binghamton school and the Ogdensburg school. Rt. Rev. Dr. McNierny has not consented to the transfer of the Troy school and St. Bernard's to the Regents.

“It is not probable that many of our Catholic schools will avail themselves of the privilege of affiliation to the University. Affiliation means the establishment of a regularly graded school, from the kindergarten to the graduating or academic classes. The grant of money by the Regents (\$10 per scholar) is made to a school when a certain number of pupils have passed a successful examination in reading, spelling, geography, English grammar, and arithmetic. These examinations are conducted by the principal of the school, who makes affidavit at the close of the examination that all of the strict rules of the Regents have been honestly lived up to. In addition, each scholar makes his declaration that his work is fairly performed.

“As the number of academies and high schools in the State is large, the share of small schools in the Regents' moneys is of no account as compared with the standing in scholarship which successful examinations bring to these schools. Our school compares favorably in the amount of money received each year with the academies and high schools which are outside of the large cities. We receive from three to four hundred dollars each year. The Regents require a good working library in the school and a full set of apparatus for the teaching of physics before they receive a school under their visitation.”

There is question of honor and profit outside of money for our schools, and we need recognition. If schools, conducted separately by religious of either sex, can at the same time preserve their own curriculum and safeguard their thorough religious instruction on the one side; and, on the other, raise their standard and perfect their methods by closer relationship with the State authorities, it will be hard to question the legitimacy of union with the State-supported schools, especially as our schools can thereby share in the funds for their maintenance, on the sole condition of securing advanced certificates for pupils. And we freely grant that the “Regent fellows” are apt to safeguard instead of imperiling Catholic faith.

What, therefore, is to prevent

II. PAROCHIAL GRAMMAR AND PRIMARY SCHOOLS,

under prudent pastors in different localities, from entering, with the tacit or expressed consent of church authorities, into amicable agreements with local public school county commissioners, or city school boards; as to the examinations of teachers and pupils, inspections and standards in merely secular branches? Many poor parishes of smaller towns and in country districts, South and West, have already availed themselves of this resource; and with open fairness and firmness have satisfied commissioners in their results so completely that the arrangement is continued from one school year to another. Seven or eight Catholic district schools are put down in the Directory reports of the dioceses of Cleveland and Columbus. Six or seven congregations of German Catholics in the southern counties of Indiana, year in and year out, are receiving the public funds to carry on their respective local schools. There is going on an exchange of courtesies between priests and county superintendents in many other country parishes without jars or notoriety.

We learn from the "symposium" on schools, published in the *New York Independent*, and reprinted in the *London Tablet*, that there are no less than ten localities where a compromise has been effected between school boards and church authorities.

George E. Cramer, Superintendent Public Schools, writes of the Poughkeepsie plan:

"About seventeen years ago the Board of Education of Poughkeepsie assumed control of two large parochial schools which for several years had been maintained at its own expense by the St. Peter's Catholic church of this city in buildings owned and erected by that church for school purposes. The conditions upon which the board accepted these schools were substantially and in brief as follows, namely: The board to lease from the church the school buildings at the nominal rent of one dollar per annum, keep them in repair, pay insurance, cost of heating, teachers' salaries, and other expenses of maintaining the schools, and conduct them in the same manner as the other schools of the city under its supervision; the church reserving the privilege of using the building for its own purposes outside of school hours; but no religious instruction to be given during said school hours. The course of studies, text-books, appointment of teachers, and general conduct and control of the schools to be entirely under the jurisdiction of the board, and the members of the board and its officers and agents to be allowed free ac-

cess to the buildings during school hours. This arrangement is still in operation."

This account is confirmed by Rev. James Nilan, D.D., who expresses placid contentment with the plan in all its features. Can it be generally adopted?

Besides the attempted and confessedly dismally failing "combination" of Rev. James McTighe at Pittsburgh, in 1887, there are detailed reports from three schools in Georgia. All the parochial schools of Savannah have, since the war, been under the control of the city authorities, with the following special features:

"1. The Catholic schools shall be received under the control of the Board of Education.

"2. Teachers in the Catholic schools shall be in all cases members of the Catholic Church, but be subject to examination and appointment by the Board of Education.

"3. The text-books used in these schools shall be the same as are used in other public schools, *except books on history, geography, and reading books.*

"4. These schools shall be opened with the reading of the Scriptures and the Lord's Prayer. Such versions of Scripture may be used as the teacher may prefer.

"10. The holidays shall be such as are usually given in Catholic schools."

At Macon, Ga., B. M. Zettler, Superintendent of Public Schools, says: "The second year of our school system the Roman Catholics petitioned our board to elect two teachers, Sisters of Mercy or members of the Roman Catholic Church, as public-school teachers, and allow them to occupy a building furnished by the church." The petition was allowed and the arrangement made permanent, with the mutual agreement that the same books should be used and the same sessions held as in other public schools.

Lastly, at Augusta, Ga., the school board obtain free lease of the parochial buildings, and exempt the sisters teaching, but not the brothers, from attendance at the Normal Institutes. St. Augustine, Fla., and Lexington, Ky., are well known as having partially repaid taxes to our schools.

But, other considerations aside for the nonce, can Catholic laymen unite in this sentiment, and in action consequent upon it? In America we have a state we can trust, because it is ours and the people can control it by ballot. And, because it

has gradually shaken off nearly all the trammels inherited from European despotism, we can give confidently a trial to the American Christian state school system. It will never hurt Christian interests to confide in a Christian state such as ours. Let us get the consent of the American nation to baptize the public-school system. The exorcised evil spirit may make the infant yell, but that will only prove the exorcism was needed. Such is apparently the opinion of the great prelate of the Northwest, and we think he has in this struck a true note with the skill of a master mind.

The suggestions of local solutions of the education question are the first in order before any generally acceptable scheme can be formulated. The gradual expansion of the public sentiment in favor of peaceable adjustments will naturally grow with the greater prevalence of unanimity in the heart of smaller communities. Whose business is it to attend to their youth but theirs?

State schools are—and, please the genius of American institutions, shall remain—State affairs. Communities, or *communes*, to use the European term, will be not only allowed, but encouraged, to permit the just State laws to be applied with the least friction possible in the district schools of counties and public schools of municipalities. There is scant need that we should end with a protest: We distinctly repudiate the possible insinuation of a weakening in the knees on purely Catholic education for every boy and girl of ours. And since, as Catholics, we can join with the State schools in condemning “sectarian, infidel, and immoral” text-books, teachers, and tenets—as their and our laws protest—we trust State and Church may yet shake hands in the schools.

THOS. JEFFERSON JENKINS.

PAMELIA TEWKSBURY'S COURTSHIP.

IN a certain section of Central New York the contour of the hills forms a remarkable resemblance to a huge *pitcher*, and by this name the region has long been known.

A few years since my husband and I, with a young son, took a delightful outing through that locality. Having our own horses and carriage, we made a very leisurely journey, aiming always for a comfortable resting place at night, and bearing away with us each morning a hamper containing luncheon for ourselves, and a bag of oats for the ponies. Thus equipped, we traversed the distance to our next lodging according to our daily whim; picnicking at noon, in true gipsy fashion, beneath some pine-trees, or beside a rippling stream; turning from coffee and sandwiches to a delicious course of "Humorous Sketches" or a siesta upon pine-boughs.

Many comical adventures had we. It was difficult to convince the country people, who often stopped to chat with us, that this was recreation. They invariably demanded a legitimate reason for such unusual proceedings, and more than one inquiring visitor searched the light vehicle for some wares that he had "made sure" we were peddling.

Genuine offers of hospitality were not wanting, and many a pedestrian found a seat in the comfortable little carriage.

It so happened one morning that my husband was somewhat bewildered by the conjunction of several roads, and seeing in advance of us a sturdy figure moving forward at a good pace we hurried to overtake it. At the sound of approaching wheels, and the words "My friend, can you tell me just where *Pitcher* lies?" a genial countenance was turned towards us.

"Wal, I reckon, this here," indicating the abrupt hills just before us, "is the handle. What part be ye looking fer?"

He had a ruddy face, very grizzly as to beard, and when he removed his weather-worn hat his smooth, bald crown, with a fringe of white curls, seemed an unfit accompaniment for the twinkling eyes of deep blue—such eyes as one sometimes sees in babies, wholly undimmed by care or tears.

"Why, I really don't know," laughed my husband. "I was directed to Hosmer's Inn."

"Oh ho! that's atwixt the nose and the swell. Now ye are

smilin', and well ye may; but jus' step out here and ye can see that God A'mighty shaped a perfecter pitcher out of them hills than most men can turn on a wheel.

"No, ye can't drive nigh to this stump, and that's whar yer woman wants to stand."

He helped us all to alight, gave me his hand as I climbed to the top of the stump, and pointed with his thumb to a rise of ground far in the rear.

"That thar's the rim, being what the pitcher oughter to rest on if the Lord had sot it on end." There was no possible irreverence in his tone. "Hereabouts," a rolling section nearer us, "is the swell. Just across Bub's left shoulder lies the nose, and here right for'ard is the beginning of the handle. Faller it—see it curves jest so."

It was very plain, and we all expressed our complete understanding of the "lay of the land."

"There is jest four p'int's where you can see the whole figger to onct. Here, by this hick'ry stump; yander, north of the nose; south of them pines ye see, and kinder back of the rim. Them's all, but it's worth a journey—and I take it ye are travelers—to see how durned perfect the thing is. Looked to right it couldn't be beat; and I reckon, somehow, it's about so with the most of God A'mighty's doin's—ef we look to 'em *right* they're about perfect, that's all there is of it."

My husband thanked the old man cordially, and invited him to ride with us if his route lay that way.

"Wal now I don't care ef I do, squire. It haint often nowadays that I get behind two such spankin' 'roans as them be. Nor," as he clambered into the front seat—"nor nigh so sensible a looking woman—yer wife, may be?"

"Yes, sir, my wife and son."

"It's a durned good thing to hev yer wife with ye, along in life. I haint never had one, yit," he added evasively.

We all smiled, but the old man didn't notice it. My husband spoke of the crops, of the fine air and good water. Our visitor answered in monosyllables. At last, pointing to a white gleam in the distance, he said, almost gleefully:

"Now, thar's a woman livin' in that house that I cal'late to call my wife one o' these days; but time an't come yit."

"How so?" asked I, rather hastily I fear, for I scented a romance.

"Wal, it's a long story, but ef ye an't amiss I'd jest as lief

tell it. We're mor'n six miles from Hosmer's." And with this little introduction the story proceeded.

It was in 1846 that I first come to the nose. Our farm lay afar off to the rim—a leetle mite further. But our deestic' wa'n't agoin' to keep no school that winter; so I up and asked father ef I dassent go off somewheres and get a job o' chores fer my board, and so git one more term of schoolin'. He hadn't no objections, and kinder tho't it over, and spoke about Deacon Hinman at the nose being laid up with *teesick* and reckoned how he might want me. So I packed my big red han'kercher full o' traps and socks and shirts and away I come. I can see myself now a-bobbin' up and down this very lane. It wa'n't worked by team then, and it was full o' yaller rod and spikenet, for it had been an awful pretty fall. So I, like a boy—and I love to pick 'em yit—hung a posy bed around my neck, and clean forgot it when I knocked at the deacon's side door. And what do ye think? The durndest prettiest gal up and opened it. I never was so took back. I allers knowed Deacon Hinman hadn't no darters; and there she stood and me a-meachin' till all at once she said:

“A-peddlin' posies?”

Then my feelin' came back, and I answered her quick: “Do you like 'em?”

And she took 'em, and was a-turnin' away as red as a piny herself when I recollected the deacon's *teesick*. So I stepped in the room and sot down on the settee, and says I: “How's the deacon?”

“He's abed,” says she.

“Got a man around?”

“Ef we haint it's none o' your business. I'm man enough to tell ye that, and if ye haint got nothin' better to do than to sass folks and string posies 'round yer neck, I'd thank ye to git up and go.”

I do not know as I ever heard Pameley Tewksbury say so much to onct in all my days since, for she an't no talker; but, land's sake, didn't she skeer me, and didn't she look purty! I kinder shook all over, so I scarce got tongue to tell her who I was and what fetched me. She was ashamed enough then; I see it in her eyes, but she didn't never tell me. No, sir. That an't her way.

The deacon's wife came in jest then, half a-cryin', for the cow had kicked her, and it didn't take long afore we struck a bar-

gain, and in the evenin's she told me all about the deacon's tee-sick and her rheumatiz; but the only thing I could remember was that the gal was the deacon's niece come to live with them, and her name was Pameley.

My! how that winter flew by. I don't reckon I larned a great deal to school, but I knew jest how many sticks of wood het the stove up right to bake, and how to plan to git time fer the churning Saturdays, and to turn out the wash-water Monday nights fer a gal who never said tire,—but I couldn't a-bear to see them little arms a-liftin' so.

Summer-time come, and the deacon wa'n't no better, and father said how I'd best stay and hire out for hayin'. I was a powerful worker then—I can mow my swath pretty reg'lar now—and I was a powerful big eater, too; but there wa'n't no lack of vittles. The deacon was allers a good provider, and Pameley was a rare cook." Here he paused, and turning towards the white speck, now grown into a distinct homestead, he said gravely:

"Ef ye was to put up there this very day, and no one a-knowin' of yer comin', *she'd* set ye afore as good a meal at an hour's notice as ever Hosmer sot for two dollars and a half a day." Then the story went on.

At first I used to talk to Pameley some, but after a while every time I tried to speak somethin' crammed in my throat, and it got to be so that I dassent try to talk. Evenin's I jest sot and whittled mush-sticks out of white pine, till she bu'st out one night, and says she: "S'pose you think I'm goin' to spile my mush every time with a new tastin' stirrer." And she laughed till she had to go out the room; but what did I care if she used them stirrers fer kindlin'? I'd had my luck lookin' at her fingers fly a-sewin' or a-knittin', and I've got a pair of double blue and white streaked mittens now that she made that winter. It went along so fer 'bout three year and more. I don't think I keered much fer time. I jest wanted to be a-earnin', winter and summer, and that was what it had come to, fer the deacon didn't git much better, and the wimmen folks couldn't git along without me very well. They do say now I'm drefful handy; and so long's Pameley set store by me, I was all right. I declare to goodness I clean forgot there was another young man in Pitcher but me! But I had to wake up to it arter all, and I've wished a thousand times I had waked up sooner.

Pameley went off on a visit to her folks, and when she come back—onexpected like—a feller fetched her. When I see him a-liftin' her outen the sleigh I felt like a-heaving a claw-ham-

mer at him; but when he turned round, and I saw what a putty-face he was, says I to myself, "Pshaw!" Several times that winter he come, and set and set, and onct I got up and was a-going up the kitchen stairs when I felt somethin' in my heel. I sot down on the top step and pulled my stockin' off, a-lookin' fer a tack or perhaps a broke-off needle, when all of a sudden—the door was ajar and they hadn't spoke a word afore—I heard Jim Whiffles say: "I knowed a feller as went a courtin' one gal fer a whole year."

"P'r'aps," said Pameley.

"And she didn't chuck him off neither."

"S'pose not."

I tell you I listened close after that, but there was not a sound until Jim shoved his chair and got up to go, and she took the candle to the outside door, and then she come in and went right off to bed.

Next mornin' I looked at her sharper'n ever, but I couldn't see a shadder on her cheek. She was jest as bloomin' and as quiet as ever, and I knowed she cared more fer my leetle finger than for the whole of Jim Whiffles' body.

The next time he came it was near New Year's, and he sot a big red apple plump in her lap; but she did not so much as say "thankee." I thought she kinder of turned towards me, as much as to say, "Ef ye had done it, all right."

But I didn't *know*, and I reckoned I needn't begrudge Jim an evenin's lookin' at her. So I off to bed ag'in. I was thinkin' how mean I had been about listenin' on the stairs, when up thro' the big stove-pipe hole come these words, jerked out as usual: "I think some time there's goin' to be a weddin' up to our meetin'-house."

"Like as not."

"And I reckon Jim Whiffles is goin' to pay the dominee."

"Likely."

That was all. My heart beat so I thought they must hear it, so I covered my head with the bed-clothes, and in five minutes more he went away, callin' out as he drove off, 'Good night!'

I did not sleep much, but I kep' up a thinkin' and at last I made out that nobody'd be such a fool as to ask a woman to have him that way; and it must be Jim felt kinder sneakin', arter visitin' of her and let her know he was a-goin' to marry Ary Edwards, that I had heard tell he went with. So I was comforted ag'in.

It wa'n't more'n two weeks afore I was took down with a fever. Pamily nursed me night and day, and every time I see her I said to myself, "Jest the first time I've got strength to walk to the dominee's house we'll be made happy." Dear little soul! What a good supper she laid on the table the night I was so tired out with doin' of the milkin', havin' done nothin' fer so long.

"Ezra," she says, and her face flushed up—"Ezra, eat. I've cooked it fer you."

I wanted to blurt out right then that I loved her, but I didn't.

I had to tuck myself up mighty early, for I was clean beat out, and I declare fer it, but I was jest fallin' into a doze like when I heard Jim Whiffles come. Pamily wa'n't done the dishes, so she clattered away, and at last sot down to knittin'. Nary one spoke much, only to tell a word or two about the snow-storm that was a-brewin'. And I was comforted ag'in, but it was short measure. When the clock had struck nine Jim got up, and while he was puttin' on his top-coat I heard him say:

"Pamily, I was a-tellin' ye last time I was here about Jim Whiffles paying the preacher."

"Jest so."

"And you was the gal that the dominee told to love and obey her man."

"Jest so."

I was breathless! Was there nothin' more to come? I had almost made up my mind that Jim was gone when I caught the sound of a very decided smack. Good Lord, forgive me, but I fought with the devil that night!

Pamily and Jim Whiffles was made one April 6, 1850. He fell heir to some property, and she got a thousand dollars when her uncle died, and a couple thousand more—in land—when Mrs. Hinman went off. So things prospered with them. He was hard-workin', kind of a putterer, but she was a master-hand to save, and them children all was like her—smart as a steel-trap.

Eight years come next. Tuesday Jim Whiffles died. I didn't need a second lesson—Lord A'mighty knows how hard it come to me onct!—and I had loved Pamily right straight through. So, jest six months arter Jim was laid away I made a kind of an errant up to her house, and the very minnit I see her it all came over me so I couldn't help it, and I screeched right out:

"Pamily, hev me; do, for goodness' sake, say yes! Don't you know I allers wanted ye?"

She turned 'round, and her eyes was a-flashin' when she answered:

"*Allers?* And lived in the same house nigh onto four years? You had first chance, and now you come whinin' afore Jim's cold."

I sneaked off. I tho't the Lord was ag'in me this time, but I jest couldn't give her up. I kep' right on goin'. All the children, one arter another, has married and done well, and she boosted 'em all.

Last Sunday I was over thar ag'in, and, somehow, I tho't she kind o' squeezed my hand at meetin'; so I swelled up, and says I, "Pamely, is Jim cold?"

And she whispered back, "Yes."

S. M. H. GARDNER.

A LEARNED WOMAN.*

THE curious combination of a spirit heroically Christian with the intense pride and unrelenting hardness of the old Roman patrician gave a peculiar coloring to the character of the Venetian citizen during the years of the city's prosperity, and even now renders its history liable to be misunderstood. Long years of combat against the Mussulman power, and the frequent intermingling of the cause of religion with political and mercantile interests, kept up in Venice to a late period a degree of mental exaltation always ready to begin and to execute great enterprises. The rooted belief that the principal families were lineally descended from ancient Roman ones bearing similar names set a fashion in behavior which was not abandoned when later lights showed the slender foundation upon which such tradition rested. The presumed possession of so noble a descent called for corresponding nobility in deeds, and explains the severity of the laws regarding the inheritance of the patrician rank.

The Cornaro family claimed as ancestors the Gracchi and the Scipios of the olden time, while the records of its successive generations added new lustre to its presumed origin. It figured among the first twelve families composing the body of the Venetian nobility. Its name was found among the earliest builders

* See *Les Quatre Martyrs*, by M. A. F. Rio: *Helena Cornaro; ou, Le Martyr de l'Humilité*. The account here given of this remarkable woman is mainly an abridgment of M. Rio's narrative, gathered chiefly, as he tells us, from a life of the lady written by her confessor.

of churches, and its sons were dignitaries in both church and state, valiant leaders in war, great captains on sea and on land, revered counsellors and diplomats, men, in short, ever prepared to devote their fortunes, their own lives, and the lives of their sons to the advancement or the defence of their country. Nor were they less renowned in the departments of learning and of art. The well-known Catherine Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, was a daughter of the house. Her story, at once so brilliant and so mournful, has been told and retold.

A century and a half later there lived in Venice another woman, bearing the same family name, of widely different character and fortune, but no less deserving of consideration. Helena Lucretia Cornaro (born in 1645) was the daughter of John Baptist Cornaro, *procurator* of St. Mark's, a man not unworthy of such a name, such a daughter, and such a country. His marriage with Zanetta Boni had not been approved by the Council of Ten, and hence the two sons born of this union, esteemed too unequal, were excluded from the functions and privileges pertaining exclusively to patricians. Four separate times did the unhappy father present a petition for the restoration of his sons to the forfeited patriciate, and as often was the boon denied by the majority of the council. At length, quitting the tone of dignified reserve hitherto employed, he ventured to suggest that the previous glories and services of his family ought to count for something. He cited the Mark Cornaro elected doge toward the middle of the fifteenth century, although one of the electors had objected to him by reason of his lack of means, his advanced age, and especially the obscure birth of his wife; also, the Frederic Cornaro who, in the war of Chioggia, impoverished himself by his munificent gifts to his country; and then, calling up more recent memories, he asked for his sons' admission into the patriciate as the price of the blood shed at Lepanto by his three uncles, his father's brothers. The result of this appeal was a speedy concession of the desired award.

The chief and certainly most legitimate ambition of John Baptist Cornaro being thus contented, he turned to the gratification of another, which was unhappily tainted by the unhealthy tendencies of his age, and pursued with a ruthless perseverance difficult to comprehend or to pardon.

Surrounded in his magnificent palace by the memorials of the deeds and accomplishments of his forefathers, he dwelt less upon the glorious records of the past than upon the blanks still to be filled in. He beheld in profusion trophies of martial

proWess and of civic and literary distinction, enough for the glorification of several families; but it seemed to him that among the women of his race there was not one whose renown in the departments of science and literature was at all commensurate with the brilliant part that the Cornaro family had otherwise played in the history of the republic. The sceptre held by the Queen of Cyprus had brought to her no empire save a temporary influence over a few hearts or imaginations; there yet remained to win a royalty still rarer among women—that kingdom of the intellect to which more than one fair Venetian had already aspired, and which could not fail to be adjudged to the most worthy. As M. Rio phrases it: “We here see him who is to offer the sacrifice; let us now consider the victim.”

Besides the two sons whose rehabilitation had been sought and obtained, John Baptist Cornaro had a daughter, whose astonishing precocity inspired her father with the hope that he might, ere his death, realize the accomplishment of his dearest wish. From the hour that he conceived this possibility the entire education of the child was directed in view of the great end to be attained. But her active mind failed to take exclusively the direction intended by her father, and her own childish aspirations threatened to disappoint the especial hopes centred upon her labors.

It soon became apparent that filial obedience was the sole motive of her assiduity, and that the flattery showered upon her laid no hold upon her youthful mind. On the other hand, whenever she could bestow an alms or utter a prayer her naturally serious countenance beamed with unutterable delight. Scarcely was she able to speak, when already she desired to bear her part in all the pious exercises at which she was present. As soon as she heard the bell ring the *Angelus*, whether at noon, at sunrise, or at sunset, she would call together the servants in her father's house, and, herself setting the example, would kneel down and begin to say the *Ave Maria*. If she heard a bell announce a Mass in a neighboring church she would hurry on her white veil and beg, sometimes with tears, to be taken to hear it. She rarely wept for any of the usual childish causes of grief, but if she did, one had only to place a rosary or an image of the Blessed Virgin in her hand to insure a cessation of her tears. She regarded such objects not in the light of playthings but as symbols of religious veneration, a feeling already understood by her as resulting in observances preferred over all the games and amusements generally attractive to children. Before her fifth

year had passed she had already begun to employ innocent stratagems that her dress might be kept modest and simple; and even at that early age she had perceived the contradiction existing between the profession of faith among Christians and the meagre charity shown by them in the distribution of their wealth. One day, when her father was carrying her in his arms through the halls and galleries of his palace, and trying to make her admire the magnificence of the paintings and gildings by which they had been adorned, the work of the first artists of the time, she turned to him with thoughtful visage and asked how much all this luxurious ornamentation had cost. When he told her the approximate sum, she sighed and said: "Dear father, would it not have been better to give that money to the poor, that you might thus, by your alms, have prepared for yourself a beautiful palace *up there*, in Paradise?"

This edifying comment was not thrown away. A Capuchin friar, then greatly renowned as a preacher—Anthony of Braganza—happened to be present, and the simple recital he was wont to make of it in the pulpit more than once aided him substantially in his endeavors to win his auditors to the performance of works of mercy.

Helena's love of prayer and her distaste for all frivolity, especially for luxury in dress, grew with her years. But, also, as she grew in years she grew in beauty, and her mother, who cared more for her external loveliness than for her bright intellect, delighted in seeing her well attired. This maternal coquetry was often a source of sad trials for her filial obedience. We read that once, during the carnival, when the family were assembled on the balcony of the palace surveying the gorgeous spectacle, the child was missed. She was found in her room. On being brought out tears filled her eyes, and she pleaded: "O my mother! see how many Christians lose their time in things of little worth, forgetful of Him who died to save them! Let me go, I beseech you; indeed, I have need to pray for them and for myself."

But, by the side of this evident call to evangelic perfection, an unwonted facility in comprehending, an extraordinary progress in all that she was set to learn, had unfortunately been perceived and admired. As the record tells us: "Her father's ambition was flattered by the dazzling perspective of a species of glory as yet unknown in his family. No means was to be left unemployed that there might one day be a *learned woman* of the name of Cornaro: one who should unite in the highest degree profane and sacred erudition, eloquence and poetry;

the knowledge of ancient and modern languages, even a mastery of the exact sciences and the practice of art. The ill-fated victim against whom this sentence of death was thus pronounced had scarcely reached her eighth year.

“To arouse in her a spirit of generous emulation, she was instructed in the history of her ancestors. The record of the family's glories failed to stimulate any feeling of pride in the soul of the modest Helena, but she dwelt with pleasure on the account of a pilgrimage made to Palestine in the year 1519 by her great-grandfather, Francis Cornaro. The narration of the adventures and the emotions experienced by the pious pilgrim interested her far more deeply than the long genealogies of her race, or even than the most eloquent descriptions of battles and sieges.

“A certain John Baptist Fabris, author of a then well-known commentary on the philosophy of Aristotle, was the first master chosen to guide the intellectual development of a mind whose exceptional powers he had been among the earliest to perceive. He lived but a short time, and at his demise his office was filled by three instructors, to wit, one Doctor Bartolotti, a canon of St. Mark's, and a librarian, of Greek origin, named Louis Gradenigo. To console herself for the dryness of her ordinary studies she employed in the reading of spiritual books the little leisure left to her. The lives of the saints, especially those of the martyrs, seemed to her more touching and even more heroic than the lives of the great men of whom she read in her Plutarch. Especially was she impressed with the recorded sanctity of the Blessed Louis of Gonzaga. She found a certain resemblance between the devotional feelings arising in the heart of the young Spaniard and those experienced by herself. That this resemblance might not prove illusory she bound herself, as he had done, by a secret vow of chastity, choosing for this act the Feast of the Annunciation, the same day that had been selected by him. Helena, at this time, was not quite twelve years old; but we cannot judge by her years alone of the competence of her reason to make so serious a decision. She had indeed had no childhood; and at this tender age, in view of the astonishing progress already made in Latin and Greek, we find French, modern Greek, Spanish, and Hebrew added to the list of her studies. We thus see the devoted victim painfully advancing toward the place of sacrifice, herself bearing the pile on which she is to be consumed; moreover, it is a father who is to be the sacrificial agent, and, as there is question of a

new distinction for the name he bears, and an undying crown of glory for his daughter, he will not stop until the last act shall have been consummated."

Helena acquitted herself only too satisfactorily of the new tasks imposed upon her. She not merely spoke these various tongues fluently, but wrote them correctly, even elegantly. It was by the presentation of a short treatise written in Greek by his pupil that Gradenigo silenced certain enemies who opposed his obtaining an abbacy in the Island of Corfu on the ground that he was but superficially acquainted with the language.

During this second period of her education Helena Cornaro, in addition to the religious works which she continued to read, found in music another species of consolation well suited to the needs of her soul. Her progress in this department was even more rapid than in any of the others, perhaps because she there found the best expression for the vague and mystic aspirations which sometimes lifted her above the ordinary level of human speech. She sang the songs of western Europe, wild melodies from the mountains of Greece, and she even learned a little Arabic, that she might sing some airs which had pleased her. Not only was she possessed of a sweet and flexible voice, but she could, when desired, accompany herself on the viol, the harp, and the harpsichord.

When she had thus made all the progress desirable or imaginable in music, the languages, and even in eloquence, of which she was taught the theory and the practice, the course of instruction in use in her day led her naturally to scholastic philosophy and theology. Her father, wishing to give her every advantage, established a residence in Padua, where he presumed that Helena could best procure the tuition needed to render her the most accomplished prodigy of her time.

This decisive step made toward the attainment of that external renown which had hitherto been rather endured than sought after, was for her an entrance into a new career filled with struggle and suffering. She obeyed without a murmur, but the deeper tint of melancholy coloring her thoughts plainly spoke the fact that this young girl was devoting herself to glory and her father's will much as certain victims among the old Romans devoted themselves to the gods' *manes* or the infernal deities. However, the study of theology gradually became a species of consolation for her, so that she gave herself up to it with enthusiasm, finding even dialectics delightful by reason of its utility in carrying on religious controversy.

It was about this time that she began to comprehend the full charm of the contemplative life for a soul enamored of the desire of knowing and loving, and to consider how she might attain to this happiness, so accessible to many, and yet so rarely prized. St. Benedict was then the object of her greatest veneration, and she could find nothing more beautiful than the monastic order founded by him. But she carefully concealed her admiration for the great founder, her growing taste for that species of life, and her ever-increasing aversion toward the world and worldly fame. Destined by her father to place the crowning point on the distinction of her family, she could not bear to frustrate his hope, however little she might sympathize with its object; and so long as she could keep her inner self a sanctuary undisturbed by the applause of the world she walked with docility in the way marked out for her by paternal authority. But from the day when she thought herself no longer indifferent to the admiration she excited her conscience gave her no rest. After a long internal struggle she went to her father, threw herself with confidence into his arms, and there shed the flood of tears oppressing her heart. This scene was most trying for both father and daughter. The vow of chastity made at the age of eleven was then revealed for the first time; the least objection suggested against its validity threw the unhappy girl into so painful a state that her father—who was, in fact, occasionally ruled by serious Christian ideas—gave her, but with the deepest sorrow, his consent and his blessing, saying with Job: *The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord!*

The religious house to which Helena was sent to make her novitiate passed for one of the most edifying and best governed, but it proved to be the home of discord and ambitious intrigues. Helena, transported at finding herself delivered from the burden which had so long weighed so heavily upon her, in the beginning saw nothing of what was going on around her, and gave herself up to the feeling of peace and joy naturally filling her soul. But at the end of a few weeks she became convinced that she had been mistaken in her choice of a community, and that she would do well to seek some other asylum. A holy woman, known under the name of Sister Maria Felice and living in the odor of sanctity on one of the small islands near Venice, succeeded in quieting Helena's scruples of conscience by declaring to her that the ill-success of her first attempt was a clear token that Providence had other views in her regard, and des-

tined her still to please her father by living in the world, where she could benefit those around her even more by the lustre of her virtues than by the light of her learning.

Having returned to her father's house she took up her former pursuits, and John Baptist Cornaro again indulged in his old dreams. Gradenigo was recalled, and he associated with himself all the instructors required to give the last finish to his pupil's education. Public meetings were held in which she bore the brunt of the entertainment. In the presence of an imposing auditory she sustained theses in the fashion of the day, with the difference that, instead of displaying the subtleties looked for on such occasions, she shone by the exercise of a naïve and simple species of eloquence, to which her extreme youth added an additional charm. These meetings, at first restricted to family friends, became, to a certain degree, national festivities, to which were invited not only strangers present in Venice but persons from the neighboring towns, and even from foreign lands. Her greatest triumph, however, that of which the memory was longest preserved, took place on Ascension Day of I know not what year, when the senate, derogating in her favor from immemorial usage, suspended an important deliberation on public affairs that they might go and listen to Helena Cornaro. It is also stated that on that same day the ceremony of the marriage of the doge to the Adriatic was to take place, that a certain German prince had crossed the Alps to be present on the occasion, but that, having gone to hear Helena Cornaro, he forgot all about the festival. The beauty, simplicity, and modesty of Helena impressed him far more than the erudition and eloquence she was called upon to exhibit. He made no delay in asking her hand in marriage, and this offer brought on a terrible crisis between the father and daughter. She regarded her childish vow as always binding; he looked upon it as null and void, and, for the first time in his life, bearing down upon her with the full strength of his paternal authority, he endeavored to crush a resistance he had not expected. He readily obtained from the Sovereign Pontiff a dispensation in due form, not doubting that he had only to show it to his daughter to silence her objections and restore to his family the tranquillity which this struggle had disturbed.

When the dispensation was read to her, Helena, pale and silent, seemed choked by a sort of anticipated horror of herself, and replied only by a burst of tears. Losing no time, she sent secretly for the venerable D. Cornelius Codanini, Abbot of St.

George's, and, not content with renewing at his hand her vow of chastity, she begged and obtained from him the habit of a nun of the Order of St. Benedict, with the permission to wear it under her usual dress. This consecration completed, she found courage to say to her father that she purposed keeping her vow, even should the greatest monarch living seek her hand in marriage, and, that she might not have to renew so painful a conflict, she thought it best for her to retire to a convent at Castiglione. But, when she was assured that if she would remain at home she need fear no repetition of a similar attempt, she consented to do so, and continued to divide her time between the practice of the Christian virtues and the various studies still needed to complete her literary glory.

The profane portion of these studies never had any great charm for her, but she applied herself with only too great assiduity to any work on theology, history, or philosophy which was capable of furnishing nourishment for the contemplative turn of her mind, or of confirming and ever more and more justifying her enthusiastic love for the Christian faith. Thus she read and reread the story of the sufferings of the primitive martyrs, the Apologetics of Tertullian, and especially the writings of St. Basil and St. John Chrysostom. While yielding to the ambition of her father, and consenting to endure the fame and applause which became more and more unavoidable, she sometimes had opportunities of utilizing her learning in the instruction of persons not born in her faith or whom adverse circumstances had rendered callous or hostile to it. Father Oliva speaks in his letters of two Greek priests whom she had converted, and whom she sent to him that he might complete their instruction. Her master in Hebrew was a Jewish rabbi, a close observer of his law and rite, whom she was desirous of bringing over to the observance of the Christian law and worship. When she saw that her efforts were apparently fruitless, she became so greatly distressed that she suffered in her sleep and her health. Less than a year later he privately confessed to her that he had been convinced by her arguments, but that family reasons prevented his making an open avowal of the Christian faith.

The rumor of these conversions spread rapidly throughout Italy, Germany, and France, everywhere raising up for her new admirers. However, there were some severe contemners of the position to which she had attained—persons who regarded her as having overstepped the boundaries of a woman's sphere and proper action. The controversy was rendered still more ani-

mated by the suggestion made to her father to have her received as a doctor in theology. This proposal gave rise to a lively discussion among the theologians of France, Germany, and Italy, several doctors of the Sorbonne returning an affirmative answer to the question. Those who maintained the contrary opinion were vigorously opposed by two Frenchmen then living in Rome. We subjoin an extract from a letter written on the subject by one of them to Helena herself: "It is objected that the church, having in every age forbidden to women the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the altar, this interdiction extends to all that concerns the domain of theology. . . . As if there were not a crying injustice in making a reproach to them of that which, in fact, gives them an additional title to our respect! Men alone having lifted their sacrilegious hands against the person of Christ, why should women offer a sacrifice instituted in expiation of a crime which they have not committed? As to matters of theology, the proof that they have a right to treat them is found in the fact that our Lord Jesus Christ himself revealed the most sublime mysteries of our religion to Mary Magdalen, to Martha her sister, and to the Samaritan woman. One might even say that he had conferred upon them a mission to preach the Gospel when he sent them to announce his resurrection (*the good tidings par excellence*) to his disciples."*

But Helena's repugnance to this step was unconquerable, and her father was obliged to yield the point; solely, however, on the condition that his daughter would indemnify him for this sacrifice by consenting to be received as mistress of arts and doctor in philosophy by the University of Padua.

At first she refused; she hoped to move Heaven by her prayers and her father by her tears; more than once did she kneel at the feet of her mother and her confessor, protesting her filial devotion, her willingness to die for the authors of her being, but imploring them to spare her this bitter chalice, and even saying that if she were forced to undergo this trial she felt sure she would not long survive it.

Her tears and her predictions were equally in vain. The utmost she could obtain was, not to be forced to appear before the immense throng attracted to Padua by the Feast of St. Anthony. During the delay accorded her she endeavored to prepare for the dreaded day, not in the fashion of the ordinary

* These two Frenchmen were the Abbé de Saint-Luc and M. de Court. The last named is the author of the Latin letter of which the portion above cited is translated from the French translation of M. Rio.

candidate, but by frequent reception of the Holy Eucharist, so that, fortified by communion with the Source of Humility, she might be preserved against the illusions and intoxications of vainglory. In spite of all the precautions suggested by her sensitive modesty, the city was crowded with visitors from Venice and from the neighboring towns anxious to witness this unwonted spectacle, and, as the hall of the university was too small to accommodate so great a throng, it was decided, to the great satisfaction of the latest comers, that Helena Cornaro should sustain her thesis in the vast basilica of St. Anthony. This determination, however, instead of adding to her mental trouble, made her feel a moment of joy. It seemed to her that she would there be more immediately under the safeguard of the Most High, and that the hearts of all present would there be more disposed to indulgence and compassion.

On the morning of June 25, 1678, the tolling of the bell and the buzz of the crowd impatiently awaiting her appearance announced that the fated moment had arrived. Kneeling down, she began the recitation of a prayer, which she continued during the whole time of the transit, undisturbed by the joyous acclamations greeting her passage. When she crossed the threshold of the church she seemed as if about to faint; she felt her memory, her consciousness, deserting her. To calm her terror she tottered to the altar of the Holy Virgin, knelt and besought the protection of that Blessed Mother. She there regained her spirits and her courage, and when she finally appeared in the place prepared for her, pale, a laurel crown upon her head, her eyes at first bent to the ground and then uplifted to heaven, the spectators, who had followed with interest her slightest movements, were nearly all touched to tears.

This feeling soon gave way to admiration when they saw with what precision of dialectics, with what fervid eloquence, she treated the philosophical questions proposed to her. Several times her conclusions were followed by unanimous applause, and these flattering plaudits ended by so troubling her that the ordeal was abridged in order that her evident suffering might the sooner be ended. She was borne to her dwelling in triumph, and the strangers cried aloud in their enthusiasm that, "if Venice was the wonder of the world, Helena Cornaro was the wonder of Venice."

Thus was the happiness of John Baptist Cornaro finally complete; thenceforth no species of distinction was lacking to his family. He beheld ambassadors, princes, visit Padua for the sole purpose

of conversing with his daughter. The visit which attracted the most attention was that paid by the Cardinal d'Estrées, in whose presence the young Helena improvised, composed and sang in all the languages that she had learned. The gentlemen by whom he was accompanied, on their return to France, spoke of her as a real prodigy, and it was upon the recommendation of Helena that Louis XIV., having accepted the dedication of a philosophical work written by a certain Rinaldini, a professor at Padua, presented the author with a medal and a valuable gold chain.*

But amid all these honors the poor young girl had fallen a prey to cruel sufferings, originating in her earlier years, developed by the course of her life, and finally fixed upon her by the violence she had done to herself before and during the ordeal to which she had been forced to submit. From that day her life was one long death-agony, watched over by her father, possibly, not without remorse. She was assailed by a complication of alarming symptoms, leading those about her often to think that her last hour could not be far removed. Hope succeeded to fear, and fear to hope, during six years, and she alone thought these years none too long. When she experienced a period of tolerable health, she returned (to gratify her father) to the fatal studies which had blighted the bright days of her early youth, or she went about bearing to the sorrowing all the help and consolation within her gift. She visited the sick, especially seeking out, in the Venetian hospital for mendicants, certain poor girls who had assisted in teaching her music during her infancy. These noble needs of her heart satisfied, she would carry back to her father's house more than her ordinary serenity, renewed patience in bearing her sufferings, accompanied by ever more and more touching proofs of her filial tenderness.

As it was in fact only the most severe pangs which could move her to complain, once, after several weeks of apparent ease, it was thought that she might without injury to herself attempt a continuous effort, and it was proposed to her to write a eulogy of the republic of Venice. She says in the preface that she had consented for two reasons: First, through obedience toward those who had imposed the task upon her; and, secondly, because

*Nescio qua natale solum dulcedine cunctos
Ducit, et immemores non sinit esse sui ;*

that is, through love for her country. This short work, not in-

* The above-mentioned Charles Rinaldini was a nephew of the John Rinaldini for whom Henry IV. had entertained an especial friendship.

elegantly expressed, and remarkable for the number of Latin and Greek authors quoted in its course, shows, at bottom, the inevitable influence exercised by long and severe pain upon the intellectual faculties of the author.

However, this mind exhausted by five years of almost constant illness, regained for the last time its original spring and vigor on the day when she heard that the Turks, after having wrought their will upon the Christian populations through which they had passed, had spread their tents before Vienna, and had directed their batteries to compass its fall. The lukewarmness of the nations of western Europe in presence of the impending catastrophe was for her an enigma and a scandal. Unaware that she was living in an age of decadence, she could not realize to what degree the spirit of chivalry and religion had disappeared from the face of the earth. When she learned that John Sobieski was marching at the head of an army of Catholics to the relief of the besieged she came near dying with joy. She spoke his name with transport, she brought it involuntarily into all her discourse, and she called those happy who had Sobieski for a fellow-citizen and Poland for a country. So long as the result hung in doubt she was seen to approach the Holy Table more frequently, and was known to have increased her fasts and other penitential acts; we may indeed affirm that no Christian heart beat more anxiously than did hers, neither were any Christian prayers more fervent than were hers during this momentous period. She redoubled her devotion toward the Blessed Virgin because she knew that the Poles had chosen her as their patroness and their queen. Finally, the news of the deliverance of Vienna put an end to her suspense. Finding no one about her who seemed adequately to share her joy, she shut herself in her room and sketched the praises of those who had shown themselves the most vigorous defenders and liberators of Christendom. A few days later these sketches were accidentally discovered by her father, who, still governed by his incurable weakness, required of her that she should put the final touches upon them. She at once felt that the paternal self-love would not stop there, and her short-lived joy was changed into sorrow. She wept, but she obeyed, declaring that she offered this sacrifice to the Blessed Virgin. The eulogies on the Duke of Lorraine, on John Sobieski, and on Pope Innocent XI. were printed, and sent respectively to each one of the persons named. The Polish hero was touched by the care that a poor dying girl seemed to take of his glory, and he made haste to testify his gratitude in the most flattering

terms. The Sovereign Pontiff, when replying to her, sent her his blessing, and, in the state which she then found herself, this was for her the sweetest of consolations.

Exhausted by her sufferings and by the very exaltation of her mind, she was feeling more painfully than ever the attacks of the malady which had so long been undermining her strength. When she received the reply of Sobieski, and that of the Pope (in the month of June, 1684), she was stretched upon her couch of pain, and but few days remained to her in which to suffer. Two years previously her father had wished to cut down a cypress-tree which, standing in front of his windows, obstructed the view of the Euganean hills, otherwise visible. Her mother, who had planted the tree the year of Helena's birth, obtained with difficulty that by reason of this association the tree should be spared. Some months later she went alone to Venice, and her husband, thinking to take advantage of her absence to carry out his desire, was about to have the tree cut down, when Helena stopped him, saying: "Wait until that cypress dries up and dies of itself; the trunk may then serve for my coffin."

From that day on the father often thought of these words, but they reverberated as a thunder-clap in his heart when he beheld the tree begin to fade at the same time that his daughter's last painful agony began. During the ten days preceding her death she was in an almost continual state of delirium, but no word passed her lips, no regret was spoken, which could contradict the tenor of her past life. The fever renewed in her memory even the impressions of her childhood; but neither the treasures of learning accumulated in her mind, nor her literary triumphs at Venice and Padua, no echo of the glory which she had won for her family, nothing, in short, which could be covered by the word *vanity*, occupied her thoughts during her last hours. The object chiefly present to her mind was evidently the deliverance of Vienna, and the wonderful march of the heroic Poles with their king, John Sobieski, at their head. She sent for her father's chaplain, and asked him to write a letter for her to the archduchess of Austria; then, instead of beginning to dictate the letter, she broke off with a thoughtful air and, sighing, said: "No, five feet of earth, and that is enough—enough for the greatest person in this world. . . ." Then, after a few moments of silence and apparent inward trouble, she turned her eyes toward the window, as if to enjoy for the last time the beauty and serenity of the sky. All at once her face, as if informed by some mysterious bliss, appeared as serene as the sky

itself; her eyes, fixed upon a point in the firmament, became radiant with surprise and pleasure; an angelic smile broke upon her lips; she stretched forth her arms, and cried aloud with transport: "O holy Virgin of Czenstochowa! Yes, 'tis she; I am not deceived! 'Tis she, 'tis their patroness.* . . ." From time to time she renewed this exclamation, the only interruption to the prayers for the dying then being recited at her bedside.†

It was under the name of the *Holy Virgin of Czenstochowa* that the Poles honored in a special manner the Mother of the Redeemer. It was to the *Virgin of Czenstochowa* that Sobieski had addressed his prayers before marching to the relief of Vienna, and it was with these touching words upon her lips and this beautiful memory in her heart that Helena Cornaro breathed her last breath.

Never did funeral pomp attract a larger concourse. During the three days elapsing between her death and her burial she received all the honors of a popular canonization; people bore away bits of her garments as if they were the relics of a saint, and more than thirty thousand persons venerated her as such. Every shop was closed, all labor suspended; the mourning was spontaneous and universal. When the convoy began its progress toward the basilica of St. Justina the crowd was silent, and continued profoundly reverential during the entire transit. All looked with respectful tenderness upon the face that death itself had not disfigured, upon the brow encircled by two crowns, one of laurel, emblem of the doctorate, and the other of lilies, emblem of virginity. Also, on the bier were seen books written in all the tongues and upon all the sciences that she had mastered, as if there had been an intention of imitating the first Christians, who placed on the tombs of the martyrs the instruments of their torture and death.

LUCIA D. PYCHOWSKA.

* Czenstochowa is in Poland what Maria Zell is in Austria, what St. Anne of Auray is in Brittany.

† The following sentences, fragments of prayers uttered by her during her delirium, were recorded at the time by her confessor: *Deus in adjutorium meum intende. Accipe, Jesu, spiritum meum. Quis me separabit a charitate Christi? Si consistent adversum me castra, non timabit cor meum. Vivo ego, jam non ego, vivit vero in me Christus. Trahe me post te, curremus in odorem unguentorum tuorum. Amplius lava me ab iniquitate mea. Monstra te esse matrem.*

SECOND SIGHT.

“SISTER,” said blind Dara,
“What do you behold?”
Round her and St. Brigid
Flowed the dawn’s gold.
“Sister,” said blind Dara,
“Would that I might see
Veils of gold and silver
Drawn on hill and lea!”

Over her and Brigid
Carolled the lark,
Hills were heights of Heaven,
Though their feet were dark.
Dew in the shadow
Pearled the gossamer;
Kine in the meadow
'Gan to low and stir.

Mists from the bogland
Curled like silver smoke,
Young birds were singing
In the arching oak.
To the east and southward
Scarlet grew the world,
And the sun leapt upward,
As a ball is hurled.

Brigid, lost in praying,
Touched her sister’s eyes;
“Ah,” she said, “my sister,
Dove of God, arise!
Eyes no longer sightless,
See His glory spread!”
Dara, with a loud cry,
Lifted up her head.

Saw the little rivers
Glide through bogland brown,
Where the yellow iris
Haunted her gold gown.

Saw that sea of scarlet
Flush on hill and wood ;
Praised God's name, rejoicing
That His works were good.

"Yet," she said, "my sister,
Blind me once again,
Lest His presence in me
Groweth less plain.
Stars and dawn and sunset
Keep till Paradise;
Here His face sufficeth
For my sightless eyes."

"Oh!" she said, "my sister,
Night is beautiful,
Where His face is shining
Who was mocked as fool.
More than star and meteor,
More than moon or sun,
Is the thorn-crowned forehead
Of the Holy One."

"Haste," she said, "and plunge me
Once again in night,
Lest perchance I lose Him,
Gaining my sight."
Brigid, lost in praying,
Touched her eyes once more,
And the light went fading
Off sea and shore.

All His creatures praise Him,
From daylight to dun,
Stars and moon and cloudland,
And Messer the Sun ;
Seas and hills and forests,
And the frozen waste :
Dara in her blindness
Praiseth Him best.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

FATHER DIDON AND HIS BOOK.

SINCE the appearance of Ernest Renan's *Life of Jesus Christ* no book has been published, in France at least, which has caused such widespread interest as that excited by Father Didon's work on the same subject. It has barely been before the public a month and the booksellers cannot supply the clamorous demands made on them; daily and from every country come orders for more, and one hears reports of a third and even a fourth edition being already in the press.

It would be impossible in a short article, such as this must be, to attempt an analysis, or even a properly minute appreciation, of the book. It is proposed only to give the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD an idea of how it came to be written, what it is about, and some slight sketch of its author.

Nearly ten years ago it was rumored in Paris that a great orator was in our midst, a monk who was preaching the usual course of Lenten sermons at the Church of Saint Philippe du Boule. The preacher, while touching more or less generally on the evils of the day, was especially combating with force and passion the, then only proposed, scheme for re-establishing divorce.

This monk, Père Didon, was young, possessed of a superb voice, and, still rarer quality, was possessed of the knowledge how to use it. Everybody flocked to hear him; men and women would stand for hours in the crowded aisles, forgetful of all fatigue, beneath the spell of his fiery eloquence. People called him the modern Savonarola, finding a resemblance between his sermons and those of the Florentine reformer; this much at least they had in common, neither spared plain speaking. Père Didon did not seek to win his audience, one of the most fashionable and worldly in Paris, with sugared words, calling a spade an implement of husbandry; but he ruthlessly stripped new "weakness" of its tawdry trappings and showed it as old "vice." Before the season was over, however, the conferences came abruptly to an end, for what precise reason never transpired, and Père Didon left Paris for Corbara, in Corsica. A wondrous gray old monastery there is at Corbara, perched up high on a rocky mountain side, from whose windows can be seen the richest part of the island; fertile plains covered with corn-fields and green vineyards stretch away to

the horizon, which is bordered by the sapphire blue line of the sea.

From the busy hurry of the life of a popular Parisian preacher to the unbroken stillness of existence in a Corsican convent was a great change, but perhaps no less a welcome than it was a violent one to the young southerner whose early life had been passed in the most beautiful part of Dauphiné. Père Didon comes of a good old family which has been settled for generations in the valley of Graisivaudan-au-Touvet, where his father was clerk to the justice of the peace. There is a local joke to the effect that the Didons are of Eastern origin, and can claim descent from Queen Dido. The particular member now under discussion, in his tall, vigorously-built figure, deep-set, flashing eyes, and ready speech, shows the best attributes of the *gens du Midi*.

Soon after his arrival at Corbara he received a letter from an unknown correspondent begging for instruction in the doctrines which touch on the union of the human and divine natures in Jesus Christ. This was an important subject to be treated by letter, and the unknown showed himself somewhat unreasonable in preferring such a demand. One cannot, however, be indignant with him, as his action has brought about such important and desirable results. The father answered his letter carefully and at much length, concluding it, however, with these words:

“I have written you a reply of twenty pages, but I am not satisfied with it. I send it to you, however, not to keep you waiting; but I am going to work upon the subject, and shall perhaps be more successful.”

He did go to work upon the question, seriously and thoroughly, to explain the union of the two natures. He found it necessary to retrace the origin of Christ; that is, to go back to the fundamental books of Judaism, to the prophets who predicted the Messiah.

Père Didon began his labor by renewed study of the Bible, the commentaries of the fathers of the church, and the commentaries of more modern critics. But here he met with an unforeseen check; he was totally ignorant of German, and the German, especially the modern German, writings on the Holy Scriptures are of the first importance, though, strangely enough, a large proportion of them have never been translated.

Père Didon, believing rightly that a language can only be learned in the land where it is spoken, started for Germany, and after a few months knew enough for his purpose. Not content

with studying the language alone, he looked closely into the German university system, took copious notes, and finally wrote a book about it, drawing a most masterly and keen-sighted comparison between it and the French system. Père Didon does not attach much importance to this book; he speaks of it as a small thing, a mere bagatelle thrown off by way of relaxation in his spare moments, but the critics, particularly the French ones, are apt to regard it more seriously; as a matter of fact, it is not only interesting, but valuable. His German sojourn at an end, he found that he was really only just started, as it were, upon his work. The simple question of his anonymous correspondent had already led him a long way, but where that way would eventually end he hardly knew himself. He was not one to turn back having once put his hand to the plough, and serious and heavy though the task might be, he was determined to go through with it; he would hold on to the end, never losing sight of the object he had in view at starting: to make his Master known to those who knew him not, better known to those who only knew him imperfectly; to this he would consecrate his talents, his faith, his life, and his apostle's heart. He felt that to write the life of Christ with any degree of reality he must live himself in the spot where that life was passed; he must see what he had seen, must touch what he had touched; must impregnate himself with the religious and political doctrines, the interests, morals, passions, hopes, and fears of the people among whom he had lived. He must go to Jerusalem, to Nazareth, to Bethlehem, to all those places where the human and divine natures had manifested themselves united. After a short time spent in France he left for the Holy Land. Strangely enough, James Tissot, the celebrated painter, arrived in Jerusalem almost at the same time as Père Didon. Both men were, in a manner, animated by the same idea; both, one with the pen, the other with the brush, wished to trace the life of Jesus by the same method. The artist's work has not yet seen the light of publicity. When it appears it may serve as illustrating the priest's, always supposing that these two men of faith see things with the same eye.

After a lengthened stay at Jerusalem, Père Didon returned to his Corsican convent, but only to find, to his dismay, that he must recommence his journeyings; for when he began to work upon the notes and material collected in the Holy Land, they proved too vague and obscure to satisfy his accurate mind; he must return and make more comprehensive ones.

At length, his material all gathered together, he retired to

the convent of Flavigny, in Burgundy (the convent, by the way, where Père Lacordaire wrote his *Conférences*). Here he spent three years, never absenting himself for one day; working every morning and walking every afternoon, no matter what the weather, from ten to twelve miles across the fields, "to blow," as he said, "the fogs out of his brain." As the mass of matter accumulated, his cell became more and more encumbered; books and papers, on improvised shelves, covered the walls, were stacked in the corners, and, invading the very floor, barely left room for the father's desk, at which it is his custom to write standing.

A small detail will suffice to show his exact and persevering character. It took him ten weeks to complete the twenty-seven pages of the first chapter of the second book of the first tome!—a chapter which treats of the Jews in Judea toward the year 26. Six months were spent on the chronology of Christ, which occupies forty pages of the Appendix A of the second tome. Père Didon is the first historian who has drawn up this chronology in the form he has chosen.

At last the manuscript was finished. Hardly was it in the printer's hands when the father was sent by his general to direct the school of Albert le Grand, at Arcueil, where he now is, preparing young men for their baccalaureate examinations.

Père Didon's book forms two large tomes of 500 pages. It treats the life of Christ according to the Gospels, and though its author is evidently strongly imbued with the poetry of the Divine story, it is refreshingly free from that sickly sentimentality which characterizes the work of non-Catholic writers on the same subject. Père Didon has in no manner wandered from the text of the Evangelists; he follows them step by step, and his object is to show their unity and harmony. He fights hand-to-hand with the criticisms of modern rationalism; he fights them zealously and overthrows them.

His Catholic predecessors in writing the life of Christ have sometimes neglected the settings, the surroundings, the *mise-en-scène*, if I may be permitted so profane an expression, of the sacred drama. Père Didon, while penetrated with the divinity of our Lord, has placed him in the spot wherein he chose to live. He paints for us not merely the country, but the society in the midst of which the Sacrifice was consummated. It is an historic reconstruction which does honor not only to his knowledge as an archæologist, but also to his power and to the rare force of his imagination as an artist.

During the months he lived in Palestine he traversed, over and over again, the country which was the cradle of Christ. He became familiar with its streams, its valleys, its roads and lanes; he explored its ruins; he meditated on the Mount of Olives and in the Garden of Gethsemani; he crossed the Lake of Tiberias, he wandered on the shore of the Dead Sea; he became penetrated with the wild poetic nature of those spots, and he describes them most magnificently. At every page the landscape mingles with the recital, lightens, animates, and colors it; he shows us vividly what he himself has seen, not with the cold indifference of the tourist or the precision of the travelling geographer, but with the emotion of a Christian who for the first time contemplates that corner of the earth where his Lord was born, where he lived, and where he died.

To-day that corner of the earth is uncultivated, almost deserted; the trees do not grow, the rivers are half dried up, only here and there a sheltered place has preserved its freshness. The environs of Bethlehem, for instance, are charmingly verdant. Père Didon gives a beautiful picture of the field wherein, on the first Christmas night, the shepherds saw the angel announcing to them the birth of Christ; he concludes these passages on the Nativity by saying:

“The shepherds’ field still exists; now in the winter-time, as in the days of Christ, the flocks still pasture there beneath the olive-trees, on the same ground where the same grass grows green, and the same anemones blossom. Faith has never let this spot become deserted whereon shone the earliest ray of the dawn which heralded Christ’s birth. On Christmas eve the Bethlehemites go to Saint Helen’s church, now sunk in ruins, and in the half-demolished crypt they pray to their ancestors, those other shepherds who were the first apostles. . . . With their long white veils, seated in groups on the overthrown walls shadowed by the olive-trees, the women, especially when seen from a distance, recall those mysterious beings who sang the advent of Jesus.

“There is an air of peace and gay serenity about these poor peasants which harmonizes well with the souvenirs that haunt their meadows, with the eastern light which glorifies everything, and gives even to the sterile rocks an appearance of richness and life.”

AGNES FARLEY MILLAR.

PATRIOTISM AND THE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

PRESIDENT E. B. Andrews, D.D., of Brown University, may be taken as a fair representative of our best American educators. Only five years after graduation from the university which he now so ably rules he became a college president, and his charge was an important one, as the institutions of learning in the West are ranked. Four years later he was offered and accepted a professorship in the foremost Baptist theological seminary in the country. Here he remained three years, when he was called to fill the chair of history and political economy in his *Alma Mater*, which had been left vacant by the death of the distinguished Professor J. L. Diman. Before entering upon the duties of this office, which had been surrounded with such lustre in the lifetime of his predecessor, he spent a year in study at Berlin and Munich. For five years Brown was able to hold him in this position, but the more powerful Cornell then induced him to accept its chair of economics and public finance. In a year, however, Brown tendered him its highest office, which he accepted. Such has been his career as a teacher. And we have evidence of his patriotic spirit in the fact that before entering college he served as a common soldier in the Union army for three years during the war.

President Andrews' views on public and educational questions have been published in some of the leading magazines, and they have generally been deep, broad, and enlightened. He has contributed to the *Arena* for December, 1890, an admirable article on "Patriotism and the Public Schools," of which the following is an abstract:

The public schools can be made to promote patriotism and ought to be so employed. It is part of the business of the public school to make good citizens. How can this result be brought about? Mere Fourth-of-July celebrations and flag-raising will accomplish little, because it is rather what the stars and stripes stand for—liberty, union, rights, law, and power for good among the nations—that are the legitimate spurs to our enthusiasm as citizens. Of still less avail is it to inculcate a partisan or a sectional spirit, or try to make boys and girls believe that the life of the nation depends upon this or that petty policy. From all such special pleas much is to be

feared, nothing of value to be hoped. There are Protestants who would deny Catholics their rights because blind to the fact that this is not legally any more than it is religiously a Protestant land; and there are Catholics whose zeal for their church would lead them fatally to neglect the public and civic elements in the proper education of their youth. The Socialist thinks that we are lost unless we accept his system; the Anarchist would have the state disappear utterly; the Communist would have us "divide and conquer," etc. From all such narrowness, says President Andrews, we must be delivered.

We shall gain nothing, he continues, by overlooking the vices which deform our politics and public men, nor by belittling the dangers with which our political and social outlook is beset. It is better to tell the truth about them, as we cannot permanently keep up the illusion. We need the honesty which shall recognize the ills that threaten us, the courage to fight them, the "eternal vigilance which is the price of liberty," the dogged patience required to hunt out of office the political trickster, the zeal to bestir ourselves early and late to get faithful and competent men elected to office, and to raise the entire plane of the civil service—these virtues are quite as needful as the bravery which sends men to the battle-field, and they are infinitely harder to find.

President Andrews goes on to show that instruction in the rudiments of political and social science ought to begin in the primary schools and never cease till the courses of study are finished. In our schools we ought to dwell more on the history of liberty in early and modern times, and on the slow growth and the *cost* of liberty. An essential condition of high patriotism is the assurance that the Republic is to live for ever, a sentiment which it devolves upon the schools of America largely to create by making the nation worthy of a permanent career. Here then, he maintains, is the crowning work of our schools in aid of patriotism: to make this already worthy nation worthier still. On the schools of this land, high and low, depends in eminent degree the question of its eternal life. In conjunction with the church, he insists, they must see to it that righteousness abounds more and more among the people.

Such in the main is the drift of President Andrews' reasoning.

No one can study these thoughts without recognizing the extent to which the school forms the character of the citizen, and therefore the necessity which we are under (especially since

the state has taken control of the education of the masses) of training the youth of this, our country, to fulfil their high destiny in our political and social life. Here we all agree.

Let us, then, carefully consider President Andrews' methods for accomplishing this object. Having settled that patriotism must be taught, he declares that love of liberty, union, rights, law, and our country's power for good among the nations must produce it. True love of these was the origin of our national existence. Such was the inspiration of our forefathers in the longest and fiercest struggle ever made by a people for independence; it afterward brought us as States into a united federation. Since then it has given us orderly and peaceful elections, preserved us from disruption by civil war, and made us what we are to-day—one of the most powerful peoples in the civilized world. Love of country in this sense was indeed a stable foundation to build upon; none could have been better. While such sentiments remain our nation's life is secure. Therefore every household in the land, every school-room, every church, every legislative hall, every association of men in public and in private must be thoroughly imbued with them. President Andrews' method of teaching patriotism is assuredly right, and we join with him in condemning those who would substitute for the principles which have produced and sustained our national life a sectarian, a partisan, or a sectional policy in our government. Such men would, we believe, be ready to sacrifice the country for their own political ends. And are they not all of them, in spite of their pretended zeal for the public good, confessedly opposed to equal rights? What is clearer than that those Protestants whom Mr. Andrews mentions as denying Catholics their rights on the plea that this is a Protestant land are enemies of liberty? The recent anti-Catholic movement in Boston, due simply and solely to the fact that an impartial city school board decided to exclude the teaching of the Protestant theory of church history from the public schools, and the opposition of the Evangelical Alliance to the Freedom of Worship Bill in the State of New York, are instances of this unpatriotic spirit carried into effect. These proceedings have been undertaken from divers motives; some favor them (we are obliged to think on account of their avowed hostility to the Catholic Church) because they have hoped by this means to destroy the Catholic faith in our children; others because they have wished to force a so-called unsectarian, but really anti-Catholic, religious teaching upon Catholics; many from religious indifferentism. One thing, however, we are glad to note, viz., that President

Andrews and sincere and enlightened men of all parties and creeds are willing to speak out against such injustice.

Dr. Andrews points out what he considers to be the defects of Catholics in giving to their children the proper education for good citizenship. From the motive which he ascribes to us in this matter—*i. e.*, zeal for the church—we infer that he means our position on the school question or the pronouncement which our church has made for religious as opposed to secular education. His disposition to fairness, however, is so manifest and his statement so guarded that I think he is not fully in accord with those who blame us outright for insisting that, inasmuch as the school forms the character of the Christian as truly as the citizen, it must teach religion. At any rate he does not speak directly against religious education nor extol enthusiastically the secular feature of our public schools. Perhaps he may think that the teaching of religion would add too much to this already overcrowded public department, or that the impossibility of an agreement among citizens as to the doctrines to be taught, or the fear of doing injustice to Jews and other non-Christians, would involve the state in insuperable difficulties, if religion were to be admitted to its schools. State education, he no doubt thinks, is necessary for the political and social well-being of the Republic, and that the schools for the people at large cannot be entrusted exclusively to parents and the churches which represent their wishes; and, furthermore, that there is no alternative between state secular education for the masses and the abolition of state schools for them altogether.

We admit that the latter alternative is out of the question, and inasmuch as we have conscientious objections to unreligious schools it is incumbent upon us to reconcile our demands for religious education with due regard to the public welfare and the equal rights of all. In the first place, we would say that in localities where we are in sufficient numbers to form a fair-sized school let us have public Catholic schools for our Catholic children. Respect our rights of conscience, as we respect those of all others. We do not wish to prescribe our religious teaching for non-Catholics. But we should only be too glad to have Protestant Christians supplied with opportunities of giving their children such religious training as they think proper; on such a plan, for instance, of religious teaching as ex-President Seelye, of Amherst College, proposed in his article on "Religious Education" in the *Forum* for July, 1886—"the life and doctrines of Christ as contained in the four Gospels"; and to satisfy the demands of Jews

and non-Christians, if their children are associated in schools with those of Christians, let the Christian religion be an elective study and let natural ethics be substituted when individual parents so desire. If Catholic children, on account of smallness of numbers, could not be formed into a separate school, they might study, in place of the above-mentioned topics, their duties as American citizens, and their religious training be left entirely with their parents and the church. Such a plan, I think, would be as near a practical solution of this question as our present circumstances will allow.

But if, instead of such an adjustment in the interests of our common rights of conscience, the state insists upon secular education in all its schools, or will make itself the teacher of Dr. Seelye's "life and doctrines of Christ as contained in the four Gospels," we are unquestionably engrafting into this free Republic a principle of foreign Cæsarism, which simply means that a dominant party tramples on the inalienable rights of multitudes of our people. As true Americans we protest against such an usurpation of religious statecraft. The American idea of the state is not the Spartan. With us the citizens make the state, not the state the citizens. Hence we hold that all influences that make the individual virtuous should have the freest scope: the family instruction, example, and correction, religious training of all kinds, church work in every direction. Every association of our people for religious purposes is helping the state by making good citizens. There is not a man, woman, or child attached to any religious body that is not better fitted for citizenship on this account. Our churches and religious schools are all of them the most potent enemies of the saloon, the gambling hell, and the brothel, and just so far as the state weakens the former will it succumb to the latter. The state is already far enough removed from good influences, as its legislation on marriage, temperance, and the suppression of vice plainly shows. If the enforced secularization of education, by denying the children of Christians the knowledge of God and of Christ and his revelation, leaves them exposed to the seductive influences of evil, the nation will yet bleed for it at every pore.

We will have for ever total separation of church and state here in America, but we will never, if we can help it, let the state kill religion.

H. H. WYMAN.

THE YELLOW LADY.

I.

THE name of Yellow Lady was given to her when she had been about a week in existence. She was carried in to her grandfather, who spent most of his time in an invalid's chair in the study. He laid his hand upon the infant's head, he looked into the sightless eyes, he took hold of the crumpled fist, which grasping, grasping always, hadn't power as yet to hold a straw.

"On my word," he said at last, "here we have a Yellow Lady."

For even then was noticeable that strange hue in the skin which remained during life, being neither of milk whiteness nor yet sallow. There were yellow ribbons about the baby finery, according to an odd taste in my lady, which mayhap had caught the grandfather's eye. Howsoever the name clung to the child, and Yellow Lady she was ever afterwards. Of course at her christening she was called Mary Leonora Elizabeth, but rarely indeed was she addressed by these appellations. As she grew, her skin always retaining its peculiar cream-like color and her hair like spun gold, she was accounted handsome. I, who had been companion to my lady for many years, became now almost inseparable from the child, becoming in due time her nursery governess; nor would my limited attainments enable me to teach more than the rudiments of learning.

Of a morning our Yellow Lady would sit with me under the linden-tree on the lawn, listening to my stories. In the midst of them, oftentimes, her great blue eyes would open wide and fix themselves upon me, while she asked solemnly:

"Is that true?"

Often did I answer her that it was, having no heart to make known to her that it was all the false and foolish romancing of somebody's brain, and I justified the deceit to myself by arguing that there was a spice of truth in every tale that was ever told by fireside or in nursery. The little one was not always to be convinced; for it has happened that when she had got down from her perch on the bench beside me, and was intent on plucking any stray flower which dared to show its head in that most excellent lawn, she would say:

"Perhaps it is not true after all; but I would like it to be true."

The word truth was so often on her baby lips it used to set me thinking how little of truth, mayhap, would she meet with out in the great world, beyond the lawn and the gardens and the terrace sloping down to the river-brim. This tiny creature often filled my head with such thoughts as never had been in it before. In the midst of all she would scamper off in mad glee, tossing her arms for very excess of joy, her dog, Pinto, trotting after her, barking and whining, and of an odd time the cat following in a leisurely way.

"Puss never looks comfortable in her gray coat because it is too big," would this odd child say, taking a pinch of the animal's furry covering between finger and thumb, while the cat looked up knowingly into her face with almost human intelligence.

In the fine afternoons our precious pet would go out in the great chariot with her mamma, and my lady oftentimes invited me to take a seat with them therein, which I did nothing loath, as our drive was through the lovely country thereabouts, in that so delightful region of the Hudson. How sweet and dainty used the child to look at such times, the river air just tinting her paleness with pink! My lady had taken so huge a fancy to the nickname given her little daughter that she humored the conceit by having always something of the color of yellow about the child's dress. Her sashes or bows or knots were always yellow, so were the trimmings of her hat, while the lace in her collars or other adornments was of that tint from age. In time the child herself began to have a love for everything that was of that color. Yellow cowslips, buttercups, marigolds, everything that was of yellow seized upon her like an enchantment. If the sun set yellow in the west her eyes were upon it; if it fell over the lawn at noon-day she was eager to gather it up.

Towards evening my lady would come into the nursery or out upon the lawn, her rich gown rustling about her, saying in her even tones:

"Mr. Haven wants to see his Yellow Lady."

The meaning of which was that the child was to be taken to her grandfather, he having made it his practice to ask for her just as it was nearing dusk. There was his chair drawn up near to the west window, which in summer was opened; there was a fire burning upon the hearth winter and summer,

and there was Mr. Haven's thin figure surrounded by cushions and rugs.

The moment the child appeared upon the threshold her grandfather's hand was out towards her. Her little feet tripped over the thick pile of the carpet, and the old man and the child began their long talks. What they could have had to say to each other it was hard to tell, though now and again the child would let fall an odd word of what her grandfather had said. A queer picture they made, the light from the window shutting them both into a circle of brightness cut out of the darkness of the room. I used to have an odd fancy that the circle around the one life was growing narrower, and that into that narrow spot it was drawing the other. In any case, the oddities that made our Yellow Lady so different from other children were all put down to those ghostly talks with her grandfather in the growing dusk of evening. A courteous and pleasant gentleman was Mr. Haven in his speech.

"Good evening, Atcheson," would he say to me. "Your little charge grows apace, and yet she's not an ill weed; at least, you and I will not agree to that."

Or, again:

"Our Yellow Lady likes her nickname, Atcheson; she takes wonderfully to the color. Was it not a prophetic fancy of mine?"

It sometimes seemed to me that my lady did not altogether favor those talks in the gloaming—not that a frown or a shadow ever appeared on her fair and placid face; it may have been just a sound in the voice, or a turn of the head towards where the old man sat, while Mr. Geoffrey laughed at the whole matter in his usual cheery way. "Our Yellow Bird picking up crumbs of wisdom," he said gayly to my lady one evening, as he swung himself over the gallery and came down by her side on the lawn just as I had left Leonora with her grandfather. "I declare she has a wiser head on her shoulders this instant than I have."

"She is very old-fashioned," said my lady, slightly emphasizing the word.

"Of course, when you deck her out in grandmama's brocades and lace and furbelows."

"Geoffrey," said my lady hesitatingly, "is it not often said that an old-fashioned child is likely to die early?"

"Nonsense, Elizabeth!" cried Mr. Geoffrey almost angrily; "our Yellow Lady will live to turn every head in the county."

My lady smiled. It was pleasant to her mind, perhaps, the thought of that future beauty, with the golden hair and delicate coloring, set off somewhat by the odd trick of wearing yellow. Her eyes were fixed upon the opposite shore, while Mr. Geoffrey, always restless, had gone down to the river-bank, calling the dogs after him and throwing sticks and pebbles into the water for them to bring out.

II.

I shall not set down here any record of what was doing in the country at large during those eventful years preceding and following the year 1770. In truth, so little were these matters touched upon at Haven Manor that it was a considerable time before I had an inkling of the opinions of my lady or Mr. Geoffrey respecting them. It is amazing how long it takes for public grievances to stir the ripples on the smooth surface of what are called the higher circles, more especially when such circles exist out of town. The storm has to break in full fury before its coming is so much as suspected. Occasionally I heard from visitors a chance word concerning the doings of the "Sons of Liberty," or of the speeches of one Patrick Henry and others, or of resolutions from Virginia or from Massachusetts touching the relations between the colonies and the mother country; also, the news came to us in due time of the celebrated "Boston Tea Party," which Mr. Haven remarked was "an ebullition of mere mob violence." Thenceforth incidents were of constant recurrence, which served to stir the sluggish current of our stream. It was worthy of remark, too, that the British officers from York and elsewhere had ceased to visit us, though it had been no uncommon thing for my Lord Durham or Sir Henry Clinton or my Lord Howe to ride up and pass the night at Haven Manor. Public events began to succeed each other with a rapidity so startling that it was no longer in our power to ignore them.

Mr. Haven one morning read aloud to us from the newspaper the proceedings of the Congress of September 5, in the year of our Lord 1774, in which many memorable words were spoken and plans formed for the welfare of the colonies. But Mr. Haven dwelt with emphasis, as if therein lay the sum and substance of the affair, on the names of those who had assisted at this assembly.

"Peyton Randolph in the chair—*Peyton Randolph!*"

He suffered the paper to drop from his hand a moment, as though lost in thought. Picking it up again he read once more:

“Samuel Adams, John Jay, Patrick Henry, Nelson Chase, Richard Henry Lee—Lee, too,” he said sadly, and put the paper aside, falling into a fit of deep and seemingly painful musing. Suddenly he broke silence, while the calm of his face was disturbed as is a peaceful sky by summer lightning.

“It is infamous,” he cried, “that men like these, *gentlemen*, should barter honor, reputation, good faith, to follow the whims of a democracy in rags!” Mr. Geoffrey kept his eyes upon the floor, for it was not his custom to argue with his father. Lady Elizabeth’s face gave little token of inward uneasiness, but I could have sworn it was there, troubling the still depths.

“You are strangely silent this morning, my son,” Mr. Haven observed with peculiar emphasis.

“It is but a gray atmosphere; as the French express it, *un jour couvert*,” responded Mr. Geoffrey with evident effort.

“And covered thoughts do best agree with a covered day,” said Mr. Haven with irony; “yet surely such events as are now transpiring must have an interest for you.”

Mr. Geoffrey was still silent.

“Such speech as is recorded here,” continued Mr. Haven, striking the journal sharply with his forefinger, “must find an echo in your breast.”

“Father,” said Mr. Geoffrey suddenly, “it does.”

“An echo deep, perchance, but not loud,” said Mr. Haven in the same ironical tone. “I tell you, sir, that, old as I am, such utterances stir my blood, for to me they mean treason.”

There was a pause. Mr. Geoffrey drew a deep breath as if coming to some resolve; but Mr. Haven, in his unusual excitement, proceeded:

“As to this Mr. Washington—”

“Grandpapa!” said a small and wistful voice at his elbow, “who is this Mr. Washington?”

The child had crept into the room unnoticed, and had been growing momentarily more puzzled and anxious. The manner of the question and the distinct enunciation of the name appealed to Mr. Geoffrey’s ever acute sense of the ludicrous. Perhaps his burst of boyish merriment, though looked upon with disquietude by Lady Elizabeth and with some contempt by Mr. Haven, was opportune in averting much unpleasantness. Mr. Haven laid his hand gently upon the golden, upturned head beside him:

“My little one,” he said softly, “how can I answer your query? for you have no knowledge yet of that thing we call a traitor.”

The child, more than ever perplexed, made no further inquiry, and Mr. Haven turned away, asking that his chair be wheeled closer to the fire.

Thenceforth, though not in his father's presence, Mr. Geoffrey spoke his mind more freely. He discoursed to my lady of this or that "gallant fellow," who had spoken in the congress or taken part in the not-infrequent skirmishes between the British and colonial troops.

"It was a fine sight, Elizabeth," he remarked one day, "to see Alexander Hamilton give the toast last night at Pelham Manor: 'Our Continental army and its chief: God bless them both.' There was not a dry eye in the room."

Lady Elizabeth sighed so faintly that Mr. Geoffrey perceived only the smile which followed, as she said:

"You have become an enthusiast, Geoffrey."

"An enthusiast I have ever been; apathy, inaction chills me. And, Elizabeth, if the aspect of affairs change not, I must do before long as every gentleman in the country should do: draw his sword for the cause."

Lady Elizabeth silently cast a half-fearful glance towards the west window, where Mr. Haven was visible, dimly, in silhouette.

Mr. Geoffrey, following her look, was silent too, and I thought downcast. So no more was said.

One chill evening in the early spring-time of that notable year of 1776 impressed itself upon my mind. The dining-room door stood open as I passed upon my way to the nursery. The heavy curtains of the windows were drawn; a log blazed upon the dogs in the spacious fire-place; the candles were lighted at either end of the table in the silver chandeliers, and likewise upon the chimney-piece. The dessert was upon the table, so that the cloth had been removed, and the light of the fire shone upon the polished mahogany, and upon the nuts and fruits and confectons, as though it would have tasted of each. It rested, too, in the angles of the decanters, standing upright and tall before Mr. Haven, awaiting but the signal to follow the sun's course. A gentleman sat with his back to the door, and I could perceive so much as that he was young and slender, but more I could not discover. Mr. Haven at the moment addressed him, and the words came to me distinctly:

"I do not pretend to deny that many respectable men are connected with this movement. Some of them are my personal friends: Mr. Carroll, of Maryland; Mr. Randolph and Mr. Lee,

of Virginia; Mr. Adams, of Boston, and last, but far from least, Mr. Jefferson."

"Will you pardon me," said the stranger, "if I seem to take exception to your words; but, ah, sir! this is not a movement; it is a cause, for which men stand prepared to die."

The enthusiasm in his voice was controlled, but so intense that it startled me, and I stood involuntarily to listen.

"Ah!" said Mr. Haven, with a slight but suggestive pause, "I perceive, Mr. Fortescue, that we are unhappily disagreed; but I think, at least, we shall agree as to the merits of this old port."

The stranger made some light remark an instant after to my lady, and Mr. Geoffrey's hearty tones discoursed gayly, as was his fashion. But, as I heard Mr. Haven's gentle reminder, "Mr. Fortescue, Lady Elizabeth will take wine with you," I fancied that, perhaps, the strange gentleman had for a moment permitted himself to become absent of mind. For men with strong purpose forget, I have observed, such minor points. Recovering himself, he filled my lady's glass with madeira, and the chink of the glasses reached me as I passed the turn of the stairs out of sight of that little dinner-table comedy, where each of necessity played a part for the general harmony.

Mr. Geoffrey afterwards remarked upon the matter to my lady, saying:

"Fortescue's face was a fine study when he spoke last evening of the cause. I should mightily have enjoyed hearing him declaim thereupon, but that neither time nor place befitted."

"How could you have thought of it, Geoffrey," said Lady Elizabeth, with some reproach, "at your father's table?"

"It would have been fine, Betsey, I pledge you my word for that. But, truly, you do not half enough admire this Oliver Fortescue, my beau ideal of a gentleman and a soldier."

"Should you wish me so heartily to admire him?" asked my lady, with her faint smile.

"Nay, I should not," laughed Mr. Geoffrey.

And so there was an end of Mr. Fortescue for that time.

III.

I remember, as if it were yesterday, when the storm broke over Haven Manor, being, as storms frequently are, preceded by a calm. It was a lovely summer evening, and our Yellow Lady coming out of the library, where she had talked long with her

grandpapa, appeared upon the lawn for a game of romps with her papa. At first she was in high spirits; her little feet leaping and dancing, and the ends of her sash, yellow as the light in the western sky, waved and flashed in our sight. Mr. Geoffrey, more handsome and boyish than ever, as it seemed to me, hid between tree and shrub, calling out as he went: "Yellow Lady! Yellow Lady! I spy, I spy!"

My lady sat on an oaken chair under the linden, so like a picture, so fair, so tranquil; the soft folds of her gown falling over the velvet-like lawn, her hands languidly clasped, her hazel eyes wide open and calm, watching the frolics of the pair, I thought, with a kind of wonder. At last, on the Yellow Lady's part, there were signs of flagging, and the little figure crept close to the brocade-clad one under the tree, while her late playmate, stretching his long length upon the grass near by, looked at them both with a strong light of admiration in his blue eyes. The dogs, who had been capering and frolicking, had lain down too; and for a few minutes all was still. It occurred to me what a picture of rest was here; the broad sweep of lawn, the river Hudson visible downwards some hundred yards, the trees, the sky, and the handsome group under the linden, with the dogs lying muzzle to the earth.

"Grandpapa told me," said the child, her clear voice breaking the stillness, "that there have been a great many people called martyrs. Some died, he said, for God; but there were brave men who died fighting for the king."

A slight frown darkened Mr. Geoffrey's face at these words. Lady Elizabeth looked disquieted, but Mr. Geoffrey spoke:

"You cannot well understand about these things, little one; but there were also brave men who died fighting nobly against the king."

"Geoffrey!" The warning word from my lady came too late.

"But if kings are good, and grandpapa says they are, no one *should* fight against them," said the child, a dawning look of trouble destroying the quiet of her eyes.

Here was a dilemma. Grandpapa's truth was at stake, and Mr. Geoffrey, who was little accustomed to subtleties, rolled over on the grass, plucking at the weeds about him in impatience and perplexity.

"Grandpapa meant good kings, dear," said the mother's voice quietly, "but there are bad ones as well. I think, though, you would prefer to hear about those other martyrs who died for God"

“Yes,” said the child’s voice with the warmth of a deep-seated enthusiasm in it, which a bit startled my lady and surprised Mr. Geoffrey. “Grandpapa showed me one of them, dressed like a soldier in a grand shining armor, with arrows sticking into him. And I saw a boy, a real boy-martyr; I mean his picture; he wasn’t afraid at all, even when bad men said they would kill him.”

Her little head nodded in the earnestness with which the words were spoken. Somehow, for an instant, as I noted, the blue and the hazel eyes watching the child met for an instant with a curious expression, half of amusement, half of misgiving. Then up sprang Mr. Geoffrey:

“I am going to have another run with Pinto, if no one else will be my playmate.”

“Wait, Papa Geoffrey, wait,” commanded the little lady. “I want to tell you about another martyr, a little girl with a beautiful face and a white gown. She held something in her hand. Grandpapa said it was a thorn; no, a palm. She had roses on her head. Some bad men wanted her to bow down to a horrible idol, and she said she would only bow to God. They told her they would kill her if she didn’t, and she wouldn’t; so they just killed her, and she went straight up to heaven. Then God gave her a crown and shining clothes and—and things.”

“Well told!” cried Mr. Geoffrey with a laugh, “but I wonder what Saint Agnes would think of your Yellow Ladyship, with your fine dresses and furbelows. You must ask grandpapa that.”

That peaceful afternoon changed to a dark and lowering night; not a star was visible in the firmament. I was with my lady in the little parlor, where she usually sat with Mr. Geoffrey when there were no visitors. Mr. Geoffrey had ridden over to dine with a friend, and, as I could tolerably well conjecture, to attend some political meeting. But of this no word was said between my lady and me. She worked at a tapestry, wherein was represented Diana seated in her silver chariot drawn by hounds. Meantime I sorted her skeins and kept her supplied with such colors as were needed. While changing her thread in the needle my lady said, suddenly:

“Was it not strange my Leonora should have been called by so odd a name? for of late I have discovered, in ransacking papers, that yellow was of old held to be an auspicious color for those of our race.”

“God grant, madam, that it be so for our precious little one!” said I warmly.

"It is but an ancient superstition," said my lady, again bending over her work. The wind, meanwhile, moaned portentously amongst the elms and lindens, as a voice of the night speaking through the darkness.

"I wish Mr. Geoffrey were safely housed," said my lady, breaking silence once more, as she sat back in her chair, holding her needle in one hand, while through the slender fingers of the other she drew the silken thread.

"You do not look for him before nine, at the earliest?" I said; to which she answered:

"Nine or ten."

After which she fell to working with renewed vigor, putting the finishing touches to the silver crescent on the brow of Diana. She did not speak again till the clock had told another quarter, then she asked me:

"Atcheson, our Yellow Lady is not precisely what one would call an old-fashioned child?" I detected the note of alarm in the desire to assure herself by the testimony of others that what she said was true.

"She has her healthful moods of play," said I, puzzled how to answer her.

"Why, yes," assented my lady readily, "it was but this morning she wearied herself in a race with Pinto, feigning that the cat, who sat purring on the steps, was judge."

"No day passes for her without such frolics," added I.

"Yet sometimes my heart misgives me, for I recollect to have heard my old nurse say many a time of this or that playmate, 'So wise a child is not long for this world.'"

"These old saws cannot always be trusted," said I, to which my lady replied, half sadly:

"Ah! if we could tell when or how their truth or falsehood is to be proved. But do not you hear steps upon the gravel path without?"

My lady arose, facing the door which entered this little snuggerly from the garden, as I, having listened a moment, added:

"Yes, my lady, and voices as well."

"Voices?" echoed she, with curious concern.

"One of them is Mr. Geoffrey's."

But even this did not allay my lady's uneasiness till, the door being opened from without, Mr. Geoffrey stood upon the threshold, I at the same time catching sight of another figure, showing dimly in the darkness.

"Elizabeth," said Mr. Geoffrey, coming hurriedly towards her, and taking no note of my presence, "I have brought Mr. Fortescue, to whom you and I are happy to offer hospitality; but his presence here must be known only to ourselves."

I would have retired, but both husband and wife by a simultaneous gesture prevented my departure.

"Though I was not aware of your presence when I spoke," said Mr. Geoffrey, "I have no doubt whatever that we should have to ask for your counsel and good offices."

I answered that they must in all things and always count upon me, and Mr. Geoffrey, going to the door, called to the figure without, but in a cautious undertone:

"Oliver, dear boy, Lady Elizabeth expects you."

A young man at once entered, whom I recognized as the same I had seen some months before at dinner. The same slight and elegant figure, and a face which I now perceived was strongly marked, or what one would call distinguished, rather than handsome. His hair was of its natural raven blackness. He used no powder. He wore a long riding-coat of some coarse material, which I suppose was homespun, for I remembered to have heard Mr. Geoffrey say, half in jest, that Fortescue was one of the intense sort, who would not even wear British cloth. He bent over Lady Elizabeth's hand and said, in a voice which recalled that of Mr. Haven, without the hardness of the latter, so polished was its tone:

"Your ladyship under other circumstances could scarcely pardon this unseasonable intrusion, and in such costume. But all will be duly explained."

"The pleasure of seeing Mr. Fortescue cannot be enhanced by any explanation," said my lady, courteously and cordially.

After which I slipped away to bring hither with my own hands, as I knew the servants were not to be taken into confidence, wine and other refreshments. These being procured, we four sat down to hold council, and my lady and I were made to understand the situation more fully. Mr. Fortescue, riding with important despatches for General Washington, was closely pursued by the enemy, intelligence having reached them of his movements.

"Once aware that Lady Elizabeth forgives the intrusion," said Mr. Fortescue, "my only regret is that I should be under Mr. Haven's roof, as it were, clandestinely, even while informed as to his adverse opinions of the cause."

"Nevertheless," said Mr. Geoffrey, "I much mistake him if in

such perilous straits he would not extend, despite contrary opinions, the welcome which I do in his name. My reason for keeping your presence a secret from him is that in the event of any discovery he could, with a clear conscience, avow his ignorance thereof.

"No doubt you are right," assented Mr. Fortescue thoughtfully.

After which we fell to talking of our plans to prevent discovery in case our visitor was tracked to Haven Manor, and it was decided that what was known as the secret hiding-place should now for the first time in the memory of all of us be used. In fact, this mysterious room had been designed more as a whim on the part of the first Haven of Haven Manor than from any belief that it would one day be of service. As we conversed, the storm whistled without and the logs crackled within, and we four felt as if we had laid the foundations of an enduring friendship. For, though I was humble of station, in their kindness and in the pressing emergency they marked not the difference.

At length it became time for me to take some steps towards the preparation of the mysterious apartment wherein Mr. Fortescue was to spend that night, and as many others as should be judged expedient. As both Lady Elizabeth and I were ignorant of the location of the place and the mode of entrance thereto, Mr. Geoffrey accompanied me, making known as we went up-stairs that, somewhat unfortunately, the sliding panel by which access could be had to it was in the nursery wall. This information caused me to congratulate myself that I had obtained permission for the nurse to pay a long-desired visit to her mother. Otherwise she would by that time have retired to bed and absolutely nothing could be done before morning. As it was I merely preceded Mr. Geoffrey by a moment or two, dismissing for the night my lady's maid, who had agreed to keep watch beside the sleeping Yellow Lady while she awaited my lady's summons. So, the coast being clear, Mr. Geoffrey came up into the nursery and bent a moment over the little sleeper, saying softly:

"How little of care or danger does she know, Atcheson! How happy a thing is a child!"

"Happy, indeed!" echoed I, thinking what a fair picture the golden curls and the round face, with long lashes drooped, made upon its pillow.

"Give me one or two wax-lights, Atcheson," said Mr. Geoffrey in the same low tone, "and I shall light up the place, after which you can speedily make all ready for our guest."

Mr. Geoffrey, after some slight groping, having found the panel, pressed the spring thereof, presently striking a light and calling to me to enter. The room into which I stepped was moderate of size, windowless, and of such close smell as belongs to a place long closed. Mr. Geoffrey stood looking about him somewhat ruefully, I thought.

“My fastidious Oliver will suffocate herein,” he said at last, with a twinkle in his eye. “Once he could not have endured it; but he has the stuff of a martyr in him, and must even withstand ill ventilation with the rest.”

He laughed as he spoke, remarking further that there was another exit from the place which led down a narrow stairs to the dining-room, and which might be used in case of an emergency.

Presently he found the exit mentioned, a low door, so low that he almost had to pass through it on all fours.

“I shall go down by this way,” he added, “that I may be certain the panel below is in working order, and perhaps I may bring Mr. Fortescue thither, in the same manner, for greater directness.”

So saying he went a step or two down the narrow stairs, which were now disclosed by the light I held at the door. He thrust out his head once more, saying merrily:

“Do you know, Atcheson, I shall always have a boy’s head on these broad shoulders of mine, for I cannot help enjoying this business as though it were a game of hide-and-seek. Make no mention of this below, for my authority would be all gone with Lady Elizabeth and Mr. Fortescue would hold me to be a featherhead.”

He had gone but a few steps downwards when he once more emerged, his face convulsed with suppressed laughter.

“Atcheson, I must come forth again for a breathing space, lest laughter should be heard in the vaults and ghost stories be put into circulation. My hair has become undone, the powder from it is scattered to the four winds, and I have upon my person a very drapery of cobwebs.”

His case was, indeed, so ludicrous that I joined in the laugh. Grimy patches were upon his face, of which he was ignorant, and his hair streamed about in sad confusion.

“Our elegant Oliver will prefer the other entrance,” cried Mr. Geoffrey, with another burst of laughter; “a cobweb, I fear, would vex his soul. Furthermore, I shall terrify my lady; I know I shall,” he added with glee, and so disappeared.

After which I set to work in earnest at my preparations, making the bare room appear as habitable as might be. I brought thither a comfortable cushioned chair; I made the bed; I left abundance of wax-lights within reach of hand. It had been agreed that, between Mr. Geoffrey and me, we should contrive to victual the apartment on the morrow. When all was ready I proceeded to the parlor to bring this information, and Mr. Fortescue, with his host, at once withdrew to take possession of his new quarters.

“Atcheson,” said my lady, thoughtfully, resting her clasped hands upon the chimney-piece, and looking downwards into the wood-fire, which was swiftly falling into embers, “my mind mis-gives me. This night, I fear, marks the beginning of trouble. Still there are times when duty stares us in the face. The present duty is to lend a hand to a fellow-creature in dire extremity.”

“The duty is plain, madam,” I answered briefly, as was my wont.

“The more imperative,” continued my lady, “when the person so imperilled is Mr. Geoffrey’s dearest friend. You know, Atcheson, they were both school-fellows with the Jesuits at St. Omer, in France. Moreover, there has been a great friendliness between the families of Fortescue and Haven for generations.”

“Ay, madam, and then it is lending a helping hand to the cause.”

“Oh, yes! the cause,” my lady said mechanically, adding, in a burst of confidence unlike her ordinary reserve:

“Atcheson, think not poorly of me, but I am one woman to whom causes are ever secondary to the interest of those I love. I care most of all for peace. I dread the storm.”

“May it leave us all unscathed!” said I, echoing her fears in that womanish way so common to our sex.

IV.

The storm was near at hand. Next morning my lady, Mr. Geoffrey, and I sat in the little parlor. I was busy sorting skeins of silk, and all of us were trying to look as unconcerned as might be. Of a sudden a servant entered.

“Mr. Haven would like to see Mr. Geoffrey Haven in the library.”

Mr. Geoffrey followed the man at once, his steps sounding on the polished oaken floor till they ceased at the door of the

study. My lady and I were in much trepidation, fearing lest the presence of Mr. Fortescue had been discovered. The matter was indeed still graver, and it was our Yellow Lady who had precipitated the crisis. Mr. Geoffrey had given a glowing account before the child of his interview with General Washington. Lady Elizabeth, in some bewilderment, had forgotten her usual caution.

Mr. Geoffrey related how he had asked the Continental commander to give him a commission, or at least to receive him as a volunteer, and how General Washington had made answer that, though the demand was unexpected, he should be glad indeed to find a commission for a Haven of Haven Manor. And to this Mr. Geoffrey had replied that if the Havens of Haven Manor had been hitherto of wide repute for loyalty to the king, he hoped it would henceforth be for devotion to country. All of which, or as much as she could understand, seemed very fine to the Yellow Lady, and she had therefore repeated it to her grandfather. Hence this unexpected summons.

Both Lady Elizabeth and myself were involuntary listeners to the closing part of this memorable conversation. Mr. Geoffrey had advanced to the library door, which he held open in his hand. Mr. Haven, sitting erect in his invalid chair, confronted him :

“Then I am to understand that your decision is unalterable?” the old man was saying, sternly.

“With all respect, sir, it is,” answered Mr. Geoffrey, looking him in the face with those eyes of blue so frank and fearless, which our Yellow Lady had inherited.

“In other words, you have determined upon abandoning the party of order to follow the dictates of a mob.”

“I have determined to ally myself with a noble band of patriots,” said Mr. Geoffrey, so warmly that his father waved his hand as if to deprecate vehemence.

“You will countenance by your name and influence those who are in open revolt against their king?”

“I advocate loyalty to my country first.”

“So that you purpose—?” inquired Mr. Haven, leaning back in his chair and arranging the lace ruffles which, in a fashion becoming antiquated, he still wore at his sleeves!

“To do what best becomes a gentleman and a patriot.”

“A gentleman and a patriot!” repeated Mr. Haven, and the tone of his voice, the enunciation of each syllable, spoke volumes. “Permit me then to tell you that even the sacred hospitality of my own roof cannot justify me in making it a harborage for

traitors. When Mr. Geoffrey Haven ceases to be my son, for the same reason he cannot remain my guest."

"He ceases to be your guest at the slightest intimation from you," said Mr. Geoffrey, throwing back his head with an indescribable manliness and dignity; "but your son he shall never cease to be in affection, in respect, and in obedience, too, save in this one matter."

So saying Mr. Geoffrey left the room with a haste which concealed from his father, at least, the traces of the deep pain he felt, all too legible upon his face. Lady Elizabeth, who had heard without giving any sign thereof, passed on upstairs, and as I stood aside to let Mr. Geoffrey follow her, I could see Mr. Haven looking after his son—a wonderful old figure of grace, and elegance, and coldness, and I heard him say distinctly, as if he spoke his thought aloud:

"My duty to the king leaves me no choice. All the days of my life I have faithfully served him in war and in peace, and I cannot flinch now."

So here was a dilemma: Mr. Geoffrey beginning his preparations to leave as soon as possible and join General Washington and the body of the army, then lower down the river, on that narrow strip of land which ends Manhattan Island; Mr. Geoffrey going, my lady likewise, and Mr. Fortescue still shut up in the secret hiding-place, with no prospect of leaving there this day or even the next, for Mr. Geoffrey had received tidings that his visitor must lie close, as the pursuit was hot. My heart was very heavy.

I was present that evening when Lady Elizabeth made known her plans to Mr. Haven. Whiter than death, he looked at her.

"You, too, Elizabeth?" he said, uttering each word as if it were cut out of ice; "you, come of a loyal family, descended from a proud English race?"

"Were I descended from the gods I am none too good to follow my husband," said Lady Elizabeth, with the first flash I had ever seen in her quiet eyes.

"And your king and country go for naught?"

"My husband's country is mine, and he acknowledges no king henceforward."

Mr. Haven bent his head, as if ironically, and as my lady turned to leave the room he asked:

"May I inquire, Lady Elizabeth Haven, if you intend to become, pardon the word, an incumbrance in the camp of this—Mr. Washington?"

“No, most unhappily, I cannot be with my husband, but I shall go with him as far as Spuyten Duyvil, and there remain with Leonora.”

“With Leonora!” It was as if a hand had struck the old man. Silently I stole away, for it was terrible to see him so overcome. But, as I afterwards learned, his evident desolation of heart proved more eloquent than his arguments as to safety and expediency. Mr. Geoffrey, who keenly felt the blow he was inflicting on that old man, who had stood all his life so upright in his loyalty, was glad to make such concession as he could. Of course I was to remain at the Manor. Everything, including Mr. Fortescue, as I somewhat whimsically reflected, was left in my charge. Mr. Geoffrey, I should remark, had informed his guest of the new sources of trouble which had arisen, and also that the whole matter now lay in my hands. Fortunate that the weighty experiences of forty-five odd years had prepared my hands for this work.

The departure seemed to stir the old place to its centre. What would Haven Manor be without my lady’s elegant repose and Mr. Geoffrey’s no less delightful boyishness? As the coach drew up to the steps Lady Elizabeth, calm but ashen pale, and Mr. Geoffrey, hardly restraining his tears, stood a moment, their eyes both fixed upon the Yellow Lady, to whom they had bade so melancholy a farewell, after which Lady Elizabeth resolutely entered the coach, withdrawing at once from sight.

“God knows when we shall meet again, dear Atcheson,” whispered Mr. Geoffrey; “do not let our Yellow Lady fret; get my poor Oliver safely away if you can.” He wrung my hand, kissed his little daughter, and an instant after the coach was out of sight.

My Yellow Lady grieved a little for the moment, but believing that her parents had but left her for a few days, she was soon her cheerful self again. She had learned from my lady’s indiscreet maid that papa was gone to join the army, which conveyed to her mind that he would march with the soldiers she had seen at a review, and exulted in the prospect.

V.

It was the afternoon following the departure of Mr. Geoffrey and my lady. The Yellow Lady, having come up to the nursery from her talk with her grandpapa, sat in the great chair before the hearth. I thought within myself what a picture she made,

for the shadows were gathering about, and only the firelight shone upon the yellow hair and the gay ribbons she wore. She seemed absent-minded, looking into the fire and clasping her doll on her arm. I had gone down, the nurse being still absent, to order my little one's tea, and see that it was properly served with mine in the nursery.

"Shall you be afraid here alone, my pet?" I asked.

"No," she answered promptly, "I am scarcely ever afraid. I like the dark, and I see such funny things in the fire."

So I left her, and I had not been many minutes gone, as I heard long afterwards, when the panel in the wall opened suddenly and noiselessly. A gentleman, stepping cautiously out, did not perceive the child. She, from her chair, observed him earnestly as he began to walk softly across the room. At last the Yellow Lady said, in a voice which trembled in spite of her usual fearlessness:

"Are you looking for anybody, sir?"

Startled beyond measure, the gentleman hurriedly scrutinized the darkening room, and it was only when the firelight leaped into a fitful brightness that he caught sight of the tiny being, weird enough to have been a spirit from some former age, haunting the great chamber.

"Because, if you are, Atcheson will soon be back and you can ask her."

"I am not looking for any one; my little woman," said the gentleman gently; "indeed I should prefer not to be seen by any one."

"Perhaps you did not know there was a child in the room," said the little girl, relieved somewhat by the stranger's voice and manner.

"No, I certainly did not know," said the stranger thoughtfully, looking down upon the little figure in the chair.

"If you had known you might not have come out from—" The child paused. She knew nothing of the secret hiding-place or its inmate, and was convinced that the gentleman had stepped down from the wall.

"No, I should not have come out," said the stranger, still looking doubtfully upon the occupant of the chair, and unconscious, of course, of her thoughts. "And you, what is your name, my pretty child?"

"I am called the Yellow Lady," answered the little girl in her clear, childish voice.

The gentleman started. There was a vein of superstition in

his fine and poetic nature. Could this be some spirit attached to the fortunes of the Havens, of whom the presence denoted change or misfortune. He shook off the momentary impression, a smile lighting up his face, which the child perceiving, spoke again:

“But I am Mr. Geoffrey Haven’s little girl and my real name is Leonora.”

“Ah!” said the gentleman; adding to himself in an undertone, “it is none the less awkward; the hiding-place, my presence here, the despatches, all to be trusted to the discretion of a child.”

During this soliloquy the Yellow Lady had been curiously scanning every detail of the stranger’s dress, watching his every movement, and secretly pondering his mode of entrance.

“Would you tell me,” she said at last, breaking in upon the stranger’s anxious reverie, “if you came out of that big picture, or—”

The gentleman hesitated, glancing involuntarily at the huge representation of Charles II. and his court from which he was supposed to have made a descent.

“I know that little girls should not ask questions,” continued the child; “but I was frightened at your coming so suddenly, though I told Atcheson I should not be afraid. So I would like to know—that is, if you don’t mind—where you came from.”

“Then you shall know,” said the gentleman with sudden confidence; “since you know so much I shall trust you with all.”

“What is trust?” asked the child, looking up at him earnestly.

“Its meaning just now is, that I shall tell you something which you are not to tell anybody.”

“Ah! yes,” said the child; “sometimes the martyrs knew things and *would* not tell them even when they were put in the fire.”

“I see you understand,” said the stranger, a look of relief lightening the careworn expression of his face; “and you will promise not to tell anybody.”

“Not even grandpapa?”

“Grandpapa least of all. Now listen,” and he sat down upon the hearth-rug, so as to be upon a level with the earnest little face.

“I am a soldier.”

“Fighting for the king?” cried the child with interest.

The stranger’s face fell.

“No, against the king.”

The little one stared, but presently added in a satisfied way:

“One of those bad kings mamma told me of.”

“Exactly. Your papa has given me a hiding-place here. Should I be found I shall be killed and your papa will be in great danger. So that is why you must promise not to speak to any one of my presence here, of the door in the wall through which I came out, or of anything about this unlucky afternoon. Child, what do you say?”

The blue eyes were fixed upon the soldier, and he looked into them as if he would read the little soul beyond, his heart full of dread as he thought of a child's fickleness and love of gossip.

“I will never tell—not if they kill me,” said the little one, so solemnly that the officer's glance of keen scrutiny changed to one of surprise.

“Then Oliver Fortescue gives his life into your hands; ay, and far more than his life,” he said solemnly, taking the childish hands into his own thin and brown ones.

This was the covenant between them, after which Mr. Fortescue rose abruptly, betraying his still lurking uneasiness by the exclamation:

“O child! if you could but know!”

“You are afraid I shall tell,” observed the Yellow Lady, her quick instinct divining his meaning; “but I shall not, because I have promised, and I have never told an untruth in my life.”

“I can and will trust you,” said Fortescue with deep feeling, “and God grant you may be right.”

VI.

When Mr. Fortescue had bidden my precious one keep the secret from everybody he had doubtless forgotten that Mr. Geoffrey had given the matter into my hands, or he thought perchance that it was safest to make assurance doubly sure by cautioning the child not to speak at all of an affair so important. When I got back again to the nursery I found our Yellow Lady sitting silent and grave, and, as I thought, pining some for her papa and mamma.

“You will soon see mamma, dearie,” I said cheerily, “and papa is away with the soldiers; but he'll soon be coming back.”

“Who?” said the child, so suddenly as to startle me; she was plainly coming out of a reverie.

“Why, your papa, of course,” said I.

“Oh!” said she, drawing a long breath; and then after a pause: “I hope they will come soon, papa and mamma both. The house is very lonesome. It feels as if it were too big for us.”

“Indeed it does,” I assented most heartily, “and now I shall light the candles and drive away all these shadows.”

As I was busied thus I caught so singular a look fixed by the child on that particular panel in the wall which I knew to conceal Mr. Geoffrey's guest that I almost fancied that she had, in some way, come to suspect. But I put the thought from me as fancy. The tea arriving, we partook of it cosily together. Our table was drawn up to the fire, and my Yellow Lady drank her tea out of her favorite china cup and saucer, which was yellow, having upon it a miniature of some beautiful lady clad in a gown of faint pink. The plate did not match, which when my girlie was cross or tired she found to be a grievance. On it appeared no miniature lady, but a profusion of tiny flowerets. However, on this evening she made no remark upon the plate, cutting her bread and cake contentedly, and daintily eating her spoonful of jam from the shell-shaped plate of cut glass.

Her tea being finished, our Yellow Lady went off into one of her wildly hilarious moods, out of which she came ever and anon just as suddenly. She was mimicking, with odd grimaces and contortions of her little figure, a dancing bear she had recently seen, when all at once she stopped and asked in her solemn way if soldiers were ever bad.

“What has put soldiers into your head?” I asked sharply.

“I saw some at the review,” she answered, “but they were all in scarlet and gold. I think I like soldiers, don't you, Atcheson?” and she skipped away again.

“Yes,” said I absently, thinking of Mr. Geoffrey and of the young soldier who lay concealed near by. Little I knew that the child was thinking of the same thing.

“He went like this,” said the little one, shuffling over the floor towards me.

“Who?” cried I hastily, roused from my thoughts, for we were at cross-purposes that evening.

“Why, the bear, surely,” answered she, opening her eyes wide; “he held his stick up this way.”

So intent was she upon these tricks that I could not suspect the self-control exercised by that candid and truthful little soul to keep from me the secret she had buried in her mind.

“When papa comes back from fighting,” she began, “I shall ask him to—”

She did not finish her question, asking instead :

“Is papa fighting for the king or against him?”

Again I was startled, for, though I knew the two currents between which that young life had run, loyalty to one being treason to the other, I could not guess what had put this question into her head.

“He’s out with all the other brave gentlemen,” said I.

“Fighting against some bad king, perhaps,” she said, “but not grandpapa’s king.”

Her loyal little soul would justify them both.

“Well, when he comes back,” said I, hardly knowing what words I used, in my eagerness to take her mind from the subject, “you are going to ask your papa to get you a bear.”

“To get *me* a bear?” she questioned, looking at me with such amazement that I burst into a laugh; “no, but to let me see one again, if he knows where there are any. I did so laugh at it.”

After further reflection, she added :

“But perhaps it was cruel. Was it cruel, Atcheson, for the man to poke at the bear so?”

“Oh! there is plenty of cruelty going on,” said I, rather shortly; “and, dear, I wish you would ask fewer questions, they weary grown people so.”

“Do they?” she said softly; “then I will not ask any more, except one. Wouldn’t a bear be grand to keep a secret?”

“A secret!” echoed I, affrighted. “Why, what are you talking about?”

“About secrets—not telling any one—as the martyrs used to do.”

“It is all her grandpapa’s doings,” said I, believing it was only her way of dwelling upon things she had been told.

My mind was on such a strain that I believe I was never so sharp and cross with my Yellow Lady as on that evening, when her first secret was burdening her soul.

VII.

In that dreadful hour when British troops, with no kindly intent, came up the river path, all the servants fled, leaving the Yellow Lady and myself alone. Mr. Haven was at the time taking his afternoon nap, at least it was his hour for repose, and he had seemingly taken no alarm. Our Yellow Lady was at first delighted with the soldiers, even believing that Papa Geoffrey

might be marching with them. I was first to give her warning, and also to make her understand that for an urgent reason I must put myself in concealment.

"I shall be close by," I whispered, "and you will be safe. There is a reason why I must not be seen." For I feared being questioned concerning Mr. Fortescue, lest even the expression of my face might betray me. Moreover, I argued that should the emergency become pressing, I might contrive to give warning to our concealed guest. I debated whether or not I should bring the child to her grandfather, but I feared that the shock in his weak state might be injurious to him, and I had a faint hope that, finding only a child, the soldiers might withdraw. With many misgivings and a determination to show myself if need were, I went into a place of concealment well-nigh as secure as the secret hiding-place above. This was one of the great square pillars of the veranda. Its lower portion opened back upon hinges, forming a species of cupboard, which was used either as a receptacle of garden tools or occasionally as a doll's house for our imaginative Yellow Lady. She was wont to call it her enchanted palace, adding plaintively :

"It is not truly so at all. It is only a cupboard."

I would have drawn my precious one into this hiding-place with me but that want of space dissuaded me, as well as the fear that from her stature she might find a difficulty in breathing, for the air-holes were just about the height of my head.

I had scarce secured the door of this refuge when I heard the enemy ascending the steps. The Yellow Lady advanced to the head of the steps to meet them. Her quaint, childish figure was hidden from me, but I could fancy the sort of picture she made. She greeted the officer in command with the precise words which time and again I have heard her grandpapa use in receiving his guests :

"You are welcome, sir, to Haven Manor."

"Is that true, my little lady?" asked the officer ironically.

"I have never said a thing that was not true in my life," answered the child gravely, "and I am not afraid—that is, not much afraid—of soldiers."

The Englishman laughed, saying jestingly aside to a companion :

"An odd specimen of the genus colonial, and dressed as if she had stepped forth from her grandmother's portrait. One is tempted to believe that she is an enchanted grandmother grown downwards."

I could not see the man's face, but his voice impressed me as cold, sneering, and discordant.

"Since you are not afraid—that is, not much afraid of soldiers, perhaps you may be pleased to acquaint us with your name."

"I am called," said the clear, sweet voice, "the Yellow Lady."

There was a pause, during which the men must have stared in amaze.

Then the leader laughed.

"Witchcraft, by all that's wonderful!" he cried. "This is a chapter from the *Arabian Nights*. Perchance, gentlemen, we may be turned into stone."

I knew before this that the party was composed of strangers to Haven Manor. In all likelihood they had but of late come into the country. How I regretted that the officer was not of those to whom Haven Manor had until recently offered its hospitality. Yet such would scarce have been chosen for this service. There was a sound in the lindens as of coming night, though it was bright afternoon, and a chill crept up the lawn. The officer advanced a pace or two, the scabbard of his sword shining in the sun. My poor little Lady Gracious, forgetting her dignity, fled in all haste towards my hiding-place. But, rallying quickly from the panic into which she had fallen, she stood still just where I could perceive her diminutive figure, smaller by contrast with the great veranda, her yellow curls falling over the rich lace of her collar. With an effort she spoke bravely:

"If you would please to come in this direction, perhaps you would partake of some wine."

"We will most gladly avail ourselves of your courtesy, venerable grandmother that was," said the officer in his sneering tones; "but we shall have other business to transact in which, perchance, your Yellow Ladyship will lend us your co-operation."

The little creature led them into the dining-room, where, as it chanced, I could distinctly perceive all that transpired, my pillar being precisely in front of the long window through which they entered. Also I could hear what was being said. Upon the buffet stood the decanters with their contents of port and madeira. To these wines the leader, and two others who entered with him, and whom I did opine to be officers, helped themselves freely. Meanwhile they made mocking bows to their youthful hostess, who stood watching them with troubled eyes. Having

emptied their glasses and replenished them, the officer spoke again:

"Most excellent vintage, my lady grandmother. It, no doubt, dates back to the period of your ladyship's youth. But now to business. As you would appear to be in sole custody of the mansion, we must ask of you to guide us to where the rebels do lie concealed."

The word was new to the child.

"I know not what rebels are," she said quietly; "but if they be anything bad, I am sure that none are here."

"There is, or ought to be, one infernal rebel, at least," muttered the officer; asking in a louder tone: "Where is your papa?"

"With the soldiers," answered the child, promptly and proudly.

The officer bit his lip.

"And where are the soldiers?"

"Marching with drums and banners."

"But where, in what direction?"

"I do not know, and even if I did I would not tell, because bad men would find them and give them to some one called a tyrant."

"A ready pupil of the rebelly papa," said the officer; "but perchance, my Yellow Lady, we might find means to make you tell."

"Nay, I would rather die," said the child earnestly; "then I should be like the martyrs. Perhaps you do not know what is a martyr. Some one who would rather be slain than do wrong."

"So you prefer being slain to telling us where, in this house, lie the rebels?" said the officer threateningly, with a pretence of unsheathing his sword.

The child's little heart was beating, and her breath coming thick and fast, as she fixed her terrified eyes upon the gleaming weapon.

"For shame!" interposed a young man who stood by; "you will scare the odd little creature out of her wits."

The senior officer was about making an angry reply when a strange interruption occurred. A door seldom opened in a panel of the wall was flung wide. Upon its threshold, supporting himself by a silver-headed cane, stood Mr. Haven. From my hiding-place his emaciated figure and ashen paleness seemed brought into startling prominence.

"Is the menacing of a fragile child an occupation for officers and gentlemen?" he asked, his voice falling piercingly upon the silence, his whole personality sufficiently weird to have been evoked from the shadows. The irrepressible captain muttered in an aside:

"An enchanted palace!—and, by St. George! the wizard himself."

Meanwhile our Yellow Lady had flown to her grandpapa's side, saying softly:

"Do not be angry at these gentlemen, grandpapa; they did not frighten me very much."

The old man drew the child to his side with a gesture of protection, pathetic in one so helpless as himself.

"Permit me to inquire, sir," he said, addressing the officer in command, "what may be the meaning of so extraordinary a proceeding, and at Haven Manor, where gentlemen of your cloth have ever found a ready welcome?"

"Let me ask, rather," said the officer, his customary insolence somewhat subdued, "whom I have the honor of addressing?"

"My name, sir, is Montague Haven, late colonel in his majesty's Life Guards."

The officer bowed.

"You are not, I presume, the Mr. Haven of whom we are in search, unless—"

The young man, as he paused, took a long look at the venerable figure before him. Its emaciation was rendered more apparent by the sombre-hued garments of black satin and finest cloth. The sharp scrutiny passed upward to the cold face, of which the ashen whiteness was heightened by the powdered hair.

"Unless what, sir?"

"The description, I would say, tallies not in the least with that given us of one Mr. Geoffrey Haven."

"I believe, sir, we must all congratulate you upon your perspicacity," said Mr. Haven, a smile of bitter irony crossing his face, for he must have remembered all too faithfully the noble proportions of his son as he had last seen him.

The officer colored angrily, his voice trembling with suppressed passion when he spoke again.

"Not only have I a warrant for the arrest of one Geoffrey Haven, traitorously holding commission against his majesty, but—"

"Seek no rebel under my roof," interrupted Mr. Haven sternly;

“my name has been a guarantee of loyalty and Haven Manor its very synonym.”

“I am further empowered,” continued the officer, with what I held to be an arrogant disregard of this declaration, “to search this dwelling for the person of Oliver Fortescue, who is suspected of being in hiding here.”

The faintest suspicion of emotion showed itself on Mr. Haven’s face at the mention of this name. Oliver Fortescue was the son of a beloved friend, who had been in his day a loyalist of the pronounced Tory type.

“Your suspicions are incorrect,” Mr. Haven said calmly; “Mr. Fortescue has not within the space of several months honored Haven Manor with his presence.”

“That remains to be proved,” said the officer in an undertone.

Instinctively he felt that the old man spoke the truth. His eye fell upon the Yellow Lady as he pondered. With sudden insight, he exclaimed: “Perchance this young lady might give us more satisfactory information.”

I was amazed to see that the child had grown white, displaying various signs of trepidation since the name of Fortescue had come into the discourse. The little creature still stood at the side of her grandparent, her finery pathetically disarranged since the mother had been wanting to give it the daintier touches.

“And,” continued the officer, in a louder tone, “if this little lady is aware of aught touching this Mr. Fortescue she shall be made to tell it.”

“Gentlemen,” said Mr. Haven, addressing all three of the soldiers collectively, and with an emphasis as stinging as the cut of a whip—“gentlemen, I protest.”

The younger officers showed tokens of embarrassment, but their senior, angered the more by the old man’s passionless contempt, declared that his orders were peremptory; that he was to neglect no opportunity of discovering the whereabouts of so dangerous a rebel as Mr. Fortescue. Directly addressing our affrighted little maiden he asked:

“Tell me, child—for you know—where is this Oliver Fortescue?”

The child was mute.

“Is he under this roof?”

Still no answer.

“Speak, dearest,” said Mr. Haven caressingly; “tell these gentlemen that Mr. Fortescue is not here.”

The child, to my surprise, cast a startled glance at her grandpapa, but said nothing.

"Silence gives consent," said the officer; "so, my little lady we shall expect you to reveal to us without delay the hiding-place of this traitor."

"I have already told you, sir, that the gentleman you seek is not within my house."

There was a singular dignity in this simple affirmation on the part of one whose word had never been doubted.

The officer merely pointed to the child.

"Why does she not speak?" he asked bluntly.

"Her silence is, no doubt, the result of fear," said Mr. Haven. "Arguing on the probabilities, sir, can you fancy that a child would be entrusted with so grave a secret, even did such a secret exist."

There was something touching to me in the half-entreaty conveyed in these words, in this slight unbending of a will so inexorable.

"The child knows something," said the officer, "and it must be our task to discover what, unbiassed by your presence."

"My precious one," whispered Mr. Haven, "tell them that you know nothing of this Mr. Fortescue."

"I cannot, grandpapa, for that would not be true."

These were the words, as I afterwards learned, which our Yellow Lady had whispered into her grandpapa's ear, but so low as to be unheard by the others. They were the cause of the faintness which suddenly overpowered Mr. Haven, so that he had to be carried thence to the couch in the library. The circumstance was not displeasing to the officer, who now had hopes of inducing the child to disclose what knowledge she might have of the hidden gentleman. It was decided that Leonora should accompany a search-party, consisting of a grim old Hessian sergeant and one or two of the men, in their scrutiny of the house. The child was to be subjected to a rigorous cross-examination in every apartment as they proceeded.

I once more debated with myself as to whether or not I should emerge from my concealment and endeavor to assist my precious child. But a moment's thought convinced me that I should most certainly be prevented from accompanying the little one, and that I would only run the risk of betraying Mr. Fortescue by the least inadvertence. All the time I was counting upon our poor Yellow Lady's ignorance. I perceived her being led away, her yellow ribbons waving sadly in the breeze from

the open door, as she crossed the sunset-lighted hall, half-dazed by the shock of her grandpapa's illness. I thought mournfully of how frequently and with what glee she had talked of soldiers. Henceforth she must think of them with a shudder. I heard her little voice plaintively from the stairs :

“ Oh ! if grandpapa should die. Oh ! will he not die ? ” and the gruff sergeant's answer :

“ Nay, missy, there is no danger.”

What followed I had no means of discovering till many days afterwards, when, in part from the child and in part from Mr. Fortescue, I had an inkling of all that transpired. Leonora has herself related the promises, persuasions, and threats by which, as they went, her rude attendants sought to force the truth from her.

“ I thought of St. Agnes,” said this heroic little one, “ and the other saints who had been so brave, and I said a little prayer to our Blessed Lady that she might keep me from telling.”

To her simple narrative Mr. Fortescue added the details of a scene of which he had been the indignant spectator.

In the nursery the sergeant and his men had stopped almost directly in front of the panel behind which Mr. Fortescue lay concealed. And there the child underwent, perhaps, the severest catechism of all. She was questioned and cross-questioned, humbugged by false statements, and terrified by cruelest threats. Mr. Fortescue, in his excitement, drew aside the panel by a hair's-breadth, that he might be a witness of what was transpiring. He declared to me that never could he forget the countenance of our Yellow Lady as she stood before the angry soldiers—her paleness, the intensity of expression in the half-shut eyes with which she regarded her tormentors, and the strange dignity of the little figure. Nor, Mr. Fortescue averred, was the suggestion of moral against brute force weakened when the tears stole softly down the little cheeks, falling unheeded upon the yellow bows which lacked the deft touch of my lady's fingers. Burning with indignation, Mr. Fortescue declared that, forgetting his own safety and that of the despatches, he would have rushed forth had it not been for a timely interruption. The young officer whom I had noticed in the library, a fair-complexioned and gentlemanly youth, entered the apartment at this moment, and hastily gave orders to the sergeant to withdraw his men. Nothing had been discovered, and the night was wearing on. Search would have to be made in the adjacent woods.

“Curse the obstinacy of this young rebel!”

“Curse the infernal cruelty of tormenting a child,” said the young soldier. “Could anything be more idiotic than to believe that such an infant would be entrusted with a man’s life. Simply she has been terrified into stupidity.”

Mr. Fortescue noted with thankfulness that this kind-hearted young gentleman took our Yellow Lady into his own charge, promising to bring her to her grandpapa. He led her downstairs, conversing all the way, until the childish tears were dried. Mr. Haven, restored to consciousness, received and clasped his Yellow Lady close in his withered old arms, as if he would part from her nevermore.

VIII.

After this time Mr. Haven was carried to bed, and there remained for some weeks, at least, arising thence apparently no worse than he had been before. It was characteristic that he made no manner of inquiry concerning Mr. Fortescue. He neither made mention of the circumstance of his visit nor expressed any anxiety as to the safety or the length of his stay. He allowed the veil of silence to fall upon a subject so distasteful to him in so far as I was concerned, and I rejoiced that it was so. Whether or not he discussed the matter with our Yellow Lady in the long twilight talks which they still held together, I do not know.

Mr. Fortescue, after a delay of two days, during which strict watch was kept in the environs of Haven Manor, rode away in the dusk of evening, eager to deliver his despatches. He came into the nursery an instant to speak a few words of kindly and grateful farewell to his little preserver, as he called our Yellow Lady, saying in his pleasant and courteous fashion:

“Shall I not have a morsel of yellow ribbon to carry with me. The knights of another day were wont to wear their lady’s color, and perhaps the privilege may be granted to a plain soldier of our Continental army.”

The child, at my direction, gave the desired ribbon, which Mr. Fortescue fastened upon his coat, saying:

“Perhaps it might help me to be a martyr, if need there be.”

The Yellow Lady began now to ask divers questions, as to whether Mr. Fortescue carried a sword with diamonds in it, or a spear like the great soldier-martyr she had seen in grandpapa’s book. Also, whether Mr. Fortescue would wear a scarlet coat and a helmet.

"None of these things, dear little one," laughed Mr. Fortescue; "my uniform is blue and buff, my head-covering is not of so durable a material as steel, nor is my sword of so costly make."

"But you will ride a great black horse," said the child.

"No; rather a homely gray one," answered the soldier.

I bethought me of this answer when we heard later of the gallant and headlong charge he made upon that same gray horse, with his cavalry, at York Island.

"Do officers always kill some one?" asked the Yellow Lady solemnly.

A shade crossed Mr. Fortescue's fine face.

"In the fortunes of war who can tell?" he said gravely.

"In the battle, when spears and swords are flashing, and soldiers, very angry, are striking at each other, do you feel afraid, sir?"

"Dearest," I interposed, "you must not ask so many questions."

But Mr. Fortescue laughed heartily, saying:

"Searching ones they are, reaching to hidden depths. So good-by, my dear, dear little Yellow Lady. I dare not stay longer lest you reveal all my hidden weaknesses."

"Will you come again?"

"Some day, I trust; but who can read the future. Meantime, God keep you true and fearless through all the years to come, and at your prayers ask for Oliver Fortescue some little of your own courage and steadfastness."

Turning to me, he said courteously:

"Mistress Atcheson, to you also I am under heavy debt."

He shook my hand warmly, bent a moment over the golden head of the child, and was gone.

Then followed melancholy weeks and months which I have not courage to record here. News of Mr. Geoffrey, and even of Lady Elizabeth, came uncertainly and brokenly. Of Mr. Fortescue we heard but rarely, and only through the public reports. His high qualities as a soldier and a citizen made him conspicuous throughout. Nor shall I attempt to chronicle here the mighty events, the great battles, the vicissitudes of victory and defeat, and the ultimate triumph which made of these great countries free, sovereign, and independent States. Now, in my secret soul I honored that sublime General Washington and those others who had part in that memorable struggle. I had no one to whom I could communicate these thoughts, not

daring to make Leonora a sharer in them, as I was well aware of her grandpapa's adverse sentiments.

Haven Manor was preserved through all changes in a wonderful manner. Perhaps the unshaken loyalty of Mr. Haven had to do with this result, as far as the British were concerned. It soon became known to them that he had dismissed from his house his only son on discovering that the latter held commission under Washington. Whereas the patriotism of Mr. Geoffrey made his father's house respected by his fellow-soldiers. Meanwhile I could perceive a gradual weakening in Mr. Haven, which at length made him desire the return of his son. Every fresh defeat of the British forces was a sore affliction to him. The new state of affairs seemed to create in him a strange bewilderment. The war being virtually over, on the surrender of my Lord Cornwallis, Mr. Haven bade me write as follows to his son:

"Montague Haven has not changed. He still belongs to the past, and is, as ever, the loyal servant of King George. God bless him! But the world around has changed and none can arrest its onward course. Let us make trial if the old and the new can lodge under one roof and be at peace. He who writes is weary of strife, and the end draws near."

This was the substance of that singular letter which brought us all together again, joyful and happy, under the beloved roof.

IX.

Eleven years to-day since my Yellow Lady so bravely kept the secret of Mr. Oliver Fortescue and that of his hiding-place. My eyes are dim as I write, for I feel that I have aged much, but my heart is full of rejoicing. To-morrow is my darling's wedding-day. What a handsome couple will they not make. Mr. Oliver, straight and slender as a willow, his dark face grown handsomer since being bronzed in the wars, and his eyes more bright than ever. He wears a colonel's uniform, and always a morsel of yellow ribbon. Though he is fifteen years older than our Leonora, he is the only gentleman to whom we would all so willingly give our Yellow Lady. Even Mr. Haven smiles contentedly at the prospect, and looks upon Mr. Oliver with an eye both favorable and admiring. Despite the latter's revolutionary sentiments, I am convinced that Mr. Haven regards him as the beau ideal of a gentleman. So fearless and honor-

able, so brave and so high-principled, withal so devout a Catholic.

I fear that before the first anniversary of to-morrow's happy event the old world shall have passed from Haven Manor for ever. Peacefully it has accepted the change during these last years. However, trouble is time enough when it comes, and glad we all are that grandpapa is here to give his Yellow Lady a blessing. He has also presented her with a costly set of pearls which have been in the possession of the Havens from time immemorial.

Mr. Geoffrey, my lady, and the Yellow Lady are grouped once more under the lindens. Pinto is there, muzzle to the ground. But he romps no more; old age has set its seal upon him. Mr. Geoffrey has likewise abandoned all such sport by reason of a wound which has left him a stiff joint, and our Yellow Lady is far too dignified. She stoutly declares, by the way, that she shall cease to be the Yellow Lady on the morrow, that the spell into which this color has bewitched her shall cease then. But I believe in my heart that Mr. Fortescue will never permit it, for he loves the name, as we have ever done. In any event, there is the portrait of her ladyship taken in the yellow brocade, with 'kerchief of fine lace, and the high-heeled shoes with yellow rosettes which she wore to Mrs. Washington's ball. So shall there ever be at Haven Manor a Yellow Lady.

ANNA T. SADLIER.

THE CATHOLIC EXHIBIT AT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

IN response to an invitation sent out in the name of the archbishops of the United States, a number of Catholic educationists met together at Chicago in the beginning of last October to consider the advisability and feasibility of organizing a "National Catholic Educational Exhibit" for the approaching Columbian Exposition of 1893. The meeting was presided over by the Right Rev. Bishop Spalding, who had been appointed chairman by the archbishops. The number present at the meeting, though not very large, fairly represented the Catholic higher or college education of the country; but there were no special representatives of the parochial schools, nor of the female academies and convents.

Very little time was consumed in discussing the *advisability* of organizing the proposed exhibit. Every one present was of opinion that the Columbian Exposition offered an exceptionally good opportunity, which ought to be availed of, for showing to the world at large what the church has done for education in the United States, and thereby allaying some, at least, of the misinformed prejudice which so widely prevails against Catholic schools. It was also universally felt that the proposed exhibit was quite feasible, that the united efforts of Catholic primary schools, academies, convents, and colleges could succeed in organizing an exhibit worthy of the church, and worthy of the Columbian Exposition. A pretty comprehensive outline of the nature and scope of such an exhibit was presented to the meeting, and agreed upon.

One matter, however, gave rise to marked divergence of opinion, and to protracted though, for reasons which we will not specify, unsatisfactory discussion. It was the question, how best to collect and display effectively the Catholic Exhibit. The same respected member, who had sketched the outline referred to above, proposed that each teaching order should exhibit collectively the work done in its various establishments. Strong exception was taken to this proposal by many present, on the grounds that an exhibit carried out on such lines would not be as Catholic, as national, or as effective as it otherwise might be.

It was represented that an exhibit made by the several teaching bodies in their own name would develop into a sort of competition between them; that neither those religious communities whose numbers were small, nor individual educational establishments, would care to enter into such a competition; that the diocesan authorities would not take much interest in an exhibit in which the diocese was subordinated to the teaching order; and that, in consequence, the exhibit would fail of its Catholic and national purport. An amendment was proposed in accordance with these views, to the effect that the exhibit should be made by either territorial or ecclesiastical divisions. It was shown that, by collecting and displaying the exhibit in this manner, its Catholic and national character would be insured, whilst all due recognition could be given to the various teaching bodies. This amendment was lost by a substantial majority, and, accordingly, the original proposition, accompanied by certain disclaimers, appears in the "Directions for a National Catholic Educational Exhibit" which have been conscientiously drawn up by the excellent committee to whose editing they were confided.

The fourth paragraph of these "Directions" reads as follows, the italics being ours: "To simplify the task of preparation and to make the most effective display of Catholic school work, it is thought best that the teaching communities, congregations and orders, engaged in educational work, should, each through its own organization, make a collective exhibit of all the schools, academies, or colleges under their respective charge. Thus, for instance, the Marist Brothers will exhibit, *together in one place*, the work of all the schools taught by them, *though they may be in different parishes and different dioceses*, giving credit, however, to every school, and keeping those of each diocese together. The same will be done by the Christian Brothers, by the Xaverian and Franciscan Brothers. In like manner the female communities—for example, the Sisters of Charity—will make a collective exhibit of their parochial schools, *wherever they may be situated*; and apart from this, a collective exhibit of their academies, marking in every case the name and place of the school to which the work belongs."

Further consideration of the matter has confirmed the present writer and others in the belief that, in order to secure the success of the proposed "National Catholic Educational Exhibit," it will be necessary to modify the above portion of the "Directions" in the sense of the amendment alluded to, as regards, at least, the

primary or parochial schools. Let the colleges and convents exhibit their work, if they so please, on the lines laid down; that is, under the names of the several teaching bodies to which they belong (though we ourselves would prefer it otherwise). These institutions of secondary education are, with very few exceptions, private enterprises, not belonging, except by topographical position, to any particular diocese or locality. But it is quite different with the parochial schools. These are church or diocesan institutions, forming part of the church's organization in America, subject entirely to the diocesan authority, and independent of the particular religious or secular teachers who may impart instruction in them for the time being. It is against our parochial schools, and chiefly because they are so essentially Catholic Church schools, that the strongest prejudices prevail. The non-Catholic world scarcely ever says a word against our colleges and academies; it frequently patronizes them. Educated people are satisfied that the intellectual training given therein reaches a high standard, whilst the moral training is simply unrivalled. But the great unthinking masses, and a large proportion of the thinking ones, are bitterly hostile to our parochial school system. A good deal of this hostility comes from want of knowledge of the working of our primary schools. In the present state of things, which necessarily excludes them from state inspection, or competition with state schools, they remain to outsiders enshrouded in a certain air of mystery which naturally begets suspicion. All that the general public sees of them is the coming and going of the children. It is not entirely unnatural that the passer-by who looks up at one of our school-buildings, in which, as far as he knows, only catechism, or lame grammar and arithmetic, or distorted history is taught, should utter a cry of sympathetic indignation against a system which, in his opinion, entices hosts of benighted little ones to come to a sham fountain of knowledge, the draughts of which are either scanty or noxious. What a change of feeling would take place in such a one if he were only introduced to one of our well-conducted schools and given an opportunity of seeing and judging for himself its teaching methods and results! He would probably come to the conclusion that the unendowed parochial school was, at least, as efficient as its richly endowed ward neighbor; and having concluded thus far, and having ascertained that the Catholic school was not afraid of competition with its rival, he would inevitably, though perhaps slowly, become convinced that justice required that the public funds

be divided between both schools in due proportion to the educational results achieved, as tested by competent and impartial authority.

Now, what a visit to a single parochial school would do in the case of our imaginary friend is precisely what a collective inspection of all our schools, as afforded at the Columbian Exposition, would effect in the minds of the whole American people. The veil which now covers our schools, but which is not of our making or choosing, would be withdrawn, and at the same time the scales would fall from the eyes of many who are now prejudiced. A full and effective exhibit of our whole parochial school system would, we feel certain, contribute much to the satisfactory solution of the vexed primary educational problem. Once the American mind is satisfied that the Catholic Church really loves education as ordinarily understood, that she makes sacrifices to support and promote it, that the secular knowledge imparted in her schools reaches a very high standard, considering the many disadvantages under which it labors—once the American mind is satisfied of all this its innate sense of justice and fair play will readily grant that a system of education which has been tried and not found wanting, from even the purely secular standpoint, deserves its just proportion of state aid and recognition. The forthcoming Columbian Exposition affords our Catholic schools a providential opportunity for putting themselves *en evidence*. It invites them to let their light shine before men, that they may see that their works are good, and that seeing, they may believe our professions and approve our theories in educational matters. It behooves, therefore, all concerned to put forth their best efforts to make the proposed “National Catholic Educational Exhibit” a success in every sense of its title. What we fear is, that the method traced out in the “Directions” for collecting and placing the Exhibit will not secure the co-operation of *all* concerned, and will therefore fail to make it a success in *every* sense. It is clear that in the parochial school system, as well as in each individual school, the following distinct parties are immediately concerned: the bishop, the clergy, the teachers, the pupils, and the parents. The fourth paragraph of the “Directions” places all the burden and responsibility of preparing the Exhibit on the teachers. Theirs will be all the credit or discredit. They will, of course, so prepare and arrange each individual exhibit that it may fall in suitably with all the other exhibits of the same religious community, and that it may thus redound to the honor, firstly, of the order, and, secondly, of the diocese or locality to which the

exhibit belongs. No one could reasonably blame a given teaching community for availing itself thus of the mode of procedure recommended in the "Directions." But it is hard to conceive how the bishops and clergy, who are so closely concerned in the parochial schools, can be expected to take due interest in such an exhibit, and how further an exhibit in which they don't take an interest can presume to be Catholic and national.

We believe that the two-fold object of the educational exhibit—the enlightenment and edification of outsiders, and the stimulation of those within—would best be effected by carrying it out, at least as far as the parochial schools and other diocesan institutions are concerned, on diocesan or territorial lines. For this purpose it would be necessary to form a distinct committee for the Parochial Schools' Exhibit. Such a committee ought to comprise one representative from each diocese in the country. Each diocesan representative would have full responsibility for and control over the exhibit from his diocese; whilst a small central board of management would direct the details of placing in order and displaying to advantage the various exhibits. This committee could work in harmony with the other committee now existing, which is, properly speaking, for secondary schools and colleges. We should thus have an educational exhibit that would be truly national and Catholic, instead of a merely piece-meal display.

To illustrate what we have been saying let us consider an example of both ways of exhibiting. Let us take, for instance, the archdiocese of Philadelphia. It is well known that effective steps have been taken for putting its primary schools on a solid and uniform basis. They are taught mostly by members of various religious communities, and partly by lay teachers, but all are subject to the diocesan school board and the diocesan inspector. How is the working of the Philadelphia parochial schools to be exhibited? If the method outlined in the "Directions" be followed, they will be parcelled out among the several religious congregations that happen to teach in them; and where the same teaching body happens to have schools in other dioceses, the schools taught by its members in Philadelphia will be tacked on to the collective exhibit of all its schools. So that a clergyman or layman interested in the parochial schools of Philadelphia would have no means of inspecting them as a whole. He may, of course, look up the schools labelled "Philadelphia" in the grand "Christian Brothers' Exhibit"; he may do the same for other collective exhibits; he may find away in some corner the schools taught by

lay teachers; but he would probably in the end feel rather ashamed of the piece-meal exhibit of the parochial schools compared with the united exhibit of the public schools of Philadelphia. The latter he will find exhibited as a whole, under the guidance and direction of one mind—that of the superintendent. He will find that each school has rivalled its neighbor to make the united exhibit a success, and that the superintendent has availed himself of every means to secure that the Philadelphia Public Schools' Exhibit shall compare favorably with that of Boston, Chicago, or San Francisco. And he will find that the government Bureau of Education points with pride to the grand display of public-school education which the united efforts of every city and district in the country have achieved.

This is exactly what should be aimed at and accomplished by a National Catholic Exhibit. It should concentrate the work of all the schools of the diocese under one diocesan heading, whilst giving every due credit and recognition to the individual teaching bodies, and it should concentrate all the diocesan exhibits under the one comprehensive heading of "Catholic." To continue our illustration from Philadelphia, let us apply to its parochial schools the other or Catholic method of exhibiting their work. All the schools would prepare their exhibits under the superintendence of the diocesan inspector. Accompanying the exhibit of each school there would be an indication of the character of its teachers, just as we find set down in the diocesan directory. The collective exhibit would form a harmonious diocesan whole, which would be of much interest to everybody. Non-Catholics from Philadelphia would get an insight such as they never before had got into the working of the parochial schools in their midst, and Catholics would have a fair opportunity of becoming acquainted with both the absolute and relative merits and defects of their schools. Place beside the Philadelphia exhibit that of each of the other dioceses of the ecclesiastical province; place in like order similar exhibits from every other province and diocese throughout the country, and then you will have a truly "National Catholic Educational Exhibit" which will effect the two-fold purpose to which we have already alluded. It will be a most instructive object-lesson on parochial schools for the general public, and it will be an equally instructive School Review for ourselves. It is difficult to over-estimate the good which the very preparation for such a review would do to our school forces during the next two years, or the practical lesson which the several officers in command may learn from the inspection of the regiments of one another. Notes could be compared

either during or after the Exposition, in a grand reunion of the various diocesan school representatives. Special prizes and certificates, distinct from those given by the national commissioners, could be awarded by the parochial schools' committee. And arrangements could be made for periodical interchange of views in the future.

We trust that, before it is yet too late, those who alone can speak and act with authority in the matter, viz., the archbishops and bishops, will take means, whether those outlined above or others, to make the parochial schools' portion of the "Exhibit" really national and Catholic. The machinery requisite for bringing it to a successful issue already exists in the various diocesan school boards. Let all due credit be given to the various teaching bodies; but let the parochial schools exhibit their work under the auspices of their mother—the Catholic Church in America.

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THE RUIN OF JAPAN.

"THESE Japanese are the delight of my soul," said Saint Francis Xavier nearly four hundred years ago. To-day both saints and sinners are repeating the same thing about them. "Things Japanese" have compelled a professor of the Imperial University (think of a university in Japan, and with foreign professors at that!) to write a dictionary with that title for the purpose of answering questions about this curious country. Everything, from its marvellous lacquer to its mysterious emperor, is of interest now. Its flowers, dresses, history, politics, schools, religion, government, armies, are filling the reviews and newspapers and books, have got into theatres and lecture-rooms, and shops and boudoirs, into the very air, till Buddha and all his belongings are in danger of destroying that "compassionate peace" which Sir Edwin Arnold says Buddha always brings in his train.

There is an excuse for all this in the fact that Japan has done something for which we can find no parallel in history. It has leaped through a space of five hundred years in fifty; making it look as if fifty years in Europe would soon not be worth a cycle in Cathay. From the feudalism of the Middle Ages it has sprung forth before the world a great modern empire, with all the surroundings that other nations had been growing

into for centuries. Such is the boast of the politicians out there, and it is apparently well founded. The power of the petty princes has been obliterated at a stroke; the dual government of spiritual and temporal lordship that goes away back to the period of myth has been compressed into one, and the religious mystery that surrounded the Son of Heaven has been dissipated until the Mikado appears now before the world as the conventional well-fed, not too intellectual potentate of the nineteenth century.

Happenings like these, of course, interest every one; not only such millinery *littérateurs* as Arnold and Loti and others, who write for picture-books with all the luxury of photography to help them out, but the scholar, the statesman, and especially the Catholic and the priest.

It has an especial attraction if the statesman or student or priest be an American. For the geographical position of Japan is such that it must have a great future influence on our Pacific States. It was our government that first penetrated into those dark islands and, bringing all Europe after, almost forced the present state of things. Places and peaks like Kaniosaki and Fusiyama are home-like spots for us when found on the maps near Susquehanna Bay, Treaty Point, and Perry Island.

If the world is well informed, it was the famous old Secretary whose bronze sits in state in Madison Square who was the first or among the first from the outer world to gaze upon the countenance of the hitherto veiled Mikado. And it was the United States Minister De Long whose vehement protest against the persecution of Christians, which only a few years ago broke out in Japan, did most to open the eyes of the world to the condition of things there.

But leaving to others its learning and its politics, as well as its flowers, and colors, and draperies, we find it is of interest to the Catholic, both priest and layman, for its past, its present, and its future. What is the present status of the church in those countries and what will be its future?

A calendar of 1889, given in *Things Japanese* by the imperial professor above referred to, tells us that there are at present three bishops in Japan; sixty-seven European and fifteen native priests, and about forty thousand Catholics. The country had been closed to Christianity for over two hundred years, but when the first missionaries were allowed to enter in 1857 they found about thirty thousand Catholics, who have since increased to their present proportions. That is fair enough, but what is the

outlook for the future? Is there a prospect of a greater growth? Humanly speaking there is. The old religions of Shinto, Buddha, and Confucius have been officially swept away with much other rubbish. The power of the bonzes is broken and their property confiscated. The great changes in the system of government required money, as politics always do, and the wealth of these old pagan shrines was most convenient and offered no resistance.

The Mikado is no longer the Son of Heaven, whom it was a sacrilege to offend, but an ordinary ruler of the present day, who himself forbids the religious homage that was formerly exacted and freely given. The entire upper class is sceptical of the old and innocent of any new religion. Even Herbert Spencer, *mirabile dictu!* is a favorite there. Drove of young men are sent out every year to the universities of the world, and Baron Hübner says that twenty years ago there were five hundred of them out, at an expense to the government of eight millions of francs. The diplomatic and commercial relations that exist between Japan and the other countries of the world render anything like the bloody persecutions of former days unlikely. The printing-press is most active there and newspapers and magazines abound, so that if the bad literature of Europe is flooding the country, good books are not necessarily debarred.

Railroads and telegraphs are opening up the country and bringing in foreigners. Finally, so completely has the public mind changed with respect to Christianity that a few years ago a prominent native statesman averred that, as Japan had taken everything else that Europe had, it would have to adopt its religion also.

The remark was frivolous, but it denotes that Christianity is no longer regarded as a foe, but may be taken as an adornment, and so be a channel of grace as mathematics were for their ancestors. On the other hand, old Japan is not yet dead, though some one said the best thing to do with it was to remove its corpse from the highway. There is deep fanaticism still in the mass of the people, notwithstanding their amiable exterior. They are not altogether reconciled to the new departure, and only last year Mr. Mori, who was formerly the representative of Japan at Washington, was assassinated because he dared to lift the veil of the shrine of some great divinity with his walking-stick. The bonzes still sway the great mass of the people and their very poverty and loss of prestige may make their animosity more active when aroused.

Possibly if there were an uprising against Catholics, even the

Catholic powers would be as timid as on similar occasions they have already shown themselves. As usual, only Catholics need have any apprehension. The Protestants, who are there with their Young Men's Christian Associations and Temperance Unions, do not give the same anxiety either to the people or government. The ceremony performed by the Dutch traders for two hundred years rather than forfeit the monopoly of trade (that of treading on the cross), is perhaps still fresh in the popular memory.

There may be other human reasons for and against a second spring in the life of the church in Japan, but there is one great reason why it should live again and grow in strength and vigor.

Japan is not an apostate but a martyred nation, and the soil of the country is drenched with the blood of as generous Christians as ever gave glory to the faith of Jesus Christ.

The persecution which it underwent surpassed in fierceness and cruelty and unrelenting purpose of extermination anything in modern times, and can be fairly put in comparison with those of the early ages of the church.

Why was it, then, that Japan was lost to the church? In the first place, it was never lost. If, after two hundred years without priest or sacrifice or sacraments, the returning missionaries could find thirty thousand fervent Catholics awaiting them, the faith had been well planted and was growing vigorously.

Why, then, was it reduced to such proportions? The answer has been sometimes made: it was because of the methods of the Society of Jesus, to whom that church was entrusted. None of their missions endure. There is Paraguay and Canada and China and Japan and others that may be mentioned. Their methods are such that persecution is sure to follow and involve all in ruin. It is true they have got a bad habit of being martyred by hundreds themselves, but if they had a little less desire to claim everything and shut out others from sharing in their work, these disasters might be avoided.—Such things are said not unfrequently by those who ought to be more friendly, and more wise, and more just.

As to the Society of Jesus being responsible for the loss of Japan, the answer has been made till one is weary of repeating it. It will suffice to quote here from one of the last church histories put into the hands of seminarians, Bruek's *History of the Catholic Church*, with an introduction by Dr. Corcoran, who is sufficient guarantee for correct teaching in any matter connected with ecclesiastical learning. It is as follows:

“The reports of the ex-Capuchin Norbert (Peter Parisot, of Bar-le-duc) concerning the labors of the Jesuits in Japan lose all their value when one considers the life of this immoral man, who went so far as to renounce his faith and break his vows, who kept a tavern, who joined the French philosophers, and finally entered the service of Pombal, who was the despot of Portugal and the bitter enemy of the church and Jesuits. . . . The enemies of the Jesuits, especially the Jansenists, availed themselves of every occasion that presented itself to attack the order of the Jesuits” (vol. ii. p. 140, note).

But why did they not ordain a native clergy, and so provide against any trouble that might arise when foreign missionaries were no longer available?

To that I answer by a review of the situation, and in order to forestall any suspicion of drawing on fancy for either facts or figures, it may be well to premise that I have in my hand an official list of the martyrs of Japan—which the compiler regrets is *perbrevis*. The book was published in 1646, about six years after the persecution ceased. Its author is the procurator sent by the Catholics of Japan to Rome, and it is dedicated to Innocent X., with the approval of Vincent Caraffa, General of the Society of Jesus, and the imprimatur of the Cardinal-Vicar and the Master of the Sacred Palace. Do we need any better guarantee?

The facts it states are summed up as follows:

1549, St. Francis Xavier began the work of evangelization.

1573, there were eight missionaries there. Four more had been sent, but were shipwrecked and lost.

1577, thirteen more priests arrived; and in

1579, a college was opened with twenty-five young men of the best families of Japan.

1580, twenty-six native Japanese were admitted into the Society of Jesus.

1593, nine Franciscans arrived.

1598, came the persecution of Taico-Sama, but by that time five hundred thousand adults had been baptized. That was pretty good work for fifty years.

But how many native priests were there by this time? None at all. Why not? Because there were no bishops to ordain them. Let us bear in mind that to get to Japan from Europe in those days meant perhaps a year's travelling or more, not on the ocean greyhounds or palace cars of to-day, but amid incredible dangers and hardships, and at the risk of death.

With that preface I reply there were no bishops, because they all died before reaching Japan; but as far back as

1566, when there were only eight priests in the country, the King of Portugal asked the Pope to send a bishop to Japan. They began early. The Patriarch of Ethiopia was named, but could not go. The Bishop of Nicæa was sent instead, but died on the way. In 1584—fifteen years yet before the persecution—Moralez was sent. He died before reaching his diocese. Finally Martinez reached it one year before the first persecution broke out, but before it had subsided, viz., within a year, he was dead. Serquiera came immediately after, and his first act was to ordain seven secular priests. This plain statement ought to make things clear.

In 1599 the first persecution was over, and in that year forty thousand people were baptized.

In 1600 thirty thousand were baptized, and immediately afterwards sixteen schools, eleven colleges, three seminaries, and two novitiates were found. (Rohrbacher vouches for this item.)

In 1602 four Dominicans and four Augustinians came.

In 1614 the second persecution broke out, and a decree of banishment dismissed from the country ninety-six priests and sixty-five seminarians. These seminarians were presumably natives, but that advantage was no help to them. They were dismissed as well as the others. Many remained hidden, says the Chronicle, in *speluncis et cavernis terræ*. They also presumably were natives, as being best able to escape detection. Now, if we add the sixty-five who were sent out, and the much larger number who evaded the order and remained, we find a native clergy numerically very respectable. That ought to be answer enough likewise.

This persecution lasted till 1640. It was the one in which Blessed Charles Spinola perished. When it was over Christianity had to all appearances been obliterated. There was no foreign clergy and no native clergy to be found in Japan to tell the story.

However, careful hands had noted the names and places of death as well as places of birth of the glorious men, women, and children who laid down their lives for their faith. They are all here in this precious book upon my table. Saying nothing about the heroic sons of St. Augustine, St. Dominic, and St. Francis, and leaving out the glorious names from other nations which the Society of Jesus has upon the list of martyrs in Japan, I find fifty-nine who were natives of the country itself—fifty-nine native martyrs, remember, in this one religious order. Not merely cate-

chists, hosts, or pupils (there were multitudes of those), but in the order itself. Now surely all her native members were not martyred and many must have been undetected and escaped death. What the proportion was we cannot say, but if we multiply the fifty-nine by two or three (and that is not asking too much), we have nearly one hundred and fifty native religious whom the society had adopted to teach the faith in Japan. Was this exclusiveness? And can it be rightly said that she was not taking all the means in her power to give life and beauty to the church for which she poured out her blood so generously

The political revolution of Japan to-day is stupendous, but not comparable to the religious regeneration which took place there on the dividing line of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. From the day that Francis Xavier set foot on the soil of Japan to the time when the flames were flickering over the ashes of Spinola, not seventy-three years had elapsed, yet a page was written there than which there is none more glorious in the annals of the church. Secular and regular clergy, men, women and children, died by thousands to testify how deep their faith was and to give an assurance that from their blood their country would rise again. If it does, and we are sure it will, under the guidance of those devoted men who are now striving to win it back again to Christ, one of the chief causes of its triumph after God will be the blood poured out so lavishly, of which the Society of Jesus can claim in all truth the greater part.

S. J.

A GOOD EXAMPLE FROM ENGLAND.

SINCE the termination of the strikes at Southampton and in Australia, and the set-back thereby received by the unskilled laborers, there has been a lull in the agitation. The strike of the railway operatives in Scotland involves men of another class. The "new unionism" has made no headway; on the contrary it has lost ground. Some of the things gained by the men in the great strike of 1889 in London have been recovered by the employers. We do not think that the cessation is more than temporary; but in the meantime it may be well to call attention to another part of the movement in which the last few weeks have witnessed at once the initiation and completion of a very important institution.

The immense evils and the great suffering attendant upon

strikes have made both the employers and the employed anxious to prevent them by any practicable means. For many years the miners, masters and men, in the north of England have had a committee by means of which the rate of wages has been regulated according to the price of coal. Something of the same kind has been accomplished in the cotton manufacturing industry, in Lancashire: For some twenty years every dispute in the collieries of South Wales has been peaceably settled by a committee composed of representatives of the masters and men in equal numbers. After the termination of the strike last year, on the Taff Vale system of railways, it was proposed to establish a similar system, and a scheme was drawn up by Sir W. T. Lewis. Whether it was carried out we have not learned, but enough has been said to show that practical methods of obviating strikes and all their attendant miseries are in existence and have proved successful.

After the great dockers' strike in London the attention of prominent and public-spirited men was called to the wants of the poorer laborers, and to the fact that inattention to these wants might prove a serious injury to the whole community. The London Chamber of Commerce, which is of course a very influential body, took the matter in hand and appointed a committee, whose members were not drawn exclusively from their own body, but embraced leading men interested in these matters, one of whom was Cardinal Manning. This committee was to draw up a scheme for the adjustment of labor disputes. The report of this committee was made last February. Valuable though it be it is too long for us to give in full, and we must be contented with indicating the principal features of the scheme, now happily adopted. The first recommendation is that a permanent body should be constituted called "The London Conciliation Board," to be affiliated to the London Chamber of Commerce. This Conciliation Board is to be composed of twelve members representing capital or employers, to be elected by the Council of the Chamber; twelve members representing labor, to be elected by the employed. Other members consist of representatives of certain separate trade conciliation committees, the appointment of which forms part of the scheme. The members so far mentioned are to elect six other members from men who by authority, experience, or position are likely to be useful in promoting the object in view. Add to all these the lord mayor of London, the chairman of the London County Council, or their respective nominees, a representative of the London Trades

Council, a representative of a London labor organization selected by the labor representatives on the board, and we have the composition of the new Conciliation Board. Then follows a statement of the duties to be performed by this board. The first of these is to promote methods of settling labor disputes and the prevention of strikes and lockouts generally; and then the committee proceeds in detail to suggest the means by which this end is to be attained. The success of the scheme will depend, of course, on the wisdom of these methods, and on the men who are to be called upon to carry them out. The next duty of the board is to be the collection of information as to wages prevailing in other places, especially at places where there is competition with the trade of London. This information is to be especially placed at the disposal of any disputants who may seek the assistance of the London board. Then follow suggestions for the constitution and regulation of separate trade conciliation committees to be affiliated to the London Chamber of Commerce, such trade conciliation committees to do for each trade what the General Board is to do for all. In the event of the failure of the separate boards this General Board is to take what action it can.

This is an outline of the scheme. It has been fully discussed by the trades unions and other parties concerned; on the 18th of April last the London Trades Council passed, but not without opposition, a resolution pledging the council to co-operate with the chamber in the prevention of trade conflicts. Since then great progress has been made, so great that on the 12th of December last the first meeting of the board was held. It does not seem yet to have completed the election of all its members, only one of the twelve representatives of capital and of labor respectively having been chosen. The rest will be done in due course and without difficulty. It is most satisfactory to all who have at heart the real well-being of both the employers and the employed (and this is what all Christians should have at heart) that a rational method of settling disputes should be adopted, and it is to be wished (we can hardly say hoped) that men should be found in our own country of sufficient public spirit to further some similar plan.

THE LIFE OF FATHER HECKER.*

CHAPTER XIX.

YEARNINGS AFTER CONTEMPLATION.

“COULD I but give up all my time to contemplation, study, reading, and reflection!”

Upon this aspiration as a background the whole matter of Isaac Hecker's vocation must be considered. In substance we have met with it very frequently already; in the shape just given it confronts us on the first page of the new diary begun a few days before his baptism. And as our reader accompanies us through the records he made during the year that still elapsed before he entered the Redemptorist Order, nothing, we think, will become more evident than that he was called to something beyond adhesion to the Church, the worthy reception of the sacraments, or even the ordinary sacerdotal state.

To make this still plainer at the start, it may be useful to describe briefly the special grounds whereon Isaac Hecker fought his life-long battles. These were, first: The validity of those natural aspirations which are called religious, and which embrace the veracity of reason in its essential affirmations. Second: Whether man be by nature guileless or totally depraved: Third, Whether religion be or be not intrinsically and primarily an elevating influence whose end is to raise men to real union with God.

To many inquirers after the true religion such preliminary doubts have been already settled, either by natural bent of mind or docility to previous training; and they pass on to consider apostolical succession, the primacy of Peter, the nature and number of the sacraments, and other matters wherein heresy errs by denial or by defect. But to Isaac Hecker all such points as these were, in a sense, subsidiary. He had asked admission into the Church because he found it to be the only teaching society on earth whose doctrines gave complete and adequate satisfaction to that fundamental craving of his nature which prompted his questions. She accredited herself to him as fully by that fact as she must have done to many a philosophic pagan among those who were the first disciples to the new faith preached by St. John or St. Paul. All else he accepted with an implicit, child-like confi-

dence not different from that which moves the loyal descendant of ages of Catholic ancestors. It was clear to him that these accompanying doctrines and institutions must have been enfolded within the original germ, and must be received on the same authority, not by an analytic process and on their merits, one by one.

What he wanted was, in the first place, sustenance for what he invariably calls "the life" given him; and next, light to see in what way he was to put to use the strength so gained. The first effect of the sacraments was what one might call the natural one of making more visible the shadows which enveloped his path, as well as stimulating his instinctive efforts to pierce through them. After the rapturous joy which succeeded confession and absolution, a period of desolation and dryness heavier than he had ever known at once set in. Perhaps he had expected the very reverse of this. At all events, it was not many days before it drew from him the complaint that in leaving Concord he had also left behind him the great interior sweetness which had buoyed him up. On August 11 he writes:

"How hard it has been for me to go through with all these solemn mysteries and ceremonies without experiencing any of those great delights which I have [before] felt. Why is this? Is it to try my faith? O Lord! how long shall I be tried in this season of desolation? Are these [delights] never to return? Have I acted unworthily? What shall I do to receive these blessings again?"

Then he resolves to make a novena, fasting the while on bread and water, to entreat their renewal. But at once a better mood sets in and he adds:

"The highest state of perfection is to be content to be nothing. Lord, give me strength not to ask of Thee anything that is pleasant to me. I renounce what I have just asked for, and will try to do all without the hope of recompense. If Thou triest my soul, let it not go until it has paid the uttermost farthing."

"August 15, 1844.—To-day is the holyday of the Assumption of the dear, Blessed Mary, Mother of our Lord and Saviour Jesus. Oh! may I be found worthy of her regard and love."

"He that has not learned the bitterness of the drops of woe

has not learned to live. One hour of deep agony teaches man more love and wisdom than a whole long life of happiness. . .

“In many faces I see passing through the crowded streets there seems a veiled beauty, an angel quickening me with purer life as I go by them in anxious haste. Do we not see the hidden worth, glory, and beauty of others as our own becomes revealed to us? Would the Son of God have been needed to ransom man if he were not of incomparable value?”

One of the dreams that at this time occupied Isaac's mind was that of undertaking a pilgrimage to Rome. He wrote to Henry Thoreau, proposing that they should go in company, and felt regret when his invitation was not accepted. His notion was to “work, beg, and travel on foot, so far as land goes, to Rome. I know of no pleasanter, better way, both for soul and body, than to make such a pilgrimage in the old, middle-age fashion; to suffer hunger, storm, cold, heat—all that can affect the body of flesh. If we receive hard usage, so much the better will it be for us. Why thump one's own flesh here? Let it be done for us by others, our soul, meanwhile, looking at higher objects. . . . I feel that I have the stuff to do it in me. I would love to work and beg my way to Rome if it cost me ten or fifteen years of my life.”

Thoreau replied to this proposal that such a tour had been one of his own early dreams, but that he had outlived it. He had now “retired from all external activity in disgust, and his life was more Brahminical, Artesian-well, Inner-Temple like.” So the scheme, which had secured Bishop McCloskey's approbation, although he had forcibly represented to young Hecker that to go absolutely destitute of money, and dependent for all things upon alms, would be impossible, was presently shelved. It was but one of the diversions with which certain souls, not yet enlightened as to their true course, nor arrived at the abandonment of themselves to Divine Providence, are amused. Their inactivity seems idleness to them, and they mistake the restless impulse which bids them be up and doing for the voice of conscience or the inspiration of heavenly wisdom; but it is neither. Sometimes it is a superfluity of natural energy seeking an outlet; sometimes it is the result of the strain placed upon nature by a very powerful influx of grace. The infusion of power from above is often greatly in excess of the light necessary for guidance in its use. This last rarely comes entirely from the inner touch of the Holy Spirit. In the lives of the Fathers of the Desert we read of a cer-

tain young brother, Ptolemy, who went astray from sound spirituality. When admonished he asserted that he need learn the spiritual life from none save the Holy Ghost, of whose inspirations any man of good will could be certain. He was told by the old monks that the inspiration of the Holy Ghost and the understanding of the same are two distinct things, and that this understanding is disclosed only to him whose will has been purified by the practice of obedience and humility. In truth, it is rarely that the inner voice of God does not call for an external interpreter, which, if it does no more than furnish a divinely authorized test and criterion, is none the less necessary. Moreover, the inner voice seldom provides ways and means for its own purposes. Father Hecker was ever a strenuous defender of this inner and outer unity of the Divine guidance, and his vocation was an illustration of it. However masterful the inner voice of God which called him away from the world, he was helpless till he heard its tones harmonized by the counsel of Bishop McCloskey. When he found that even with this backing secured, the external obstacles to his plan proved invincible, he was once more nonplussed. "If not this, what?" he asks himself.

"I feel deeply and strongly that the circle of family happiness is not sufficient for my nature, but what I can profitably do outside of this I have not the ability to say.

"That our real wishes are presentiments of our capabilities is a very true proverb, no doubt; but are we not most ignorant of what these are? It seems as though we are all unconsciously educated for unknown ends and purposes.

"I look upon myself as belonging to that class of decidedly unfortunate beings who have no marked talent for any particular pursuit. The words talent, genius, have for me no application whatever. I stand on the confines of both worlds, not feeling the necessity nor having the true valor to decide for either sphere.

"O heaven! why was this deep, ever-burning life given me, unless it be that I might be slowly and painfully consumed by it? All greatness is in the actor, not in the act. He whom God has blessed with an end in life, can earnestly labor to accomplish that end. But alas for that poor mortal whose existence only serves to fill up space in the world! How excruciating to him to be conscious of this! O Prometheus!

"Simply to be what God would have us, is to be greater than to have the applause of the whole world otherwise. All such

statements as this are necessarily one-sided. Because there are always good and virtuous men in the world whose approbation is that of God.

“There is an instinct in man which draws him to danger, as in battle-fields; as there is also in the fly, drawing it to the flame of light. It is the desire of the spirit within, seeking for release.”

“August 20, 1844.—Scarce do I know what to say of myself. If I accuse myself by the light given me, it would lead me to leave all around me. My conscience thus accuses me. And in partaking of worldly things and going into the company around me, my interior self has no pleasure, and I feel afterwards that the labor and time have been misspent. How to live a life which shall be conformable to the life within and not separate from the persons and circumstances around me, I cannot conceive. I am now like one who tastes a little of this and then a little of that dish, while his time is wasted and his mind distracted from that pure enjoyment which is a foretaste of the bliss of the angels. I feel my primitive instincts and unvitiated tastes daily becoming more sensible to inspirations from above, from the invisible. The ideal world, the soul world, the kingdom of heaven within, I feel as if I were more a friend and citizen of. O Lord! my heart would break forth in praise of the riches of the life given within! It seems that in this that we enjoy all, know all, and possess all. If we have Thee, O Lord! if Thou hast taken up Thy dwelling in us, we enjoy heaven within and paradise without!”

“August 21, 1844.—The object of education should be to place each individual mind in vital union with the One Universal Educator. . . .

“The only pleasure for man is his union with *à priori* principles.”

“August 23, 1844.—If the animal passions are indulged, of course you must pay the cost. If you get a large family of children about you, and please your animal appetites with all sorts of luxury, and indulge your pride in all the foolish fashions of show, do not wonder that it cost all your time to uphold such an expensive life. This is necessary, unless you cheat some one else out of the hard-earned value of his labor. I cannot conceive how a Christian, under the present arrangements, can

become wealthy without violating repeatedly the precepts of his religion. . . .”

“Where shall we find God? Within.

“How shall we hear the voices of angels? Listen with the inward ear.

“When are we with God? When we are no more with ourselves.

“When do we hear the music of heaven? When we are entirely silent.

“What is the effect of sin? Confusion.

“Where does God dwell? In silence.

“Who loves God? He who knows nothing and loves nothing of himself.

“What is prayer? The breath of silence.

“What is love? The motion of the pure will.

“What is light? The shadow of love.

“What is force? The power of love.

“Where does God dwell? Where there is peace.

“Who is most like God? He who knows he is the least like Him.

“What is the innermost of all? Stillness.

“Who is the purest? He who is most beyond temptation.

“What is the personality of man? The absolute negation of God.

“What is God? The absolute affirmation in man.

“What is it to know? It is to be ignorant.

“What should we desire? Not to desire.

“What is the most positive answer? Silence.

“What is the truest? That which cannot be proven.”

“August 25, 1844.—In silence, suffering without murmuring. An eternal thirst, enduring without being quenched. Infinite longings without being met. Heart ever burning, never refreshed. Void within and mystery all around. Ever escaping that which we would reach. Tortured incessantly without relief. Alone—bereft of God, angels, men—all. Hopes gone, fears vanished, and love dead within. These, and more than these, must man suffer.”

“August 28, 1844.—Is it not because I have been too much engaged in reading and paid too little attention to the centre that I have lost myself, as it were? My position here distracts

my attention and I lose the delight, intimate knowledge, and sweet consciousness of my interior life. How can this be remedied? I am constantly called off to matters in which I have no relish; and if I retreat for a short time, they rest on me like a load, so that I cannot call myself free at any moment. I see the case as it stands, and feel I am losing my interior life from the false position in which I am placed.

“The human ties and the material conditions in which I am should unquestionably be sacrificed to the divine interior relation to the One, the Love-Spirit, which, alas! I *have* so sensibly felt. Can a man live in the world and follow Christ? I know not; but, as for me, I find it impossible. I feel more and more the necessity of leaving the society and the distracting cares of a city business for a silent and peaceful retreat, to the end that I may restore the life I fear I am losing. Our natural interests should be subject to our human ties; our human ties to our spiritual relations; and who is he who brings all these into divine harmony?

“How shall I make the sacrifice which shall accomplish the sole end I have, and should have, in view? Thrice have I left home for this purpose, and each time have returned unavoidably—so, at least, it seems to me. Once more, I trust, will prove a permanent and immovable trial.”

To some, a most striking incidental proof of his inaptitude for the ordinary layman's life, is found in the subjoined extract from the memoranda. Speaking of this period, Father Hecker said :

“Some time after my reception into the Church, I went to Bishop McCloskey and told him I had scruples against renting a seat in the Cathedral in Mott Street. ‘If I do,’ I said, ‘I shall feel sore at the thought that I have set apart for me in the house of God a seat which a poor man cannot use.’ I told him that for this reason I had knelt down near the doorway, among the crowd of transient poor people. Oh, how he eased my spirit by sympathizing with my sentiment, and satisfied me by declaring that the renting of pews was only from necessity, and he wished we could get along without it.”

His relations with some of his former friends at Brook Farm still continued, though in a somewhat attenuated condition. From a long and appreciative letter sent him by Burrill Curtis, we make an extract, followed by Isaac's comments on it:

“*October* 13, 1844.—Your preparedness for any fate has been one of the chief attractions of your character to me, for I believe it is deeper than a mere state of mind. But, for all that, your restlessness is uppermost just now; not as a contradictory element, for it is not; but as a discovering power.”

Isaac's journal, just at this time, was chiefly devoted to what he calls “the many smaller, venial sins which beset my path and keep me down to earth. Also to prescribe such remedies as may seem to me best for these thorns in the flesh.” On October 25 he notes that he has received the letter just quoted, and remarks :

“It showed more regard for me than I thought he had. The truth is, I do not feel myself worthy to be the friend of any one, and would pass my life in being a friend to all, without recognizing their friendship towards me.

“To-day I have felt more humanly tender than ever. The past has come up before me with much emotion. ——— has been much in my thoughts.

“I have experienced those unnatural feelings which I have felt heretofore. I feel that the spirit world is near and glimmering all around me. The nervous shocks I have been subject to, but which I have not experienced for some time back, recurred this evening. I am known to spirits, or else I apprehend them.”

He had taken up Latin and Greek again, and seems to have entered a class of young men under the tutorship of a Mr. Owen. The entry just quoted from goes on as follows :

“I do not devote as much time to study as I should, or as I might. I fear I shall never make anything of my studies. I do not endeavor with all my might. This study has thrown me into another sphere. I like it not. I feel apprehensive of something, of somewhat. Ten years from now will fix my destiny, if I have any.”

Much good as he continued to receive from the sacrament of penance, he found a not altogether usual difficulty in preparing for it. Perhaps it was in the counsel he received there that he got courage to gird himself for his renewed attack upon the languages, for his delinquencies in this respect have the air of being the most tangible of the matters on his conscience.

"I must prepare for confession this week," he writes on November 5, 1844. "Oh! would that I could accuse myself as I should. Man is not what he should be so long as he is not an angel. Oh, dear God! give me Thy aid, and help me in my weaknesses. What sins can I accuse myself of now? First—oh, Love! give me light to accuse myself—to see my sins. *This is my greatest sin; that I cannot accuse myself and am so wicked.*

"Each day I omit a hundred duties that I should not. Lord, give me Thy Spirit, that I may be humble, meek, and sweet in all my walk and conversation. Fill my heart with Thy love."

In a little while he found himself able to study more diligently, and though he continually regrets the inroad this makes upon his interior life, he seems not only to have persevered, but to have taken considerable interest and an active part in the debates got up at regular intervals by the class he had joined. He notes that he has serious doubts whether it will be wise for him to express his full mind on some of the subjects brought up. His fellow-pupils were all Protestants, and some of them well-informed and talented young men. His views would be new to them, and so would many of his authorities for his statements of fact, and he thought it not unlikely that a commotion might sometimes be raised which would not at all commend itself to the teacher of the institution. He concluded, however, to throw prudence to the winds, and on controverted points to express his sentiments freely and frankly. There were some animated discussions, no doubt.

He was endeavoring at this time to retrench his hours of sleep to the narrowest dimensions compatible with health, and found it, we may note, the most difficult of his austerities. In other respects they remained severe, as this entry may witness:

"November 27, 1844.—I am sorely perplexed what to eat. Nuts, apples, and bread seem not a diet wholly suitable, and what to add I know not. Potatoes are not good; I think they were the cause of my illness last week. I do not wish to partake of anything that comes even remotely from an animal. Cooking, also, I wish, as far as possible, to dispense with. *I would I could dispense with the whole digestive apparatus!* Cheese, butter, eggs, milk, are for many reasons not a part of my diet."

The balance of this fourth volume of his diary, begun Sep-

tember 9, 1844, and ended January 2, 1845, is mainly occupied with addresses to his guardian angel. He was, as those who knew him will remember, always extremely devout to the angelic choirs. On his birthday this year he writes as follows:

“*December* 18, 1844.—Let me look back for a few moments and see where I stood last year this time (an incomprehensible length), and where I now stand. Then my path was dim, unfixed, unsettled. Then I was not so disentangled from the body and its desires as, I hope in God, I now am. In all I feel a consciousness that since then I have spiritually grown—been transformed. For my present I cannot speak. For my future, it seems I dare not speak.

“Dreams of the future! Exalted visions! Beautiful, unspeakable hopes! Deep, inarticulate longings that fill the conscious soul! Ah! so sweet, so harmonious, so delightful, like an angel, like the bride of the pure and bright soul adorned for the nuptials, do I see the future beckoning me with a clear, transparent smile onward to her presence. ‘Ah!’ my soul would say, ‘we will meet, for I am in thy presence, and faithful in God may heaven grant me to be.’ The beauty, the grace, the love, the sweetness that attract me, are beyond all comparison. Ah! thou eternal, ever-blooming virgin, the Future, shall I ever embrace thee? Shall I ever see thee nearer to my heart? I look at myself and I am bowed down low in grief; but when I cast my eyes up to thee, in seeing thee I am lost. The grace and beauty I see in thee passes into my soul, and I am all that thou art. I am then wedded to thee, and I would that it were an eternal union. But ah! my eyes, when turned upon myself, lose all sight of thee, and meet nothing but my own spots and blemishes. How canst thou love me? I say; and for thy pure love I am melted into thee as one.”

He continues:

“Lord, let me speak of my many and grievous sins; but oh! when I would do so, my mouth speaks nothing forth but Thy praises.

“I would offer my whole soul afresh to *all* that is, for the sake of the love of God. . . . Lord, I am Thine, for Thou dost teach me this by Thy unutterable, ever-present love.”

“*January* 3.—Last Saturday my confessor was not at home when I called. I have waited until this morning, the Saturday

following. It is sad to me to wait to partake of the Blessed Sacrament. How much joy, love, and sweetness it is to the soul! I feel my soul to glow again with renewed love when I have partaken of the blessed communion of Christ. This is my spiritual food. It is the goodness, mercy, and love of God which keeps me from sadness."

CHAPTER XX.

FROM NEW YORK TO ST. TROND.

ISAAC HECKER'S zeal for social reform lent force to his strictly personal cravings for a more religious life; he longed for wider scope than individual effort could possibly bestow, and also for a supernatural point of vantage. "If we would do humanity any good," he writes in his diary while considering his vocation, "we must act from grounds higher than humanity; our standpoint must be above the race, otherwise how can we act *upon* humanity?" He also speaks of the fundamental necessity of "an impulse of divine love" actuating the reformer of social evils. He addresses himself thus: "If thou wouldst move the race to greater good and higher virtue, lose thyself in the Universal. Be so great as to give thyself to something nobler than thyself if thou wouldst be ennobled, immortalized." In many pages of the last two volumes of his diary these notes of sympathetic love for his fellow-men are mingled with yearnings for solitude. "This book," he writes on the last page of one of them, "has answered some little purpose; for when I wanted to speak to some one and yet was alone, it cost me no labor to scribble in it. It would give me great pleasure if I had a friend who would exchange such thoughts with me." He was soon to enter into that spiritual heritage which among its other treasures bestows the beatitude of the sage, "Blessed is the man who hath found a true friend."

Little by little a distinctly penitential mood came over him, and it occupies nearly the whole of the last volume of the diary with the most unreserved expressions of grief for sin, or, rather, for a state of sinfulness, since the specific mention of sins is nearly altogether wanting. We meet with page after page of self-accusation in general terms: "I am in want of greater love for those around me; I perform my spiritual duties too negligently; too little of my time is devoted to spiritual exercises. I feel all over sick with sin! Here is my difficulty, O Lord, and

do Thou direct me: I am always in doubt, when I do not think of Thee alone, that I am sinning and that my time is misspent."

His protestations of sorrow are extremely fervent and very numerous; and as the Lent of 1845 approached he records his purpose of restricting himself to one meal a day. As he never ate meat, nor any "product of animal life," and drank only water, his "nuts, bread, and apples" once a day must have been his diet all through the penitential season. The reader will remember *ein herrliches Essen* at Concord: "bread, maple-sugar, and apples."

In the middle of February he opened his mind more fully to Bishop McCloskey, whom he continually calls his spiritual director. He had now to reveal the discoveries of holy penance, and to add to his other motives for leaving the world the dread of falling into mortal sin. He had, he tells us, misgivings as to whether he was ambitious or not. One of his spiritual states he thus alludes to:

"I will ask my confessor how it is—if it is so with others, that they feel no sense of things, no joy, no reality, no emotion, no impulse, nothing positive within or around," but only the consciousness of the need of a terrible atonement. This is accompanied by frantic prayers to God, invocations of the Blessed Virgin, St. Francis of Assisi and other saints. And he says that he has been told that he is scrupulous, and complains that at confession he can only accuse himself in general terms.

Complete abandonment to the divine will seems to have been the outcome of a season of much distress of soul, and bodily mortification. On April 2 he writes: "The last time I saw my director he spoke to me concerning the sacred ministry, and this is a subject I feel an unspeakable difficulty about. I told him that I desired to place myself wholly in his hands and should do whatever he directed. I do not wish to be any more than nothing. I give myself up. So far the Lord seems to be with me, and I hope that He will not forsake me in the future."

As might have been anticipated, Bishop McCloskey's advice was wise. Plainly, his own hope was that young Hecker should enter the secular priesthood, but there is no evidence in the numerous references to the matter in the diary, that this caused him to do more than make his young friend fully acquainted with that state of life. He had him call at the newly-opened

diocesan seminary at Fordham* and become acquainted with the professors. Bishop Hughes, whom he also consulted, urged him to go to St. Sulpice in Paris, and to the Propaganda in Rome, and make his studies for the secular priesthood. But they failed to win him to their opinion, and were too enlightened to seek to influence him except by argument. Father Hecker ever held the very highest views on the dignity of the priesthood, considering its vocation second to none. But while he was irresistibly inclined to a state of retirement quite incompatible with the duties of the secular priesthood in America, he also felt the most urgent need of constant advice and companionship for guidance in his interior life. These seemingly contradictory requirements he hoped to find united in a religious community, and Bishop McCloskey emphatically assured him that his anticipations would not be disappointed. In addition to this, Isaac Hecker had at least some premonitions of an apostolic vocation calling for a wider range of activity than can be usually compassed by the diocesan clergy. But we have often heard him say that the immediate impulse which induced his application to be made a Redemptorist was need of "intimate and careful spiritual guidance."

His director therefore became satisfied that he should become a religious, and turned his attention to the Society of Jesus, giving him the lives of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier to read, and, doubtless, answered his inquiries about that order. "But," he said in after years, "I had no vocation to teach young boys and felt unfitted for a student's life"; added to this was the certainty of the postponement of any public activity on his part for many years if he became a Jesuit.

After mentioning that he had read the life of St. Francis Xavier, he says that an acquaintance had written him that a German priest, living in Third Street, wanted to see him. This was one of the Redemptorist Fathers who were newly established in the city. This priest, whose name is not given, undertook to assume direction of Isaac, and was very urgent with him to make a spiritual retreat with a view to deciding his vocation. "He is a very zealous person—too much so it seems to me," is the comment in the diary, and the answer was a refusal. But what he saw in the community pleased and attracted Isaac, for everything was poor and plain, and there was an air of solitude. However, he would by no means change his spiritual adviser, writing, "I strive to follow my spiritual director or else I should

*In the January number we inadvertently called this the Jesuit College. The Jesuit Fathers had no establishment in this diocese in 1845.

be fearful of my state. All my difficulties, sins, and temptations I make him acquainted with. . . . Though the world has no particular hold upon me, I give it up once and for all. It gives me pain to feel my perfect want of faith in myself as being in any way useful."

Meantime, on Trinity Sunday, he had been confirmed with his brother George, whose entrance into the Church is here first indicated; no other member of the family became a Catholic. Isaac took the additional name of Thomas on receiving this sacrament, in honor of St. Thomas Aquinas.

Again he writes :

"I have tried to study to-day, but I cannot. Is it not the business of man to save his own soul, and this before all things? Does the study of Greek and Latin help a soul towards its salvation? Is it not quite a different thing from grace? Sometimes I feel strongly inclined to set aside all study, all reading, as superficial and not so important as contemplation and silence."

The time was coming when the Holy Spirit would do this in spite of him and in a way the reverse of pleasant. Meantime he worked away at his books and attended his classes at Cornelius Institute, which was the name of the private school he had been attending, till July 16, the commencement day. In recording his impressions of the school and the acquaintances there made, he says that with one possible exception the young men were of little interest to him, lacking earnestness of character. He does not name the teachers or give the location of the school. Yet he says his experience there had been useful "and chastened my hopes. I have seen by means of it much more clearly into the workings of Protestantism, its want of deep spirituality, its superficiality, and its inevitable tendency to no-religion."

As may be supposed, his visits to Third Street became frequent, and his acquaintance with the Fathers better established. This was especially true with regard to Father Rumpler, who was rector of the house, a learned and able man and one of mature spirituality. He was a German born and bred, with the hard ideas of discipline peculiar to a class of his countrymen though foreign to the genuine German character. He impressed young Hecker as a sedate man, wise and firm. The friendship then begun was maintained until Father Rumpler was deprived of his reason by an attack of acute mania several years later. But more than the friendship of Rumpler, as far as im-

mediate results were concerned, was the providential circumstance of two other young Americans having applied to join the Redemptorists. To Isaac this was a stimulant of no ordinary power. Like himself, they were converts and very fervent ones; but, unlike him, they had come into the Church from Episcopalianism. Clarence A. Walworth, son of the Chancellor of the State of New York, was a graduate of Union College. He studied law in Albany and practised his profession for a short time, but finally undertook the ministry. After three years in the Episcopal seminary he became a Catholic. Those who know him now can see the tall and graceful youth, pleasing and kindly, with the face and voice and soul of an orator; for the force and charm of youth have not been weakened in receiving the dignity of old age.

James A. McMaster was of Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish parentage. His name is familiar to our readers as editor of the *Freeman's Journal*. Those qualities of aggressive zeal which made McMaster so well known to Catholics of our day were not wholly undeveloped in the tall, angular youth, still a catechumen, and intoxicated with the new wine of Catholic fervor. Young Mr. Walworth had been made a Catholic but a short time before, and McMaster was received into the Church by the Redemptorists in Third Street, his two young friends being present. While he was kneeling at the altar, candle in hand, piously reading his profession of faith to Father Rumpler, he accidentally set fire to Father Tschenhens' hair, one of the fathers assisting at the ceremony. Walking together afterwards in the little garden of the convent, Father Rumpler said to him: "Mr. McMaster, you begin well—setting fire to a priest." "Oh," answered he, "if I don't set fire to something more than that it will be a pity." These new friends of Isaac had applied to enter the Redemptorist novitiate and they had been accepted. This meant a voyage to Europe, for the congregation had not yet established a novitiate in America.

One Friday, then, during the last days of July—the exact date we have not been able to discover—Isaac Hecker was informed by Father Rumpler that Walworth and McMaster would sail for Belgium the evening of the next day. "I decided to join them," he said when relating the circumstances afterwards. "Father Rumpler was favorable, but puzzled. And I must first present myself to the Provincial, Father de Held, who was in Baltimore. I arrived in Baltimore at four o'clock in the morning on Saturday, travelling all night. Father de

Held looked at me, as I presented myself, and said that he must take time to consider. I explained about the departure of the others that day. He ordered Brother Michael to get me a bowl of coffee from the kitchen, and me to hear his Mass. I heard the Mass and after that he examined me a little—asked me to read out of the Following of Christ in Latin, which I did. He gave me my acceptance, and I rushed back to New York by the half-past eight o'clock morning train. George had packed my trunk, and I sailed that day with the others."

The picturesqueness of the group was certainly not lessened by the accession of Isaac Hecker, whose leap to and from Baltimore, though hardly to be expected from a contemplative, was in accord with the sudden energy of his nature. One who saw him at the time says that "he had the general make-up of a transcendentalist, not excepting his long hair flowing down on his neck."

The ship was an American one named the *Argo*, and she was bound for London. The voyage was every way pleasant, lasting but twenty-five days from land to land, with bright skies, quiet sea, and fair winds. Their berths were in the waist of the ship, in the second cabin, all the places in the first cabin having been taken; this pleased them well, for they loved the poor man's lot. Isaac's passage money was paid by his brothers, and he was supplied by them and his mother with all sorts of conveniences; and these, of course, he made to conduce to the comfort of the entire party. The lower and larger berth of their little state-room was occupied by Walworth and McMaster, and Isaac took the upper and smaller one. None of them suffered from sea sickness.

The young pilgrims were overflowing with happiness, as if they were going to the enjoyment of a rich heritage, as, indeed, in a spiritual sense they were. It was a first voyage to the Old World for all of them and they found everything interesting. They made friends with the crew, who were nearly all Yankee sailors, and who struck them as exactly like themselves, except that they were not religious; and they sought entertainment with such of the passengers as were congenial, though in this Isaac Hecker was more ready than his companions. Father Walworth tells an incident characteristic of both himself and his transcendental companion. He was admonishing young Hecker to be more reticent among the crew and was asked why. "You wouldn't like to kneel down and kiss the deck before all those sailors," said Walworth. "Why not?" was the reply. "Then do it."

And down dropped Hecker to the deck and kissed it in all simplicity.

They had many topics of interest to occupy their time; Isaac favored such as were philosophical and social, his companions were absorbed by the Tractarian movement, its phases of thought and variety of persons, and all must have had much to tell of friends and relatives whom they hoped soon to see members of the Church. One night the harmony with their fellow-passengers was threatened with rupture. They were much annoyed by a violent dispute about the Trinity carried on in the adjoining cabin far into the night. McMaster finally lost patience, sprang out of bed, rushed among the disputants, and smote the table with a tremendous blow and shouted "*Silence!*" His remedy was efficacious; the theologians scattered and went to bed.

There was a marked difference between Isaac and his companions in controversial views. All three used their reason with the utmost activity, but he had travelled into the Church by the road of philosophy and they by that of history and Scripture. Their conversation must have been the exchange of intellectual commodities of very different kinds and for that reason expediting a busy commerce. They could profit by his bold and original views of principle and he was in need of their idea of the external integrity of organized religion. Then, too, they had much to say of the future, chiefly by way of conjecture, for no member of the order accompanied them. No one was superior and no superior was needed. As to devotional exercises each suited himself, kneeling down and saying his prayers night and morning and at other times, in his own way and words.

There was also difference in matters of devotion, for Isaac Hecker had little or no religious training, and as to the traditional forms of religious practice he was very backward. The others had long since familiarized themselves with all Catholic usages. Young Walworth taught young Hecker how to say the rosary and initiated him, doubtless, into other common practices, which he assumed with the simplicity and docility of the child of guileless nature that he was.

The ship, as we have said, was bound to London, but our party were too impatient to wait till the end of the voyage and left her at Portsmouth in the pilot's boat; the sea was running high, but so were their spirits, and although the boat was tossed about in a way to scare a landsman, they gladly went ashore and took the cars to London. We have before us a letter from Isaac Hecker to his brothers, dated the 29th of August, saying

that they had been in London three days after a pleasant voyage, and expressing deep joy at nearing the place of retirement and prayer for which he had been longing. He asks them to write to Brownson and especially to assure his mother of his happiness

McMaster insisted on visiting Newman at Littlemore, and afterwards gave a glowing account of his visit. He had been received by the great man, who did not enter the Church till a few months later, with the utmost kindness. He found him standing in his library, reading a book. He asked many questions about the tendency of men's minds in America, and was especially interested in Arthur Carey, with whose influence among American Episcopalians and early death the reader has been made acquainted. They lodged at a decent little inn over a pastry cook's shop and did not go sight-seeing to any extent. McMaster's companions did not wait for his return from Oxford, but when the packet sailed for Antwerp, which was Sunday, the 30th of August, they went down to Folkestone and took passage. They arrived the following morning, and, armed with a letter from Father Rumpler to a Madame Marchand, a warm friend of the congregation, they went straight to the nearest Church to inquire the way to her house. It happened to be the Jesuit church, and one of the fathers kindly guided them to the lady's house. She was delighted to serve them; gave them an excellent dinner, and, after they had visited Rubens' great picture, the Descent from the Cross, set them forth on their journey; but the "yea, yea and nay, nay" of Scripture, or rather *jah, jah, nein, nein*, was their only conversation with the good lady, for although young Walworth could speak French and Isaac German, she knew nothing but Flemish. Distances are not great in little Belgium, and so before night they were at St. Trond, a little city about thirty-five miles southeast of Antwerp and twenty miles from Liège. Here they were soon joined by Mr. McMaster, and their novitiate began. Isaac Hecker was now twenty-five years and nine months old.

A CONVERSION OF NEARLY EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

THE year 1812 was drawing to a close and the rigors of a New England winter had settled down upon the then small city of Hartford, to which the subject of this narrative, with his wife and children, had withdrawn from the city of New York to await the result of the recent declaration of war against Great Britain, which had brought his business there to a close. In 1801 he had married the daughter of a prominent citizen of Hartford and made his home in this city. Born in England, for some reason or other his father had sent him to be educated at St. Omer, in France, probably to give him an opportunity to learn French, which, as he was destined to commercial pursuits, was, no doubt, considered a valuable acquisition, as well as a desirable accomplishment.

At that time there was no Catholic church in Hartford; there was an Episcopal church, which his wife's father is credited with having built; he certainly contributed largely to it, and it is not material to this story to inquire further into the matter; suffice it to say that it was Sunday morning, and the good man, with his devoted wife, was among those who made up the congregation of that day. The minister was Mr. C., who afterwards became Bishop of Ohio, and he preached a sermon on the "Lord's Supper." How much of high-church feeling there might have been developed in Hartford at that time the writer does not know; how could he? He wasn't born till nearly ten years afterwards. But, high church or low church, the service came to an end, and the good pair started for home. The sermon had made so much of an impression upon the husband that, after reaching the street, he called his wife's attention to it, saying to her, at the same time, that "if what Mr. C. had said was true, then the Roman Catholics are right."

There was no priest nearer than Boston, or, if there were, the recent arrival of Bishop Cheverus at that city may have turned the gentleman's attention to him, with, perhaps, some feeling of sympathy for the recollection of his school-days in France. Be this as it may, little or no time was lost in addressing the bishop, and as the stage-coach was the mail-carrier of that day, no answer could well be expected in less than a week or more. Remember that in 1813 there was only one Catholic

church in this city, while now there are over a hundred institutions where. Catholic instruction can be had for the asking; even Catholic books were a rarity—hardly ever sought for, and certainly not in demand enough to tempt the most zealous publisher to engage in their production or to stock up with an importation of them. In fact, Catholic books in the English language were a scarce article everywhere, for their publication had hardly begun to recover from the effect of the severe laws which for years had been enacted against them by the British Parliament. In due time, however, the answer came, and the bishop, whose hands were full with a thousand cares connected with his new see, placed his inquirer in the hands of Mr. de Matignon, his secretary, with whom the correspondence was continued.

A year or thereabouts had passed away and the couple had returned to New York. With numerous friends and near relatives in that city, very great concern was at once developed to arrest their further progress toward Catholicity. The same arguments that are used to-day were used then, and there was more force in some of them then than now. One very dear friend urged that all their acquaintances would certainly set them down as crazy. When this was brought to bear it was met only with this answer: "Well, if this is to be so, it is now too late, for I was this morning received into the Holy Catholic Church." The wife was not long in following the example of her husband, and for many years they lived together happily in the service of God and brought up a large family. Their return to the old faith of their remote ancestors was always a matter of great joy and consolation to them, and they lived long enough to revisit Hartford and assist many years afterwards at the dedication of the original Episcopal edifice, purchased for and *converted* into the first Catholic church of that city. What an ocean of thankfulness must have flooded their hearts when they recognized the old walls where the seed of faith had been so miraculously sown on the "good ground" of their willing souls!

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THERE is a good deal of honest entertainment to be got out of Mr. F. W. Robinson's latest novel, *Her Love and His Life* (New York: Harper & Brothers). It reminds one again of how very much good, straightforward, clean and reputable work the reading world owes to a certain class of literary English men and women whom it is the critical fashion of the day to rate several removes from the highest in any classification of modern fiction. The story itself is simple enough. The hero, Michael Garfield, has been brought up as a thief in London and finally, and after overcoming many obstacles, becomes a gentleman and an artist of good repute. The heroine, known at first as Patty Kerts and afterwards as Patricia Consterdine, is, as girl and woman, a commonplace, agreeable person, who has no difficulties to overcome except imaginary ones, and who naturally marries the hero. Other characters are Sampson Kerts, Ulric Consterdine, his sister Wilhelmina and his brother Rudolph; Mike's disreputable father and mother, who are a perpetual drag upon him; Dr. Felix Durant, who is in love with Patricia, and one or two others who have more or less influence on the lives of the hero and heroine. The best, the most artistic part of Mr. Robinson's work in this book is that in which he draws Rudolph Consterdine and his sister Wilhelmina, their misconception of each other's character, and their friction when they come together and can hardly speak without irritation, which each knows, but which neither will acknowledge, to be without any good or even any definable reason. This is a chord that has often been struck by humorists, and Mr. Robinson plays very well indeed with it. Mike's disagreeable father is a half-tragic, half-amusing character, in the strongest contrast with Ulric Consterdine, who is Mike's good angel as the father is his bad one. The book will afford capital entertainment during the two or three hours it takes to read it.

An excellent book for boys and girls is sure to be one which their elders need not contemn for its puerility, and *Crusaders and Captives* (Boston: De Wolfe, Fiske & Co.), by George E. Merrill, comes under that description. It is more like the stories one used to rejoice over during a far-away childhood than any recent addition we recall to the literature specially intended for young

people. It is a tale of the Children's Crusade in the thirteenth century, and although some of the horrors of what seems a strange and unaccountable piece of folly and presumption are mercifully slurred over in Mr. Merrill's story, there is plenty left to stir the imagination and awaken sympathy and compassion. We take it that the author is not Catholic. That fact, if it be one, would account for some minor errors of detail and slight faults of expression here and there in its pages. But on the whole it should be a very agreeable addition to school libraries and premium lists.

The Wonderful Adventures of Phra the Phœnician (New York: Harper & Brothers) is the work of Mr. Edwin Lester Arnold, a son of the author of *The Light of Asia*, and one who seems able and willing to follow pretty closely in the paternal footsteps. It is a romantic novel, the scenes and incidents of which have to do with various historical times, beginning shortly before the conquest of Britain by Julius Cæsar, and ending in the reign of Queen Elizabeth of England. Phra, the hero, is at first a young Phœnician merchant; then, after an interval of four hundred years, which he passes in profound sleep, he wakes to find himself in England, where he becomes a favorite centurion in the house of a noble Roman woman. Subsequently he is in succession a soldier fighting on the Saxon side in the war that ended in the Norman conquest; a champion of England fighting in France in the days of the Black Prince; and, lastly, an inmate of the house of an English mechanic in the sixteenth century. Through all these vicissitudes he preserves not only his mental but also his bodily identity. In other words he is, for the author's romantic and historical purposes, a sort of Salathiel—a Wandering Jew—save that he falls asleep occasionally while the events of centuries pass by. In this way Mr. Arnold gives us a series of pictures, many of which are vivid, some of which are remarkably so, and few of which are dull. In every phase of his conscious life Phra is loved by and loves some woman, and the loves are happy.

Such a scheme as this has evidently no need of supernatural or extra-mundane machinery to aid in the production of its effects. The pictures would have been just as pleasing without such machinery, and Mr. Arnold might have hung them all on the one line of sleep and waking. But in order to give them a peculiar effect he has placed them in a peculiar light—a light which comes partly from Buddhism, but mostly from spiritualism and theosophy. While he is yet a Phœnician merchant Phra buys a British girl who has been captured by pirates, and who

during a storm guides his trading vessel to safe harbor near a town in which she is a sort of princess. The two love each other and are married, and the love of the woman endures down to the time of Phra's death. She does not share with him his periods of suspended animation, but really dies and wanders away to the "spheres" and the "spirals," so well known to spiritualists. At various crises in his long pilgrimage the princess, Blodwen by name, visits him in a form which among Madame Blavatsky's "Mahatmas" would probably, if not certainly, be called "astral," though it resembles too the product of that "materialization" which many spiritualists believe in. It is fully as difficult to get at the precise meaning of Mr. Arnold in this phase of his book, as it was for Blodwen herself to explain to Phra the conditions in which she found herself among the "spheres" and "spirals," and emerged from a timeless and spaceless world into the world of time and space.

Mr. W. E. Norris, who once had a touch that recalled Thackeray, and that not so very remotely, has in his latest novel, *Marcia* (New York: United States Book Company), a marked tendency to Mr. Anthony Trollope's manner. So far as the present writer's pleasure is concerned there is not much to choose between the two—considering either, be it understood, merely as Mr. Norris's exemplar. The suggestion one got of Thackeray in *Matrimony* came chiefly from Mr. Norris's style of expression; the suggestion one gets of Trollope from *Marcia* lies in the general prosaic but truthful conception and execution of his story as a record of contemporary life and manners. *Marcia* is a very good novel—a very long one also; as indeed it needed to be, since into its nearly four hundred closely-printed pages the author chose to compress the history not alone of *Marcia's* two marriages, but the successful courtship of her son by the first husband. The son, Willie Brett, is a very good fellow; really a model child, youth, and man, for whom the reader is pretty sure to conceive a friendship not usually evoked by "model" heroes or heroines. Another excellent piece of work is the conception and delineation of this young man's father, Eustace Brett. He is not a sympathetic figure in anywise; one understands why a selfish though kindly and agreeably-mannered person like Marcia should have failed in her endeavor to reciprocate his persistent attachment; but he is extraordinarily pathetic, and the tale of his domestic miseries, with their tragic end, is extremely well told. Lifelike, too, in its presentation of a commonplace, home-loving, wifely, and motherly Englishwoman

of the better classes is *Lady Wetherby*. Although by no means engrossing in its interest in any part, the story is as a whole clever and well written, and healthy in its moral.

Count Leo Tolstoï's play, *The Fruits of Culture* (Boston: Benj. R. Tucker), makes it very evident that, great as its author unquestionably is as a novelist, and great as some people take him to be as what is commonly called a "thinker," his ability is not of the stuff of which good playwrights are made. Indeed, if *The Fruits of Culture* fairly represents the best work he can produce in plays for the stage or for the closet, the count should never again yield to the temptation of trying his hand in this department of literature. *The Fruits of Culture* was probably intended for a comedy, but it is nothing higher than a farce, and even at that it is a very poor piece of writing. If it is intended to be a satire on Russian "culture" it entirely fails of its purpose, inasmuch as it caricatures its subject to begin with, and then caricatures its own caricature—a process through which no moral purpose can be subserved, since it bars the way to true satire, which must always have some solid fact to stand on. A thing or a condition must first exist before it can be satirized. That is essential; and if the purpose of a writer is to satirize a particular phase of the thing or condition he has it in hand to make merry with or to point the finger of moral or intellectual scorn at, he is bound to label his work rightly. Count Tolstoï's farce is really a dull and trifling skit, not at culture nor even at Russian culture, but at people who are fooled by spiritualism; and, as the great rule, spiritualists are not people of culture, but are the true children of bewilderment, sentimentality, and credulity. The characters in the farce are not in the least cultured. On the contrary they are all exceedingly and most odiously vulgar, with the sole exception of the peasants, and even these are accessory to cheap fraud. The tone of the play is vulgarity and stupidity without any relief whatever such as might have come from wit or playfulness. The part of playfulness is, however, taken by coarse buffoonery and horse-play, and the part of wit by something very like sheer coarseness. *The Fruits of Culture* will not add to Count Tolstoï's reputation, but it will mark one of the several limitations of his power.

Mr. Andrew W. Madison is another of those more or less harmless cranks who have been spiritually begotten by Count Tolstoï; who seem, at all events, to owe their courage to rush into print with platitudes and vagaries on sacred themes to the attention which has on all sides been paid to the great Russian

littérateur when engaged in similar work. Mr. Madison calls his pamphlet *The True Theory of Christianity*. There are a good many true ones among the four hundred maxims for which he makes himself responsible, but these are truisms to Christian ears. He does not avow his obligations to Swedenborg, though they are many, and the only new statements we have found in his pages are in flat opposition to the historical facts narrated by the Gospels which are, and must be, his only authority for those "Sayings of Jesus" on which he professes to base all his hopes of eternal life.

Mrs. Alexander is a novelist as pleasing as she is prolific, which is saying a good deal for her as a sweetener of one's hours of leisure. In her latest story, *Blind Fate* (New York: Henry Holt & Co.), the plot—we had almost said the interest, but that would be unjust to the writer—turns on a murder. It is not until one has finished reading it that its similarity in point of construction, and its involutions and evolutions of mystery recall the painfully elaborate performances of Miss Anna Katherine Green on the same gruesome theme. Mrs. Alexander, however, is more artist than mechanic. She has no love of machinery for its own sake, and neither needs nor uses that cumbrous paraphernalia of diagrams and significant-seeming but petty and misleading details in which Miss Greene and a small host of her imitators deal so plentifully. Her characters, moreover, are such as the novel-reader in search of innocent amusement may take an interest in independent of the mystery in which they are involved. The plot is very well developed, and its secret guarded to the end in an effortless way, which affords satisfactory evidence of Mrs. Alexander's artistic skill.

Mr. Besant's novel, *The Demoniac*, which is to be found in two or three cheap pirated editions, is well named. Its subject is the drink devil, and its object to point out that for a certain class of his victims there is no hope save in fortifying their will by means of absolute, and, if need be, forcible abstinence from alcohol. His story is, in its way, an illustration of the fact that the evil one cannot work except through means, and has an invincible need of malignant tools. "Resist him and he will flee from you." If, by reason of the sins of one's fathers, one's power of resistance is less than normal, it must be strengthened from within by prayer, and from without by total abstinence. Mr. Besant takes up the question of heredity in a way not widely unlike that in which Tolstoï adverts to it in the little farce noticed above. There is no denying that the sins of parents are

visited on children; that is a fact of the natural order which revelation but reinforces. The great trouble, as both of these novelists suggest, and as most sane people will agree, is that heredity having been admitted as a scientific fact, it is also accepted as an excuse or justification for weakly giving up a by no means hopeless fight. "Where sin abounded, grace doth yet more abound," to quote another apostle. One of the "fruits of culture" in our modern society is its effort to master an hereditary evil while discarding its only antidote, which, in a certain sense, is almost equally hereditary. The priests were right, says the physician to whom Mr. Besant's hero goes for advice.

"Your devil should be exorcised by bell, book, and candle. In the days of faith that would have been practicable. Yes, in the old days you would have been healed by faith. The devil would have been driven out of you. Then you would have gone home calm and easy. When the next attack came you would have said: 'This is not the old Thing—the devil has been driven out. This is nothing to trouble me; only a cold in the head—a touch of fever—a little sore throat.' There was reason in the method of the priests. It worked well. They knew what they were about. You believe, and the devil is driven away. You do not believe, and he stays."

"Well, since I do not believe—"

"The case is less simple by reason of your unbelief. You have no fight left in you, that is plain. Nerve and will are broken. You can make no resistance. *What should have been beaten back as a suggestion of evil, comes in the hope of a lord and master.* . . . You must find some one to fight the devil for you."

The likeness in Besant's thought to that of Tolstoï shows itself again in the observation, made by each, that in the classes less touched by modern notions, sounder ideas, and therefore greater hope, exist. George Atheling, Mr. Besant's dipsomaniac, is a wealthy, well-born, and well-trained young Englishman in his second year at Cambridge when his hereditary curse falls on him without warning and without extraordinary provocation. He has no intemperate habits; he merely takes "his pint of beer with his lunch and his claret with his dinner like any other young man." When he is attacked by the raging thirst which Mr. Besant describes in a way whose verisimilitude those who have not known the thing are unable to appreciate, he gives in at once without thought of resistance. He never becomes a habitual tippler and sot. His fits return at regular intervals, and his wealth

and the assistance of a scoundrelly tempter in the shape of Mavis, first his college gyp, afterwards his keeper and boon companion during his sprees, enable him to conceal them. He makes, however, one great effort to throw off his chains by engaging a ship on which there is guaranteed to be not a drop of any liquor, and setting off for a voyage around the world. He is accompanied by two young doctors, giants physically, as he is himself, who are bound to inform themselves whether he obtains liquor surreptitiously, and to restrain him by force from drinking it if he does. The weak point in his scheme is the retention of Mavis, the devil's necessary tool, by whom all precautions are evaded and made useless, so that Atheling returns from his three years' cruise a more helpless slave than ever. By this time he has resolved that his old set shall know him no more. He drops a part of his name, draws a thousand pounds for the expenses of his periodical bouts with Mavis, and then settles down in the East End of London to earn his bread, first as a reporter, and then as the sub-editor of a cheap local journal. Presently he marries in his new station, and is happy with a wife who never sees him except when he is "cold sober," who is entirely happy with him and their babies, and who has not the glimmer of a suspicion either of his identity or his evil habit. When, at last, the truth about the latter comes out, Mr. Besant remarks that

"A better educated mind would have considered with dismay the hereditary nature of the disease. Nettie had no such ideas. If a man committed the sin of drunkenness he was a wicked man who ought to be punished, all the same as a man who robs his employer. She had no fears about her children, except that their father's weakness might interfere with their bringing up; and that they might find it out. Therefore it was not, after a little, pity for her husband that filled her soul, but indignation and contempt."

And again, in a chat between George and his unsuspecting wife, when he is counting up the advantages of poverty against riches, he says of his new social class:

"We look not backward or forward. Disease, for example, we do not regard as hereditary. This saves us a great deal of trouble and anxiety. We take no precautions, yet we do not sit down in despair. For instance, there is the hereditary disease of drink. Suppose one of our boys was to break out in that direction. . . . His friends call him a toper, a drunkard, a coward, a disgrace to his family. He feels that he must fight against it; there is nothing else possible for him. If he does not, he will

even lose his livelihood. *Now, if he were a rich man he would sit down; he would say, 'I am a victim of heredity. There is no use in struggling.'*"

The "rich" must here include those rich in the gifts of latter-day, non-Christian "culture" as well as those endowed with more obvious and common goods, if one wants to get at the exact truth. It must even take in those who have only that semblance of it which sinks down to the level of Tolstoi's chambermaid, or even to the gutter where lies the sot whose only education has resulted in the hearsay persuasion that as drink is "in his blood" there is no way of letting it out except by suicide. It is by that hopeless no-thoroughfare that George Atheling makes his last attempt to escape his demon.

Mr. Besant's book should be a powerful temperance tract. There is no way of helping men like his hero—and they are on all sides of us nowadays—but by the remedies he points out: prayer for those whom "science" has not robbed of faith; and compulsion for all when nerves and will have yielded. They can be kept from drunkenness only by keeping them from drink. And only so can they be assured of that last sober hour which, by God's grace, may avail to keep them out of the drunkard's hell.

The next novel on our list is an Irish story, and a very clever one, *The Nugents of Carriconna* (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), by Tighe Hopkins. Its opening chapter introduces us to Mr. Anthony Nugent, a Protestant landlord whose long-decaying fortunes have just been revived by a most unexpected legacy from a deceased brother in Australia. Two causes combine to make this bequest more than commonly surprising: in all the years of the younger Nugent's absence, Anthony has not merely had no reason to suppose that his brother had prospered beyond the ordinary, but he knows that he married and had a daughter of whose death her relatives have never been notified. However, as no mention of her is made in her father's will, Anthony and his sister, Miss Barbara, conclude that she is no longer living. We are not going to outline the story. Suffice it that Anthony Nugent, who comes of an eccentric stock and whose ignorance is ample in several directions, resolves when his time of expansion at last arrives to make it notable. The existence of a half-ruined tower some eighty feet high on his estate, and a long-established habit of star-gazing in his lonely walks by night, inspire him with the ambition to convert the tower into an observatory, furnish it with a telescope, and im-

mortalize himself as an astronomer. "I wouldn't be one bit surprised," he says to Lady Kitty Frayne, "if I made discoveries that'll do great good to the world; for ye see I'll come fresh to the work, knowing nothing at all about it." Lady Kitty is the daughter of his nearest neighbor and the betrothed of his son Arthur, now absent in Africa. She very promptly suggests that as he will need an instructor, and as a man would be "sure to steal all your discoveries for himself," the proper thing would be to secure "one of those clever girls who take degrees in colleges. Advertise for her and she'll come directly. She'll come in hundreds, I shouldn't wonder." The notion strikes Anthony with great force. Shall he have a spy upon him, a man certain to "steal me opinions? . . . That's what I'm afraid of. I wouldn't put up with that at all."

Anthony's advertisement brings straight from Paris a charming widow of twenty-six, Mrs. Dora Lytton, who becomes the heroine of the story, and a very cleverly drawn and human heroine she is. To give her antecedents or tell how her life becomes part and parcel of several other lives at Carriconna would be to disclose the plot of the novel and rob its reader of a good deal of interest and enjoyment. The telescope might be called the central figure of the tale, but among its characters Anthony is the clearest-cut and most carefully worked-out in detail. Still they are all made to act humanly, from within, and not, puppet-like, from without. One study, that of Trenchard, deals with the causes, symptoms, and possible cure of the opium habit, or narcomania, as Mr. Hopkins calls it. The treatment of Anthony, on the other hand, has a strong though apparently unconsciously-given suggestion of paresis about it. Real wealth acts on his cunning, badly-stocked but presumably healthy brain in ways very like those which result from the contemplation of the imaginary riches and power that come to the man whose brain has begun to soften. Nearly all the humor of the story—humor of a real but rather unusual sort, by the way—centres about the whimsical old Irishman when he tries to cover his mercurial impulses with a veil as of deep pondering and serious determination to accomplish impossible ends which he has in reality abandoned. Altogether the novel is one of the most readable and amusing we have seen of late.

Aunt Dorothy (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) is a pleasant, nicely told little tale of life on an old Virginia plantation by Margaret J. Preston. It is reprinted from *Harper's Magazine*, and some of its numerous illustrations are clever. A very

excellent study of a good-naturedly imperious and unconsciously domineering woman is made in the character which gives the story its name.

The Old Meeting House and Vacation Papers (New York: Worthington Co.) is apparently made up of scraps contributed to local denominational journals by the late Rev. A. M. Colton, a Massachusetts Congregational minister. Their reappearance in book-form is not due to any intrinsic value they possess as reminiscence or literature, but to the fraternal affection of a surviving Colton. The family, as we learn from one of these essays in which their deeds are celebrated, have always been famous for pushing their way.

It would be pleasant, but, we fear, not possible to a strictly conscientious lover of good poetry, to say a hearty word of praise for Mr. John Augustine Wilstach's epic, *The Battle Forest*. No publisher's name appears on its title-page, but it is copyrighted by the *New York Mail and Express*, in which it originally appeared. It is divided into seven parts, and is very appropriately dedicated to Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, since it deals with the exploits of General Harrison at Tippikanau and elsewhere. Tippecanoe the unlearned spelled and sung it what time the patriotic and musical Whig desired by his aid and that of Tyler to "beat little Van." As a monument to the fame of our present Chief Executive's grandsire we hope the poem may not have too invincible a tendency to suggest the now famous proposal to erect "a life-size statuette" to his best-known descendant.

The Light that Failed has, of course, been snapped up at once from the columns of *The Sun*, and got into a handy form by publishers heedless of Mr. Kipling's just but amusing wrath. The story is a very good one. It repeats certain touches which gave to one of his shorter sketches, "Baa-baa, Black Sheep," the effect of autobiography. In Dick Helder's childhood, passed under the care of a cruel bigot, the same theme is struck, and something like it in the trouble with the eyes. Moreover, Dick Helder's sudden and amazing vogue has a strong resemblance to that which for some months past has wrapped Rudyard Kipling in an atmosphere of praise and unhesitating acceptance the like of which does not usually befall one author in a century. Long may he deserve to enjoy it as fully as he does at present! There is something virile in his direct observation, and his just, if sometimes brutal, rendering of it into words which is like a breath of fresh air after sultry weather.

Mr. Meredith Nicholson has collected many of his best verses in *Short Flights* (Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.), and his best verses are apt to be very good. He has a good ear, a correct taste, and a pleasant fancy, as, among many others of equal merit, these stanzas which he calls "Sunset" may witness:

"Two giants meet upon the hills,
And one is day, the other night;
The trees draw near, the sky leans down
To watch their test of might.

"I cannot see them struggling there,
But soon I know that one is dead,
For lo! the trees, and hills, and sky
Are suddenly splashed with red."

There is very nice feeling, too, shown in poems like "A Prince's Treasure," "The Battle Grandsire Missed," and "The Soldier Heart." Mr. Nicholson should take high rank yet among our American minor poets—for that matter, have we any who can maintain an undisputed claim to be anything more than minor? To be that is a good deal, poetry being what it is.

I.—THE LIFE OF CHRIST IN ENGLISH.*

This Life of Christ, as Cardinal Manning says in his introduction, is a golden book. It was written in the best style by one who had thoroughly fitted himself for the task. The Abbé Fouard has wandered through the Holy Land from Dan to Beer-sheba, and knows the geography and topography perfectly. And he has made himself thoroughly familiar with all the oriental customs, so that he was well equipped to reproduce the scenes of our Lord's life.

His thorough acquaintance with the modern controversies, with Strauss and Baur and Renan; his extensive reading among English commentators as well as German ones; his purpose, too, of banishing the contentious spirit and of preserving the piety of a devout and prayful Christian—all this has combined to make his book one of the highest merit. The French work was published about ten years ago. It has gone through several editions since and been highly commended on all hands.

When the work first appeared in the original it was very extensively reviewed in these pages, (see CATHOLIC WORLD for March, April, May, and June, 1881). It was said then that the Abbé Fouard had succeeded in giving us one of the best devo-

* *A Life of Jesus*. By the Abbé Constant Fouard. Translated from the Fifth Edition, with the author's sanction, by George F. X. Griffith. With an Introduction by Cardinal Manning. 2 vols. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

tional, and at the same time scholarly, lives of Christ that had ever been written. A hope was expressed at that time that it would find an able translator who would do it into English for the popular reader. We are glad to find that Mr. Griffith has answered that expectation, and we bear witness that he has done his work well. His style runs along as smoothly as a limpid stream, and the translation is characterized by such an absence of the French idiom that one would never know that the book came from a foreign tongue. It interests one like an intensely absorbing novel—far more interesting than *Ben-Hur*, because all the scenes are woven about the Christ as the central figure. The imagery is as vivid, the character-painting as strong, and the scenes as well depicted as the most fastidious novel-reader could desire.

The study of the life of Christ is intensely interesting to all classes of readers, for, taken at the lowest estimate, no one in history has exerted such a tremendous influence over the mind and heart and imagination of mankind as he. But when the life is presented to us with all the surroundings that go to make up the composition of place, when the scenes are produced so vividly that we unconsciously pass into them and become one of the actors, when the resources of critical learning and the copiousness of edifying exposition, drawn from the purest sources of Catholic commentary, are called on to fill out the picture, then the narrative is fascinating and entrancing. The charm of the subject itself has been heightened by the way in which the reader is carried back to those blessed days, and is made to enjoy the inestimable privilege accorded to the Twelve, to live with Jesus, to listen to the words that fell from his lips. One beauty of this Life is that it avoids the polemical spirit; this may be good for scholars. At the same time there are sufficient critical and exegetical notes to satisfy the inquiring mind and settle disputed points.

2.—THE POOR OF NEW YORK CITY.*

The author, himself a newspaper man, but far from being a mere book-maker (in the present instance, at all events), has had in the preparation of this work the friendly assistance of such practical and experienced men as the President of the New York Board of Health, Mr. Charles G. Wilson; the Chief Inspector of the police force, Mr. Thomas Byrnes; and the Registrar of Vital Statistics, Dr. Roger S. Tracy. The illustration by means of photographs

* *How the Other Half Lives: Studies among the Tenements of New York.* By Jacob A. Riis. With illustrations chiefly from photographs. New York; Charles Scribner's Sons.

secures fidelity to facts and to the sad realities with which the book deals.

American readers of General Booth's work flatter themselves that the state of things which he describes as existing in England has no parallel here, and that it is quite unlikely that it should have a parallel—in our own days at all events. However true this may be of other cities, of New York it must be said that the time is not far distant when even worse things will have to be said of New York than General Booth has said of London. Hemmed in as it is by water on all sides, there is no place in which overcrowding exists to so great a degree, and all the evils which follow upon overcrowding; no place where the tenement-house system, the system which robs the poor of even the poorest *home*, is so fully developed. A generation ago there were but 15,000 tenement-houses in New York; now there are 37,000, and three-fourths of the population, or 1,200,000 of people, live in these houses. When we remember that this state of things has been caused by the greed and unbridled selfishness of the few who own these houses, and who make, as an average, forty per cent. upon this property, never less than fifteen, in some cases 100 per cent.; that the control of the government of the city is left by its more respectable inhabitants in the hands of men who scarcely make even a pretence of caring for anything but their own interests, whether personal or party; that year by year things are getting worse by the increase of population and by the influx of immigration, of which this city retains the least enterprising and the poorest classes—we shall have reason to conclude that there is abundant matter for most serious thought, and, we hope, for energetic action.

This work will, we hope, arrest the attention of those who are responsible by either omission or commission for the actual state of things. We cannot do more than call their attention to it and give an extract or two as specimens:

“Thirty-five years ago the tenement population had swelled to half a million, and on the East side, in what is still the most densely populated district in all the world, China not excluded, it was packed at the rate of 290,000 to the square mile, a state of things wholly unexampled. The greatest crowding of old London was at the rate of 175,816. And yet experts had testified that, as compared with up-town, rents were from twenty-five to thirty per cent. higher in the worst slums of the lower wards, with such accommodations as . . . one room, 12 x 12, with five families living in it, comprising twenty persons of both sexes and all ages,

with only two beds, without partition, screen, chair, or table. The rate of rent has been successfully maintained to the present day." The statement that five families lived in one room 12 x 12, which seems almost incredible, rests (as far as we can gather from Mr. Riis's book) upon the authority of a report made by a committee of the State Senate; and Mr. Riis himself has quite recently met with cases which, if not quite so bad, are too bad to be tolerated (pages 11, 12). The following is a description of a sweater's den in a Ludlow Street tenement: "Up two flights of stairs, three, four . . . to the door that opens to admit the bundle and the man. A sweater this in a small way. Five men and a woman, two young girls not fifteen, and a boy who says unasked that he is fifteen, and lies in saying it, are at the machines sewing knickerbockers—'knee-pants,' in the Ludlow Street dialect. The floor is littered ankle-deep with half-sewn garments. In the alcove, on a couch of many dozens of pants ready for the finisher a bare-legged baby, with pinched face, is asleep. The faces, hands, and arms to the elbows of every one in the room are black with the color of the cloth on which they are working. . . . They turn out one hundred and twenty dozen knee-pants a week, for which the manufacturer pays twenty cents a dozen. Five cents a dozen is the clear profit. For the two shabby, smoke-begrimed rooms, one somewhat larger than the ordinary, they pay twenty dollars a month."

We cannot too earnestly recommend this work to all who are interested in the well-being of their country. It is not indeed a pleasant book to read; far from it. But it is a book which deals with facts, and with facts which, if left unaltered, are destined to lead to ulterior consequences of the most disastrous character. As a man has sown so shall he reap, if not in this world certainly in the next; as a community of men have sown so shall they too reap, and their harvest comes in the present life. And even now the greed and selfishness of the house-owners of New York, tolerated and protected as they have been by the community at large, have resulted in the necessity of enormous taxes for prisons and for police, and will sooner or later lead to evils compared with which those already existing are but trifles.

The picture drawn by Mr. Riis of the life of the "Other Half" is not, however, wholly dark and repelling. "With all his conspicuous faults, the swarthy Italian has his redeeming traits. He is as honest as he is hot-headed. There are no Italian burglars in the Rogues' Gallery; the ex-brigand toils peacefully on American ground. . . . The women are faithful wives and

devoted mothers. Their vivid and picturesque costumes lend a tinge of color to the otherwise dull monotony of the slums they inhabit. The Italian is gay, light-hearted, and, if his fur is not stroked the wrong way, inoffensive as a child."

That the wealthiest and most responsible citizens of New York abstain from taking their fair share in the burden of the management of the city's affairs is a fact long notorious, and an omission of duty which makes them answerable for much of the evil which exists. We were not prepared to make any more serious charge against them. The statements, however, made by Mr. Riis which we quote below show, if true (and they can easily be disproved if untrue), that a much more weighty responsibility for those evils rests upon some of the members of these classes. The block between Bayard, Park, Mulberry, and Baxter Streets (forming one side of the district called "The Bend") is one of the very worst examples of overcrowding and want of sanitary arrangements in New York. For the year 1888 the death-rate in Baxter and Mulberry Streets, between Park and Bayard Streets, was for children 139.83, and for adults 14.87; that is to say, out of 202 deaths in those streets 132 were deaths of children under five years of age. The infant mortality compared with that of adults is considered, as is well known, one of the best means of forming a judgment of the general sanitary condition of a place. Now, who are the owners of this property? The answer will be found in Mr. Riis's book (p. 64). "What if I were to tell you that this alley and more tenement property in 'the Bend,' all of it notorious for years as the vilest and worst to be found anywhere, stood associated on the tax-books all through the long struggle to make its owners responsible, which has at last resulted in a qualified victory for the law, with the name of an honored family, one of the 'oldest and best,' rich in possessions and in influence, and high in the councils of the city's government? It would be but the plain truth. Nor would it be the only instance by very many that stand recorded in the Health Department's books of a kind that has come near to making the name of landlord as odious in New York as it has become in Ireland." A striking proof that this fearful mortality is due to the action of the owners of the houses is found in the fact that in this very district a properly managed property exists, where in the year 1888 there were only two deaths; while in houses of the normal kind of that region situated almost directly opposite, and occupied by the same number of persons, 25 persons died, 19 of whom were children.

3.—JOHN MACHALE, ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.*

Anything relating to the glorious struggle of the Irish people for religious and political freedom, made against fearful and at times diabolical odds, is of the greatest interest, not alone to the Irish but to every one possessing the love of true liberty which is God-implanted in the souls of honest men. And to the writer of this notice, an American without, unfortunately, a drop of Irish blood in his veins, history presents no nobler spectacle or mightier theme for sage and poet than that of the Irish nation emerging from three centuries of persecution unequalled, as Dr. Johnson says, in Time's annals—emerging to wring from a most unwilling English Parliament the right of religious freedom, not for themselves alone, but for the descendants of that remnant of the English people who did not apostatize from God's Holy Church. And no stronger evidence could be given of the Irish people's fittingness to govern themselves and, if necessary, others, than the fact that they did, in the face of a crushing opposition, upheld by wickedest slander and appalling mendacity, peaceably obtain a right so long withheld, and obtained it, as has been said, not for themselves alone but for another people too weak or too timid to efficaciously demand it.

The life which these pages narrate covers almost an entire century, and it is dedicated "To the sacred memory of the dead who, in prison, on the scaffold, on the battle-field, in exile, through the long sufferings of centuries and the starless night of famine after famine, have perished martyrs to their love for Ireland, and looking in vain for her resurrection morn; to the generous spirits of the living, the sons and daughters of Ireland at home and abroad who still suffer and labor and hope against hope for the redemption of Erin; to the brave hearts on Irish soil whose heroic resolves no tyranny can change, whose fidelity to the hallowed cause of national right no bribe, no torture can move; to the friends of Ireland of every race and creed, in every civilized country, who, like John of Tuam, seek for Ireland justice and only justice, these volumes, containing the record of a noble life given wholly to God and country, are dedicated by the author."

John MacHale, so well known to both hemispheres as the great Archbishop of Tuam, was born on Sunday, March 6, 1791, and died on Monday, November 7, 1881. From the year 1814, when he was ordained priest and appointed lecturer in

* *John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam. His Life, Times, and Correspondence.* By the Right Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D.D. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet.

theology at Maynooth, till the day of his death he ceased not to labor with voice and pen and by every species of priestly ministration for the religious, the intellectual, and the political welfare of Irishmen. His life-work is expressed in his own words: "In advocating the cause of the poor I am only fulfilling my covenant with my God and my people."

This work is more than the life of the archbishop; it is a very complete history of his times. The graphic style of the author is too well known to need comment here. He tells his story feelingly, entering fully into the sentiments and spirit of the noble man whose life he relates. And it is this that makes his work peculiarly valuable: he is strictly impartial, not with the pseudo-impartiality that consists in being indifferent to justice and injustice, good and evil, but with the impartiality of the true historian, which is the absence of such prejudice as would prevent him from discovering or acknowledging the truth.

4.—HANDCUFFS FOR ALCOHOLISM.*

This little book attempts to put in a handy form some scientific information as to the action of alcohol on the human system. It furthermore gives some interesting statistics, taken from the records of asylums and from the reports of the English army. It refers to the action of insurance companies in charging more for insuring a drinking man than a total abstainer; it tells us briefly of the church's attitude on the question in the past; and through it all runs an appeal to everybody to join in the struggle against the great monster of intemperance.

Its value lies in the fact that it gives in a handy form the knowledge needed to disabuse the popular mind of the false idea that alcoholic drinks are necessary for health. We commonly hear it given as an excuse for a man's drinking that he works hard and "needs something." This book shows how foolish it is to suppose that alcoholic drink is the "needed something" to make a man more capable of doing his work. The scientific part of the book may be rather dry reading for some; but a scientific exposition ought to aim more at truth than interesting the reader. It might have been better if the author had maintained the character of expositor throughout this part of his book and had not assumed at times that of exponent of his own private theories. Still, it may be that the scope the author designed for his book is here mis-

* *Handcuffs for Alcoholism.* Published by the author, Rev. George Zurcher, Buffalo Plains, Erie Co., N. Y.

understood—he may have intended it to be more than simply an exposition.

The voice of science is unhesitatingly given in favor of total abstinence as far as healthy men are concerned; modern medicine is, furthermore, decreasing the number of diseases in which it is permissible to use alcoholic stimulants. It certainly holds that the physical and mental evils which flow from abuse of alcohol are hereditary. Dr. Thomson says that “the child of the drunkard is very apt to be deficient in intellect, and not improbably idiotic.” I am sorry that lack of space forbids my examining more at large the scientific arguments adduced.

The extracts from the apostolical canons, councils, and decrees of popes are extremely interesting. In them drunkenness is called the source “from which all evils emanate,” “and the cause and origin of nearly all acts which men commit rashly.”

5.—SOME GOOD SERMONS.*

These discourses were for the most part prepared in the earliest days of the learned author's ministry, being dedicated to Rt. Rev. John Shanley, Bishop of Jamestown, North Dakota, in remembrance of school-fellowship in Rome. The subjects chosen do not follow any particular line of doctrine, embracing topics both dogmatic and moral. As might be expected from “juvenile” efforts, as the author calls them, there is some evidence of lack of practice in dealing with souls, especially in the sermon on perseverance in grace. This sermon emphasizes the independence of God in bestowing his favor in a way tending to the injury of the divine virtue of hope, albeit the author, goes no farther than Massillon and other great preachers. “Hilarion,” says the author of that saint's life, “feeling death approaching, began to shudder at the thought of the divine justice. But the aged servant of God addressed his spirit and said: ‘Fear not, O my soul. Depart! Depart! Seventy years thou hast served Christ, and dost thou fear death?’ Then a deep peace settled upon his soul and shone in his face, and he slept in the Lord.”

We hope that the reader will not take this expression of our preference for a milder view of the evidences of predestination to eternal life than the author does for anything but the expression of a mere difference of opinion on a disputed point of pastoral prudence. For it is many a day since we have read such well-written sermons as the nine printed in this little vol-

**Sermons and Lectures.* By Rev. J. F. Loughlin, D.D. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

ume. Juvenile or not, the thought is mature. The use of Scripture betokens a trained scholar, and the handling of doctrine is more excellent than is commonly met with in even clergymen long exercised in the care of souls. What we would especially commend is the literary quality of the sermons. The style is clear, precise, elegant, and forcible, and in many places possessed of a high degree of eloquence.

6.—THE APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE.*

The author of this little work says: "In this brief sketch I have tried to show Father Mathew as he was known to his nearest relations, to trace the causes of his success, and the connection of his temperance movement with the history of his times."

Fifty years ago there was no man better known than Theobald Mathew, the founder of the Irish temperance movement. He brought seven millions of people to take the total-abstinence pledge, and his followers were of many countries and of many creeds. He preached with strange success in England, in Scotland, and in the United States. He was widely loved and his friends were of every class and creed. He was kindly and cheery to all, and a glorious title was given him, for he was named "The Sinner's Friend." The poorest and most degraded crowded to him and were sure of a kind welcome. There was scarcely a house in the poorer quarter of Cork where he was not looked upon as a trusted personal friend. He always treated the poor with special respect, and his charity was akin to that of the saints. "It is better," he said, "to be imposed upon by nineteen than to allow one deserving man to depart unrelieved."

In the great work of his life, a work that is not dead but strongly liveth—that of holy temperance, Father Mathew struck a key-note of salvation that, please God, shall vibrate through all the coming ages till time shall be no more. Of the ten thousand who took the pledge of total abstinence from his hand but few, it is said, were found to violate it. Never in the whole course of his long and arduous labors did his heart fail him. On the contrary, he seemed to catch new fire from the excited throngs clustering around him; new certainty of triumph from their belief. And opposition but strengthened his courage, for was not his Master before him opposed, even unto death?

* *Father Mathew. His Life and Times.* By Frank J. Mathew. London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell & Company.

This little life of the great Apostle of Temperance is especially noteworthy for the new light it throws on his private life, and for the numerous anecdotes found in its pages that are not to be found in the larger lives of Father Mathew. The book may be warmly commended to the perusal of all who have not the leisure or opportunity to read Maguire's long and painstaking *Biography of Father Mathew*.

7.—A MANUAL FOR VERNACULAR SERVICES.*

No doubt this little manual will be most acceptable to those priests who are desirous of introducing a popular devotional service with congregational singing. The order of prayers and hymns is very much the same as has been observed in the Paulist Church, where, for a long time, the Sunday-night congregational service and singing by the people has proved such a signal success. The preparation of this very cheap and handy service-book is the result of the hearing of these services by several bishops and priests, at whose request it has been compiled. In both the prayers and hymns the subject of "Divine Praise," which Father Young has been constantly urging in his numerous articles on congregational singing in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, as one of vital importance in our day, is strongly accentuated.

Besides the regular order of prayers, there are fourteen hymns; words and music, some selected from the Catholic Hymnal; others are new; and, we think, likely to prove very popular, especially the hymns of "Praise" and those in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. Now that the Sacred Congregation of Rites has permitted the use of English prayers and hymns before the Blessed Sacrament exposed, an excellent occasion is given for stimulating the devotion of the faithful and offering as well an opportunity for the people assembled to lift up their voices in congregational prayer and song.

The use of this manual will also enable the hierarchy to judge of it as suggestive of a duly authorized form for such services, should the practical results make it appear advisable to give more than the individual sanction they now receive.

8.—ANCIENT HISTORY.†

This is a revision of the second part of the author's *History of*

* *An Order of Divine Praise and Prayer for Congregational Use in Churches.* Price, \$3 a hundred. THE CATHOLIC WORLD Office, New York.

† *Ancient History for Colleges and High Schools.* By P. V. N. Myers. Boston: Ginn & Company.

Rome, first published in 1882. As a text-book for a collegian it is by far too superficial. It is eminently adapted for use in schools, and, as far as we can see, it contains but one passage that could give umbrage to a Catholic. It contains passages that should arouse fears in the mind of the thoughtful lover of our country. The following may be quoted as an example: "In the early, virtuous period of the Roman state divorce was unusual, but in later and more degenerate times it became very common. The husband had the right to divorce his wife for the slightest cause, or for no cause at all. In this disregard of the sanctity of the family relation may doubtless be found one cause of the degeneracy and failure of the Roman stock." It is matter for which to be devoutly thankful to Almighty God that some of the States of our country have adopted vigorous measures to repress and do away with this frightful vice, and may the time soon come when this blight of legalized adultery be everywhere removed from us!

9.—HOME LYRICS.*

The editor of this volume of poems says in her preface that the selection she has made is from numerous manuscripts in her possession, and that the question what to select for publication has occupied a part of her time for a number of years.

The poems are the breathings of a gentle soul, and are full of home and home-love, enriched by an ardent and sincere piety. They contain not a sentiment that is not to be highly esteemed and cultivated, and are often expressed with genuine gracefulness and with tender force.

There is contained in this volume a charming collection of dramas in verse. Convents and schools are often at a loss for the want of just such plays as these are.

The publisher has done his work well. The binding is tasteful, and the volume throughout presents an excellent appearance.

10.—IN SCRIPTURE LANDS.†

This is an entertaining account of the author's travels in Egypt, the Sinaitic Peninsula, and the Holy Land. To the mind of one who has never visited these scenes it produces never-to-be-forgotten impressions of places famous in history, both

* *Echoes of the Past*. Poems by Clara L. McIlvain. Edited by her daughter. Louisville: John P. Morton & Company.

† *In Scripture Lands*. New View of Sacred Places. By Edward L. Wilson. With one hundred and fifty illustrations from original photographs by the author. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

sacred and profane. It is to be regretted that the author displays want of information concerning the spirit of Catholicism. Yet on the whole the book is one of much value. It contains the usual information about distances, places, methods of travel, present inhabitants, and much that has been contributed by modern scientific exploration and study, as well as comparison with the Biblical narrative.

Mr. Wilson adopts Dr. C. S. Robinson's opinion as to the site of Calvary, against the unbroken Christian tradition, and, we may add, against the result of recent studies by German investigators.

The book is a splendid specimen of the book-maker's art, as well as to paper and binding as to the letter-press and illustrations.

II.—SACERDOTAL MEDITATIONS.*

The author of these meditations, though a member of the Society of Jesus, had the grace of a special vocation in behalf of the secular clergy. The experience gained from the pastoral retreats which he conducted in nearly every diocese in France, and for more than thirty years, gave him an intimate knowledge of every detail in the sacerdotal life, and his wide learning and assured prudence made him an admirable guide and counsellor in every spiritual necessity of those who have assumed the pastoral charge. These meditations are the fruit of his zeal, his observation, and his experience. Though there are many books of meditations adapted to the use of the clergy generally, there is none whose aim is more directly and exclusively for the benefit of the secular clergy than this work. Many will consider it the only book of the kind that we have in English, and priests on the mission have reason to feel under great obligation to the venerable Bishop of Burlington for the service he has rendered them in its translation. The fact that the first edition is even at this early date almost exhausted is in itself a singular testimony of the excellence and value of these meditations.

Though the work is well printed, we venture to say that the volume will be found too large and bulky for daily use, and we trust that future editions will be published in a more convenient and portable form. The absence of head-lines is another defect in a work which in every other respect is so valuable that it ought to be in the hands of all our priests.

* *Sacerdotal Meditations.* By Rev. Father Chaignon, S.J. Translated from the eleventh French edition, by Rt. Rev. Louis de Goesbriand, D.D., Bishop of Burlington, Vt. (For sale by Rev. Father Donohoe Burlington, Vt.)

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO THE READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

OUR list of Catholic authors has attracted general attention. Letters of approbation and encouragement have been received from many places where Reading Circles are as yet unknown. To the writers of these letters we extend our thanks, and request them to bear in mind that the Columbian Reading Union is entirely dependent on volunteer service, and for want of funds has no salaried secretary. Hence we must delay answers to some correspondents who have asked various questions which will require investigation. As a matter of course we expected that some authors would be overlooked. When we shall have classified the names suggested since our list was put into type, full justice will be rendered to them at a later date. For the practical utility of our list it is necessary for us to know the name of the publisher as well as the name of the author, since we wish to ascertain definitely the retail price of each book. Many of the standard works of Catholic literature are out of print. We hope that the reasons for this condition of things will be vigorously discussed by all who have information to give on this important matter.

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The officers and members of the Ozanam Reading Circle, under the care of the Paulist Fathers, organized a meeting with the object of showing "appreciation of the great gifts of Cardinal Newman which have made him for over half a century an attractive personality in the highest literary circles of the United States. His beautiful traits of character, and his distinguished ability as a defender of Catholic truth, deserve that profound admiration and esteem usually called hero-worship."

"The meeting was held in the hall of the De La Salle Institute, New York City, and was very largely attended. It proved a success in every feature of its programme. The meeting opened with a piano solo by Miss Ella Farrell, followed by an essay on Cardinal Newman prepared by Mr. John A. O'Rourke, of the Spalding Literary Union. Miss Mary Burke then read a quotation from Newman's description of a gentleman. Rev. Father Smith, C.S.P., being unable to attend, sent a very able letter treating particularly of the literary style of Cardinal Newman. This was the gem of the evening, and the felicitous manner in which it was read by Professor Alfred Young was highly praised. It was a

short but thorough treatment of the subject, and called forth the applause of the audience. He especially eulogized the *Idea of a University*.

“Mr. Joseph J. Carey evoked applause by his violin solo, in which he was accompanied by Miss Lillie Nugent at the piano. Appropriate passages were then read from the works of Cardinal Newman, and the beautiful tributes of Aubrey de Vere and Father Hewit were quoted by the members of the Ozanam Reading Circle. The cardinal’s favorite hymn, “Lead, kindly Light,” was excellently rendered by a quartette from the choir of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, under the direction of Professor Edmund G. Hurley. The audience listened with profound interest to the short address by Brother Azarias, in which he recounted some personal recollections of Newman, showing the greatness and humility of the man who did so much for Catholicity in England. He considered him as a student, teacher, orator, poet, and philosopher, and told his audience that Newman was great in each. He compared him and his work most fittingly to the rainbow, bringing bright hopes after a troubled sky. Rev. Father McMillan, C.S.P., made the closing address, in which he alluded to the friendly relations between Newman and the people of Ireland. In powerful language he defended their ancient faith, and endeavored to roll back the prejudices against the church that had been accumulating in England since the days of the Tudors.

“THOMAS J. O’MARA.”

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Cardinal Newman’s convictions in regard to the Irish people, and his deep reverence for their religious fidelity, may be shown by the following quotation from his book entitled *Historical Sketches* :

“The Saxon Catholic who lands in this island feels that he is in the midst of those who will not despise him for his faith’s sake; who name the same sacred names, and utter the same prayers, and use the same devotions as he does himself; whose churches are the houses of his God, and whose numerous clergy are the physicians of his soul. He penetrates into the heart of the country, and he recognizes an innocence in the young face, and a piety and patience in the aged voice, which strikingly and sadly contrast with the habits of his own rural population. Scattered over these masses of peasantry, and peasants themselves, he hears of a number of lay persons who have dedicated themselves to a religious celibacy, and who, by their superior knowledge as well as sanctity, are the natural and ready guides of their humble brethren. He finds the population as munificent as it is pious, and doing greater works for God out of their poverty than the rich and

noble elsewhere accomplish in their abundance. He finds them characterized by a love of kindred so tender and faithful as to lead them, on their compulsory expatriation, to send back from their first earnings in another hemisphere incredible sums, with the purpose of bringing over to it those dear ones whom they have left in the old country. And he finds himself received with that warmth of hospitality which ever has been Ireland's boast; and, as far as he is personally concerned, his blood is forgotten in his baptism. How shall he not, under such circumstances, exult in his new friends, and feel words deficient to express both his deep reverence for their virtues and his strong sympathy in their heavy trials?"

Miss Rosa Mulholland is authority for this statement:

"The Catholic University, under Dr. Newman's rule, was the first institution in the country spontaneously to erect a chair of Irish history and archæology, and it also defrayed the expenses of publication of Dr. O'Curry's valuable volume of the *Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History*. This book contains a series of lectures by Professor Eugene O'Curry, all of which lectures were, when delivered in the University, attended regularly by the illustrious rector in person. Dr. O'Curry speaks warmly in the preface to his book of the delightful encouragement he received from the presence of Dr. Newman, the courtesy of his expressions of approval, and the friendly interest shown by the 'great scholar and pious priest,' in the labors and difficulties of the Irish archæologist. Dr. Newman did, in fact, cherish a dream, which perhaps suggests the poet in him rather than the prophet; a dream of a truly great Catholic University in Ireland, to which all Catholic nations, including the Catholic section of England, should eagerly send forth their youth to be educated.

"People here [in Ireland] recall at this moment his sweet and genial ways while among them. A friend has just described how, after Mass on Sunday, he would come out in front of the church in cassock and biretta, and stand chatting pleasantly with the numbers who surrounded him, eager for a smile or a word. The church was that of the Catholic University, built by him with the surplus money subscribed to pay Dr. Newman's costs in the Achilli suit. Over beyond the green garden, on the other side of the square of St. Stephen's Green, lived Dr. Whately, the friend of old, from whom strong stress of circumstance parted him. In all the four years during which the friends dwelt so near with only a few trees between them they never once met or saw one another. Doubtless that gulf of a few perches was the sign of an open wound."

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By special request of the Ozanam Reading Circle and many others we publish the letter on Cardinal Newman written by Rev. Michael P. Smith, C.S.P.:

“To give a sketch of Cardinal Newman in one short paper, either of his history, or his character, or his work and influence, would be like an attempt to represent by a few strokes of brush or pencil some varied and beautiful landscape. The distant hills, the battlements of clouds which circumscribe and limit the view, may, indeed, be indicated. But where are their bold or broken outlines, their graceful curves; where the light and shade, the massing of trees along the side of glen and gorge; where the varied tints, the purple richness, as the sun declines in the heavens? The course of the rivers, too, may be traced out, but we miss the sweep and majesty of the turns, the glinting, shimmering beauty of the surface—now calm, now wind-swept, the clear depths that reflect the sky. For in every large subject it is the unity, the interdependence, the blending, the contrast that give reality to the view.

“But as in a landscape we may direct our attention to one object, or group of objects, without consciously excluding the rest; so, too, in a character so many-sided, in a life so long, in positions so varied, we can get a view here, we may pause to study or investigate there; taking in by piecemeal, as it were, what in its entirety would be too great a tax on our time or our powers.

“Speaking, then, to a Reading Circle composed of Catholics, I consider I shall be consulting your instruction if I confine myself to some observations on Cardinal Newman’s style, and such works of his as will, by their subject matter, be likely to recommend themselves to you.

“By style I mean a personal method and power of expression. Back of it, its source, is the man—the man moral, intellectual, gifted by nature, or trained and disciplined by study, or both. It might seem, then, for a good style, for a perfect style, we would require a good, a perfect man; but there is a mystery in the distribution of natural gifts as there is in supernatural ones; the pagan authors, lacking in much that makes the perfect man, are and have been regarded as models of style for all time—they are called the classics. In Newman we have first of all the good man, pure of heart, tender and sensitive of conscience, walking ever conscious of God’s presence, conscious, too, that he was a world-wide teacher of divine truth, upon whose utterances thousands hung, and decided the questions which affected not time but eternity. A naturally gifted man, he enjoyed the best advantages in the way of study, observation, and society that his time afforded. A thorough classical scholar, acquainted with several modern languages, he knew the sources, the resources, the genius, the

strength of our noble English tongue as few others did. He possessed a marvellous clearness of intellect, the medium for which was a no less marvellous gift of expression. He often had the desire to make known his convictions and feelings; he was often forced to speak, and he always had a message, not to a few men but to all men. These, then, were the man's moral and intellectual make-up: an upright heart, a tender conscience, the possession of the truth, the sense of responsibility, great and varied knowledge, keen logic, poetic fancy; and the result was his style, his written expression. And what a style it is! So suited to his theme, and so becoming himself. So much is he the master of himself, so much has he himself in hand, so ever-conscious, too, is he of his hearer or reader that he can be serious or playful, vehement or impressive, concise or rich; but always forcible, chaste, happy, simple, and admirable. His intellect maps out his subject, its order, its arguments; his knowledge enriches it with choice words; his fancy creates the illustrations and figures; his earnestness makes it come glowing from heart and pen; his clearness and candor makes it appeal to mind and conscience.

“Who has not heard the wise, necessary, but trite recommendation, advice, command, ‘Read only the best authors; form yourselves on them.’ Is not this, indeed, one of the main objects of the Ozanam Reading Circle? A general acquaintance with good authors, the frequent perusal of well-written books, is sure, consciously or unconsciously, to improve, enrich, and develop one's mind, taste, and judgment, and power of expression. But a literary master is like one's lover—there is only one. Others may please, attract, enlighten, but to one and to one only do we turn for truest congeniality, intimacy, sympathy, and the sense of understanding and being understood. We consciously and unconsciously imitate that one; his lightest words catch our ear, his actions engross and occupy us, and are the spring, the occasion, the model of our own thoughts and expression.

“It was the writer's good fortune, when about eighteen and in the class of rhetoric in a Catholic college, to chance upon Newman's work entitled *The Idea of a University*. It fell in with and gave definiteness and expansion to the studies that then interested him. It was a discovery; it was also a revelation. Here, indeed, was a style and a master; the gold country had been reached, and mines filled with treasures were opened to the youthful searcher. Out of gratitude he now wishes to record that among all the ‘books which have helped him,’ Newman's *Idea of a University* holds the first, the most honored place; he conceives that it is not in his power to offer any advice more properly

sued to your Reading Circle, more likely to be of benefit to individuals, than to recommend this master-piece with its many and different topics. To the general reader he would venture to commend next the *Historical Sketches*; for knowledge of men and the times, the *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics*; for spiritual reading, the *Sketches of the Saints* and his Catholic Sermons."

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The Rev. Arthur J. Teeling, of Newburyport, Mass., has organized the Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle. This is the first to be formed in honor of the great writer whose name it bears. Arrangements have also been made for an organization to be known as the John Boyle O'Reilly Literary Association of Boston. The objects of this association are the establishment of a library and reading-room which will be open every evening in the week, where information on Irish and American topics, especially, will be imparted by means of debates and lectures, as well as by books and periodicals.

A short time before his lamented death, John Boyle O'Reilly wrote this letter relating to morality in fiction, which we commend to the careful perusal of all our Reading Circles:

"Romantic literature belongs to the domain of art, on the same level as sculpture, painting, and the drama. In none of these other expressions is the abnormal, the corrupt, the wantonly repulsive allowable. The line of treatment on these subjects is definitely drawn and generally acknowledged: The unnecessarily foul is unpardonable.

"Why should not the same limit be observed in romantic literature? All art deals with nature and truth; but not with all nature and all truth. A festering sore is part of nature; it directly affects the thought and action of the sufferer, and it is as unsightly, as deplorable, and as potent as a festering vice on the soul. Why should the latter be allowed and the bodily sore forbidden?"

"The average middle-class American reader, male or female, is a Philistine unquestionably—the most impervious and cloaked conventionality known to all the nations, not even excepting the 'lower middle class' English. He wants his fiction to be as proper, as full of small exactitudes in demeanor, as good an example, on the outside, as he is himself. Humbug as he is, he is far preferable to the 'natural' type of the morbid morality-mongers who teach a lesson of an hour by a life-long corruption. The Philistine has a right to his taste, and he is right in voting down the Zola school as the best for his children. Being a Philistine myself I vote with him. JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY."

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We give hearty welcome to the new Reading Circle organized at Plymouth, Mass., by the young ladies of St. Peter's Church.

The officers are Miss Katherine O'Brien, president; Miss Joanna O'Brien, vice-president; Miss Mary Mullins, recording secretary; Miss Teresa Rogan, corresponding secretary; Miss Annie O'Connell, musical director; Rev. John F. Cummins, spiritual director. The first public exercises were held before a large and appreciative audience. The president delivered an address on the celebrated missionary, Father Druillettes, after whom the society is named. He came to Plymouth some two hundred and forty years ago, as an ambassador from the French government at Quebec, to confer with Governor Bradford, of Plymouth. After this address followed readings by Miss Mary Mullins, Miss Teresa Rogan, Miss Nellie O'Connell; and a humorous selection from Tom Hood, by Miss Katie O'Brien, all of which was admirably done and loudly applauded. The musical numbers were two chorals, by the society, and two solos, by Miss Mary Parsons and Miss Annie O'Connell. The exercises closed with a stirring address on literary endeavor, by the Rev. J. F. Cummins.

The Catholic Union Reading Circle of Boston has devoted much attention to the "Characteristics" selected from the writings of Cardinal Newman, a book which has been already recommended to all our Circles. It can be obtained at a very small cost. Under the guidance of their president, Mrs. M. E. Blake, we feel assured that the members of the Catholic Union Reading Circle will derive much pleasure and profit from the study of the Irish poets of the present century.

Favorable reports have been received from the Catholic Reading Circles at Brookline, and at Roxbury, Mass. Mr. Thomas Harrison Cummings delivered an eloquent address on "Self Culture" to the Roxbury Circle, in which he gave many practical suggestions for simple plans of study and courses of reading.

The Catholic Fortnightly Reading Circle of Buffalo, N. Y., has made a special study of many important topics. The following is a portion of this Circle's programme of study for the present year:

First Meeting—Subject: *Cardinal Newman*. 1. Biographical Sketch of, by Miss M. E. Gibbons; 2. Reading from poems, Miss May Cronyn; 3. "Characteristics," Mrs. James Mooney.

Second Meeting—*Callista*. Outline of story by Miss Mary Coffee; 2. *Callista* and *Polemo*, Miss Cruice; 3. *Juba* and *Agellius*, Miss Savage.

Third Meeting—1. Condition of the Primitive Church; 2. Grecian, and Early Christian Art.

Fourth Meeting—Subject: *Cardinal Wiseman*. 1. Biographical Sketch of; 2. *Fabiola*. Outline of story; 3. *Fabiola* and the First Christian Hospitals.

Fifth Meeting—1. Homes of the Early Christians; 2. St. Agnes and St. Sebastian in Art; 3. The Catacombs.

Sixth Meeting—Subject: *Miles Gerald Keon*. 1. Biographical Sketch of; 2. Outline of *Dion and the Sibyls*; 3. Accounts of the Life and Death of Our Lord from non Christian Sources.

Seventh Meeting—1. The Sibyls and their Prophecies; 2. Belief in and appearance of Dæmons; 3. Dionysius and the Areopagus.

From Le Couteulx Leader.

“The visit of Dr. Maurice F. Egan to Buffalo will long be remembered by all who were privileged to hear and meet him. Still a young man, his name has been for many years a familiar and dear one to all who value high ideals in literature and can appreciate the imagination, true realism, humor, keen analysis, and strong, clear English which distinguish his work. To the Catholic Fortnightly Reading Circle we are primarily indebted for the pleasure of hearing Dr. Egan’s admirable ‘Introduction to the Study of Dante’ and the very stirring ‘Talk’ which he gave before the members of the Reading Circle and their invited guests. Their speaker insisted upon more general intellectual culture if Catholics would take the place properly belonging to them in the life of to-day. ‘We are heirs of the ages,’ he said, ‘and we owe a duty to our Faith, to ourselves, to the world around us—a duty of the highest civilization as well as a perfect Christianity. All art is ours, all true science, and the best of literature—even of authors not professedly Catholic—is Catholic.’ Dr. Egan deprecated the too prevalent habit of criticism, the pulling down process, as tending to seriously impede the sort of progress for which he was pleading. In the course of his remarks the speaker paid a warm tribute to the Columbian Reading Union.

“A very large audience was present at the Dante lecture in the hall of the Holy Angels Academy on Wednesday afternoon. Dr. Egan is not an orator. He *talks* to his listeners, and is what he aims to be—suggestive and stimulating. He said that he had no new reading of Dante to give them, but desired rather to awaken a desire for, and to direct in a measure their study of this pre-eminently Christian poet, whom he ranked as the greatest of all times—next to the tremendous prophet poets of the Old Testament. He reminded his readers of what English poetry owes to the Italian and of Dante’s debt to St. Thomas Aquinas and to St. Francis of Assisi.”

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The Rev. Father Cronin has written a lengthy editorial in the *Catholic Union and Times* on the necessity of a “Catholic Literary Movement.” He extends his “warmest sympathies” to our plan of giving practical guidance in the formation of Reading Circles. We are pleased to know, on the authority of Father Cronin, that “no movement among us is more

needed. There are no doubt those who will stand aloof and sneer, from the heights of their superior culture, but the pessimist to-day soon finds himself in the minority. While the Methodists are issuing book after book, some of them admirably attractive, we are doing almost nothing. Catholic publishers have given up printing from the MS. of American authors, unless those authors take the risk. In a short time there will be no Catholic authors writing for Catholics, for the simple reason that there is no means, except through the secular press, by which the Catholic public can be reached. The Catholic publisher says, no doubt with truth, that Catholic books do not sell."

"It is unfortunate that the limited staffs of our journals prevent that active interest in and co-operation with the Catholic literary movement which ought to be felt as a necessity. Careful book notices in our press are the exception rather than the rule, and our young people go to the wrong sources for their information about books. We are not in love with the Chautauqua superficialities; but we appreciate the wisdom of the Methodists in wishing to make their position stronger than it was by attracting their young people by the surest of all baits in our age—an easy road to culture. Our dissenting friends have realized that they need something more than the religion they offer. Other attractions are necessary to supplement the barrenness of modern religious opinions; and our Methodist friends are offering them.

"We may say that the 'culture' of Chautauqua is narrow and superficial and one-sided, but it is better than none at all, in spite of Pope's worn-out sneer about a little learning. Pope had not too much learning himself, but he made the most of his sips at the Pierian spring. These Chautauqua people publish a great many books each year, some clever and others stupid. The authors are well paid; the Chautauqua central committee makes a fair profit, and the literary movement goes on. Bishop Vincent has a machine of great power which, week by week, puts the knowledge of the Catholic Church further and further from the knowledge of the American people. It is a momentous crusade without the cross; and an insidious one, for the calumnies and *double entendre* against the church are well wrapped up and keenly distributed. It is all done, too, under the shadow of toleration and Christian good-fellowship. Again, the Chautauqua methods are exceedingly attractive. Some of the best pens in the country are employed in making them so. And many young Catholics, with the best intentions, have found them too attractive to resist, for the reason that they find among their own people no provision for improving intellectually after they have left school."

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From the Catholic Review.

"The work undertaken by the managers of the Columbian Reading Union in giving to the Catholic public a complete list of the Catholic authors whose works are published in the English

language is one that cannot be too highly commended. This is the first systematic attempt that has been made to let the Catholics of the English-speaking world into the secret of their own greatness. It is well known to those versed in the ways of the literary world that many of its bright lights are Catholic, although the work done by them is of so negative a character that it does not hint of their faith. Literary people are usually of an independent turn of mind, and apt to think for themselves. Hence the number of converts among them. Yet how few of the thousands who read Richard M. Johnston's clever stories know that he is a fervent Catholic convert. The list prepared under the supervision of the Columbian Reading Union will be invaluable to librarians and pastors, outside of its immense usefulness to all classes of people. It is a very healthy sign of the times when such work is taken up by American Catholics, who, as a rule, have scant appreciation of their shortcomings in many important respects. It will be a step towards bringing the Catholic literary world into greater prominence."

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We shall esteem it a favor to get a marked copy of any paper containing a notice of Reading Circles and the work of the Columbian Reading Union. Copies of our circulars and leaflets were mailed to all the Catholic papers, and in many cases have been acknowledged with editorial notices. Our thanks to every one who assists in the good work, which we venture without timidity to declare is worthy of prominent recognition in the columns of Catholic papers, especially in the United States.

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A correspondent in Iowa writes as follows:

"What will Digby's *Ages of Faith* cost me?"

"In Scott's 'Marmion' a nun is immured. Did that custom prevail at any time in the history of the church? I am anxious to know what explanation to make to the pupils and teachers, who feel sure that the incident is not only probable but real."

To which we answer: Digby's *Ages of Faith* is now very rare, and consequently expensive. An American publisher has issued two volumes of a new edition, which are too bulky for general use in circulating libraries.

Sir Walter Scott utilized historical subjects with great skill in writing fiction. His pictures of life and character in past ages are vivid and interesting, but he is not an authority on church history. We can easily admit that monks and nuns under the feudal system did assist in acts of cruelty by command of powerful nobles and others. Whatever we find to be unjust in their conduct we may now condemn, though we are in duty bound to require proofs of any charge against them before pronouncing them guilty on the unreliable testimony of Protestant critics.

M. C. M.

WITH THE PUBLISHER.

THE January issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD has received from all sources the highest praise, not only for the matter it contained, but also for its chaste and beautiful holiday dress. The Publisher hopes to bring out the magazine in a new cover, beginning with the first issue of the fifty-third volume in April.

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While it is not practicable to reproduce all the good words that have been said of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, the Publisher cannot but quote some of the praise that has been bestowed upon it, especially from the secular press.

Says the *Lowell Courier*: "The literary standard of THE CATHOLIC WORLD is, as its readers know, exceptionally high. This number is in nowise inferior to its predecessors. Its criticisms of books are very searching and justly constitute an important feature of this magazine."

The *New York Herald*: "This is the most attractive number to the general reader that THE CATHOLIC WORLD has made in a long time."

The *Oregon Sentinel*: "THE CATHOLIC WORLD is a treasury of bright, thoughtful, suggestive original matter. It is the most ambitious and progressive of Catholic periodical publications. Its managers, the Paulist Fathers, thoroughly understand the American spirit, and are alive to the needs of the Church in this republic and the great future which awaits the one and the other. It is owing to this sympathetic and intelligent insight of THE CATHOLIC WORLD'S management that, without conscious effort, it leads and directs American Catholic thought and opinion, and compels respectful recognition from non-Catholic enemies. On account of its intrinsic worth and the value of its services to the Church in America, the magazine should be found in every Catholic family in the United States that can appreciate a high-class journal."

The *National Tribune*, Washington: "The January number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD—a magazine we always welcome—has just reached us. No mere announcement of its articles can let one in to the richness of the feast spread before him. Christmas-tide pervades the number . . . A person wanting to

get into the spirit of the times and possibly out of old ruts, will find THE CATHOLIC WORLD a healthful help."

The *Brooklyn Eagle*: "The January CATHOLIC WORLD is a beautifully embellished, sprightly, and popular Christmas number."

The *Pittsburgh Catholic*: "The January number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD has a beautiful cover of white-tinted paper, embellished in blue and gold. An examination of its contents will demonstrate the fact that they are as acceptable as the dress in which they are clothed. . . . THE CATHOLIC WORLD is a credit to American Catholic literature."

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But perhaps the strongest testimony to the value and benefit of THE CATHOLIC WORLD comes to us from private sources. From one of many such letters the publisher quotes the following:

"I feel so strongly on the subject that I want to say here, even at the risk of taking too much of your time, that your magazine has been of the greatest help, comfort, and strength to me. I am an American Catholic, a convert, and my family and surroundings are entirely Protestant; and as THE CATHOLIC WORLD writes from an American as well as a Catholic standpoint, it has helped me many times. If you benefit others as much as you have me, your reward will indeed be great. That God may bless you in the good work is the prayer of _____"

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The Publisher begs to acknowledge the receipt of \$5.00 from an unknown reader to be sent to the heroic Sisters the story of whose lives was so graphically told in the last number of the magazine in the article entitled "Christmas in the Arctics." The money has been duly forwarded.

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The Publisher regrets that the first of the series of articles by Dr. Barry, announced to appear in this number, has been postponed until the March issue.

Benziger Bros. have just published:

A Sketch of the Society of Jesus. By Rev. D. A. Merrick, S.J.

The Heart of St. Jane Frances de Chantal. Thoughts and Prayers. By the Sisters of the Divine Compassion.

A Novena to St. Catherine de Ricci. By the Sisters of St. Dominic, Albany.

They have also in press :

Counsels of St. Angela to her Sisters in Religion. From the French by an Ursuline Nun.

An illustrated edition of *Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare's Comedies*, with copious notes by Dr. William J. Rolfe, is announced as nearly ready for publication by Harper & Brothers. It forms the fourth volume of Dr. Rolfe's series of English Classics for School Reading, and is designed to be of service not only as a supplementary reading-book, but as an introduction to the study of Shakespeare for those who are old enough to begin that study in earnest.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published a third edition of *The Life of Blessed Margaret Mary*, with some account of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. By Rev. George Tickell, S.J.

The first volume [January to April inclusive] of a second edition of *The Science of the Saints in Practice*. By Rev. J. B. Pagni. The second and third volumes are in preparation.

Lady Merton: A Tale of the Eternal City. By J. C. Heywood, author of *Herodias*, etc.

They have in preparation a *Practical Geometry for Science and Art Students*. By John Carroll, Art-master, Hammersmith Training College.

D. Appleton & Co. will publish at an early date an English translation of Father Didon's *Life of Christ*, which has created such a sensation in France.

Burns & Oates have in press a collection of documents on the English Catholics who suffered death under Elizabeth and James. The papers are drawn from various sources—the Public Record Office, the Westminster and Stonyhurst archives, and elsewhere. The book is edited by Father Pollen, and Father John Morris contributes a preface.

A selection from the poems of Aubrey de Vere, edited by John Dennis, has just been issued by the Cassell Co. Apropos of this selection it may be of interest to know that a work entitled *The Poets and Poetry of the Century*, to be published by Hutchinson & Co., London, will contain an article on Sir Aubrey de Vere, the father of the living poet.

Swan, Sonnenschen & Co. have issued a series of short biographies, "told in good literary style, faithful in facts and surroundings, and yet forming reading matter as interesting as fiction," to quote their prospectus. The series is specially designed for young readers, and among the number we note two

which might have an interest for Catholic youth: *A Boy's Ideal* (the story of the life of Sir Thomas More) and *Father Damien*.

John Hodges, London, announces the early publication of a series of standard historical works, consisting of original matter, reprints, and translations. The first volume will be a reprint of Sir Henry Ellis's *Historical Letters*, edited by Mandell Creighton, Canon of Windsor. The same house announces the publication of a series of biographies under the general title of "Heroes of the Cross." The aim will be to make the lives historical rather than devotional and controversial. The first volume will be *St. Gregory the Great*, by the Right Rev. I. B. Snow, O.S.B.

In their series "Epochs of Modern History," Longmans, Green & Co. have just issued *The Epoch of Reform*, by Justin McCarthy, M.P.

Mr. Richard Ashe King, who recently contributed a paper to this magazine, is the author of a novel published by Ward & Downey, of London, entitled *Love's Legacy*. It received a favorable criticism in a late issue of the *Athenæum*.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- A NOVENA TO ST. CATHERINE DE RICCI. By the Dominican Sisters. New York: Benziger Bros.
- THE HEART OF ST. JANE FRANCES DE CHANTAL. Compiled from the French. New York: Benziger Brothers.
- SKETCH OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS. By the Rev. D. A. Merrick, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.
- THE LIFE OF THE BLESSED MARGARET MARY. By the Rev. George Tickell, S.J. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.
- THE SCIENCE OF THE SAINTS IN PRACTICE. By John Baptist Pagani, of the Institute of Charity. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.
- THE CHRISTIAN VIRGIN IN HER FAMILY AND IN THE WORLD. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.
- THE VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE WORLDS. By the Rev. J. W. Vahey. Milwaukee: Hoffman Bros.
- INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF FEDERAL GOVERNMENT. By Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D. Boston: Ginn & Co.
- REMINISCENCES, MEMOIRS, AND LECTURES OF MONSIGNOR A. RAVOUX, V.G. St. Paul: Brown, Treacy & Co.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

- THE EFFECTS OF THE PRODUCTS OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES. By Thomas Darlington, M.D. New York: Trow's Printing Co.
- PROVIDENTIAL AGENCY IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. A Thanksgiving Day Address. By the Rt. Rev. Bishop of St. Cloud, Dr. Otto Zardetti.
- CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT: Chicago, 1893. Chicago: Catholic Home Print.
- THE CATHOLIC YOUNG MAN IN CATHOLIC LIFE. By Condé B. Pallen, Ph.D. St. Louis: B. Herder.

THE
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No. 312.

THE WITNESS OF SCIENCE TO RELIGION.

FIRST ARTICLE.—CAN WE PROVE RELIGION INDUCTIVELY?

IT is an age of deep spiritual unrest. Indifference to religion, as the Abbé de Lamennais observed it sixty-five years ago, has passed into religious excitement, sane or morbid, but almost universal. The stupendous discoveries and inventions which are drawing mankind together, practically fulfilling that once-impossible dream of annihilating time and space, have, by the same stroke, rolled out before us immeasurable prospects in the starry Heavens, and put back the fancied beginnings, whether of our race or our planet, until it might seem that we were looking on infinitude face to face. In the conflux of two eternities, in the meeting of immensities, we stand at every moment; but now, so keen is the apprehension of these things which knowledge has bestowed on minds not otherwise of extraordinary compass, that we touch the overwhelming fact as with our hand. The "open secret," from this point of view, is a constant vision. And science holds the glass through which we study and take it in. Microscope, telescope, spectroscope,—these and their like are the wonder-working instruments which, if they have not thrust back the "threshold of sensibility," nor disclosed new senses—a task left for other kinds of experiment, as I shall say later on—have, at all events, brought us closer than the human spirit ever stood before to the boundaries of matter. The veil which hangs between seen and unseen may still be impenetrable, but it is becoming translucent. Our heightened senses perceive light where there was only darkness. The rind of the commonplace grows thinner. Materialism itself is on its knees before the mys-

tery which, with stammering lips and a double tongue, it calls "the Unknowable." So intoxicated are men with the wine of this bewildering science that the formerly dead-seeming thing known as Nature has become to them a living miracle; and Lotze and Herbert Spencer, the transcendentalist and the agnostic, agree in declaring that "life" rather than "matter" is the root-word, the Alpha and Omega, of all our knowledge.

There is beginning to be an inductive, thoroughly ascertained, experimental science of Life. Modern biology proceeds, not on hearsay nor tradition, not by poring over moth-eaten recipes for curing gout by snake-stone, and for mixing nauseous compounds on the principle that what is abnormal must needs be efficacious, but by letting the phenomena tell their own story, without fear or favor. "*Hypotheses non fingo*," said the great Newton, content to dismiss cycle and epicycle, to look at the facts and allow them to suggest the meaning that was in them. Newton, indeed, was far from unwilling to make experiments; and every experiment may be called a guess, a provisional hypothesis. But it must be provisional, not dogmatic.

When the facts are shown to contradict it, the assumption, however clear it may be to the indolent or the opinionative, must quit the field. Acting on this stern and fruitful method of "proving all things"—that is to say, of bringing them to the touchstone of fact or reality; and in this manner of "holding fast that which is good"—biology has marched from conquest to conquest, is already capable of understanding the nature of diseases which have long baffled the physician, and by virtue of understanding them has learnt to control the issues of life and death within certain regions of the world of germs. The characteristic of induction is that it always keeps in touch with fact. It verifies by renewed instances the doctrines handed down to it from previous experience. It is never old, because the knowledge whereon it lives and thrives is not stored in dead volumes, but springs from present and perfectly accessible realities which may be handled a thousand times and will always yield true results to valid methods. Because Nature is an "infinite book of secrecy," it demands exploration by the most minute and delicate processes. But it is an "open secret," and therefore it gives an answer when duly interrogated.

The world of life is a wonder and a mystery; but it is not a contradiction, not an insoluble enigma without a meaning. Were the mind of man foreign to it, then we should feel per-

petually balked as we tried to measure its contents and scan their laws. But science testifies that our mind is at home everywhere in Nature. Orion and the nebulae when cross-examined by the spectroscope utter language as intelligible to the astronomer as that which the flame of a stearine candle utters to the chemist. In a lump of coal there is no less strange and familiar a story than in the meteorites which fall upon our earth from we know not whence. The stars in their courses obey the law of gravitation which, as a mathematical formula, is not more præter-human, however astonishing in height and depth, than the multiplication-table learnt by a child of six years old. Man's mind is a part of Nature. Science is the finding out of things hitherto unknown, not the creation of intellectual phantoms, nor the projection of our shadows into imaginary spaces. There is no human creature out of Bedlam who can seriously affect to believe that astronomy, or chemistry, or biology, as experimentally known to us, does but amount to a play in the mind weaving its notions together like a rope of sand, without ground or justification in reality. I know, and you know, with a perfectly unshakable certitude, which we are compelled to affirm because it is evident to us and because we cannot by the utmost effort shut our eyes to the truth of it, that there exists a world outside our fancy and not dependent on our feeling, such as common sense and science report of. We know that fresh and fresh discoveries have been made concerning its "power and potency." We feel confident that many more, and perhaps even more wonderful, will yet be made. The key of knowledge does not create the treasures of reality to which it has unlocked the entrance; nor does the eye which sees invent the daylight. Science, it will be granted on all hands, is the revelation, not complete nor adequate, yet objectively valid, of a universe which exists and has existed. It is not merely an ordered dream, for its predictions may be verified, as they constantly are. The guarantee of its possessing the known and not simply the imagined is that it foretells a future which by due experiment we can at once make the present. If facts so ascertained were not knowledge but a delusion, the whole mind of men would be unhinged, reason would be thrown off its balance, and absolute self-devouring scepticism would reign over the mental chaos.

On this now universal admission I take my stand. I am a firm believer in the objective validity of that kind of knowledge termed science, which is founded, I repeat, neither on hearsay

nor on the manipulation of abstract formulas, but on observation, experiment, and reasoning verified by these. And seeing the progress which has followed our dealing with matter and life in obedience to such methods, I ask myself, Is it not possible to deal with religion in a similar way? There is an inductive basis of astronomy, geology, chemistry, dynamics, biology. Is there an inductive basis of religion? Can we prove the immortality of the soul, the law of righteousness, the existence of God, as Newton proved the law of gravitation, or as Pasteur has shown that spontaneous generation does not take place? Have we any good reason for supposing the truths of Natural Religion to be of so utterly different a texture from these truths that the universe, searched into experimentally, will furnish no token of them. I cannot believe that the mind has been thus strangely constructed. Logic is one, not divided against itself, and where there is reality comprehensible to the intellect there may be induction.

Observe that I do not speak of Revelation and its truths. I speak of what is called Natural Religion, which according to the doctrine of the Catholic Church is a statement of facts ascertainable by man's unaided reason, though Christianity had never existed. "It is at any rate conceivable," says Professor Huxley, "that the nature of the Deity, and his relations to the universe, and more especially to mankind, are capable of being ascertained, either inductively or deductively, or by both processes. And, if they have been ascertained, then a body of science has been formed which is very properly called theology."* In this sense it is that I mean to use the word religion. It is a code of duties derived from affirmations of the human mind reflecting on the things of this present world, and applying to the investigation of them precisely the same rules of evidence and observation, in order to discover their purpose, make, and origin, which it follows in determining their relations to one another. The discussion of efficient causes in particular leads up to the general question, Is there an efficient cause of the whole? In like manner I cannot have satisfied myself that every part of an organism serves a purpose, helps to bring about a definite result, and does so by its very constitution, without going on to ask, What purpose does the organism serve in its turn? and Is there a purpose which all organisms combine to effect in the course of the world's development? The science of efficient causes runs back into that of the

* *Critiques and Addresses*, p. 48.

First Cause. The science of ends or purposes takes us forward to that of the Final Cause. Evolution, so far as observation bears witness to it, is a chain hanging loose at both ends. Can we, by obedience to the methods of science, connect and foster these ends, to that which is not evolution? Is there a reality which does not change beneath the hurrying flux, the downward everlasting stream, of phenomena? What proofs can I give that such a reality exists and is not merely, in Pindaric phrase, the "dream of a shade."

I must not begin with preconceptions other than those which, by the very make of my being, I should take with me whether I would or no to the study of any facts or principles whatsoever. Authority is to be silent. Liking and disliking are to be put out of court. Imagination may suggest lines of inquiry, but is on no account to tender its vivid or lovely fancies instead of dispassionate proof. Sympathy, familiar association, inherited prejudices, are no more to be regarded because the question of immortality is under discussion than if it were the question of electricity. When science fails to be judicial, it is not science but pleading. And here only the facts must plead—the facts and conclusions drawn from them by strictly logical, conscious deduction. I do not affirm that either sentiments or presentiments have no value in their proper place. I say only that this is not the place for them. I am addressing the typical man of science, not the poet or mystic, not the baptized Christian, not the seer who lays claim to inspiration, nor his followers, to whom their master's *Ipse dixit* is final. When I speak of reason, I understand by the word self-evident premises and arguments of which every step is taken deliberately and with perfect consciousness. The glass through which I look is not to be tinged with passion or desire, and should refract as little as possible. Without a mind I cannot move in the world of thought; if employing my own mind is fatal to knowledge, then I can never know anything. But if, as physical science assures me, the mind which perceives does not create the objects of its perception, and need not distort them, I may surely endeavor to turn its gaze towards every part of the horizon, to the zenith or the nadir, as well as to the east or the west. All I ask is fair play and no favor, liberty to examine the phenomena with an unprejudiced mind such as in all departments of human inquiry the scientific man does his utmost to attain.

But as I start free from preconceptions, so I do not hamper

myself with arbitrary definitions of that which I am seeking. My purpose is not to analyze an object already known. It is to discover what may be known. Let me explain by a famous example. I might begin by inquiring, in the well-known words of the late Matthew Arnold, whether there is "a Great Personal First Cause, the moral and intelligent Governor of the universe."* But I have no ambition to fly before I can walk. I shall not therefore set out by asking this tremendous question, and still less by doing what the author of *Literature and Dogma* says all the churches do, viz., by taking the existence of such a Personal First Cause for granted. I mean to assume only what I cannot possibly help assuming. Not with framed definitions of this kind shall I proceed to work, but, using the primary postulates and axioms which are involved in the very action of my intellect, I shall put a few elementary queries to the facts which I know that I experience, and which any one else (if another intelligent being of the same make as myself exists in the world) may also experience if he will take similar measures. Instead of asking about a Personal First Cause, then, I shall simply inquire whether such facts as I have ascertained bear witness to an intelligence outside myself, a thinker, of whose mind these realities exhibit the laws and the nature.

I conceive this to be a scientific question in the strictest sense of the term. And so of the problem of immortality. I dismiss altogether the traditional implications which the word suggests. I cannot begin by assuming that I know what immortality, as a Christian dogma, signifies. I introduce neither Heaven nor Hell into the argument. But, as a scientific inquirer, surely it is my right to look at the nature and operation of my intellect, or to study my moral being, to search out my place in the universe, and the likeness or unlikeness which I bear to other creatures. And if, when I have done all this, I find solid grounds for holding that I shall survive the dissolution of the visible organism wherein I now am dwelling, the argument will be absolutely scientific, as much as if it dealt with the compounds of hydrogen or fluorine and their metamorphoses. I cannot admit that I am less real than hydrogen or fluorine; and my reasoning assumes no more. It does not, in truth, assume this, except we lay down that every recognition of a self-evident fact is assumption. But on that showing all science, from first to last, is made up of assumptions and has no validity.

* *Literature and Dogma*, Introduction, p. x.

For experiments themselves are but self-evidence put into act, and we must assume that we do not fall into illusion when using the balance, exhausting a receiver, combining ascertained weights of material, and the like. I do not mean that inaccuracies may not occur. I am merely appealing to the general case, which implies the absence of illusion, and which must do so, if scepticism is not to be the gulf into which science disappears. And I believe it will be allowed by candid thinkers that if natural theology were as certain, in its primary affirmations, as we know chemistry to be, the man who did not accept it would stand self-condemned.

Now, I hold the great truths of religion, apart altogether from the Christian teaching, to be at least as certain as the experimental sciences. And I believe they can be proved in the same way. I have never laid down a treatise on light and heat, or on the carbon compounds, or on bioplasm and its wonders, without feeling deeply convinced that the witness to facts given in the volume I had been studying was a testimony of the most stupendous kind to the wisdom and power of God. It seems to me that God is everywhere present in science, hidden but yet close to the observer, "a presence not to be put by," as Wordsworth declares. I do not at all understand how science leads to atheism. That it makes an end of much idle imagining, of childish, barbaric, and superstitious anthropomorphism, I can well conceive; and I rejoice to think of its purifying and enlarging power on the mind by which it is duly cultivated. When the writer of *Natural Religion* ascribes to science the introduction of an "austere Theism," I agree with him, adding only that, austere as it may often seem, the conception of God which natural knowledge fosters is likewise singularly tender and beautiful. It is a vision of high and awful majesty, most silent, terrible beyond the reaches of our souls. But what can exceed its grace and loveliness, the dewy freshness that attends the steps of nature, the great laughter of heaven and earth, when "the morning stars sing together for joy?" These are not poetical fancies. Modern science has outstripped all that poets ever feigned, and the beauty of its discoveries fascinates while it subdues. A volume on spectrum analysis will display more charm of color, light, and motion than Dante's *Paradiso*. And yet the *Paradiso* sounded like inarticulate music in the ears of Thomas Carlyle. I remember—to take quite a different and a seemingly repulsive subject—that a morning spent in the museum of the Royal College of

Surgeons with Professor Mivart, amid biological specimens either normal or monstrous, was like the exploration of undreamt-of regions where one miracle outdid the next and the spirit was lost in amazement. Faraday's pursuit of electricity and magnetism through their varied forms reads better than a romance. When the blood corpuscles, with their history written in their very outline, are magnified and thrown upon the screen, there is no audience that does not feel the stupor and the hush of an unspeakable revelation. "Verily, God was in this place, and I knew it not." The metamorphoses of life, the forms of water, flowers on the frosted pane or the lilies of the field, sun-spots and the aurora borealis, the dynamics of a lapsing stream, or the mysteries now dimly unveiling, though in deepest shadow, of dreams and sleep,—it matters not where we look, One Presence stands behind all these things, living, acting, guiding, and the laws of His ordaining which we discern are His manifestation. Those who talk of a Godless universe will be justified when they have banished from it order, beauty, development, the fitting of cause into cause, and of multitudinous operations to one great unquestionable effect; when matter and life cannot agree as we see them doing, when the brain ceases to serve thought, when light and the eyes do not suppose each other, and when our instruments yield only confusion on being turned to the depths of ether. But surely not till then. For so long as I can scientifically affirm law, reason, harmony outside my own mind, and can predict the future by arguing from the present, I am not to be shaken in my belief that the Objective Intelligence whose action I recognize everywhere is the God for whom I have been seeking.

It may be urged, at this point, that physical science, using for its means of investigation only the senses, sharpened indeed but still remaining mere sight and touch and hearing; can never reach the spiritual substance (if such there be), and is by definition agnostic. God is certainly neither space, nor time, nor motion. By searching with the lens and the prism He cannot be found out. "I have swept the Heavens with the telescope," said Laplace; "and nowhere amid the constellations did I perceive Deity." Of course; but the difficulty arises from a confusion of the *instruments* with the *organ* of research. The senses are the instruments; the mind itself is the organ. It is not the dead eye which perceives, but the living. And the eye of life is nothing else than the intellect. Spiritual substance will not be detected by a pair of scales, nor even by a magnet. If there be

thought outside and beyond the thought of man, I grant most assuredly that it does not resemble weight, color, or motion through space; neither has it cubic contents which may be estimated. But all these orders of fact to which as many departments of physical science correspond have been distinguished by the mind employing the senses to gather experience. And without the mind, as we note in the lower animals, the senses fail to apprehend the relations of things in themselves, and are limited to the satisfying of individual or subjective needs. Grant the mind, however, and see what a difference ensues. At once an objective order begins to appear; the qualities of things are windows by which we look into them and learn the laws to which they submit, the manner of their affecting one another, and in a certain degree the reason why they do so. We cannot stop short, as the crude materialist believes—or perhaps only makes believe—at inertia, degrading every higher attribute of substance to mere weight and motion. Doubtless if reality is never anything but the power of pushing or pulling, the Prime Mover will not be a god nor even a demon. But how do the facts testify? They assert in the pushing and pulling itself a magnificent hierarchy of laws, chief among them the law of gravitation, to say nothing of capillary attraction, polarity, crystallization, the laws of combining proportion, and the possibilities of molecular mechanics. Do not these pushings and pullings drive into the stupidest heads some notion of a divine mathematics? Are they favorable to the agnostic, who would fain assert that if there be another intellect in the universe besides his own, he is not aware of it? Was it his intellect, or mine, or any man's, which invented or evoked the cosmic order by simply looking outside at an incomprehensible x or y , and projected the mathematics into the starry Heavens to be reflected back again in the shape of harmonious combinations, the thousandth part of which we are only beginning to grasp? The data of physical science may be reduced to the intelligibility of what is called matter. In other words, matter is not an unknowable enigma, but is stamped with order, moulded on a plan, and subserves ends and ideals which transcend its own range. Thus it is that the mind which interprets the visible may rise thence to the invisible, and passing from the impressed motion of molecules to the self-directing energy of life and thought, arrive at a Supreme Will whose light is within and is creative Wisdom. Physical science handles its own objects in its own way. It does not trace out all their re-

lations, but only those which are germane to the ends it has in view. But the mind of the physicist differs in no single attribute from that of the ordinary man. And as he may limit so he may stretch his vision, until it takes in the relation of all particular effects to that First Cause whereby they are brought about and upheld in being. So that the experimental knowledge of matter, while it cannot be the whole and sole foundation of a natural theology, may and ought to furnish it with data for interpretation. The printer, I take it, is often incapable of understanding Shakspeare's plays, and certainly did not create them. But he knows how to set type and arrange the pages, and that is enough. Another, with educated brains, will construe for us the meaning of "Hamlet" and "Othello." That other, who construes the physical sciences, I will term the inductive theologian, and I may now endeavor to forecast, in the briefest possible fashion, the lines on which he will proceed.

He will take nothing for granted except the method itself and the laws of thought necessarily involved in employing it. Induction means, first of all, experience, certified by every needful precaution, of real facts which may be repeated at will, or, if that be out of the question, which are proved by competent observers. I should, perhaps, interpose here that of the various classes of fact with which the present argument is called upon to deal, none are seriously controverted, so that, as regards the experimental basis, there will be little or no dispute. Again, induction, which affords real premises to the syllogism, must itself constantly make use of reasoning, and therefore cannot dispense with the laws of formal thought. But these are self-evident, and to deny them would result in complete scepticism. Lastly, when the inductive theologian has secured his premises he cannot be forbidden to draw out of them by legitimate deduction that which they implicitly contain. Thus he will establish religion on a basis of experience, verifiable in fact, and agreeing with the intuitive truths or axioms of reason. He will argue from the actual world to the past and the future; from matter, energy, life, and the intellect, as now seen in working, to God and the Law of Righteousness. He will exhibit the grounds on which we may reasonably believe in an Hereafter for man. If the three great religious problems are God, Conscience, and Immortality, he will look for the solution of them in phenomena which we have under our eyes, and in the ever-present laws acknowledged by believer and unbeliever, not from a unison of feelings which does not exist,

but from constraining evidence to be resisted by no determination of the individual will.

I may be permitted to add a single remark. In this short series of articles I shall often be found speaking in the first person, not from egotism or because I like it, but, as it appears to me, on the principles of a sound method. What is valid for my intellect must be as truly cogent for any other that exists. I shall be appealing to self-evidence, to consciousness—not to authority. And there is a second reason of even greater moment. Either I do not know that any one intellect similar to my own exists outside me, or I know it by a process in every step parallel to that by which I affirm the existence of God. This impregnable position, often too little heeded, I shall not surrender to atheist or agnostic, by assuming, as he would have me do, the wonderful knowledge that other thinking beings surround me, though I do not perceive them intuitively. I will not allow even that *he* exists, until he offers me arguments by which I shall afterwards demonstrate that, if he does, he has a living Lord and Master whom he is bound to obey. Induction shall be my method, impartial and inexorable. Let it bring me to a knowledge of man, and I will prove that it holds within itself the knowledge of God. But now, as Aristotle says on concluding his *Ethics*, which another treatise was immediately to follow, the preliminaries being over, let us begin.

WILLIAM BARRY.

HOME RULE IN IRELAND TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

THE administrative talents of Irishmen have been displayed in every part of the British Empire. To name a conspicuous example, Edmund Burke's speeches and political tracts are the storehouse of progressive statesmanship to which every public man in England turns for knowledge and inspiration; and there is not a British colony or dependency that has not been governed by an Irishman within the last twenty years.

When it is said, then, that Irishmen are not fit for self-government we are entitled to demand proofs. When it is said that the Irish Parliament was so corrupt, incompetent, and intractable that a union with England was demanded by a majority of all creeds and conditions of life and as the only means of preserving the integrity of the empire, the answer is that one part of the statement is without authority and no part of the statement can prove the unfitness of the Irish people for self-rule.

The Irish Parliament, from the Revolution to the Union, was the parliament of the Episcopalians, who tyrannized over all Protestant Dissenters for the greater part of the eighteenth century, and who persecuted the Catholics with a ferocity that surpassed, in the judgment of Johnson, the ten persecutions of the Roman Empire. I prefer to take upon this subject the opinions of Edmund Burke and Samuel Johnson, who lived in England, and the testimony of the Catholic writers, Dr. Curry and Charles O'Connor, and the Protestant statesmen, Grattan and Curran, who lived in Ireland during a part of the period of persecution, rather than the pronouncement of Mr. Lecky,* who was not born until eighty years after the virulence of persecution had passed away.

What element of stability could there be in a nation in which a tenth of the population were the jailers or the tyrants of the remainder? I do not intend to embarrass myself by considering what the result might have been if the Parliament of Ireland truly represented the entire people and possessed the powers of a sovereign legislature. It is enough that until 1782 it could only register the enactments of the English Privy Council, and

* *North American Review* for January.

that from 1782 to its extinction more than a third of the lower house was returned by the owners of pocket boroughs, and that a considerable majority of the whole house were placemen or pensioners, whose income depended on their votes.*

There were two occasions when the majority of the Irish people had an opportunity of proving that they were not without some degree of talent for government. Both opportunities came as the consequences of the revolt of the Catholic people against the tyranny of the English interest. On both occasions the majority of the Catholic leaders had no previous experience in public affairs.

The first occasion was when the Catholics of old Irish and old English descent established a provisional government in 1642, the second occasion was when the majority of the Catholics of Ireland espoused the cause of James II. at the revolution of 1688.

I propose to give a short account of the government and constitution which the Irish Catholics set up in 1642 to defend themselves against a war of extermination upon which the lords-justices of Charles I. had resolved, backed by all the resources which the English Puritans could place at their disposal. Although the king's influence and his army in Ireland were exerted against them, the Catholics proclaimed their loyalty to the sovereign as a basis of their action, and that their government would only continue until the king should be relieved from "his present troubles and be in a condition to redress their grievances."

They elected the national assembly known as the Confederation of Kilkenny to carry out their objects. They did this in the face of the army of Scotch mercenaries sent over to Ulster by the English Parliament; the army in Leinster, under the immediate direction of the lords-justices; the army in Munster, under the command of Inchiquin, one of the ablest captains of the time; and the considerable forces in Connaught under the Lord-President Coote, and Hamilton, governor of Leitrim.

The two parties that formed the national assembly, the old Irish and the old English, were influenced by widely different motives and considerations in their policy. They had only one strong sentiment in common—their religion. There is no doubt that if the old English could have secured their safety, their estates, and some degree of toleration for their faith they would

* Yet with these disadvantages the progress of the country from 1782 to 1800 was marvellous.

have joined the lords-justices against the old Irish Catholics. They offered their services for the purpose, and their services were contemptuously refused.

Moreover, their loyalty to the king was superior to every other consideration. Their allegiance, based upon the feudal bond, was a tie from which no human power could release them, and it compelled the king's tenant to serve him at all times and in all places with unquestioning obedience. Freedom of worship became a secondary consideration, and national freedom was of no consideration in the face of such an obligation.

It was quite a different matter with the old Irish. Their lands came to them from ancestors who lived in the ages of fable, and not from a fortunate freebooter calling himself a king. They acknowledged no superior but their God. To them a Stuart, a Tudor, or a Plantagenet was a man no better than themselves. Superior force in the beginning and political considerations afterwards compelled them to accord to him the respect and support due to the first magistrate. Beyond that he had no claim on their allegiance. This will account for the views of policy which later on divided the assembly into two parties, and made one of them the instrument of the king and his viceroy, Ormond, to ruin themselves, the royal cause, and their country.

But the position I contend for is in no way affected by this result. It is impossible to conceive anything more admirable than the constitution drawn up for the government of the country during the war. Nothing could be wiser or more moderate than the state papers, which explained their motives. Nothing could be more calculated to win success than the policy they adopted both within the realm and in their intercourse with the powers of Europe.

There is hardly any historical event more picturesque than the meeting of the representatives of the Irish of both races when they first determined on an alliance. Several of the lords and some of the principal gentlemen of English descent, representing their brethren, rode, attended by their servants, to the Crofty, in the county Meath, in order to meet the representatives of the chieftains of the old Irish. When the latter approached they were asked: "Wherefore ride ye armed within the Pale?" "We come," replied Roger O'Moore, the descendant of one of the ancient Irish princes, "to seek an alliance with our fellow-Catholics of the Pale for the protection of ourselves and our people, the preservation of the king's rights, and the restoration of the

rights of our religion and country." The leading men of both parties then embraced, and the alliance was ratified by the oaths of their respective leaders, O'Moore and Lord Gormanstown, amid the acclamation of their followers and discharges of musketry.

In pursuance of this treaty of union an assembly of the lords spiritual and temporal and commons of Ireland met at Kilkenny. It was called the General Assembly, and consisted of eleven spiritual and fourteen temporal peers and two hundred and twenty-six commoners, representing the Catholics of Ireland. In addition the representatives of the inferior clergy sat in an adjoining mansion called for the occasion, and in accordance with precedent, the House of Convocation. This last body had no function except to decide upon the subsidies to be levied on the clergy. This was in accordance with the practice in England and Ireland. As the inferior clergy had no representation in either house of Parliament,* and as it was a maxim of the constitution that there could be no taxation without consent, they were empowered to give their consent by their representatives in convocation. The lords and commons met in one hall, and debated and voted as one body, under the presidency of a speaker selected from the commons. Their first important duty under the constitution they had formed was to elect a supreme council as the executive of the nation, six members from each province, to carry on the government, with unlimited authority over all civil and military officials, in the intervals between one sitting of the assembly and another.

Under this constitution it was resolved that each county should have an elective council possessing the powers of magistrates in petty and quarter sessions and for the general purposes of county government. From the county councils an appeal lay to provincial councils, consisting of two deputies from each county; and which besides were to exercise the jurisdiction of judges of assizes in all matters except the title to lands. From the provincial councils an appeal lay to the supreme council.

The county councils were to be composed of one or two delegates from each barony. It is a very striking thing that the only approach to local representation in the present Irish grand juries is the enactment requiring the high sheriff to summon one grand juror from each barony, who, however, need not attend if he does not like. This provisional government in a period of

* The lords spiritual sat in right of their baronies rather than in right of their sees and abbeys.

great national danger provided for complete county representation and the consequent responsibility of the delegates to their constituents. It is only within the last couple of sessions that the English Parliament has seen the necessity of granting local government to the English counties; and Mr. Balfour is only now on the way of discovering whether such a privilege can with safety be granted to the counties of Ireland.

The supreme council got a great seal struck, and one of the earliest orders issued under it was to raise money and men in the province of Leinster for the war. Another order under it was one establishing a mint in Kilkenny, and another to set up printing-presses, not merely for the publication of the orders of council, but for printing school-books to be used throughout the country.

O'Moore; whose name has been already mentioned, wrote to his countrymen of the Franciscan order in Louvain to bring home with them their fonts of type and their books, in order to establish a high-class school in their native land. Everything that the settled government of a country could do appears to have engaged the attention of this revolutionary government. There does not appear in one single respect an absence of constructive talent of the highest order.

This is the highest talent of statesmanship. In the conduct and management of the affairs of ordinary government a certain training, with the assistance of permanent officials will enable statesmen of moderate talents to cut a good figure. For seven years the assembly waged a great war against superior resources, ruled the parts of the country in their hands from time to time with a justice and wisdom that gave peace and safety to the inhabitants, made treaties with foreign powers, and only failed to secure the results it hoped for because the supreme council was allowed to exercise control over the generals in command.

At the beginning of its administration the council had to provide against the danger of a famine threatened, in consequence of the destruction of crops in the preceding year, by the combined armies of the king, lords-justices, and the Scotch. This it did by taking off the duty upon foreign grain of every kind. In order to import lead, iron, arms, and ammunition it was necessary to do the same for these materials. Ship-builders and mariners from the continent of Europe were invited to settle in Ireland by guarantees of the privileges of citizenship. The council issued letters of marque and chartered vessels to cruise along the shores. The assembly closed its first session by publishing a declaration of independence, in which it avowed its loyalty to the king and ex-

posed the terrible oppression of the lords-justices and the parliament of Scotchmen and English clerks which sat in Dublin and called itself the Parliament of Ireland.

It was a mistake to put the control of the army so absolutely in the hands of the supreme council. Americans, from their own history, will understand the importance of leaving the discretion of generals unfettered. The radical difference between the principles of the old Irish and the old English which pervaded the general assembly were still more fatally reflected in the supreme council, because the majority of this body belonged to the latter element. The evil of this was not felt in the earlier stages of the proceedings. The enthusiasm and devotion displayed at the Hill or Crofty still hung around them, and the result was a marvellous change in the social aspect of the country. The lords-justices were cooped up in Dublin, and the Dublin parliament idly expelled and attainted of high treason those of its members who belonged to the general assembly. Court chaplains in the two cathedrals told the soldiers to go forth and slay; the soldiers thought it more prudent to listen to the doom pronounced against the Edomites than to put the exhortation into execution. In Connaught the horsemen of Coote and Hamilton* were no longer free to carry fire and sword over the province. The large army of Inchiquin remained inactive in Munster, and the twenty thousand Scotchmen under Monroe were confined to the remotest corners of the north.

The church came out from her hiding places in the caves and mountains and inaccessible bogs; justice was administered throughout the counties without fear or favor or affection; the husbandman prepared with confidence for the labors of the coming year; industry sprang into life in the cities and towns, and the dawn of a new era seemed to be brightening in the skies.

GEORGE MCDERMOT.

* Sir Frederick Hamilton kept a diary which contains the following entry: "March 17th (1642) being their patron's day, our colonel sending for one of his prisoners; the rogues being drawn up in a body before us, we called them to come and rescue the prisoner there to be hanged in honor of St. Patrick, which prisoner being hanged, and proving but an old sack of straw, long stockings being sewed to it, as it was thrown over the gallows, our hangman sitting thereon, calling to them if they had charity in them to send the poor prisoner a priest. They, imagining that sack to be a man, fell all on their knees in our view, praying for the prisoner's soul." This took place at Hamilton's castle of Manor Hamilton in the County Leitrim, the ruins of which show that it must have been a strong and exceptionally commodious baronial mansion.

MR. MATCH-MAKER RAM.*

THE little girl looked wistfully after the carriage which was taking the grown people of the family to a wedding in the neighboring village, and wondered if the time would ever come when she could wear a long white silk, such as her sister Stella had on, and carry a beautiful feather fan like hers. But it was getting dark and very cold on the piazza, and she went back into the house, wisely deciding to continue her reflections by the sitting-room fire. There she found Aunt Mandy, who had come down to take care of the house and the children until the wedding was over; and as the little girl saw her ensconced in a big rocking-chair and already helping Frank to shell the corn they were to pop, and noticed the pile of sweet-potatoes in the corner ready to be roasted, she decided that, after all, there were compensations for the misfortune of being too young to wear trains and go out in the evenings. But evidently her mind still ran on the marriage, for presently she stopped eating the popped corn and said curiously:

“Aunt Mandy, how do people ‘make a match’?”

“Umph!” grunted the old woman, while an amused smile hovered about her lips.

“Wot does you know ‘bout sich ez dat, anyhow, I wonders?”

“I don’t know anything,” replied the child, blushing a little, “but I heard Miss Sarah Alston say that Mrs. MacRae had moved heaven and earth to make a match between Miss Juliet and Mr. Calvert when mamma told her they were going to be married to-night.”

“Pity but wot somebody could ‘a’ moved sompen to match her to some man, den she wouldn’ be so brigatty meddlin’ wid t’o’er folks’ marryin’,” said Aunt Mandy contemptuously; “but nobody wouldn’ have ‘er. She wuz de sort o’ gyal’ mens ‘spises. Lawd! ef I ain’t seed mist’ess mighty nigh fitten to quar’l wid Marse Nat ‘ca’s’e he wouldn’ wait on Miss Sarah w’en she’d be settin’ off ter herse’f; but he’d des sw’ar he wouldn’,”

* The chief incident in this story, or rather the one upon which it turns, is literally true. The writer had it from the lips of the lady at whose house it occurred. It is to be regretted that negro dialect stories lose in the printed or written form the inimitable manner of their telling by a negro. The mimicry and the gestures add a zest to the narrative which no mere words can impart.

p'liteness or no p'liteness. He say he didn' relish bones an' vinegyar."

Aunt Mandy leaned over, picked out the best potatoes, wrapped them up in hot ashes to roast, put a fresh stick of wood on the fire, and then rocked herself back and forth and indulged in a retrospect, the children keeping respectful silence the while, for this might mean that a story was forthcoming, and children love the spoken narrative as truly as did ever the listeners to the Minnesingers. After awhile Aunt Mandy chuckled:

" 'Tain't allers folks ez makes matches 'twix' two mo' folks do. I hearn 'em say Gord A'mighty makes 'em sometimes, do I doubts dat mons'ous? I seed too many mismatches to be blamin' Gord A'mighty fur sich bunglin' work. But de beatenes' match-maker uvver I knowed, ef 'twarn't er old Ram you may chop off my head same ez er chicken. Want me tell you all how he done it?"

The children assented eagerly and drew their chairs closer to the old woman's.

" I sho is got er good 'memb'unce. Seem lak in de middle o' de night I ups an' thinks 'bout things whar's done passed an' gone clean 'way. Now no longer'n t'o'er night I wuz studyin' 'bout de fust time uvver I hearn any talk 'bout wah, an' fightin', an' things. 'Twuz de ve'y Chris'mus a'ter Mittie an' Miss El'nor come home fum P'tapsco, dat fur 'way school whar de 'rusty-crats used sen' ter."

" Who were Mittie and Miss El'nor?" asked the little girl. As much as Aunt Mandy disliked being interrupted the little girl sometimes did it, for, otherwise, the way Aunt Mandy had of assuming that she was personally acquainted with the characters of her stories rendered the narrative anything but intelligible to her. Aunt Mandy looked at her now as if pitying a child who did not know these people who formed part of the old woman's ideal world.

" W'y, Mittie wuz nex' ter Marse John, which he wuz mist'ess' ol'est Bradford chile. Co'se she warn't sho 'nuff name' Mittie; she wuz name' Em'ly Falkland Nicholas Bradford a'ter her great gran'mammy Nicholas, but I tuk ter callin' uv 'er Mittie 'stid o' little mist'ess, an' t'o'er niggahs picked it up f'um me, an' pres'n'y de white folks got at it too, do mist'ess allers did 'spise nicknames.

" Aw! an' Miss El'nor—you dunno her by dat name, dat's so. She wuz Marse Billy Eaton's onlyst chile, an' she used stay at

we all's house fum Mond'ys twell Frid'ys, so she could go ter school ter we all's Yankee teacher. Her an' Mittie wuz dess one age, an' w'en Marse Billy Eaton went ter res' he willed marster guardyeen fur Miss El'nor an' all her niggahs an' her two big plantashuns.

"Lawd! Lawd! warn't Miss El'nor er team! I boun' yer t'warn't er tree in de grove at Oaklawn she couldn' clime, an' she'd dess live in de orchid trees fum de time apples wuz big ez hick'ry nuts; she didn' mind eatin' green apples—she didn' mind doin' nothin', 'less it wuz set in de house an' do lak t'o'er gyals. Maybe you doan' b'lieve it, but I seen 'er many er time, eben a'ter she wuz grown, put 'er han's on 'er horse so—an' gi' er spring an' be right in de saddle, den ride her horse squar' at de fence, an' *zoo!* over she'd be, an' gone 'fore Marse John 'u'd know wot she wuz 'bout. Dat 'u'd be w'en she wuz mad wid 'im an' wouldn' 'low 'im ter he'p 'er. Dey wuz quar'lin' constant. I hearn 'er tell 'im once w'en dey wuz school-chillun she wush she wuz er boy dess long 'nuff so he'd hit 'er, an' den she could gi' him er good beatin'. Ef she had 'a' been er boy I dess 'spec', Marse John or her, one would 'a' been kilt. But, 'stid o' 'spisin' uv 'er, Marse John he sho' loved 'er; an' she! she allers heap ruther be settin' har' gums an' shootin' bows an' arrows wid him dan stayin' wid Mittie. Mittie wuz one dese ladyfied, gentle chillun.

"But den pres'n'y time done rolled 'roun', an' Mittie an' Miss El'nor done gradiwated, an' dat Chris'mus I wuz talkin' 'bout come, an' Marse John he home fum Chapel Hill an' brung Marse Dick Stith wid 'im; an' Marse Nat done tired trablin' an' come back ter settle down; an' mist'ess she so lonesome an' longin' fur Miss Kather'ne (time Miss Kather'ne's fust chile wuz born she made up wid Mist' Dawson; she nuvver didn' fu'give 'im do); an' dat Chris'mus Mist' Dawson an' Miss Kather'ne an' dey two chilluns come ter Oaklawn fur Chris'mus. Ev'ybody in de bes' o' humors, ev'ybody frolickin', fiahs a-roarin' in ev'y rum in de house (sixteen o' 'em), egg-nogg a-flyin' 'roun', fiah-crackers a-poppin', fiddles an' banjoes a-playin' ole Virginia reel, an' 'Step light, ladies,' an' Crutchy Kertillyun ev'y night an' part o' ev'y day. Niggahs comin' fum t'o'er plantashun ter see niggahs on de home place, an' marchin' up ter de gre't 'ouse* fur Chris'mus gif's. An' mo' good things ter eat, Lawd! warnt dey!—umph! I gits hongry right dis minnit dess a-'memb'rin' uv it. T'warn't eben er niggah-baby on de plantashun dat didn' have 'is face

Gre't 'ouse,—*i. e.*, great house, the master's home; corresponding to manor-house.

right shiny fum soppin' 'taters an' fresh-meat gravy, or else 'possum gravy; co'se at de gre't 'ouse we all had turkey, an' barbecue, an' ham cooked in M'deira—but git away, Mandy! ef you doan' stop I'll dess be 'bleeged ter see ef t'aint sompen ter eat some-ars now. An' 'twuz de ve'y las' Chris'mus we wuz uvver gwine see; white folks nuvver gwine be so gaily no mo'; de ve'y las' ole-fashion' Chris'mus furuvver an' uvver.

“I 'members dat day I wuz standin' out in de front hall nussin' Miss Kather'ne's baby (I'm er mighty han' ter fondle babies) an' marster an' Mist' Dawson come in fum town, whar dey'd been. I seed t'wuz sompen wrong de minnit dey come in, an' mist'ess she cotch de look on marster's face too, I be boun', 'ca'se 'twarn't no time 'fore she come out in de hall an' beckined marster ter come.

“‘Wot is the matter?’ she say. ‘You've got bad news.’

“Marster look so solum den, 'pear lak he fyar weighted down; he drawed er long sigh, an' he say:

“‘Yes, mighty bad news. South Ca'lina has lef' de Union an' I'm 'fraid udder States will follow.’

“Oop! I doan reckon you kin 'magine de way mist'ess look den. She h'isted her head, she did; she th'owed back her shoulders; she look lak she ready ter fly—'peared lak she warn't treadin' groun', an' sich er scorn come inter her voice: ‘Bad news?’ she say; ‘Glorious news!’ An' she sailed back in de parlor an' de words sounded lak t'wuz er clink in 'em, dey so hard an' cl'ar.

“‘Young people!’ she say, ‘South Ca'lina has declared her independence. The fust gun is fired. May our State go nex'.’ Den warn't der 'citement. Marse John he riz straight up, he did, an' say: ‘Amen, mother,’ an' Miss El'nor she say: ‘John; now I wush I wuz er boy so I could he'p you, fight.’ Didn' nobody talk 'bout nothin' else, an' seem lak de mos' o' de gent'mens an' all de ladies wuz dess a-eechin' ter 'mence de fight right den; but marster he ain't stopped lookin' serious, an' I hearn 'im say dat day:

“‘Dawson, now you must stump de State. You mus' he'p us keep 'er in de Union.’

“An' Mist' Dawson looked pale an' anxious same ez marster. De two mens faced one 'no'er lak frien's in trouble, and Mist' Dawson say:

“‘I'll do all I can, so help me God'; den dem two walked off terge'er. Dey didn' feel lak 'joicin', I seed dat; but I couldn' make out wot in de lan' all de commotion wuz 'bout. But I foun' out dat winter, dat I did. Union, Secession; Union, Secession; dar it went

—some standin' up fur one, some fur t'o'er; an' 'pear lak ev'ything in er work an' er fermint. Marster an' Mist' Dawson dey Union mens; dey a-prayin' an' a-'seechin' folks ter stick by de ole-fashion' way. But one day w'en me an' mist'ess wuz out in de flower-gyardin seein' 'bout plantin' some tech-me-nots an' things, marster he come walkin' firm an' steady, his mouf sot, an' he tole mist'ess somepen 'bout how Lincoln done forced 'em ter choose 'twix' leavin' de Union an' cuttin' dey bro'ers' throats. He wuz dis yere *still* mad; an' w'en folks gits still mad, now, blood's gwine be shed ef you doan look out.

“ ‘Wot did I tell yer?’ mist'ess say, an' dey walked off inter de house.

“ A'ter dat we didn' hear no mo' 'bout Union—naw, suh! De folks dess talked 'bout wah! wah! an' ev'y time you go ter town you heah drums a-beatin' an' mens a-marchin' an' a-drillin'. Marse John he comes home ter jine de home comp'ny whar wuz gwine.

“ An' one sunshiny day de ladies an' de ole mens went ter town ter see de reg'mint off, an' I went too on de cyart wid de boy whar wuz gwine carry some things ter de depot. Hit sho wuz er purty sight ter see de gent'mens in dey spankin' new un'forms an' dey brand-new rifles with bokays stuck in 'em, an' de drums dess a-beatin' away, an' ev'ything fyar glitterin' in de sun. Marse Nat he at de head, de cunnel o' de reg'mint; an' Marse John a-struttin', so proud o' his soljer clo'es. Dey made 'em speeches, an' de ladies showered flowers on 'em, an' dey hurrahed and hurrahèd, an' bragged how dey wuz gwine w'ar de Yankees out ter er frazzle an' be home in no time. Lawd! I wonder is eben er mole or er owl any blinder'n folks is, w'en you comes ter 'sider it? Some dem po' mens nuvver come home no mo'. 'Twuz de ve'y las' time we uvver clapped eyes on Marse Nat. He fell de second big battle he fou't in, dess ez he snatched up de flag whar wuz mos' shot ter pieces an' jumped up on er breas'work, a-hollerin' ter de mens ter foller 'im. Hannibal he searched fur 'im three days, an' he buried 'im right dar on de battle-groun'; den he come home ter tell marster. He fotch marster his death-news right den; he warn't nuvver de same man ag'in, 'cep' w'en he wuz wid Miss Kather'ne, whar him an' Marse Nat loved so good.

“ But do chilluns, I sho ain't gwine set yere an' git you all ter cryin' [Aunt Mandy was wiping her own eyes], an' 'sides 'twarn't all cryin' you kin dess b'lieve. Ef Mittie an' Miss El'nor didn' 'joy deyse'ves dat time de Gates Guard wuz campin' close ter Oaklawn I dunno wot 'joyin' is. 'Twuz a walkin' wid Lieutenan'

dis, an' Major dat, an' Cap'n t'o'er one; 'twuz a-havin' de off'cers up ter dinner, an' a 'vitin' some de privits ter supper, an' a dres-sin' up in dey bes', and makin' Addison drive 'em ter de camp ter dress p'rade in evenin's 'bout fo' o'clock. An' Miss El'nor, folkes! Ef t'wuz one thing Miss El'nor loved more'n ridin' horseback, hit wuz havin' two three gent'mens dess same ez dey wuz treadin' on aigs, she keepin' 'em all in er fever ter know which one she lakked de bes'. She wuz dat kind o' gyal de white folks calls er flirt; she dess tuck ter it nachul, same ez ducks ter water. An' she wuz sich er purty 'ooman, an' laffed so cl'ar an' sweet, an' walked so light — dat sort o' springin' step — de gent'mens dey dess couldn' he'p lovin' uv 'er. I 'member t'wuz one name' Lieutenan' Bassett. He 'peared lak he thought Miss El'nor wuz er angel right down fum heaven, an' he wuz taken awful sick dess de time de Guards got orders ter move. Co'se marster an' mist'ess had him fetched yere ter nuss, an' he wuz gittin' well so he could set in de parlor an' let Miss El'nor read ter 'im an' sing ter 'im, w'en one day, behole yer! here come Marse John home on er furbelow 'count o' his wounded arm. Ooh! didn' ev'ybody 'joice ter see 'im. I tells yer, you dunno how good you loves folks twell dey'se been away in danger an' den comes back! Miss El'nor she wuz glad, too, an' I doan' reckon t'would 'a' been sich er row ef Marse John an' her hadn' bofe been so high-tempered. But de sight o' her settin' by Lieutenan' Bassett an' smilin' on him an' fannin' uv 'im, 'peared lak it dess fyar raised ole Harry Scratch in Marse John. He couldn' b'ar it; he'd set off and look glum ez er meat-axe, and pout, and speak ter Lieutenan' Bassett dat sort o' way dat put you in mind o' freezin' weather, and call Miss El'nor 'Miss Eaton,' stid o' 'Nell,' de name he 'vented fur 'er. An' she, she dess in her glory; she no mo' mindin' his puttin' on sich airs dan I minds sheet-lightnin' uv summer evenin's. Las' one day he turned fool. Maybe you dunno it, but er jealous man kin be de bigges' fool on Gord A'mighty's green yeth; an' he stopped 'er ez she wuz comin' out o' de front hall inter de side one, dat sort o' alcove whar's made dar by de stair-steps, an' whar wuz sort o' hid back, but I wuz standin' on de top landin' uv de stairs, right catty-cornered fum 'em, so dey couldn' see me (dey warn't lookin'), an' I could hear dem by lissenin' mighty close — I *kin* lissen, too, I tell yer. He say, dess ez masterful — Lawd! didn' he have nare bit o' gumption, an' he been raised up wid dat gyal? — he say, 'El'nor, I'm gittin' tired o' yo' flirtin' with Bassett. It must stop.' I reckon you all's seen somebody stick er match ter de light'ud an' pine in de par-

lor fiah-place w'en you seed big comp'ny comin' up de av'nue—know how it blazes off? Well, suh! Miss El'nor's face blazed off dat same way; her black eyes dess flashed; oop! dey fyar glittered, an' seem lak she done got er foot higher. I nachully 'spected 'er ter scream, she wuz so mad; but 'rustycrat ladies doan holler w'en dey gits mad; dey talks *low*, and de madder dey gits de lower dey sink dey voice. I had strain my years ter heah wot Miss El'nor said. She say—*des dis little bit*:

“ ‘You sholy furgit yourself, suh!’

“ ‘Naw, I doan,’ Marse John say; he dess ez masterful ez uvver; he got er temper lak his mo'er's, anyhow; ‘but I'm not goin' ter be made er fool uv’ (he makin' er fool o' hisse'f right den). ‘I've loved you all my life, an' I thought you loved me.’

“ ‘I nuvver tole you I did,’ Miss El'nor say scornful. Marse John got pale. ‘Not in *words*, El'nor,’ he say; he talkin' sweet now. ‘Nor in any other way, I hope,’ sez Miss El'nor, proud and scornful yit. Marse John he stood off er little an' looked at 'er, she gazin' right back at 'im, no mo' sign o' changin' in 'er eyes dan ef dey wuz de di'mants whar she had up-stairs. I dunno how come Marse John git mad ergin, but he did; he th'owed back his shoulders an' he say, ‘Well, you must choose now. Which shell it be, Bassett or me? I'll have no mo' o' this.’ ‘Will you let me pass?’ she say. ‘Not twell you choose,’ he 'plied, barrin' de way. ‘Mister Bradford,’ she say, ‘I could nuvver choose *you*. I wush I could nuvver see you ag'in.’ ‘Great God!’ Marse John say, but she done breshed by 'im an' marched dess ez straight ez er die ter marster an' axed 'im please ter sen' er ter see her cousin 'Liza Branch; but marster he seed dat she wuz in er fyar tantrum 'bout sompen, an' he tole 'er he couldn' spar' de horses dat day; he'd sen' 'er soon ez he could. Dat de way he tuk ter giv' 'er time ter cool off. An' dat ve'y same evenin', peoples! up driv de Branch ca'i'ge, fetchin' Miss 'Liza Branch ter stay long o' Mittie an' Miss El'nor er week; an' Miss El'nor done frustrated o' her plan—but she didn' let on she keered. She dess put on dat rose-colored organdy o' hern, whar she knowed made 'er look purty nuff ter eat, an' she come in de parlor an' she mighty nigh made Lieutenan' Bassett stan' on his head fur joy. She sot out on de pyazza wid 'im, she sung his fav'rit' song an' 'sisted on his singin' wid 'er er jewett. She showed her lakin' fur 'im so plain dat marster looked at mist'ess dess ez I wuz handin' some water an' say, ‘Po' John!’ ‘Po' Bassett,’ mist'ess 'plied. Mist'ess she up ter gyal's tricks, but eben she 'menced

thinkin' Marse John's chances wuz mighty slim 'fore long, an' she didn' grieve pertikler—her an' Miss El'nor wuz bofe too fi'ry ter git on right smooove terge'er; but den Miss El'nor's Bull Hill plant-ashun j'ined we all's Maratock place down in Occoneechee Neck, an' bofe terge'er made de finest corn an' wheat stretch o' lan' in dis State; so mist'ess hadn' nuvver downright 'posed de match.

“Marse John an' Miss El'nor dey quar'led dat Mond'y (I 'members 'twuz Mond'y 'ca'se I wuz on my way ter git up some clo'es fum de up-stairs' rums w'en I seed em), an' nex' Choosd'y night week we all's had er tea-party up ter Oaklawn. T'wuz Marse John, an' Lieutenan' Bassett, an' Cap'n Taylor, an' young Doctor Henry Gray, an' two three mo' soljer mens whar happened be home on furbelows 'count o' wounds or some o'er sickness, all lookin' fine ez fiddlers in dey gray un'forms wid de shinin' brass buttons; an' Miss El'nor, an' Mittie, an' Miss 'Liza Branch, an' Miss Mary Mason, an' Miss Lizzie Payne—an' I furgot who t'o'er gyals wuz, but t'wuz plenty o' 'em, an' er lively crowd hit wuz too. Mist'ess she didn' lak nothin' no better, she sho did love ter have er house full, an' so did marster; but do marster warn't home dat day, he had go ter Bertie County on some bizness; an long todes night one de Gumberry mens (dey'se all trash, mos'ly), he rid up ter de fence an' he spied mist'ess out in de yard, an' he hollered: ‘Howd'ye, Mis' Bradford?’

“‘Howd'ye, Mist' Wallin,’ she say, ‘won't you git down?’ Mist'ess wuz mighty mannerable ter dem sort o' folks, 'fraid o' hurtin' dey feelin's. ‘Naw,’ he say, ‘but I dess bin ter town an' de news come dat er *briggade* o' Yankees is marchin' up dis a-way fum Plymouth, an' I thought maybe you better give yo' son John an' t'o'er soljers warnin' ter light out.’

“Ef de groun' had opened at mist'ess' foots she couldn' be no skeerder; she hadn' nuvver seed er Yankee soljer, an' she 'spised 'em wussen rattlesnakes. She went up on de pyazza whar dey wuz all settin', an' I hearn 'er tell 'em de news. Marse John he lissen, an' he study er w'ile; den he say 'twuz boun' be er mistake, t'warn't no sense in de Yankees marchin' fum Plymouth dis a-way, an' t'warn't nare word o' it true. So dey all put it outen dey minds, an' pres'n'y w'en its mos' midnight some de gent'mens dey starts home, an' t'o'er ones dey goes ter bed, an' all o' 'em has er heap o' fun laffin' 'bout Mist' Wallin's little joke, ez dey calls it.

“But mist'ess, somehow she wuz res'less an' couldn' sleep, an' pres'n'y she hear sompen go:

“Er blum, er blum, er bum, bum, bum, 'cisely lak de fur 'way

beatin' uv er drum. She riz up and lissen. 'Fore long here it come ergin, dess er little louder. Den up she gits—de Yankees wuz comin'. She run ter Marse John's door an' wakes him an' t'o'er gent'mens, an' dat time de gyals hearn it an' I hearn it (I still slep' in de nuss'ry wid Whit an' Nick, de two younges' chillun whar I nussed, do dey wuz mos' big ez you two is now), an' I come runnin'—an' ev'ybody out in de halls a-whisperin' an' a-lissenin'. I 'members now, do seem lak I didn' notice it den, dat de ladies an' de gent'mens look lak de clo'es dess been picked up an' flung at 'em. Mittie she had th'owed on dat blue wrapper o' hern, an' her foots wuz ez naked ez w'en she come inter de worl', an' her yaller hair wuz a-streamin' down her back; an' Miss Lizzie Payne she tooken put on her dress an' den run back an' buckled on her hoop-skirt *outside* o' it, an' here she went a-bobbin' 'roun' lak er gre't bird-cage. But t'warn't nōbody 'siderin' looks right den. Folks furgits sich things ez dat w'en dey'se facin' sho-'nuff danger—an' dat fuss come ag'in. Er blum, er blum, er bum, bum, bum. Somebody started down-stairs, an' 'fore you knowed it ev'ybody wuz in de parlor, an' mist'ess she done got de oil-clof bags full o' silver an' jew'lry, an' hidin' uv 'em under er plank in de flo' whar she kep' loosened fur dis speshul purpose—I squattin' down by de 'inside parlor do', skeered mos' outen my senses. Marse John say pres'n'y, 'Gent'mens, let's go out an' reckōn-naught-ter' ("dat's de 'rustycrat soljer word fur s'arch about," explained Aunt Mandy); an' out dey goes an' lissens an' hunts; dey doan hear no soun'. Marse John come back an' say he dunno, he doan hear no troops a-marchin', but hits a-rainin' an' maybe dat deadens dey step. He say he reckon maybe de Yankees is a-comin', he dunno. De words warn't outen his mouf 'fore here it come ag'in:

"Er blum, er blum, er bum, bum, bum. Den mist'ess an' t'o'er ladies 'menced beggin' de gent'mens ter take blankets an' run down ter de woods on de ruvver-bank.

"'Aw! John,' mist'ess say, 'fur God's sake doan bre'k my heart by seein' you tooken pris'ner, or maybe shot. Please, please go. You can't help us by stayin'.

"'Yes,' Miss Mary Mason say, 'go. Dey're brave men, de Yankees are, an' brave men won't hurt 'fenceless women; but dey'll kill you all.'

"Dar it went, de ladies 'seechin' an' de mens shakin' dey heads; dey doan want leave. An' pres'n'y I ups an' sez: 'Mist'ess, you better lemme go an' wake mammy an' dem, an' be a-gittin' som-pen t'eat ready, time dem Yankees git yere. Dey do say dey'se

mens, an' ef dey is, we'se gwine stan' er heap better chance wid 'em ef we'se ready ter stuff 'em full o' vittles.' See, I knowed! I hadn' lived 'long o' mens all dat time 'dout learnin' how ter git 'em in er good humor. But warn't nobody lissenin' ter Mandy ef she wuz tellin' de Gord's trufe; folks allers is hard ter lissen ter sense. An' de gent'mens an' de ladies dey busy talkin' in whispers an' stoppin' ter hol' dey bref ev'y time dat fuss come.

"Marse John he pale, he standin' close ter de pyanner—de pyanner wuz close ter whar I wuz squattin'. Miss El'nor she edged up ter' im at las'. 'Why don't you go?' she say sort o' tremblin'.

"'What's the use?' he say. 'I doan keer 'bout livin'.' 'Don't you keer 'bout yo' mother?' she say. 'She's got Whit an' Nick,' he say; den he look down at 'er, an' I ain't nuvver seed sich er look.

"'Nell,' he say, so sad an' hop'less, 'I los' de worl' w'en I los' you.' Den here comes dat fuss ag'in—an' wot you reckon Miss El'nor done? She dess laid her little han' on Marse John's bandaged arm, she smoooved it, she nussed it, I b'lieve she cried over it.

"'John,' she say so gentle, so tender—" *my* John, let me go to the woods with you ter tek keer o' this. I can't stan' yo' leavin' me.'

"Chillun, 'tis er hēaven o' joy somears dess ez sho ez you'se born, fur some o' de ve'y light o' heaven, 'peared ter me, shined on dem two folkses' faces den. Miss El'nor she still got her han' on de wounded arm, an' Marse John he done clasped his well han' over hern. Mos' daybreak now, an' de talk gittin' lower an' ser'ouser, an' dess at dat solum-feelin' time w'en seem lak de angels whar de good Lawd sen's ter fetch de mornin' is flyin' mighty close ter de yeth, here comes dat fuss ag'in, an' de gent'mens say dey better go, 'ca'se it sounded right jam up in de grove now. Den t'wuz some mo'nful partin's; but Marse John he hugged mist'ess, an' kissed 'er; an' kissed Mittie; an' den wid dat shinin' light on his face, lak he dess got 'lijun mos', he tuk Miss El'nor close ter him wid his well arm, he hilt her dar er secon', den he stooped down an' kissed her 'fore de whole crowd, she not makin' no sign o' 'jection. An' out he walks, a-leading de way fur t'o'er mens, 'ca'se he knowed de woods de bes'.

"Dey hadn' more'n got out de back do' 'fore here dey comes back agin', a-laffin' an' a-laffin', twell I s'picioned dey mus' be skeerd outen dey senses, or else dey mus' be drunk. You *nuvver* see mens laff sich er pitch; ev'y time dey start ter tell, dey go off in 'vulsions ag'in. Wot you reckon de night's skeer

been made by? Didn' I tell yer er ole Ram had ter come in dis tale? He wuz de mischee'vuses' ole sheep whar uvver did live, an' de beatenes' jumper. Well, w'en de Gates Guard wuz camped close ter Oaklawn, mist'ess she hearn de soljers wush fur milk, an' she has all we all's cows driv' up fum de Pocason wid dey ca'ves and milked ev'y day, an' she buys some dese *deep, deep* milk-cans an' sen's de soljers all de milk she kin spar' ev'y day. An' de Choosd'y I'm talkin' 'bout, dat ar' keerless niggah milker, Jul'ann, she done hung one dem deep milk-cans on de back gyardin palin's and furgot ter take it in. Well, suh! dat night dat ole Ram he tuk er notion ter eat veg'terbles, an' he jumped over de gyardin palin's right plum inter dat deep milk-can, you heah me! An' he bin marchin' 'roun' all night tryin' git de thing off, and ev'y time he try his horns 'ud make dat fuss whar we all 'maged wuz er drum. Ev'ybody had ter run out an' see de ole sheep wid his head stuck in de can; but de cole flo' makes Mittie look down an' glimpse her naked foots, an' flies; an' Miss Lizzie Payne she catches sight o' her hoop-skirt a-shinin', an' she cl'ars out; an' t'o'er folks 'members dey looks an' dey makes tracks, and mist'ess 'menced studyin' 'bout breakfus. Warn't it a jolly breakfus! warn't it! An' Marse John he say w'en dat ole ram die he gwine bury 'im wid mil'tary honors; he say he bin er mighty good frien' ter him, an' he glance over ter Miss El'nor, an' she blushin' lak er red rose; but she didn' 'spute 'im. An' next day Lieutenan' Bassett somehow he foun' out he wuz well 'nuff ter jine de Guards; an' Miss El'nor she dess ez gentle an' kine, mos' kine ez Mittie; she ready ter do wot Marse John say, an' you know de chune he sung; hit went lak dis, 'Marry me, Nell; marry me *now*.' An' I knows er boy kep' de road hot carryin' invites, an' de ve'y Wednesday week a'ter de Ram-skeer, Choosdy, t'wuz er weddin' in we all's parlor at Oaklawn, an' Marse John an' Miss El'nor wuz bridegroom and bride—yes, suh! An' I allers is stuck ter tell it dat dat ole Ram made de match. Miss El'nor nuvver wouldn' gi'en in ef she hadn' bin skeered Marse John wuz gwine be tokened pris'ner."

"Frank," said the little girl, with the air of a discoverer, "they are the Mr. and Mrs. John Bradford who live up at Oaklawn now."

Aunt Mandy laughed as she nodded her head. Then she turned her attention to peeling the roasted potatoes.

F. C. FARINHOLT.

PENANCE.

WHO can tell the joy of life,
So sweet it is to live?
And who can tell the joy so rife
In all the world doth give?

Like light that cometh from the sun,
Like the rhythm of sweet song,
Like a day in June that hath begun
The summer sweet and long;
Like flowers that bloom o'er field and bourn,
Like the great blue sky above,
Are the joys we meet at every turn
In this fair world of love.

All sweet they are, and passing strong
The pleasures of life all the years long.

But there cometh to us who beareth His name
A season of sorrow, the time of our shame
When we think of His penance, His fast there alone,
As out from the desert there cometh a moan
For the sins of the world:
'Tis Christ there alone.

Our exemplar He is, our way and our light,
So we follow Him bravely into the night
Of this sorrowing time.
For we know on the morrow the dawn will appear,
Harbinger of a day coming swiftly and near,
When our truth and our life will arise from the dead:
"I have risen, as I told you," to the world hath He said.

So penance is easy, yes, sweet to the soul.
Of those who look onward straight to the goal
Of a life all eternal.

HENRY H. NEVILLE.

THE STONYHURST PHILOSOPHICAL SERIES.*

THE Jesuits of Stonyhurst have undertaken a very useful work in preparing this series of English manuals of philosophy. College professors differ in opinion respecting the expediency of substituting manuals in the vernacular for Latin text-books in colleges. We will not discuss this question here. There was a demand for text-books in English for the use of pupils in schools where Latin is not taught, quite sufficient to secure a warm welcome for the Stonyhurst Series. Moreover, such manuals are useful to collegians and seminarists who use Latin text-books as companions to the same and commentaries upon them, and to many other intelligent readers who desire to make private studies in philosophy.

A student in philosophy thus expresses what has been the desire of a great number for a long time: "Oh! for some one to popularize the scholastic theories as Mill and Bain have popularized theirs. What good could be done, not only for those who do not read Latin, but for those perplexed students who have taken little doses of all the new-fangled inventions of individual theorizers. 'Be Thomists, but at the same time be Modernists,' said Archbishop Ireland to the students of the Catholic University of America. 'Be Modernists, but at the same time be Thomists,' says Leo XIII. to the students of the Catholic universities of the world."

To translate the scientific language of scholastic metaphysics into the best English which the nature of the case permits, and to give clear, intelligible expositions of its theses and hypotheses, is a most desirable and laudable undertaking. It is, moreover, requisite to appropriate whatever is true, good, and serviceable from the modern writers, to criticise all the modern systems, and to refute all the pernicious errors with which most of these modern systems abound.

What is the most necessary work to be accomplished in this line of English Metaphysics, is the composition of an exhaustive System of Scholastic Philosophy on a large scale. Father Harper began to write such a work, and the portion of it which he was able to finish, before the failure of his health compelled him to

desist, was executed in a masterly manner. Not only did he bring great learning and very superior reasoning powers to his great task, but he was also able to express himself, even in his deepest and most subtle argumentations in pure, idiomatic English, and in a clear and easily intelligible manner. If he had finished his work as successfully as he began it he would have deserved the title of the English Suarez. A complete work of this kind is our chief desideratum, and, of course, some great philosopher must be granted to us, in some part of the English-speaking world, by a kind Providence, before our desire can be gratified. Whether he be an Englishman, a Scotchman, an Irishman, or an American, we care not; so that he be a philosopher of the first class, and write in good English. Such a work would be a treasury from which compilers of compendiums, writers on special topics, and all that class of writers whose function consists in popularizing philosophy, could draw the genuine coin which they would put into general circulation.

Some few attempts have been made to produce English manuals for use in schools before the Stonyhurst Series was commenced. None of these, however, were complete, and we are not aware that any one of them has been generally adopted as a class-book.

It is no easy task to make a good text-book. It is especially difficult to make a satisfactory compendium, which shall reduce an excellent text-book in theology or philosophy into such compact dimensions that it can be used to advantage by scholars in a short course. It is only less difficult to make such a compendium than to make a catechism. The word "catechism" suggests the mention of Dr. Mivart's *Philosophical Catechism*, a perfect little gem, and a model in miniature of what a compendium of elementary philosophy for schools ought to be, in order to serve as a class-book. We wish in passing to express the high esteem which we consider to be due to all the philosophical writings of the same author.

Returning now to our immediate topic: we have in Latin manuals for a longer course, of a most excellent character, such as those of Liberatore, San Severino, and Zigliara, and in German that of Stöckl; beside others, we believe, in German, Italian, and French, of which we cannot speak from personal knowledge. Of Latin compendiums those of San Severino and Russo deserve special commendation, without any disparagement of others. For our American colleges, in which a Latin compendium is used, Father Russo's manual seems to us to be the very best kind of a

class-book. Done into good English it would be well adapted for the use of the highest class of pupils of both sexes in academies.

The Stonyhurst Series comes with a prescriptive claim for approbation as emanating from the Society of Jesus, and from a college of such high repute as Stonyhurst.

As to the system of philosophy contained in these manuals, it is enough to say that it is genuine scholastic philosophy, as the same is taught in the best and most approved Latin text-books which have appeared within the last thirty years. The earlier text-books commonly used in seminaries and colleges were not without considerable merit and value. A few—such, for example, as that of Sylvester Mauro, S.J.—were purely scholastic. Father Mauro's "Questiones Philosophicæ," barring the obsolete physics, are of the first order of excellence, and in many respects superior to any later works of the kind. But in general, text-books of philosophy of a very different character had superseded the older ones before the illustrious Jesuit, Father Liberatore, began the work of scholastic reformation. The return to scholastic philosophy was gradually being effected through the influence of Liberatore, Kleutgen, and other eminent writers, when the condemnation of two classes of errors in philosophy, viz., those of Traditionalism and Ontologism, by Pius IX., and the publication of the great Encyclical *Aeterni Patris* of Leo XIII., which has been followed by the condemnation of a number of propositions taken from the writings of Rosmini, accomplished the redintegration of the philosophy of St. Thomas as the system to be taught in all Catholic schools.

The bishops and heads of universities and colleges have universally given their formal adhesion to the act of disciplinary authority by which the Holy See has decreed that the philosophy of St. Thomas shall be taught in Catholic schools. They have also carried it into effect by introducing text-books conformed to the doctrine of St. Thomas, and a large number of the best writers have begun and are continuing to enrich Catholic science with philosophical contributions.

In the general domain of speculation, modern systems which are opposed to Catholic philosophy have run themselves out. The systems of Locke, Hamilton, and Kant have lost their influence. German transcendentalism has evaporated in smoke. There is no modern system of rational metaphysics, and no promise of any, which can pretend to exercise powerful and general sway over the minds of men. Those who have abandoned

revelation, and renounced faith have met the fate of caravans swallowed by the sands of the desert, by wandering into Agnosticism.

In the Catholic Church there is no rival system of philosophy left to compete for dominion with the scholastic metaphysics. The temporary aberration in philosophy which followed upon the Renaissance and the religious revolt of the sixteenth century, has resulted in the discovery of "no thoroughfare" posted up at the end of every diverging road. Just as the alternative lies between Catholic theology and no theology, so the alternative lies between scholastic philosophy and no philosophy. Scholastic philosophy was generally discarded in the expectation of finding a new philosophy which would be better, following the lead of Descartes, who was a genius but no metaphysician. After suffering temporary exile as antiquated and obsolete, scholastic philosophy has been recalled from banishment and re-conducted with applause to her ancient throne as the queen of the sciences. We may venture to predict that she will never again be dethroned and banished.

We must not be understood to say that there is a perfect unanimity in all points among the votaries of scholastic philosophy, or that there is any system finished in all its details, and deserving to be called, *par excellence*, the scholastic philosophy, to be found in any one philosophical sum. Much less do we affirm that the Holy See has put the seal of authority upon any such system as being in all its parts a final and obligatory formula, like the Nicene Creed. The Holy See has not done this even in theology, and there is no reason to expect that she will ever do so. Theology has its dogmas, its universally received conclusions, its commonly accepted doctrines, its opinions of different schools, more or less probable, its private speculations and conjectures; shading off from certainties into theories and hypotheses. It is progressive orthodoxy in the true sense, subjected to continual development and improvement, yet ever substantially the same. So it is, *a fortiori*, with philosophy.

Philosophy, as a natural and rational science, is an inheritance from the Greeks, which is equivalent to saying that it has been received from Plato and Aristotle. Christian philosophy attained its most perfect bloom in the thirteenth century. Aristotle and the Peripatetic philosophy gained a pre-eminence in the Christian schools so decided that Aristotle was dignified with the title of *The Philosopher*. To a very great extent this was due to St. Thomas, who is *par excellence* the Doctor of the Universal

Church in Theology and in Philosophy. St. Thomas was not, however, a mere disciple of Aristotle and expositor of his metaphysics: He was the equal of those two wonderful intellectual luminaries, Plato and Aristotle, in original genius and those rarest of all mental endowments which make up the metaphysical intelligence, combining in himself the highest gifts which were the characteristics, separately, of these two illustrious Greeks. He did not adhere so exclusively to Aristotle as to refuse admission to the best ideas of Plato. Several parts of the doctrine of each of the Grecian sages are irreconcilable with Christian faith, and other parts are deficient. These shortcomings had to be supplied in a Christian philosophy: St. Thomas, standing on a height above the Attic plain, and enjoying a brighter light of the Divine Word who "enlighteneth every man coming into this world," was able to give an improved version of the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, to appropriate and systematize all the best thoughts of the Christian Fathers, and to cast the brilliant light of his angelic intellect upon the whole domain of metaphysics and ethics.

In the Catholic schools St. Thomas reigns without a rival. We will not say that Duns Scotus has not bequeathed his portion of intellectual wealth to enrich the common treasury of science. But the Scotist school, as such, has been absorbed by the Thomistic, which is the only one now existing in theology and philosophy. All are professed disciples of St. Thomas. There are important differences and controversies, it is true, particularly between Dominican and Jesuit theologians, and these differences extend into philosophy. This can be seen by comparing Liberatore with Zigliara. Both sides, however, claim to be the correct interpreters of St. Thomas. In a few points the majority of modern writers depart from the plain and acknowledged opinions of the great Doctor. We cannot say, therefore, that there is a system of philosophy which is unanimously recognized as being in every part and in all details the genuine authentic teaching of St. Thomas, and as such unreservedly adopted. Supposing, even, that we can have a firm conviction that we clearly understand in all its parts the whole metaphysics of St. Thomas as it was in his mind and intention; is it reasonable or Catholic to swear by every word of our Master, as the last word of rational philosophy? Have we a finished and infallible formula of metaphysical science? Is there no room for investigation, discussion, development, and progress?

In our opinion scholastic philosophy is capable of advance-

ment and improvement, by its own principles and method, along its own lines. This is especially the case with that part of it which borders on or overlaps the domain of physical science. Therefore we cannot regard any one text-book now extant as an absolute and perfect standard and measure of that adequation of the understanding to objective reality which constitutes the truthfulness of our rational judgments. We do not think that it is possible to compose such a text-book. The utmost which can be achieved is an approximation, which leaves the way always open to nearer and nearer approximations to that perfect philosophy which is unattainable in our present state of deficient intelligence and knowledge.

All these things may be said of all the sciences, and the most consummate masters in these sciences are the first to admit them. Nevertheless they are true sciences, and not mere guesses at truth. So with metaphysics.

It is our conclusion that the scholastic philosophy is substantially true and certain. All those parts which are more or less connected with the fundamental truths of faith and morals, those which are the most necessary and important as regulating principles of science, are the same in all standard works, and in the instruction given in all Catholic schools. A great collection of the highest and most valuable truths, the cream of the wisdom of all ages, is given to young scholars as their intellectual nutriment, both sweet and wholesome.

It is a great boon to English youth to have a series of manuals of Catholic philosophy in their mother tongue. Not only has there been a lack of instruction for the general body of English students, but for many years past they have been dosed with the noxious and dangerous nostrums of philosophical charlatans. The case has not been so bad in our American colleges. The fault here has been more an inadequate and imperfect instruction than one fundamentally erroneous. Some of the most eminent of our college instructors, notably Dr. Porter, of Yale, and Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, have produced excellent and solid works. Nevertheless, the invasion of the low and degrading pseudo-science of materialism is here also dangerous. And Catholic youth, both in England and America, have need of all possible safeguards against infection from the prevailing malady of intellectual doubt and unbelief which undermines not only all Christian faith, but all rational science as well.

The Stonyhurst Series, all intelligent Catholics must admit,

is, for the reasons we have given, a welcome addition, of great practical as well as theoretical value, to our too scanty collection of sound philosophical works, in English. We have a guarantee which is perfectly sure that these manuals contain sound and wholesome doctrine in the fact that it is derived from the fountain of wisdom in the writings of St. Thomas. They are not systems of private, individual speculation, theories of adventurers exploring unknown regions in search of truth. They are expositions of that ever ancient and ever new philosophy which is the sum of all rational knowledge, the combined result of the reflection of the wisest pagan and Christian sages.

The Catholic student may receive their doctrine in perfect security that he will learn in their pages all that by common consent of authorized teachers in Catholic schools belongs to certain metaphysical and ethical science; that the parts which are merely theoretical are probable opinions sustained by respectable authority, and that there are no dangerous errors inculcated. If he fails to find complete satisfaction in regard to some subjects, the way of inquiry and investigation is open before him, and if at last there remains a mist of obscurity shutting in the horizon, he may content himself with the reflection that there are some questions which must always remain unanswered, some problems which can never be solved even by the greatest philosophers.

A critical judgment on the Stonyhurst Series respects only the manner and not the matter of their teaching, so far as we are concerned.

The authors of the several volumes are clever and learned men, and experienced teachers. They know the art of writing English well, and are familiar with the modes of thought and the mental temperament of their pupils and readers. In a general way they have succeeded well, as we might expect they would not fail to succeed, in giving a clear and complete exposition of philosophy as it is found in the most approved text-books, in a genuinely English style and manner. For the use of private study by educated men and women, and also for the more mature and advanced students in colleges and academies, these excellent treatises are well adapted and must prove of the greatest utility.

How far they are adapted for use as class-books for pupils who are from sixteen to eighteen or twenty years of age, is another question. There are now five volumes of considerable bulk, and there must be two more, viz., one on Cosmology and

one on Natural Theology, to complete the set. It is difficult to see how pupils can get through so much in the time usually allotted to philosophy. In this country one year has been the time; but even two years would not be enough if the instruction is given by learning and reciting lessons out of the text-books.

Again, these manuals are more like lectures than lessons. They are full of discussions and polemical arguments, in a free and flowing style, like that of articles in a review, better adapted for reading than studying for recitation, and they are not printed in a convenient way for the use of pupils.

The writer of this review must acknowledge that he has not given that thorough examination to all these volumes which would enable him to criticise them minutely. He has had occasion, however, to use Father Clarke's *Logic* as a class-book during the past year, and this experience shows that this particular manual is well adapted for the purpose. There are, however, some examples taken from mathematics and physical science which need correction. Practical teachers, and to some extent their pupils, are the only competent judges of the merits of these manuals as class-books. The gentlemen of Stonyhurst must understand better than any others how to provide for the instruction of their own pupils, and just what use their published manuals are intended for. Teachers in other colleges and schools who adopt them for use in their classes will find out by experience just how far they meet the want which has hitherto been felt of an English text-book, and how far this need still remains to be supplied.

Our own remarks on this matter are only tentative suggestions, for the sake of bringing out the views and stimulating the efforts of others who are engaged in this particular branch of instruction.

The practical outcome of all we have to say is, that a Compendium of Philosophy in English is wanted, corresponding to such a class-book as Father Russo's Latin Compendium. It must be a *compendium*, and not a text-book like those which are used in ecclesiastical seminaries. It is wanted for secular colleges, where Latin text-books are not used, for high-schools, and for the upper classes in academies for young ladies. It must be arranged in view of a course of five or ten classes a week for one year. If the course should be extended in any school to two years, the text-book can be supplemented by the use of other books and the lectures of the professor. If it is necessary to provide for different classes of pupils, one class needing

a more elementary, and another capable of a more advanced kind of instruction, this can be done by printing in large type all that belongs to the first category, and the rest in smaller type.

The method followed should be didactic and magisterial, and not controversial. It will be better to omit even the objections, with their answers, which usually follow each lesson in our common text-books. The most direct way of refuting error is to present the truth and prove it, especially for pupils in an elementary course. Besides, there is not room enough in a compendium for anything more than the positive, didactic instruction; the brief statement of objections, with equally brief answers, is not satisfactory, and only suggests puzzling difficulties to the young mind. A really sufficient discussion of erroneous systems takes up a great deal of space, and had better be relegated to some other place than the class-book. It would seem, also, that for the higher classes in colleges, where a thorough course of liberal education is given, ethics requires to be studied as a separate branch, and that the elementary lessons of such a class-book as we have in mind cannot suffice. Not only young men destined to the professions, but young women also, who aspire to a higher education than the one of ordinary routine, if they continue their studies after graduation, will require something more than a compendious class-book in philosophy. But we confine our attention just now to beginners in this branch of study, those whom we may call the junior scholars.

For this class of pupils we think that the suitable compendium of philosophy in English which they need has not yet been compiled. To form and execute the plan of such a book, which would at once prove its excellence by its general acceptability to teachers and pupils, we have already said, is no easy matter. The author must be thoroughly acquainted with all his topics, he must be an experienced and successful teacher, he must be master of a good English style, and that kind of style which is exactly suited to the purpose. It must be terse, clear, and in phraseology as plain as possible, and yet scientifically accurate. There is no way of teaching philosophy in flowing, diffuse, and rhetorical style. The difficulty lies in the subject-matter, just as in algebra and geometry, and cannot be gotten rid of. The necessity of reducing so many topics to a brief compass and a succinct exposition increases the difficulty. The most exquisite tact, judgment, and skill are necessary in arranging, proportioning, selecting among a mass of materials what is to be inserted and

what omitted, and adapting everything to the average level of the understanding of that class of pupils for whom the text-book is intended. Probably every one who has some experience in teaching will agree with the opinion we have expressed, that it is much more difficult to make a good compendium than to make a text-book for a more extended and thorough course.

The whole subject of education, from the primary school to the university, is full of practical problems which are not easy of solution. All the grades of schools, from the highest to the lowest, depend on each other. The question, What improvement is necessary? and the question which follows the answer to the first one, How is it to be effected? are very serious ones. So far as philosophy is concerned, it seems a pity that more time and attention cannot be given to this highest of all rational sciences, which educates and ennobles the mind above all others. To make room for it, and for other disciplines of the higher sort, the grammar-school work, which takes so much of the time of college students, should be finished, together with other preliminary schooling, before entering college. It is a pity that so much time should be spent in merely learning how to use the instruments of study, especially when they are laid aside after very little and not very profitable use. That which is best worth knowing, rational philosophy and the Catholic religion, is only superficially learned. But we cannot go into the discussion of this topic now. It is time to close, with thanks to the gentlemen of Stonyhurst for the valuable service they have rendered to English philosophy, and an expression of our hope that they may continue their labors.

A. F. HEWIT.

STORY OF A CONVERSION.

MY mother's father was born in Pennsylvania, of mingled Scotch, English, Welsh (and *perhaps* Scotch-Irish) descent. His father offered him, when a lad, his choice between a farm or an education. The other sons got the farms; he took the education. While yet a stripling he joined the American Revolutionary army. Soon after, having been captured by a band of Indians, he was saved from torture and death by an Indian woman's adopting him into her family. He stood over six feet in height, and his portrait, taken at a later date, gives him deep blue eyes and a Roman nose; doubtless, he was comely to look on. After several months passed in captivity he regained his freedom, returned to his studies; and we next hear of him as a lawyer, married to my grandmother, and living in a Pennsylvania village.

He was a moderate Federalist in politics, and was appointed United States judge of the Western District of Pennsylvania. He began life poor, and so continued to the end. A house always free to guests and orphans, a fine education given to all his children, various poor scholars assisted to open classical schools, a hand ready to help all just needs, and a scrupulous shrinking from every gift that might seem a stain upon a judge's ermine, accounted sufficiently for the disbursement of a meagre revenue. His wife was a little, dark-eyed woman, of nearly pure Scotch descent, with a cool head and lava streams in her heart. As practical as her husband was the contrary, she was a model mother and housekeeper. A Presbyterian "of the strictest observance," she taught the children the smaller catechism on Sunday mornings, and took them with her to the long services. My grandfather had imbibed Unitarian views in regard to the Trinity. He never interfered with the creed taught the children, only requiring them to assemble in his study Sunday afternoons and read aloud to him a chapter in the New Testament. Owing to this disparity in creed between husband and wife, the Presbyterian minister declined to baptize my mother, the next to the youngest child. She consequently received baptism at the hands of the Protestant Episcopal rector.

The household in which my mother was reared was a happy one. An excellent Italian musician had strayed out to that

Pennsylvania village and instructed the girls on the piano and in singing. The songs and ballads were those of Burns, Scott, Moore, Dibden, etc. My mother's father, finding her apt and eager to learn, himself directed her studies. He taught her Latin and Greek, and finally sent her to a boys' day-school. She, the only girl, sat at the feet of the master, an old Scotch Covenanter. Instead of hardening her character, as intended, this process only made a greater pet of the child, whom the active boys, on wintry days, dragged to school on a sled, and who earned occasional sixpences by looking up Greek roots for the lazy ones. I believe there is still extant a little Greek Testament "presented to ———, aged ten years, as a reward for being a good Latin and fair Greek scholar." My mother's sisters attended a girl's school, where they learned to hold their own in presence of their kind.

The good judge's wife was not quite satisfied with this "boy's education" for her middle daughter, and hence she was sent for some months to a fashionable school in Philadelphia to learn whatever was there to be taught. On her return home her father examined her; the result was decisive. Shaking his head he said: "Dear child, you have forgotten nearly all you ever knew!" No more girls' school for her!

The sons graduated early from the University of Pennsylvania. They studied law and were already practising in a Western city when their father met with an accident, riding his circuit on horseback. His health failing, the sons went South with him. The change of climate availed little, and the old judge was laid to rest in a Southern graveyard. The two young men remained in the South, whither they were followed by my grandmother and youngest sister. When later the younger of the twain was elected to represent his newly-adopted State in the United States Senate and started for Washington my grandmother's heart nearly broke under the pang of the separation, and the event proved that it was a final one. That fiery heart had a short while previously discovered that she was "freezing to death" in the Presbyterian Church, and had joined the Methodists under the preaching of an eloquent and popular Methodist minister, John Newland Maffitt. My mother, then ten years married, happened to be in the South that same winter. She was in the habit even then of nearly always wearing a cross in some form. I, her daughter, remember a long string of large jet-beads, with a carved cross of the same material, five inches in length, hanging from its centre. The poet preacher often sent her gifts of flowers, accom-

panied by verses inscribed to "The Pilgrim of the Cross." In her childish days she had revolted against the Calvinistic doctrines of absolute predestination and total depravity, and had secretly determined, when she should be old enough to choose her own religion, to be of her idolized father's faith. But as she grew older she could not find Unitarianism in her Testament, and hence continued to cling to the divinity of our Lord as well as to his cross; adding thereto, however, a belief in the efficacy of good works, learned from her father. As she had not been able to find any form of Christianity that answered to her mental and moral requirements, she had not had her children baptized, not wishing to commit them to special forms which did not satisfy her own conscience. Methodism failed to attract her in the least degree.

On the other side of the house, my father's father was an eminently practical man, hot-headed, warm-hearted, with little "book-learning," but with a good mind and abundant common sense. He had been an inn-keeper, assisting in the running of a line of stages between two of our large cities; also a cavalry officer, a major in the war of 1812. Later he settled down on a farm in his native place, and represented his district in the Legislature of New Jersey. My paternal grandmother was of Huguenot descent, with great brown eyes, and eyebrows inherited from her French ancestry. She was the most patient, quiet, sweet tempered, and silent of women. She was born a Presbyterian; her husband was of no religion. Hence the old trouble: my father, the only son, was not baptized. When quite an old man my paternal grandfather became a fervent Methodist, and naturally carried his gentle wife with him.

My father had his mother's eyes and sweet temper, his father's energy and strength of character. He was sent to West Point, whence he graduated with honor. There was then in our army no Topographical Corps, so that he received his commission in the artillery. However, he was soon assigned to topographical duty in Virginia and New Jersey. After ten years' service in the army he resigned, in order to continue upon the engineering duties already assumed in his native State. Devoted to his profession, and knowing his wife to be amply capable, he left her to manage the education of the three children. We lived during many years in a country town in New Jersey, passing one winter South, and a part of two years in Philadelphia.

Our mother taught us to be orderly, truthful, and obedient. Corporeal needs were relegated to the lowest place, except in

so far as health required attention to them. Whining and complaining were not allowed; indeed, the household discipline in regard to physical comforts partook of a Spartan character. The mornings were given to study, the latter part of the afternoon to out-of-doors exercise. In the evenings we saw whatever company came to the house, continued our studies, or diverted ourselves according to our individual tastes. Excellent teachers for foreign tongues and the arts were readily found. Our mother never lost her distrust of girls' schools, and hence taught us largely herself. We had short periods of schooling, for special purposes, and were instructed in music.

An ex-king and suite furnished a large part of the society of our village; there were also a railroad magnate or two, a few summer visitors from Philadelphia, with a sprinkling of cultivated and intelligent permanent residents. Religion, somehow, seemed to be at a discount. When we first went there, in 1830, the only religious edifice was a Friends' meeting-house. No one, so far as we knew, ever attended this except the Friends themselves. Later, a Baptist, and then a Methodist, place of worship were erected. We attended the Baptist meeting-house for some time, but when a Protestant Episcopal church was built in the town nearly all our friends attended it and so did we. Under threat of seeing the contents of the poor-box given to a paid organist, my mother held the charge of the organ and the choir; but she never sent us to the Sunday-school, nor had I ever the slightest inclination to become an Episcopalian. When in Philadelphia I had gone more than once to St. John's (Catholic) Church, but I do not remember any especial impression. I did not understand what was being done, and ceremonial in itself had no attraction for me.

About this time my mother was much interested in social and economic questions. She read Fourier and other writers, French and English, on these topics. While in the South, I may say in passing, my uncles offered my father a plantation in Louisiana, with laborers and all needful stock, to be paid for when he made the cost off the land, but my mother longed to see slavery abolished all over the world, and advised my father against accepting the offer. She also looked into Swedenborgianism and into Mesmerism. Everything that Dr. Brownson wrote was eagerly read by her. She had a natural drawing toward the mystic side of philosophy. In the above-mentioned matters I did not follow her. My inclinations were rather for

mathematics, logic, and the natural sciences; in fact, for the dogmatic aspect of human knowledge. While she was reading English, Scotch, German, and French metaphysicians I did manage to get through Jouffroy's *History of Philosophy*, but in a dazed sort of way, wondering if the persons who set forth the various theories really believed in them and squared their lives by them. Not until recently, since the noble philosophy of the thirteenth century has been made accessible to the uninitiated, have I found any satisfactory standing ground in that direction. The beauty of external nature, poetry, music, and the other fine arts, were always a delight to us both. But I am anticipating.

Going back to the time when I was eighteen or nineteen years old I find myself still unbaptized, believing in God as Father and Creator, in our Lord as the Divine Model, and in the Four Gospels as probably the work of divine inspiration. But I felt that this was not enough. There must be not only some things to be *believed*, but also some things to be *done*. Where to look for them? how to find them out? I concluded that if I wanted positive answers to these questions I must set out, knight-errant fashion, on a regular search for Truth in matters of religion. The forms of Christianity with which I had come in contact seemed vague and unsatisfactory. Was there nothing better? It never occurred to me to ask advice of any one on the subject. I was very shy in speaking of my inner thoughts and feelings. Along in this period an aged Catholic lady living near us offered to lend me a couple of books; I think these were the small, old edition of Waterworth's *Faith of Catholics*, and a Catholic prayer-book. These showed me that my search would be but a partial one unless I carefully examined that side also. Catholic priests had dined at my father's table (he was the soul of hospitality) and I had seen them to be quick-witted, well-mannered, and well-informed. The lovely life led by my old lady friend was certainly an argument in favor of her religion. I cannot remember feeling the slightest doubt that if I encountered Truth I should be able to recognize it. If this was indeed a lack of humility, my honest determination to follow whithersoever Truth might lead may have been accepted as a practical prayer for light and guidance.

My mother had also begun to read in this direction. Some books we read together, others separately. I cannot remember their order, for more than forty-five years have passed since then. Wiseman's *Lectures on the Church and its Doctrines* appeared to me to state the questions at issue in a most convincing light.

Fearing lest my new lights, strengthened by the attractive spirituality of books like *The Imitation of Christ*, might later prove delusive, I read through the entire Bible twice, once in a Protestant and once in a Catholic translation; also Mosheim's *Church History*, and Neander's, so far as then published. I felt the importance of the testimony of history to the questions concerned, and knew that no one writer would tell me all I wanted to know. History had never seemed to me, *in its details*, a very certain source of knowledge. So much depended on the point of view! The lessons learned in the ordinary course had contained the usual accusations against Catholics, as such, of bigotry, despotism, ignorance, duplicity, etc., but had left little impression on my mind. I had made my customary allowances for the prejudices of the writers.

Two or three years passed in these studies. Meanwhile my brother had been prepared to enter college, and we had moved our residence to the collegiate town. There we were thrown into the thick of theological discussion. The reading continued. Ere long I felt that I was convinced that God has made a revelation of himself; that the Catholic Church is the authoritative expounder of divine truth, revealed in whatever way, and that she is the qualified administratrix of the sacraments. There remained for me nothing but to receive baptism.

A visit to Washington, D. C., where my uncle then lived, had been decided on, and I wished to be received into the church before leaving home. My little sister, six years old, was to be baptized at the same time. We were entirely ignorant of the proper mode of procedure. There was then neither church nor resident priest in the collegiate town where we lived. My mother and I concluded to go to New York and see the Rt. Rev. John Hughes, an old friend of our one Catholic lady acquaintance. He received us most cordially, asked me sundry questions, to all of which I could return answer except one, and gave me what I had not had before, a catechism. Turning to my mother he said, "Taught of God," and named a day for the baptism. It was a solemn and trying pilgrimage that my parents and I, with my sister, made to New York. Joyful, of course, but things seemed new and strange, and the responsibilities I was about to assume appeared rather appalling. I received in baptism the name given me at my birth, in honor of my mother's mother. My delight and surprise were great when I subsequently discovered that the day of my birth coincided in the calendar with the day devoted to the veneration of my name-saint, and that that saint was the symbol of illuminating grace.

My baptism over, I was to stand godmother for my sister, but when the bishop put the first question, before I had time to answer for the child, the sweet little voice piped up, and she answered for herself so comprehendingly that the bishop, evidently pleased, permitted her to do so to the end of the rite.

During the ensuing winter my mother was baptized in St. Matthew's Church, Washington, D. C., and we received the Holy Communion together. In the following June we were confirmed by Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, in St. Patrick's old cathedral, New York. That is over forty years ago, and I have never ceased to bless the day when the first Catholic book was lent to me. Having found Catholic books to contain such solid nutriment for the human soul, I have lent them freely, convinced that the ways of God's providence are undreamed of by us, and that our heavenly Father alone knows the proper method of reaching each individual soul.

My father made no objection to any of our doings. He facilitated our undertakings in every way, and became more and more beloved by the Catholic Irish laborers working under his direction. Later on he was heard to say that when he felt himself quite good enough to call himself a Christian he intended to be a Roman Catholic, because "they knew what they really did believe." He was baptized during his last illness. My mother passed away assisted by the sacraments for the dying, my sister (poet and artist) still lives an exemplary life in the Faith; my husband is a son of the Catholic Church; our baby boy is a tiny saint in Paradise, and my daughter, our only living child, will (D. V.) make her final profession in the convent of St. Dominic, Newark, N. J., during this coming month of May. Again I say, Blessed be Catholic books!*

*I add the names of a few of the books that have proved useful. Moehler's *Symbolism*, Butler's *Lives of the Saints*. Other lives, those of St. Francis, St. Dominic, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Teresa, St. Francis of Sales, St. Catherine of Genoa, etc. De Maistre's *Soirées de St. Petersbourg*, the Hughes and Breckenridge Discussion, Milner's *End of Controversy*, Kenrick's *Primacy of the Apostolic See*, Lingard's *History of England*, Challoner's *Catholic Christian Instructed*, and *History of Anglo-Saxon Church*. Spalding's *History of the Protestant Reformation*, Digby's *Ages of Faith*, Wiseman's *Essays*, Créteineau Joly's *History of the Jesuits*, Mislin's *Saints Lieux*, Dixon's *Introduction*, Rio's beautiful work, *De l'Art Chrétien* (in six vols.), Lesœur's *L'Eglise Catholique en Pologne*, Palmer's *Visit to the Russian Church*, *Roma Sotteranea*; Montalembert's *Monks of the West*, Cardinal Manning's *Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost*, Cardinal Newman's *Apologia*, *Present Position of Catholics in England*, and *Idea of a University*. Fathers Faber, Dalgairns, Hecker, and every word that Father Hewit has written. Brother Azarias' *Aristotle and the Christian Church*, Miss O' Meara's *Life of Ozanam*, Ozanam's works, especially his *Dante, et la philosophie Catholique au XIIIième Siècle*, the *Divina Commedia* itself, Hettinger's *Dante*, Vaughan's *Life of St. Thomas of Aquin*, Harper's *Metaphysics of the School*, De Concilio's *Catholicity and Pantheism*, and Thébaud's *Gentilism and The Church and the Gentile World*, THE CATHOLIC WORLD and *Catholic Quarterly*, etc., etc.

HYPNOTISM.

IT is only a few years more than a century since Mesmer, on taking his degree as doctor of medicine in Vienna, chose for his thesis "The Influence of the Stars and Planets on the Cure of Diseases." A little later we find him trying the magnet as a remedy for human ailments; but this he shortly gave up and confined himself to the passing of hands over the invalid, at the same time declaring that animal magnetism had nothing whatever to do with the magnet. From Vienna Mesmer went to Paris, where he taught his theory of a magnetic fluid, and published to the world that he had discovered a cure for every disease. In 1784 the French government appointed a commission to examine the question of animal magnetism, and among those who formed the commission were Bailly, the astronomer, Benjamin Franklin, and Lavoisier. But their report—which is interesting, for it shows how ignorant these great men were of certain phenomena to-day well established—declared that there was no such thing as a magnetic animal fluid and that Mesmer's cures were entirely due to the imagination. Whereupon Deslon, Mesmer's first disciple, said: "If the medicine of the imagination be the best, why not make use of it?"

After this adverse report Mesmer went back to Germany, and from henceforth we hear little of him. But the seed he had sown was destined not to perish entirely, and in 1825 another commission was appointed—this time by the French Academy of Medicine—to study the question of animal magnetism. Their report, given after five years of patient research, was so strongly in favor of the existence of such a power that the Academy did not dare to print it.

But this report may be said to mark the end of all serious discussion of Mesmer's doctrine, which contained, indeed, some grains of truth; and if we hear little of it thereafter under its old name, nevertheless what truth it did contain was not lost, but developed and bore fruit under the masterful treatment of an English physician, Dr. Braid, of Manchester. It was he who, in 1841, first used the word hypnotism (*ὑπνός*—sleep) to describe what has been termed by some authorities artificial somnambulism, or magnetic sleep; which condition Braid be-

lieved to be analogous to, but not identical with, the mesmeric state. He clearly established that particular psychical conditions may be brought about by certain physical processes, and he proved that the hypnotic sleep was not induced by a fluid passing from the body of one person into another. He showed that the phenomena of magnetism were of a subjective nature, and he made use of artificial sleep to perform painless surgical operations. Yet, marked as was the advance made in the study of hypnotism* by Dr. Braid, the researches into it were mostly sporadic until it was seriously taken up by Dr. Charcot, of Paris, in 1878. This eminent alienist, who is at the head of the Salpêtrière, not only persuaded the French Academy of Sciences to lend an ear to what he had to say on the subject of hypnotism but to accept as facts what he told them about it.

It is a mooted question how far the hypnotic sleep differs from natural sleep. It being demonstrated that many persons may be put to sleep artificially, does it necessarily follow that their sleep is of the same kind as if they had fallen to sleep of themselves? Whatever way this question be answered, high authorities maintain that in the hypnotic state the organic functions are in an abnormal condition, while the English alienist, Dr. Hack Juke, calls the hypnotic sleep an artificially induced madness. Whether he is right or not, certain it is that a careful analysis of all the experiments made in hypnotism shows that a majority of those persons who are hypnotizable have a nervous taint; they may be quite sane, yet nervous derangement is latent in them.

It is agreed, however, by those who have made hypnotism a study, that from natural sleep to the most profound hypnotic sleep there exists an unbroken chain of intermediate states, often difficult to be distinguished one from the other, and the psychical phenomena of hypnosis † can only be understood by comparing them with the dreams of natural sleep. In natural sleep we, as it were, make our own dreams—we are in rapport only with ourselves; whereas in the artificial sleep of hypnotism the marvellous effects produced by suggestion are nothing more than dreams provoked and directed by the hypnotizer. Yet this peculiar influence of one person over another, which shows itself in so marked a degree in the hypnotic state, is after all only an exaggeration of a normal, every day fact: in the waking state

* It was for some years called Braidism.

† The state into which a subject is thrown by means of hypnotism.

we often meet persons who possess a power to attract or to repel us which we cannot possibly account for.

We also know that in natural sleep it is sometimes possible for another person to modify a sleeper's dreams by an external stimulus, and for many curious instances of such changes and modifications in the dreams of natural sleep we refer the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD to Dr. Maury's work, *Sleep and Dreams*. It may be taken as a rule that all excitations which produce languor and fatigue tend to provoke hypnosis in those who are fit subjects; and let us add that the first attempt to throw a person into this state is always more difficult than the second, and it becomes easier and easier with practice, granting, of course, the willingness of the person to be hypnotized. The hypnotic sleep may be brought on in several ways. The subject may be bidden to gaze fixedly at one spot, imitating in this the fakirs of India, who throw themselves into a trance by looking intently at one object.

In certain cases a magnet has an hypnotizing effect, as Dr. Charcot has proved. An hypnosis may also be provoked by a psychical action or impression; and this is called the method of suggestion.* Here the hypnotizer tells the subject, who is seated in a chair, that he must try to sleep, that he must think of nothing else but that he is to go to sleep. Then, after a pause, the hypnotizer continues: "Now your eyelids are beginning to close, the lids quiver more and more, the desire of sleep takes possession of your whole body. Now you can no longer resist; now your eyelids are closed. Sleep!" By this time the subject's eyes are closed, and when asked if he can open them, he tries to do so, but they are too heavy. The subject is asked if he is asleep. He answers "Yes." Yet even while he answers he has all the appearance of being asleep. And now begin the wonderful dreams characteristic of hypnosis. All the subject's organs of sense may be deluded. He will drink cod-liver oil for wine; he will sneeze if he be told that he has taken snuff. Tell him that he stands on ice, and at once his teeth chatter. In the hypnotic sleep we may even be brought back to childhood again. A lady in hypnosis, having been made to believe that she was a child, spoke to her doll in childish tones and called for her mamma. A subject may also be made to believe he is another person, or a brute, and this last phenomenon reminds us of those nervous outbreaks in the middle ages, when numbers of people would suddenly imagine

* Command given to the subject by the hypnotizer.

that they were changed into wolves and howled like wolves. And Pliny somewhere mentions a like phenomenon. So abnormally keen does the subject's sense of smell become that, if he be made to smell a visiting-card, he will, after the card has been torn in pieces and the pieces hidden away, find every piece guided by his scent. Yet here the subject's power does not go beyond that of the dog, who can follow his master's trail long after his master has disappeared from view. Suggestions may also be made through the muscular sense: thus, Dr. Charcot, by merely closing the fists of a man in hypnosis, can cause the latter to knit his brow and look angry; and he can make a subject begin to write by putting a pen between his fingers. So over-excited, too, is the power of vision in the hypnotic state, that Dr. Charcot has often suggested to a subject that on a certain sheet of blank pasteboard was represented a photograph. After the subject has looked at the pasteboard a moment it is carefully concealed among a dozen other sheets, all seemingly identical with it in size and color. Then the subject having been awakened from the sleep, and requested to look over the collection of pasteboard sheets, he will invariably find the very one which he had been told represented the imaginary portrait. Here the subject's eye has been able to detect a spot, or some other microscopic mark on this particular sheet, which mark was invisible to other eyes, and having taken a note of it he easily selects this piece of pasteboard afterward from among the other seemingly identical sheets. To quote from an interesting work by Drs. Binet and Féré, entitled *Le Magnétisme Animal*: "It is probable . . . that this image associates itself with an exterior objective point—for instance, with a point, a grain, with some tiny portion whatsoever of the white pasteboard shown to him when the suggestion was made; and it is this association of the cerebral image with an exterior point which explains the series of facts which we have recapitulated." In the hypnotic state the sense of pressure and temperature grows exceedingly delicate. In hypnosis an object has been recognized when half an inch away from the skin, merely by the increase and decrease of temperature. The subject may also walk with eyes bandaged and in perfect darkness without striking anything, because he knows when he is near an object by the resistance of the air and the change of temperature. Memory during hypnosis presents, as a general rule, the same abnormal excitement as do the organs of sense. A person very seldom remembers what has taken place during the hypnotic sleep; but while the sleep

lasts his memory is nothing less than marvellous. A subject has been known to sing a whole act from the opera of "L'Africaine," of which in his waking state he could not recall a note. A young woman hypnotized in Dr. Charcot's office at the Salpêtrière saw another physician enter, who the others believed was a perfect stranger to her; but to their surprise she knew him at once. But on awakening from the sleep she declared she did not know him. After gazing, however, a long time at the strange doctor, she did recognize him, saying: "I do believe it is a doctor belonging to the Enfants Assistés." Sure enough, when only two years old she had seen him at that institution, of which she was an inmate. And this, as well as many other instances, certainly support the view that nothing is ever really effaced from the memory. When once it has become organically registered a memory lasts through life, although we may not be able to recall it.

What is termed auto-suggestion is where the suggestion has its point of departure in the subject's own intelligence; where he hypnotizes himself. Instead of being an impression from without it is an impression from within. Thus a subject on awakening from the hypnotic sleep, which perhaps has lasted only five or six minutes, imagines that it has lasted several hours. The hypnotizer favors the illusion and says it is already 3 P.M., while in reality it is 9 A.M. At this the subject immediately grows very hungry and begs to be allowed to eat something. Here we have an hallucination of hunger suggested by the subject to himself.

Dr. John Bennett, the well-known physiologist of Edinburgh, mentions the case of a butcher who, while trying to hang up a heavy piece of meat, slipped, and the hook entered his arm. The man was unfastened and carried away half-dead. The sleeve was cut open, he groaning with pain, for he imagined himself badly hurt. But lo! no wound was discovered; the hook had merely penetrated the cloth. What is known as agoraphobia, or dread of open spaces, is nothing else but auto-suggestion. The patient is possessed with the idea that he cannot pass over an open space, and no reasoning is able to overcome his morbid auto-suggestion. There are well-authenticated cases of organic lesions being produced by auto-suggestion; for the blood is always most strongly directed to the spot which imagination points to. The French alienist, H. Mabile, observed a case in which the patient induced bleeding by auto-suggestion after it had once been brought on by external suggestion. The subject

divided himself, as it were, into two persons, one of whom made the suggestion that bleeding should occur, and it did occur: the subject's own words were heard aloud suggesting it. Professor Mantegazza, of Florence, says that at one time of his life he could induce local reddening of the skin by merely thinking intently on the spot. Dr. Amédée Dumontpallier, of Paris, has communicated a number of experiments to the French Biological Society in which he has induced by suggestion on hysterical persons local elevations of temperature of several degrees. Dr. Charcot has in several instances caused burns and blisters by suggestion during the hypnotic sleep; the idea of the blister, however, does not work its effect immediately, but after an incubation of several hours; and it is thought not improbable that all the organic functions may be susceptible to modification by suggestion. And what is equally interesting is that the reverse has been brought about, and the effect of a real blister has been counteracted by suggestion in the hypnotic state.

Dr. Dumontpallier was the first to study the phenomenon of unilateral hallucinations—a phenomenon occasionally met with in mental alienation. Here we may by suggestion in the hypnotic sleep cause a subject to see, feel, and hear only with one eye, one hand, one ear. Thus, we suggest to a subject that there is a portrait on a blank sheet of paper. Then opening only his right eye we say: "You see that portrait?" Then closing this eye and opening the left, we say: "Now you do not see anything?" When the subject is awakened from the sleep the hallucination persists; it is localized in the right eye; he sees the portrait with the right eye; with the left he sees only the blank paper. And the experiment may be developed by affecting hearing together with sight. Thus, in the subject's right ear we may describe a rural festival in which young men and maidens are taking part. This suggested image, which is apprehended by the left cerebral hemisphere, is outwardly revealed by a smile on the right half of the face, while on the left half of the face we perceive the emotion caused by the howling of an imaginary dog, which has been suggested through the left ear and apprehended by the right cerebral hemisphere. In this case the contrast between the two sides of the face is most striking, and these hallucinations, which, as we have remarked, are sometimes met with among the insane, are of the highest interest from a psychological point of view.

Dr. Dumontpallier looks on them as proving the functional independence of the two cerebral hemispheres; in other words,

we have a double brain, a belief which is steadily gaining ground, and which throws not a little light on the disease called melancholia, in which extravagant delusions may very likely be caused by unsymmetric, discordant hemispheres.

Post-hypnotic hallucinations and suggestions are perhaps more wonderful than anything else in hypnotism, unless it be what are termed negative hallucinations. A post-hypnotic suggestion is where a subject in hypnosis is told that he must perform a certain act at some future time, and this command is faithfully obeyed; thus: "At noon to-morrow you shall make me a visit," and on the morrow when the clock strikes twelve he does make me a visit, without being able to give a good reason for doing so, for he has entirely forgotten the command given him in the hypnotic sleep. But this forgetfulness is only apparent; in a later hypnosis it will be recalled. Yet even in post-hypnotic suggestions we find some analogy to what occurs in natural sleep. A person who has been dreaming of a thunder-storm will sometimes continue to hear the thunder after he wakes. There are also dreams so painfully vivid that they haunt us for a whole day afterwards; nay, such dreams are in certain cases mistaken for realities. We know there are cases of persons dreaming that they have taken an aperient, and after they awake the imaginary purge has taken effect. Does not Aristotle say that many of our acts in a waking state have their origin in dreams? And Max Dessoir, the German psychologist, holds that the hypnotic sleep merely reveals to us the hidden half of our mental life, what he terms our secondary consciousness. And, whether or no we agree with all he says in his work entitled the *Doppel-Ich*, it is well worth reading.

A good instance of a post-hypnotic hallucination is communicated by Dr. Beaunis, professor of physiology at Nancy, to the Society of Physiological Psychology (April, 1885). He says: "On the 14th of July, 1884, in the afternoon, after having put Miss A. E. in the hypnotic sleep, I made to her the following suggestion: 'On the first of January, 1885, at ten in the morning, you will see me; I shall come to wish you a Happy New Year, then having wished it to you I shall disappear.' On the first of January, 1885, I was in Paris (Miss A. E. lived at Nancy). I had spoken to nobody about this suggestion. Now, on that very day she related to one of her friends what she afterwards related to me, as well as to Dr. Liébault and others, viz.: That on the first of January, at ten in the morning, she was alone in her room, when she heard a rap on the door. After having said 'Open'

she saw me enter, to her great surprise, and wish her a Happy New Year. I almost immediately withdrew, and although she placed herself at once at the window to see me pass, she did not perceive me. She also remarked, what did not fail to astonish her at that season of the year, that I wore a summer suit (it was the same suit I had worn the day when I made the suggestion).

Thus, after an interval of 172 days the suggestion I had made had realized itself in the smallest details." Let us add that during the realization or carrying out of a post-hypnotic hallucination or suggestion, the subject assumes again the very same aspect that he bore during the hypnotic sleep; his eyes become fixed, his expression grows vacant, and he would seem to have fallen into a fresh hypnosis; indeed, good authorities maintain that this is the case. We translate what Dr. S. Morand says of post-hypnotic hallucinations in his work on *Animal Magnetism*: "Suggestions, in fact, act in two ways. Sometimes they persistently haunt the subject until they are carried out; sometimes, on the contrary, they remain unconscious and slumbering in the brain-cells, where they seem to have been stored, to wake up as if by a veritable reflex action at the moment when the conditions are realized which had been assigned for their execution." In regard to a post-hypnotic hallucination manifesting itself at the very time fixed for its manifestation, this is believed to be owing to some external circumstance.

Take away this external circumstance and the hallucination might prolong indefinitely its latent existence in the brain. Thus in the case mentioned by Dr. Beaunis—which is only one of many similar cases—we find that the day when the hallucination was to manifest itself bore a distinctive mark, viz., the first day of the new year; and this distinctive mark, this holiday-date, served as a signal, an alarm which called up the slumbering hallucination, as in the common example when the hypnotizer says to the subject: "You shall do this or see that when I clap my hands, or when the clock strikes twelve." At least this is the best explanation which the two most eminent authorities on hypnotism—Drs. Charcot and Bernheim—can give of post-hypnotic hallucinations.

The condition of a subject at the time he is carrying out a post-hypnotic suggestion, or when a post-hypnotic hallucination manifests itself, has led to a great deal of discussion.

High authorities maintain that a post-hypnotic suggestion is never obeyed in a waking, normal state. Delboeuf, professor of psychology at Liège, holds that to make a post-hypnotic sugges-

tion is in reality to command the subject to fall at a given moment into a fresh hypnosis.

As in a post-hypnotic suggestion the command is not remembered, it is interesting to see how the subject accounts for what he does. One will say: "It came into my head to do it"; another says: "Something made me feel as if I must do it"; and the carrying out of a post-hypnotic suggestion bears a strange resemblance to those morbid, irresistible impulses which are found in certain pathological conditions.

A negative hallucination is where a subject in the hypnotic sleep is told by the hypnotizer that when he wakes such and such a person—who may be standing right before him—shall be invisible to him. And nothing is more curious than to see the startled look of the subject after he wakes and finds his footsteps arrested by an unseen obstacle. Dr. Bernheim, the head of the Nancy school of investigators, tells us in his work on hypnotism: "One day I happened to be at Dr. Liébault's; he suggested to a woman in hypnosis, who was not the least hysterical, that on awaking she would not see me any more: I should be gone, having forgotten my hat. Before leaving she would take my hat, put it on her head, and carry it to my residence. When the subject awoke I placed myself in front of her. She was asked, 'Where is Dr. Bernheim?' She replied, 'He is gone; here is his hat.' I said to her, 'Here I am, madam; I am not gone; you recognize me well.' She did not answer; at the end of five minutes, after having allowed the first impression to efface itself, I seated myself at her side and asked her, 'Is it long since you have been coming to Dr. Liébault's?' She made no response; it was as if she had not heard me. Another person put the same question to her. She answered at once, 'Since fifteen days.' On which I continued, 'And you are feeling better since this treatment?' The same silence to me and response to the next person. I put my hands before her eyes for two minutes; she did not wink; I seemed to her not to exist. Finally, when she departed, she took my hat, put it on her head, and went out, etc." In a negative hallucination the hypnotizer, in order to succeed, must bring about in the subject the conviction that nobody is in front of him. Now, in normal conditions the conviction that an object is not in a certain place makes it probable that the object, if it be there, will not be perceived. The establishment of such a conviction in a subject during the hypnotic sleep springs from his utter dependence on the hypnotizer; from his unreasoning credulity as well as from his own subjective sense of weakened will

power. But according to the Nancy school these two factors do not suffice to explain negative hallucinations without adding to them a third factor, viz., a changed state of consciousness to which the name "dream-consciousness" is given, and one of the characteristics of "dream-consciousness" is that sense impressions, which under normal conditions are perceived and felt, do not become felt and perceived.

But the Paris school—at whose head is Dr. Charcot—does not accept this explanation of negative hallucinations as sufficient: "We do not believe it can be explained by the psychical facts which are at present known to us."

Persons in a light hypnosis generally wake of their own accord after a few minutes, and this awaking without any seeming cause is interesting. The same thing may be observed in natural sleep, and it is believed to be due to increase of the reflexes. But in a deep hypnotic sleep the subject, unless roused by artificial means, may continue thus for several hours. Often, however, a simple command to wake up is enough to put an end to the sleep. It is a mistake to suppose that nervous or hysterical persons are more susceptible than others to fall into the hypnotic state. But the susceptibility of tuberculous persons is quite remarkable. All observers agree that those who are afflicted with mental disease are much harder to hypnotize than those who are sane; and an intelligent person is much easier to hypnotize than a stupid person, while it is almost impossible to hypnotize those who suffer from absent-mindedness and whose thoughts are given to wandering. Nor, except in very rare cases, can a person be hypnotized who intentionally resists. Dr. Charcot has proved that the magnet has an hypnotizing effect on a certain category of subjects. And is there not here a faint analogy to the doctrine taught by Mesmer a century ago?

Dr Charcot will show one of his patients at the Salpêtrière a gong and the hammer which is used to strike it. At the sight of the instrument the patient grows alarmed, and as soon as the gong is struck he falls into a cataleptic fit. After this experiment the patient is brought to himself and is requested to look attentively at the gong. Meanwhile a small magnet is placed near his head. At the end of a minute the patient declares that the gong has faded from his view. Several hard blows are now struck on the instrument; yet, despite the deafening sound, the patient does not fall into a fit; he merely looks from one side to the other with a somewhat surprised air.

Again, the magnet may influence unilateral movements in

hypnosis. Thus, a female patient at the Salpêtrière, having been hypnotized by Dr. Charcot, has it suggested to her to write some figures, as usual, of course, with her right hand. She is then awakened and a magnet is placed near her left hand. The patient begins to write and gets as far as number 12 with the right hand. Here she hesitates, changes the pen to the other hand, and begins to write with the left: "It is to be observed that while she writes with the left hand it is impossible for her to write with the right hand; she has become left-handed with the right hand." (For further experiments with the magnet, showing its influence on unilateral and bilateral movements, see *Revue Philosophique*, Janvier et Mars, 1885.)

All authorities maintain that there exists no distinctive, well-marked break between hypnotic life and normal life. The subject does not entirely lose any of his faculties. It seems only as if the *tone* of his psychical life had become heightened. During hypnosis one always finds psychical hyper-excitability. It is not quite exact to view a subject in the hypnotic sleep as an automaton, altogether without reasoning and judgment. A subject will sometimes ask to be awakened when a repugnant suggestion has been made to him; nay, a subject in hypnosis has been known to positively decline to accept a repulsive suggestion. Professor Pitres, of Bordeaux, relates that a young woman whom he had hypnotized would not allow herself to be awakened, because he had suggested that when she awoke she would be dumb; and in order to rouse her from the hypnotic state he was obliged to give up this suggestion. Undoubtedly the power of the will is very much weakened in hypnosis; nevertheless the will still lives, although feebly, and it struggles to make itself felt, and it sometimes succeeds. Prof. Bernheim says: "The suggestion of post-hypnotic acts is not absolutely fatal; some subjects resist. The wish to perform the act commanded is more or less imperious; *they resist it in a certain measure.*" (The italics are his.) As for memory, in the hypnotic state it is absolutely unclouded, and the imagination is lively beyond description. The better opinion is that the aptitude to accept suggestions in hypnosis is owing to psychical hyper excitability; the almost absolute mastery over ~~one~~ ^{ance} for ~~what~~ ^{of it} may be suggested is due to its burning intensity. And let us here say that perhaps the best definition of hypnotism is that given by Dr. Bernheim in his work entitled *De la Suggestion*. He calls it: "The provocation of a peculiar psychical state which increases suggestibility."

The great value of hypnotism to psychology is manifest when we think what a valuable mine the dreams of natural sleep have proved to the investigators of mental life. As we have said, in the hypnotic sleep the subject's will cannot be called entirely free; yet this is not any argument against the freedom of the will. If a subject once lets himself be thrown into this undoubtedly abnormal condition he is no longer wholly himself, any more than when he has drunk too much wine. And once the possibility is established that certain disorders can be cured by the hypnotic treatment, may it not then be lawfully made use of by physicians—but only by them—just as chloroform and ether are used? Already we know that severe pain—when there is no anatomical cause—may be subdued in hypnosis; and the better opinion is that suggestion is the healing agent. If once the physician can arouse in the patient suffering from neuralgia or rheumatism the idea that the pain is gone, and if the patient accepts the suggestion we may be certain that while he is in the hypnotic sleep the pain is not felt. Then by post-hypnotic or by auto-suggestion we can make him continue to think there is no pain after he wakes; the idea is so vivid as to prevent the return of the pain. In certain cases of hysteria the hypnotic treatment is also beneficial, as Dr. Charcot has proved: "Several hysterical persons at the Salpêtrière, who have come there on account of fits, never have any so long as they are treated by hypnosis without any suggestions."

We conclude by saying that hypnotism has opened the eyes of physicians to the fact that psychology is no less important to them than physiology; more weight must be allowed in future to mental influences over the body, since it has been proved that even organic changes can be brought about by hypnotic suggestion. Hypnotism has also warned the classical school of psychology that it is time to turn over a new leaf. There are those who, when they cannot explain a fact, cry out that it is supernatural. Well, we too firmly believe in the supernatural; at the same time we believe there is nothing in hypnotism which does not admit of a natural explanation. We are only beginning to understand ourselves. We go far a-field to make discoveries, while right here the end of a minute man lie potentialities and wonders greater than are to be found in the whole solar system. But this body of ours is God's work; and, laboring in a spirit of reverence and love, no facts which we may discover concerning its mechanism can help but add to the glory of our Creator.

WILLIAM SETON.

SHAKESPEARE AS A DIALECT ARTIST.

IN THE CATHOLIC WORLD of July, 1884, there was printed one of the most remarkable—if not the most remarkable—of papers on Shakespeare that it was ever my good fortune to meet. And it was a paper in every way as admirable as it was remarkable. Taking as a text the altogether astounding assertion—astounding even in a field wherein astounding things happen with a persistence which disaccustoms us to marvel at anything—that Shakespeare makes Ancient Pistol speak in the Irish language to a Frenchman on the battle-ground of Agincourt, the writer actually proves his text out of the dictionary no less than out of the page of the play itself. And, before bearing with me in a few considerations going to show that Shakespeare was rather fond of fooling with the peculiarities of speech which he happened to encounter, and so was not at all unlikely to have brought in the Irish words, I hope the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will refer to the paper itself.

Shakespeare himself, of course, was brought up to speak familiarly the Warwickshire dialect, which everybody spoke in Stratford-on-Avon and throughout the county of Warwickshire. But it is a very curious fact, that, although the plays contain some nine hundred characters, and although these, among them, speak (or, at least, drop occasionally into) almost every other British dialect, no one of them all ever, by any chance, speaks the Warwickshire. Warwickshire dialect *words* occur in the plays in plenty. But these words are used in course, instead of some synonym or equivalent; but never, so far as I have been able to discover, specifically. In one somewhat curious case a Warwickshire word is, indeed, used in the Warwickshire sense; and, soon after in the same play, in its sense in the vernacular. But it might be a question as to whether this would prove anything of consequence enough to detain us for its examination, since the word itself is Warwickshire only in its peculiarity of a single usage. However, I cite the instance for what it may be worth.

In *Macbeth*, in the scene where the Thane of Cawdor is preparing to murder King Duncan, he inquires as to the disposition of the sleeping quarters of his guests, and he is answered that in a certain chamber “there be two lodged together” (ii. ii. 26). Here Lady Macbeth certainly uses the word “lodged” in its conven-

tional sense of to be assigned to a sleeping apartment. But, further on in the same play (*Macbeth*, iv. i. 55) Macbeth says:

“Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down.”

Now here the word “lodged” is used in its purely dialect sense: to “lodge” corn, or any growing grain, is, by the action of a storm of wind or rain, to ruin it by huddling or twining it together. Were the two instances reversed in their positions in the play, we might say that, when Lady Macbeth answered her husband’s breathless question as to the night’s sleeping arrangements, she spoke conventionally, and so used a conventional word, while, when her husband announced the great valor of his determination in that sonorous passage beginning:

“I conjure you, by that which you profess,

Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up,” etc.,

he used the rhetorical, elegant English which the fine character of his speech demanded. But, as a matter of fact; the rhetorical and elegant use is in the confidential talk; and the dialect use in the rhetorical ascription (or rather, appeal) to the metaphysical powers of the air, as represented, to Macbeth’s desperate senses, by the three withered hags on the “blasted heath.” But, as I said before, I am not sure of the conclusion to be drawn from this item, or even if any conclusion therefrom is to be drawn at all. (Except, of course, the very apparent conclusion, that Shakespeare was familiar with not only the dialect of Warwickshire, but the book English—that is, the good or vernacular English—of his times.)

But, while nothing of value may appear predicable from the use of the same word in two senses—one general and one local—in a single composition, the fact that Shakespeare’s plays contain words of all the known British dialects; used in the local, and not in any imported, senses; does, in my opinion, signify a great deal. It means, it seems to me, that Shakespeare (who did not hear anything but Warwickshire dialect spoken about him until he left Stratford for London in his seventeenth year), soon picked up enough of the other dialects to be able to select words from those dialects—to employ them, as he fancied them,

or found them useful to his rhythms—in writing his plays. Had he made a Staffordshire man speak Staffordshire dialect, a Yorkshireman speak the Yorkshire, a Northumbrian speak the Northumberland, etc., that would have only implied that he had sought out and collected specimens of such local speech as he happened to need, precisely as our playwrights do to-day, and as they have always done. But, anyhow, it is noticeable that Shakespeare never errs in making a Yorkshireman speak Staffordshire, or a Northumbrian speak Warwickshire, or the like. Like the broken English of the plays—as Dr. Caius and Sir Hugh Evans of the *Merry Wives*, who side by side for five acts maintain, one the French and the other the Welsh-English argot—the dialectic work in the plays is always upon correct lines.

Compelled, then, to recognize Shakespeare as more or less interested in dialect forms and words; and knowing that the plays are packed with Latin, French (often pretty bad), and Italian phrases, I see no inherent improbability in the finding of an Irish phrase in the *Henry V.* That the phrase is put into the mouth of the thrasonical and swaggering Pistol is making its occurrence there still more likely; for Pistol was always lugging Latin and Italian or anything else into his speech to impress his associates. He told his wife in the *Henry V.* (the Dame Quickly of the I. and II. *Henry IV.*) to take “caveto” for her counsellor. In the II. *Henry IV.* he misquotes:

Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contente;

and everywhere and always he is airing bits of other tongues than his own. Nothing is more likely than the proposition of the writer in THE CATHOLIC WORLD that Shakespeare supplied him with a few words of Irish, a language which Shakespeare must have heard constantly spoken, for there were plenty of Irishmen in London in Shakespeare's day. And Pistol is a character of shreds and patches—a light-weight scoundrel, but with the element of malice which broad comedy, as a rule, avoids. (Indeed, as contrasted with Falstaff, who is a genius and a scoundrel, and with Bottom and Polonius, who are fools and simpletons but full of sincerity, Pistol seems to have been a pure invention of the dramatist. There is nothing anyways near like him in literature, or, I sincerely believe, in human nature, though Parolles was perhaps Shakespeare's study for his creation.) I accept, therefore, the point made by the paper in

question,* not only, but offer one or two considerations of my own as to the exceeding probability of Pistol's six Irish words, and as to his speaking them at a point so apparently inappropriate as the battle-field of Agincourt, and I proceed to cite two examples of the same tendency on Shakespeare's part to flirt with speech-forms.

My first example is from *King Lear*, act iv., scene vi., line 210. Edgar, disguised as a peasant, is leading the sightless Gloucester. To them enters Oswald, who proposes to kill Gloucester for the reward which has been set on his head. Edgar, however, protects the old man. In the dialogue which ensues, Edgar, to preserve his disguise, assumes a rustic patois:

Oswald: Wherefore, bold peasant,
 let go his arm.

Edgar: Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Oswald: Let go, slave, or thou diest!

Edgar: Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. An chud ha' bin zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' bin zo long as 'tis by a vort-night. Nay, come not near th' old man; keep out, che vor ye, or ise try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder, chill be plain with you.

Oswald: Out, dunghill!

Edgar: Chill pick your teeth, zir. Come, no matter vor your foins."

Now, it would well puzzle a Philadelphia commentator to say why—when, as we have seen, Shakespeare knew all sorts of dialect words—he should in this particular instance, and although his scene is in Kent, have made Edgar assume the Somersetshire dialect. Probably the consideration did not bother Shakespeare in the least, however it may bother us. One dialect was as good as another when the point was that Edgar was feigning himself a countryman of any sort. This instance might go against our assertion that Shakespeare never misplaced his dialects, were we not disposed to give him the benefit of the doubt. Perhaps Shakespeare had a reason of his own, or no reason to the contrary (which is the same thing). But it is quite natural that a gentleman not in the habit of disguising himself, but forced to do so for once, should do so very clumsily. I can imagine no more profitless a theme for discussion than whether Shakespeare's

* Since preparing this paper the editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD informs me that the author of "The Irish Words in Shakespeare" is C. M. O'Keefe, Esq.

characters talk in bad grammar, or misquote, or blunder as to their facts, because Shakespeare was a dramatist, or because he knew no better himself.

Our second example is from *All's Well That Ends Well*. Bertram, the hero of the play, disliking the match forced upon him by his king, has joined the army of the Duke of Florence, then at war with Tuscany, taking with him his attendant, Parolles. This Parolles is much of a kind with Pistol,* so far as bragging and cowardice goes; though he is not a small thief, nor, although larding his conversation with bad Italian, does he have any of the positive maliciousness of arrogance which makes Pistol so contemptible. The principal sin laid to his charge is the leading astray of his young master, though, in fact, Bertram was so irredeemably bad himself, and so altogether disagreeable and unlovable a character, that Parolles almost shines by comparison. One cannot help feeling that Bertram did not require much leading to go to the excesses which the play hints at. Two or three of Bertram's companions, on occasion, tell him that Parolles is not only a coward, but that, to save himself, he would offer to betray him (Bertram) without the slightest compunction. Bertram doubts this latter, and challenges his friends to prove it.

The following plot is then arranged: Parolles is to be surprised outside of the lines by the two lords and three or four soldiers, who are to pretend to be the enemy. They are to capture him, and their wager with Bertram is that Parolles will offer to purchase his freedom by offering to betray Bertram into captivity. The mock capture takes place, and the result is that the bet is won. But the scene of the stratagem—it is scene first of the fourth act—is one unique in the Shakespeare plays. The pretended enemy do not speak Italian—the language of the real enemy—and Parolles does, or at least recognizes it when he hears it. It is necessary, therefore, to carry out the scheme, for the plotters to make the preliminary arrangements as to a jargon.

* Sir John says that Pistol is a "cheater" (that is, a petit officer appointed to collect the king's escheats). The fact that Dame Quickly instantly replies that she "will bar no honest man her house, but wants no cheaters" (II. *Henry IV.*, ii. iv. 74), shows that the name of a perfectly regular and constitutional functionary had already (*circa* 1600) become a synonym for fraud and extortion. The summary procedure expected of a collector of these "escheats" rendered the employment sought for only by the lowest class of the community, a class corresponding to that which took service as informers or spunging-house runners; and who would, of course, seize as much "portable property" (as Mr. Wemmick would say) as they could bully their victims out of, with very slight regard touching the limit of what they were entitled to. Hence the origin of our word "cheat," and another example of how the text of the Shakespeare plays is latent everywhere with history, folk-lore, story, and record, for those whose inclination is to read between the lines.

Second Lord : “. . . . When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter. . . .

He must think us some band of strangers in the adversaries' entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighboring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another: so we seem to know is to know straight to our purpose: choughs' language, gabble enough, and good enough.”

Parolles enters, takes his watch, and is in due time surprised, the second Lord creeping up and shouting:

“ *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.* ”

All : “ *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.* ”

Parolles : “ Oh! ransom, ransom—do not hide mine eyes!

(*They seize and blindfold him.*)

First Soldier : “ *Boskos thromuldo boskos?* ”

Parolles : “ I know you are the Muskos' regiment;
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me:
I will discover that which will undo the Florentine.

First Soldier : “ *Boskos vauvando* :

I understand thee and can speak thy tongue:

Kerelybonta :—Sir,

Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniaards

Are at thy bosom.

First Soldier : “ *Manka revania dulce.* ”

Second Lord : “ *Oscorbidulchos volivorco.* ”

That is, the gentlemen before whom Parolles has been in the habit of spouting in scraps of all languages do not wish their

scheme to miscarry if, perchance, Parolles should happen to be the universal linguist he pretends to be; and so they invent one language at least that he does not know (and it incidentally appears from the above, also, that he does not know Russian). And this brings us to that other pseudo-linguist, Pistol, on the field of Agincourt.

Among the inestimable services which Shakespeare has done to his race, not the least important and valuable is the series of what may be called Supplemental Histories he has written. Not to pause now to demonstrate this in the hundreds of instances which might be cited, it is worth noting that, for example, nowhere else in accessible literature have we such a record of the personnel of the English troops in the days when the feudal system of supplying soldiery had failed with the disappearance of that system, and when England had no standing armies and no military establishments, no training schools or camps of instruction, but relied, in emergencies, for her soldiers upon the patriotism and love of adventure and of plunder of her people. History, indeed, tells us of these armies, and of what they did; we have the records of their fights, victories, conquests, and reverses. But history does not concern itself with the rank and file; with the gathering, the assembling, the make-up, and the characteristics of the soldiers themselves. It is right here that Shakespeare (in that remarkable trilogy of plays, the two parts of the *Henry IV.* and the *Henry V.*) has supplied a missing chapter, and a most interesting one, in English chronicle. For in those three plays, while the kings and their counsellors are debating the statecraft and arranging the policy of their wars, in the scenes in which Falstaff, and Pistol, and Nym, and old Shallow figure we are carried among the very machinery of the recruiting, the dishonest and petty tyranny of the jacks-in-office who conduct it; we are carried into the slums and the stews, to the inns and suburban precincts where the "press-gangs" are at work, with aid from the tapsters and the officiousness of the small traders. What a *genre* panorama it all is! In one scene the great captains, debating great questions of Salique law, of heraldry, of the marshalling of revenue and of commissariats: in the next, the silhouette life of the pickpockets and roustabouts who can be induced or hoodwinked into swelling the ranks of the English armies.

Shakespeare paints those minor pictures very darkly for the London and up-country commoners, who were his models, though he used them for the dates of Henry IV. and V. There is plenty of greed and dance of visions of plunder and loot in the eye of

the enlisted man, and very little, indeed nothing at all, of patriotism outside of the court councils. But there is apt to be much of that sort of thing, and great wars are demoralizers of all parties; and, moreover, Shakespeare was obliged to confine these inside views to his comedy parts. But in no way can the value of these scenes to the student of English history and of English manners be overestimated.

Pistol is Sir John (his military rank is not mentioned) Falstaff's "Ancient" (perhaps a corruption of "ensign"), as Iago (by Shakespeare's despotic disregard of accuracy in sorting English notions to the manners of any continental country) was Othello's. He follows closely at his heels, pilfering from others, no doubt, in preference (let us do him whatever credit there is in that), but robbing Falstaff when there is nobody else handy, and finally betrays him (in *The Merry Wives*), when it is evident that the poor old man's attractiveness for profit has passed away. When Falstaff goes into Gloucestershire to impress recruits, Pistol is of service in running in the clowns; ascertaining if they can pay to be rejected, and, if they can, in extolling their soldierly qualities until they have made their highest bid to be discharged from liability to the king's armies; and finally, when Falstaff was dead, he goes himself, as camp-follower, to France, that "profits may accrue."

Shakespeare now selects this field of Agincourt, in the pause before the onset, whereon to set for us another invaluable picture of an English army drawn together in the manner which he has portrayed in the previous play of II. *Henry IV*. Of course the soldiers, as soon as brought together, began to feel the inconveniences of their dialects. In Parliament not much debate was expected of the members, and the fact that they could not understand each other's speech was no great drawback to affairs. A few clerks did all the business. But when these soldiers got together and could not understand the word of command unless given by an officer from their own shire, it rather complicated matters.* And certainly nowhere else can be found such a delineation as this. Here the captains are (as at home) known as Fluellen the Welshman, Jamy the Northumbrian, Macmorris the Scotchman, Gower the Irishman, and the horse-play and badinage with which they all aided themselves in bearing the great strain of apprehension of what their morrow would bring forth to

* I am told that when the telephone was first introduced into England it was for some time thought to be an impracticable contrivance, because the numerous dialects would prevent its usefulness. This difficulty, however, has now been provided for.

them, is done with masterly touches—in short, crisp scenes, at widely diverging points of the encampment.

On the day before the final battle, Pistol, who has picked up a few French words (when on sentry he says “*Qui va là?*”), is roaming over the field, and succeeds in taking a Frenchman prisoner. The prisoner at once cries, as did Parolles, that he will purchase his freedom by payment of ransom. The scene is too long to copy here (it is the fourth of the fourth act of the *Henry V.*), but it is a curious one: It is here that Pistol says to the Frenchman (whom he cannot understand and for whom the boy acts as interpreter in finally settling the amount of ransom, in consideration of which Pistol’s “fury shall abate”), according to the First Folio:

Qualtitie calmie custure me,

and it would be a very easy matter to fill a monthly issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD with the various readings which have been twisted out of these letters. But I accept as final the interpretation of the author of the paper in its issue of July, 1884, and am convinced that Pistol (adding just one more to the numberless languages and dialects which were spoken on that in so many ways memorable field of Agincourt) said to his captive:

Gal maith, cas tu re me!—

that is, in Irish, “You young whelp, come along with me!”—the badness of Shakespeare’s chirography, or the carelessness of the First Folio compositors, easily accounting for the “pi” of the first word in the sentence as printed in the form given above. Pistol speaks something for the effect upon the boy, who knows French, as well as upon the French gentleman, his idea being always to impress himself as a master of knowledge everywhere.

Were this paper not already growing too long, I should like to add a word as to how Shakespeare himself pronounced his native tongue. The demonstration is a long one; but I greatly fear that his admirers are forced to admit that great Shakespeare dropped and misplaced his *h*'s. He was, however, perfectly conscious of the infirmity, which he shared with all his fellow-townsmen of London, and among them, with his friend Heywood, and both he and Heywood have left us a joke on the subject.*

* The *h* was, standing alone, pronounced *aitch*. The word “ache” (meaning a pain) was also pronounced *aitch*. This opportunity for punning on the pain that it caused them to

Our English pronunciations have varied wonderfully in three centuries. A century and a half later than Shakespeare Dr. Johnson was wont to call for his "poonsch." And I know of no more curious proof of the change in these matters than Dr. Johnson's own statement to Boswell, that, when he was preparing his dictionary, Sir William Young urged him to give the pronunciation of *great* (meaning "large") as *greet* (to rhyme with "seat"). The doctor added that it was Lord Chesterfield who finally induced him to give the pronunciation as *grate*.*

APPLETON MORGAN.

"JESUS WEPT."

To the dear house our Saviour came.
 "Where is Lazarus laid?" The same
 Poor, human question you might ask;
 It is to them so hard—that task—

E'en to the Saviour's kind regard
 To show the grave!
 But with the sisters wept our Lord
 Full bitter tears. Ah! to afford

Comfort to all bruised hearts, I know
 Not message more sublime—to show
 The love of God throughout all time—
 Than "Jesus wept."

LUCY AGNES HAYES.

Maynard, Mass.

be obliged to struggle with the letter *h*, Shakespeare improved by making Beatrice pun upon it:

"*Beatrice*: By my troth I am exceeding ill?—heigh ho!

Margaret: For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beatrice: For the letter that begins them all—H." (*All's Well That Ends Well*, iii. iv. 48.)

Heywood's pun he wrote into an epigram in 1566:

"H is the worst among letters in the cross-row;
 For if thou find him either in thine elbow,
 In thine arm, or leg, in any degree:
 In thine head, or teeth, or toe, or knee;
 Into what place soever "H" may pike him,
 Wherever thou find *ache* thou shalt not like him!"

* Birkbeck Hill's edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, ii. p. 61.

A SEARING OF HEARTS.

THE sky was a grayish-blue, the sun shone out unhindered by cloud or mist, and feebly thrust away with its sickly rays the shadows that lingered even at mid-day in the long, monotonous street that stretched from the river that bounds the town to the river that sluggishly flows through it. It seems like casting a slur on the street to say that it stretched, as if one said that it rested and took its ease and basked in the light of the feeble sun. Indeed it would be doing it a wrong to suppose this of the staid street, over whose carefully laid, dull red pavement the many pedestrians could pass with unsoiled, dustless feet; whose dull-red houses on either side sat up primly from their spotless marble steps, like so many angular and ancient spinsters in most angular and ancient chairs. And the street's name was Pine and the number of the house 1260—Doctor John Morton's house, where he dwelt with his wife, Grace, and his son, Jack, aged six months.

To the eyes of Grace Morton, seated at the nursery window with her boy on her knee, the sky was brilliantly blue, the sun dazzlingly bright, an altogether lovely day. Back and forth she rocked, and as she rocked and pressed her dimpled cheek against the baby's rosy face she sang the old Philadelphia ditty about the streets:

“Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce, and Pine,
Market, Mulberry,* Race, and Vine:
Are there other streets quite so fair?
Of any such I'm unaware.”

Like a good little citizen, Jack crowed and laughed whilst his mother sang the modest praise of Philadelphia streets, but when for the hundredth time and with renewed emphasis Grace chanted their fairness Jack protested blasphemously against the streets and cried.

“Does he want his dinner? So he does, and he shall have it,” said Grace, smothering her son with kisses. Then Jack was quieted, and whilst he fed Grace continued to talk. “Go to sleep, Jack,” she said, “go to sleep. Dada'll come soon for his dinner, and mammy must talk lots to him. Go to sleep, Jack, go-o-o to sleep.”

Jack would not have been the little gentleman he was could

* Now called Arch.

he have resisted the pleadings of his mammy's dainty, rosy lips, the entreaties of her plaintive violet eyes; so, after gormandizing to a fearful extent, he did go to sleep. After that Grace tucked him into his crib, and left him, with many injunctions, to the care of his nurse.

One o'clock was their dinner hour, for of all Philadelphia families there was none more conservative than the Morton, and as Grace tripped down the long, narrow staircase she saw by the pert-looking Swiss clock that hung on the wall that it wanted but ten minutes of that hour.

She was about to exclaim to herself that John was late when the rattle of a key in the front-door lock caused her to interrupt herself, and a moment later she had her arms about the neck of John, whose chubby, rosy face would have been boyish had it not been for the preternatural gravity of his gray eyes. "Hubby," said Grace, her salutation ended, "you cannot see Jack now, so hurry up and fix yourself; dinner is almost on the table, and I've news, *important* news for you. No, I'll not tell you now; go straight and fix yourself."

A few minutes later, when John was arranging his necktie in his dressing-room, Grace burst in on him, exclaiming, "O Jack! before I forget it, I fell asleep in my chair this morning—"

"How lamentably awful!"

"But that's not it, Jack! Don't be foolish. I had a frightful dream," said Grace seriously.

John smiled amusedly. He loved his wife dearly, and never more so than when she was very feminine, and this dream business, he thought, was thoroughly feminine.

"You needn't smile, Jack," continued Grace. "Of course, I do not believe in dreams, but this was a very annoying one. I dreamt, hubby—I dreamt that I was dead!"

"Now, Grace," expostulated John.

"I did!" reasserted Grace, "'deed and double. I was dead, *cold* dead, and you joined a club, and walked up and down Walnut Street with a horrid woman dressed in green."

"But I detest a woman dressed in green."

"I know you do, Jack; but, Jack," faltered Grace, "she was an awfully pretty woman. I didn't think so in my dream, but I thought that you thought so."

"Was she as pretty as this?" asked John, drawing Grace before the mirror, and her face close to him.

"Aren't we perfectly lovely, Jack?" exclaimed Grace, admiring the picture presented in the glass. "I know I'm awfully

pretty, and you *are* handsome. No! you sha'n't kiss me till you have promised."

"Promised what?"

"Jack, you won't join a club, will you?"

"Only the Lyceum. I learn things there, wifey," answered John.

"But I am rich, Jack! What's the use of bothering about bones and things? Don't be a doctor any more," pleaded Grace.

"You would not have people say I married you for your money, Grace? They would say it if I gave up my practice."

"I'd like to see 'em—" began Grace, when the loud ringing of the dinner-bell put an end to her threat, and she hurried her husband into his coat and down to the dining-room.

Grace quite forgot the important news she had to communicate, only remembering it when the roast duck was put on the table. Then, as was quite natural, she felt a little piqued at John for not having questioned her concerning it. "If it had been about bones or horrid diseases you would have wanted to know, John," she said abruptly.

"Wanted to know?" exclaimed John, putting down his knife and fork.

"It won't interest you; it's about Josephine," said Grace resignedly.

"Josephine! Josephine Maule?"

"What other Josephine is there?"

"Well, there is the empress of the French, and then isn't one of the *Two Orphans* a Josephine?"

"No, she isn't; and if you want to tease—Jack, it's real mean of you not to care, and I was so full of it I could hardly wait till you got home to tell you."

John rose from his chair, bent over his wife and kissed her, and said he was sorry and he would not tease any more. All this was done perfunctorily; but then it was done, and that was a consolation, thought Grace. "I've a letter from Josephine," she said; "she will be here on the fifteenth, and this is the tenth. Listen to what she says. I won't read it all, only what she says about coming."

Then Grace read as follows from a crumpled letter she had taken from her pocket:

"Your letter to hand, and of course, Grace dear, I'll come. I'll come with a hurrah! It stands to reason I could not go to that horrid, pokey New Orleans with pa; and I'm sure the girls there are horrid tuckerish; and then I tried to read them in Cable;

and, of course, if I couldn't understand them in a book I could not and would not in real life. To be sure it was very cranky in pa not to leave me alone at home; dear knows, Chester doesn't howl with liveliness, but then, as I had to go somewheres, it was perfectly lovely in you and the doctor to offer to keep me for six whole weeks. To be sure I'll be glad to see the baby! What a question to put to me, Gracie! I just doat on babies, and I think Jack is a perfectly lovely name. Pa is delighted that I'm going to stay with you. He thinks the world and all of the doctor; he says he is a rising young man. Just as if he were a cream-puff! I know I shall hate him, but you mustn't mind, and I'm sure he won't—"

"Of course you don't, Jack," interpolated Grace approvingly; "it's just Josephine's way; she doesn't like serious people."

"I'm sure I can return the compliment," laughed John. "She's very different from you, wifey."

Rosy with delight, Grace continued the letter, which went on to relate the day and hour when the young lady might be expected to arrive at 1260.

"She'll have the front room on the second floor; it's very cheerful and it looks out on the street. Josephine will like that, for it will be livelier for her," said Grace, when she had finished with the letter. "I'm so glad she is coming here instead of going to New Orleans with her father, bothering about sugar and molasses; and I am sure they can't be nice people. I couldn't read Cable either. It's true Celia Le Mer talks almost as well as if she had been born in Philadelphia, but she is an exception, I guess; and the way she tyrannizes over her husband, Jack, is dreadful. I saw them that summer they were up here, you know. He writes sketches and things, and I know Celia dictates and helps him. Just fancy, Jack, what a life he must lead! Suppose I were to dictate to you about bones and—"

Jack lay back in his chair and roared. "I can't suppose that, wifey," he cried.

"Of course you can't," returned Grace complacently, as she replenished John's custard-cup, "and I would never attempt such a thing. I remember my marriage vows, and I want to obey you in everything, Jack, and command you in nothing."

Having enunciated this beautiful and womanly sentiment, Grace left John to hold communion with his appointment book.

Promptly on the afternoon of the fifteenth, as she had promised, Miss Josephine Maule arrived at the house on Pine Street with, if not a hurrah precisely, certainly with a deal of noise.

For the door of the carriage that brought her was banged, the house-bell was rung violently, and her great trunk in carrying up the stairs bounced so viciously against the wall that the jarred Swiss clock stopped ticking, speechless with indignation. Then, too, Miss Maule screamed with delight when she saw Grace on the stair-landing, and she tore up the flight to clutch her hostess to her bosom, loudly declaring that Grace looked as fresh as a daisy, and that she must see the baby immediately. In a breath she was in the nursery and in another Jack, wondering much, lay in her arms. But Miss Maule's abundant bugles scratched his face, and Jack roared. "Does it often do that?" queried Miss Maule as she returned Jack to Grace.

"He never cries," replied Grace indignantly. "If I were to scratch your face you'd cry too. Julia," to the maid-servant standing by, "please show Miss Josephine to her room. You will please excuse me, Josephine; I must remain awhile with Jack."

"Don't mind me, Grace," returned Josephine, good-humoredly; "I'll get along." And she followed Julia, humming an air to herself in a minor key.

Grace repented of her little outburst, and soon sought her guest to make such atonement for her offence as she best could. To her surprise Josephine had altogether forgotten her angry speech, so her apology fell rather flatly on not attentive ears. After this, all went nicely for three days. For one thing John did not appear to be favorably impressed with Miss Maule. "No," he said to Grace when she insisted on having his exact opinion of that young lady, "I do not like the girl. She's good-natured enough, if you will; but her manners are bad. She is not gentle and nice like some one I know."

"It would be ridiculous if every one were alike," said Grace, "and of course she had not the same advantages as I, and she has had no John to make a good Catholic out of her as I've had. What a blessed thing it was for me in every way, Jack, that God put you in my way; and I do want to be a good wife to you, Jack," she protested, pressing her face against his. And he protested that she was the jewel of wives, and she declared herself too happy to live.

For another thing, Josephine and the baby Jack now got along finely. They never seemed to tire of one another, and there can be no question about it that Grace never tired of Jack's glorification.

The fourth day was a Sunday, and at breakfast Grace offered

her carriage to carry Josephine to her church. "Of course I would not insist on your going to Mass with John and I, and as we usually walk, you are perfectly free and welcome to take the carriage," she said.

But Miss Maule declared that she had a nervous headache, and she was not going to any church service. "I'll sit in the parlor and watch the people pass till you come back. That will liven me up," she said dryly.

Grace was sure that it would, and having remarked on the pleasantness of living on a lively street, ran up-stairs to make her toilet.

It was near their dinner hour when John and Grace returned from Mass, and Grace's first proceeding was to run into the parlor to inquire about Josephine's headache. She gave a little start of surprise, and moved to retreat from the room, when she saw that Josephine was engaged in what appeared to be a very amusing conversation with an exceedingly good-looking young man whom she addressed as Philip.

"Grace, dear, don't go away," cried Miss Maule; "this is a very old friend of mine, Mr. Somers. Philip, Mrs. Morton."

Mr. Somers was delighted, Mrs. Morton murmured something about being charmed, and Josephine said decidedly, "Now, Philip, we are a very godly people, but we dine at a most ungodly hour—one o'clock; it's not my house; I can't invite you to dinner"—she glanced demurely at Grace—"but be a good boy and come round this afternoon and take me to afternoon service at St. Mark's, or for a walk in Rittenhouse Square."

Mr. Somers took up his hat, and Grace said weakly—Josephine had been so very nice with the baby—"If your friend would remain, I am sure we would be delighted."

Mr. Somers began to utter a protest, which Josephine interrupted by saying: "Of course you can stay, and I know the doctor would be glad to meet you—won't he, Grace?—and Mr. Somers *must* see Jack."

Grace said she was sure—though she wasn't—that the doctor would be glad to meet Josephine's friend, and begged to be excused—she must get off her bonnet—and hurried away to tell Jack.

"Are you sure about the doctor?" asked Mr. Somers, when Grace was out of hearing.

"Of course I am," declared Josephine. "He says, thinks, and does only what his wife lets him say, think, or do, and at present he delights in being henpecked."

For once, at least, Josephine was wrong in her conjectures, for John objected strongly to having Mr. Somers to dinner. "We know nothing at all about the man," he protested, when Grace had artlessly told the tale of the invitation.

"But what could I do?" objected Grace. "Josephine almost asked me to invite him; she asked him to take her to church and for a walk, and she calls him Philip. I think, Jack, they're engaged."

John whistled softly. "Well, I should hope so!" he exclaimed. "What I believe, however," he said after a pause, "is that Mr. Maule wished his daughter to remain here for no other reason than in the hope that we would keep her out of the reach of Mr. Philip Somers."

"He ought to have said so, then," said Grace logically.

"Yes, but people do not like to expose their skeletons unnecessarily," returned John.

"Goodness gracious, Jack!" shuddered Grace, "your mind is always running on bones."

In spite of John's frigid reception of his unknown guest, the dinner passed off with no little *éclat*. Mr. Somers did his best to win the good opinion of his host and hostess, quite winning that of Grace, who found him charming, and who made up her little romance about him and Josephine. Josephine was rich, Mr. Somers was poor—just like herself and John—and she was determined to help on the match. His host's good opinion he did not win. John believed him to be a sharper, and he determined to circumvent him. So Grace, Josephine, and Mr. Somers enjoyed themselves, and John alone was miserable. He was much more miserable later in the afternoon when he discovered that a good hour and a half before the recital of the Episcopal liturgy at St. Mark's Josephine and Mr. Somers had left the house to be present at it. "Confound the girl!" John thought to himself as he paced the parlor floor; "a nice pickle she'll put me in."

Grace was up-stairs with Jack, and John earnestly wished her to remain there. He was waiting for Miss Maule to inform her that Mr. Somers was not an acceptable guest at his house, and he did not desire Grace's presence when this bit of information was imparted, for from words he had had with her he knew she approved of Mr. Somers. His patience was much tried, for the spring afternoon was drawing to a close before he heard Miss Maule's loud voice in the hall-way bidding Mr. Somers a lengthy farewell. At last the front door was closed, and going into the

passage John greeted Miss Maule with a request to come into the parlor for a few minutes.

“ ‘Come into my parlor, said the spider to the fly,’ ” quoted Miss Maule, laughing. “Certainly, doctor; just let me get my breath, and I’ll tell you everything you’ve got to say,” she continued, throwing herself into an easy-chair. “Philip and I have had the longest sort of a walk; out to the park, in the park, and back again. I’m not a bit fatigued; I could tramp it right over again. Therein consists the beauty of wearing boots that fit you. You’re a doctor; why do you let Grace wear such tight shoes? And you let her lace; now I never wore a pair of stays in my life.”

For the first time John really knew how Miss Maule looked, and he could not but acknowledge to himself that Grace’s tight lacing made her less well-proportioned than her guest. Putting the thought aside, he said gravely: “I think we may postpone a discussion of my wife.”

Josephine laughed. “Till we have discussed Mr. Philip Somers?” she said.

“Exactly,” returned John, not without a trace of nervousness.

“Don’t you mind,” said Josephine, still laughing. “Why should you if I don’t? Philip Somers is a clerk in somebody’s office—I really don’t know whose—and he has a salary of ten dollars a week, which is five hundred and twenty a year; and lots of people live on less, though there is no necessity for our doing so, for I have five thousand a year of my own that pa can’t touch; and pa wanted me to marry Mr. Greaves, who is old and a sugar-refiner like unto himself, and I said I wouldn’t; and pa said I ought to marry some one, for I was a nuisance; and then Philip came along, and I liked Philip and Philip liked me, and he asked me to be his wife, or I asked him to be my husband, or we both asked one another, I don’t know which; anyhow we both said yes, and that was the end of it. Is there anything else you would like to know?”

During this speech, which was delivered rapidly and ended in a tone that threatened, John was devoutly thanking all the powers that be for the signal treasure he possessed in his gentle Grace. What if she were like this brazen woman? he thought. The tone that threatened roused him, and he answered curtly: “Yes! Does Mr. Maule know of your engagement?”

“Doctor,” returned Josephine, rising from her chair, “you ought to have been my pa.” John blushed angrily; Miss Maule

was as old as he. "I don't know," she went on, "whether he does or not. I never told him, I'm sure. He's seen Phil about the house often enough, dear knows."

John looked and felt gravely. It was just as he thought. Mr. Maule disapproved of Mr. Somers, and had sent his daughter to his wife, hoping and trusting in Grace's influence to wean her affections. He felt angry with Mr. Maule. Why didn't he take Josephine with him to New Orleans? What if it were a business trip? Wasn't a man's first business the care of his child? Was it likely that either he or Grace would ever shift the responsibility of Jack on to some one else's shoulders?

"Under the circumstances, then, Miss Maule," he said deliberately, "I must ask you to forbid Mr. Somers' visits to this house until I know whether or not your father approves of him. It would place my wife and myself in an unpleasant predicament if it were to appear that we helped you—in short, if we made ourselves a party to what in all probability Mr. Maule disapproves of."

"And all this is because Phil is poor. Pa says you are a rising young doctor; did people object to you when you married rich Grace Morris? I didn't wish to appear proud, so I didn't tell you; but Phil is a rising young man! He'll get twelve dollars a week next year," laughed Josephine impertinently.

"I spoke to Grace's father before I spoke to her," said John quietly.

"That is, you went to the head of the house," retorted Josephine grimly. "Phil came to me; I'm the head of our house."

"That may be; but as long as the fiction that a man is head of his house exists, I shall continue to recognize your father as the head," said John, no wavering in his tone.

"So you have found out it is a fiction?" answered Josephine, with an exasperatingly piquant grimace. "Now suppose—just suppose, you know—suppose I were to refuse to forbid Phil to visit me. What would you do?"

"I should be under the painful necessity of writing to your father," replied John.

"That's exceedingly hard on poor pa," mused Josephine. "I never write to him myself unless there is a necessity; but, doctor, I would hardly describe the operation as painful."

"I see no need to detain you longer," said John, with much stateliness, ignoring Josephine's last remark. "We understand one another; that is sufficient."

Whilst John was speaking Grace had entered the parlor, and,

of course, heard every word he uttered, for his voice was round and clear. "I didn't know Josephine was here," she said, her voice wavering. "It's very strange you have not heard the supper-bell; it has rung twice."

"Gracious!" Josephine cried explosively, "and I haven't got my things off. That's your fault, doctor. And I say, doctor," she continued in a lower tone—not so low but that Grace heard the last word, which was slightly drawled—"if you write to pa, don't forget my dutiful love"; and to add emphasis to her words she tapped John lightly on the arm. Then she turned to Grace and said: "You and John—I beg his pardon, but he has been giving me so much of good, good advice I feel as if he were the oldest friend I have!—you and the doctor must not wait for me; eat your supper; I'll be down directly." And she darted out of the room and up the stairs.

As Grace silently followed John to the supper-room, on no greater foundation than the little passage-at-arms she had been witness to, she builded a structure of vast proportion. She was resolved, however, to make no sign. In all the books she had ever read on the subject the deserted wife bore herself with meekness and forbearance, striving to win back her errant spouse by gentle and kindly words. They never succeeded, it is true, but wilted away and died, whereupon their husbands repented and were sorry. Grace did not want to die, but she was sure she could be resigned to John's being made sorry.

Intent on pleasing her husband, she asked him when she poured out his tea, though she knew perfectly well, how many lumps of sugar he would take.

"Two, as usual," replied John in surprise.

"I did not know but that your taste had changed, dear," sighed Grace. "Josephine always takes five."

John was too preoccupied to notice the sigh. "He is thinking of her," thought Grace; which was quite true, but not in the manner she supposed. He was pondering how he could decently send Miss Maule back to Chester before the six weeks were up.

After a time, Miss Maule not appearing, Grace said in an off-hand way, "Josephine is so pretty! Don't you think so?" She tried to say John, but the name stuck in her throat.

John had had one disagreement with his wife that day, and he was determined not to have another. So he said: "She is exceedingly pretty, and I never saw her look better than to-day, though she was in sage-green, a color I usually detest."

"You like it now?" asked Grace sweetly, her face very white.

"It is certainly very becoming to her," said John, drinking his tea.

"He is brutal, and entirely without shame," thought Grace; and then she remembered her dream. The Catechism might forbid her to believe in dreams as much as it pleased. She would believe in that one, for hadn't it come true? And now her thoughts grew to be more than she could bear in John's presence. "I must run up to see my child," she said exaltedly, and turned to leave the room at the moment Josephine was entering it to get her supper. "He will entertain you," she said to that young lady, and rushed by her.

"What on earth's the matter?" exclaimed Josephine to John. "Grace is as white as a sheet."

"She is always nervous when away from Jack for any length of time," said John, thinking very tenderly of the loving mother's heart Grace possessed. He had very little to say after this, and when Miss Maule had finished her supper, and had said that she was going to the parlor to play the piano, he said he would go up-stairs and bring down Grace to listen to her. But Grace would not go down. "You can entertain her," she said; "I'll stay here; I prefer to."

It was provoking, but John would not see anything unusual in her behavior, and he went down to listen to Miss Maule strum arias proper for a Sunday. "And he went cheerfully," thought Grace. Late in the evening Julia brought him a message from Grace. He was not to disturb her. Jack was restless and she must remain with him.

On Monday morning Grace came down to breakfast fully determined to make up with John, did he show the least sign of repentance. Unfortunately for her good resolution John was innocent of all cause for repentance, and, besides, too full of a letter that had come in the morning's mail to notice his wife's pensive air of martyrdom.

"You are pale, Grace," he said after he had kissed her. "Jack's all right, I suppose?"—then went on to tell her of the letter he had received; that he was called in to consult with the great Doctor Raum. "Let me have my breakfast immediately, Grace," he pursued, rosy with honest pride at the honor done him; "I want to get to my office as quick as I can."

Grace poured out his coffee and Josephine's coffee, keeping her eyes cast down perseveringly. "He doesn't care about Jack,"

she was thinking. Nevertheless, as breakfast progressed and she could not but perceive that John barely noticed Miss Maule, she brightened considerably. Many a time she had been displeased with John for giving up so much of his time to his vocation, but now she thought: "I'm glad he has his bones and things to occupy him, and I hope and pray they'll make him forget *her*."

From her point of view this was a most sensible conclusion, but her consolation was to be of short duration. When John rose from the breakfast-table he gave orders to the servant in attendance that he was going to his office, there to remain till ten o'clock, then he was going out, and in the meanwhile he could see no one.

"Bother!" exclaimed Miss Maule; "I wanted to speak to you."

John reddened from irritation—Grace said to herself, it was for shame—and said curtly, "I'm very busy," and left the room.

"He didn't kiss me good-by," sighed poor Grace to herself, following up the sigh by announcing to Miss Maule that she was going to Jack, and that on no account could she (Miss Maule) be permitted that morning to view the baby. "He is not perfectly well, and strange persons annoy him." Having fired this shot—with no effect, however, for Josephine was not attending—she swept out of the room.

Miss Maule was thinking over what John had said to her the evening before. Indeed, she had been thinking about it ever since. And the conclusion she came to was that, if she could not see Philip Somers at Doctor Morton's house she would see him elsewhere. She had made up her mind to tell John this, but he had shut himself up in his office, even had told her he was too much occupied to listen to her. "Well, I'll write it to him," she said to herself, and straightway went to her room and concocted the following missive: "Dear Doctor: It's your house, of course. Phil sha'n't come here. But, mind, I'm going to visit him, afternoons, in the square. Now write to pa! I wish you would. Joe." Then, going into the corridor she called, "Julia!" and the maid came running from the nursery. "Hand this to the doctor," she said, handing the missive to Julia, "and you may as well tell Mrs. Morton I'm going out shopping, and I sha'n't be here for dinner."

"Miss Josephine says, ma'am, she is going out, and she won't be here for dinner," Julia informed her mistress when she returned to the nursery after delivering the missive to John.

“Indeed!” said Grace languidly. “Is that all she wanted?”

“She gave me a letter for the doctor, ma’am, and that’s what kept me,” returned Julia, making passes with her head at Jack, who was crowing with delight.

Grace started in her chair. “What did the doctor say when you handed him the letter?” she asked in a thin voice.

“He just laughed, ma’am, and told me to put it on the table,” answered Julia, a little frightened at the woe-begone look on Grace’s face.

The audacity of this proceeding! To make her own servants the carriers of their wicked letters! And he laughed! Laughed at her, poor woman, no doubt. She would see Father Lane about it, and that very morning.

“Julia, I am going out too; it seems we are all going out,” she said, wasting a heart-breaking smile on the unconscious maid. “Be good to my boy while I am gone, Julia.”

“Indeed, I am always that to the little chap,” Julia said, heartily.

“You are a faithful creature, Julia, and you shall be rewarded.”

Grace did it so well that she wondered the maid did not shed tears, and in the privacy of her apartment her own tears were abundant as she arrayed herself in her most sombre clothes to go out and pester Father Lane.

Father Lane, who had been up half the night on sick calls, was about beginning a ferial office when Grace’s card, on which was pencilled “On most important business,” was brought him.

“Important business!” he mused, smiling irreverently; “I suppose Jack has cut an eye-tooth. The poor soul thinks there’s no one in the world but herself, her baby, and the doctor. She’s a good woman, though her husband’s a better.”

Grace’s greeting of the priest was followed by a burst of sobs.

“Father,” she cried, “I can’t stand it any longer; I can’t have a divorce, but I will have a separation; and I don’t want a separate maintenance, for I’ve got that as it is.”

“A straight-jacket is what she wants,” thought the priest; but what he said was: “Is it the doctor? Has he joined a club? Never mind that, for any club he’d join would be all right. He needs some distraction from his work, for he’s what you may well call a man of affairs.”

Grace stared at Father Lane aghast. “Do you know about his present affair?” she asked dreamily.

"His pamphlet on the thorax? Yes, I've read it," answered the priest.

"No, no!" cried Grace despairingly, going on in blood-curdling tones, "his present affair of the heart."

"See here, Mrs. Morton," said matter-of-fact Father Lane, "we don't understand one another, or has the doctor been writing about the heart, or what is the matter?"

"You are so unsympathetic, Father Lane," sighed Grace: "my husband has deserted me!"

"I can't believe that," said the priest bluntly; "John Morton isn't that sort of man. I could as readily believe that you had deserted him."

All men are brutes, and priests are no exception, thought Grace. "I have made a mistake in coming to you," she said with an air of offended dignity; "I hoped you could advise me in my very serious trouble, but of course I cannot bandy words with you."

She rose from her chair to leave the room, but the priest, making an appealing gesture and saying, "I beg your pardon if I have offended you," she again seated herself, and he continued: "You have made so serious a charge against your husband, and have told me nothing; pray explain yourself."

Grace told without a pause the black list against John, and somehow or other in the telling John's guilt seemed to become an intangible thing.

"Is that all?" asked Father Lane gravely, when she came to a pause.

"Yes," said Grace dubiously.

"Does your husband know of your suspicions?" he continued to question with increasing gravity.

"I have not let him see how he has made me suffer," returned Grace.

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed the priest reverently. "Now, Mrs. Morton, you have come to me for advice, and I shall give it, though it may not please you. You have told me nothing to make me think less of John—remember, I have known him since he was a child at college—than I did before you began to speak. All you have said admits of an explanation. I advise you, if you are not ashamed to do so, to ask your husband to explain. He will, and you will find that you are a foolish woman. If you cannot do this, do what is better still: put this nonsense out of your head."

"I don't believe he received any letter from Dr. Raum. He didn't show it to me, and I believe they made that an excuse—"

“Stop! Don’t say what you will, as sure as you are alive, be sorry for. And does John show you all his letters?”

“Of course; a husband ought to do that,” said Grace stubbornly.

“And you show all your letters to him?” he asked, a tinge of sarcasm in his tone.

Grace opened her eyes in surprise at the question. “To be sure not,” she said with emphasis. “Why should I? I cannot receive any but proper letters.”

She overwhelmed him, and it took him some moments to recover himself. Then he said quietly: “You are doing all in your power to destroy your own and your husband’s happiness. You show yourself to be mean, suspicious, and jealous. I assure you, on my word as a priest, I wonder John has borne patiently with your vagaries for so long a time. You should ask pardon of God, Mrs. Morton, for you have been acting very wrongly.”

Grace drew down her veil to conceal the bitter tears that started to her eyes, and rising from her chair left the room without another word. Nor did Father Lane again attempt to detain her. “It was a case for a surgeon,” he thought. “After she has had time to think it over, what I have said will do her good.”

Grace hurried home as fast as the street-car would permit her, about as angry and miserable as a woman well could be. She had made up her mind to see the letter Josephine had written to John, and to gain this end she went straight to his office as soon as she reached home. The door of the office was locked. Her first thought was to have the door broken open; then some one suggested a locksmith. “Fetch one,” she ordered, and then sat down in a hall chair to wait his coming. Not even Julia’s whispers that Jack wanted her badly caused the now truly wretched woman to move from her post. The servants wondered among themselves; the suggestion made by the parlor maid that the doctor was ill and Mrs. Morton wanted medicine for him meeting with their highest approval. But when the locksmith came and the door was opened, and Grace shut herself up in the office after sending the servants away, then, with many nods of her head and long-drawn sighs, Julia related that the mistress and Miss Josephine were not on good terms, and that that very morning Miss Josephine had sent the doctor a letter, “which I myself give him; and you all know as well as myself neither of them have been seen since,” was the winding up of her narration.

The sickly sun played over the dull gray carpet with its pattern of fern-leaves, and a fitful breeze that came in through

an open window stirred the papers scattered on John's desk. With nervous hands she turned these papers over. They were the manuscript of a paper that John hoped much from. It was the result of long research and hard study, and summed up what John rightly believed to be his great discovery in surgery. Between the leaves of the manuscript was lodged, blown there by the wind, a scrap of paper, the ragged end of a letter signed "Joe." She felt a sudden dizziness come over her, and holding her hand over the scrap of paper she leaned against the desk for support. The breeze blew in stiffly for a moment and that revived her.

With her foot she drew a light chair towards her, and sinking onto it she spread out the paper and read these words, written in a scrawling hand (not Josephine's at all; but then, of course, she would disguise her hand): "I'll have the carriage waiting for you. No doubt you feel honored, and will not disappoint. Joe."

The fingers that folded the scrap of paper were numbed, her eyes stared wildly, and for a few moments Grace was as near going mad as one can go and yet remain on this side of the line that divides reason from insanity. How long she remained sitting there she never knew, and when there came a knocking at the door she could scarcely form the words, "Come in," so parched were her lips.

It was Julia, who now did shed tears, and noisily, so overcome was she by the sight of Grace's white, drawn face. "Indeed, ma'am," she said, "knowing your trouble, I'd not have disturbed you, but it's the baby; he's crying for you; he's nigh starved."

Even the servants knew it, she thought bitterly, and Father Lane had scoffed at her fears. She got to her feet somehow, and was forced to ask Julia's support up the stairs. But when Julia offered consolatory words she bade her be still.

There had been no mistake made in saying that Jack wanted his mother. He was crying lustily when she entered the nursery, yet Grace exhibited no emotion when she took him to her arms. His cries had scarcely subsided when she said to Julia at her side, speaking in a hard, cold tone, "Did Miss Maule's trunk go with her this morning?"

"She didn't take nothing with her, ma'am, except her small hand-bag," replied Julia busily.

"Bring me a card and a pencil. You will find them on my dressing-table," commanded Grace.

And when they were brought, still nursing her baby, she wrote out Miss Maule's Chester address. "Pack the trunk," she said, handing the card to Julia, "and tell Richard to express it immediately. When you have finished, come down to the doctor's office. I'll be there." Richard was the doctor's factotum.

With an officious air, that would have irritated Grace had she been in a condition to notice it, Julia went off to do her bidding.

As has been remarked before, Jack was a most gentlemanly little fellow, and now, as on another occasion, when his mother told him to go to sleep, not so lovingly as then, he obeyed. She put him in his crib and dragged the coverlet about him. She was about to do that for the doing of which she needed great firmness. And in her impertinent pride she dared stand up and ask Heaven to make her firm; and hell answered her prayer.

Down in the office she found Julia waiting for her, and to her she said, as she pointed at the treasury of John's books, a worm-eaten book-case, "you will get some one to help you to take those books down and pack them in their cases, ready for Doctor Morton when he sends for them."

Julia stared. "You don't know who to ask?" said Grace. "Call Richard."

Then, as Julia went away, she turned to the desk and gathered together John's manuscripts. These she tore into thin strips lengthwise, and then across, ending by tossing the pieces into a capacious waste-paper basket. She did likewise with the docketed papers in the pigeon-holes. Richard and Julia were now at work packing the books. One bundle of letters tied together with a scarlet ribbon she hesitated over. Her own letters to him she had not hesitated about destroying. But these letters written to him by John's mother? She knew them by heart, and could not deny the loyalty of the mother to the son, and that of the son to the mother. One line she remembered, and that line John had not concealed from her, decided Grace. The line told John, playfully, that he had married a wilful girl. These letters went with the others.

Now that her portion of the work was done, she called Richard to leave the books for a moment. "I want this basket carried to the kitchen," she said, "and all these papers burned. I shall go with you to see that it is done properly." She did go with him and saw that the fire got all she had destroyed. Paradoxical as it seems, she actually found a consolation in

after days in the remembrance that she herself had not put into the fire any of the papers she had made worthless.

The basket emptied, she sent Richard back to the packing of the books, and herself went up to the nursery. Now a reaction set in. The happy days she had lived with John, the kindness and forbearance he had always shown her, crowded her memory, and she began to regret the destruction of the letters, most of all those she herself had written. Then the worst thought of all presented itself and dismayed her. Perhaps John was not so utterly bad as she had judged him to be.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon when John, flushed with triumph—for it was he who had carried the day at the consultation—returned home. The one thing lacking to make his joy complete was that his wife could not enter into it with him. Nevertheless, the thought that all honor done him would be reflected on Grace was a most comfortable one. Passing through the hall-way he saw that his office door was open and the packing-cases on the floor. "What is the meaning of this?" he asked sharply of Julia, who, with dust-pan and brush, was sweeping up the litter that had been made in the packing of the books.

"The books is all packed," answered the girl, smartly; "and Miss Josephine's trunk has been express' since two o'clock."

Far from comprehending her, he strode quickly to his dismantled desk. "Where are the papers that were on this desk?" he demanded, turning about fiercely.

He was no master of hers, thought Julia, and she continued with her sweeping as she answered: "The mistress had them burned, being as they wasn't of no account, I guess."

"Burned!" he exclaimed in dismay.

The girl looked at him and thought to herself: "She's paid him back as good as he gave"; but said nothing, going on with the sweeping.

John fell into a chair, rather than sat down, and said: "Go away now; you can sweep some other time, and please close the door after you."

Julia gave him a curious look, and went to the kitchen to report proceedings.

Striving to collect his wits, John endeavored to understand the meaning of the packed books and destroyed papers. He had quite forgotten, even if he had heard, what Julia had said concerning Miss Maule's trunk, and he could arrive at but

one conclusion. Grace had always objected to his pursuit of surgery, and now she had taken active measures against it.

He most assuredly would not give way to her in this, but how he hated the battle that must ensue—nay, that had begun. “And my manuscripts,” he thought bitterly. “But she did not know their value,” he added forgivingly. His eyes turned to the desk, and he now became conscious that the pigeon-holes were empty. He sprang to his feet and ran his hand into the vacant spaces. While thus occupied the office door was burst open, and Miss Maule rushed into the room in a state of great excitement.

John swung about and gave her a most unwelcome gaze.

“You needn’t stare at me in that way!” blurted out Josephine. “I suppose you have done this because of my letter of this morning.”

“Done what?” asked John. How he wished she were a man; he was eager for a fight.

“Julia says it was Grace, but I won’t believe that. Of course, like a man, you would throw the responsibility on a woman,” she cried with grinding contempt.

“I confess to not knowing what you are talking about, Miss Maule,” said John with an air of politeness that was ominous of trouble.

“You need not have put yourself to the trouble of thrusting me out of *Grace’s house*,” she rushed on; “I saw Philip’s mother to-day, and a very nice old lady she is; and she advised me to go back to Chester and write to pa, and not to see Philip in the meanwhile. So you see I was going back to Chester anyhow, and as soon as I hear from pa, yes or no, I am going to marry Phil; for I’m of age, and you know this, yet you must meddle with what does not concern you!”

She stopped, out of breath, and John said: “Now that you have told me this, will you be so good as to explain what you mean by saying I’ve thrust you out of what you kindly remind me is Grace’s house?”

“Doctor Morton,” returned Josephine, fastening the clasp of her cloak, for she was both cloaked and bonneted, “I shall write to Grace and completely exonerate her from all connection with an action that I know she took no part in. You will bid her good-bye for me, and please accept my thanks for the trouble you have taken in packing my trunk, and I beg you to keep it a secret that I had pearl-powder in it.”

She turned abruptly, and, before John could recover himself

sufficiently to speak, passed into the hallway and out of the house.

Something had happened of even more consequence than the destruction of his manuscripts, he thought dazedly. He felt as he had once felt when recovering from an accidental inhalation of chloroform. Things were blurred to his vision and he staggered as he walked into the hallway. "Where is Mrs. Morton?" he asked of Julia, who was lingering on the stairs; and he was informed that his wife was in the nursery, asleep. He walked heavily up the stairs, followed by the girl. "You will go to the kitchen, or wherever you belong," he said, turning on her sharply.

"The brute!" she muttered to herself, not daring to disobey him, for John had a very masterful look.

He pushed open the nursery door and walked in. It was as Julia said. From exhaustion and weeping Grace had fallen asleep in her chair. He touched her lightly on the shoulder and she awoke with a start.

"O John!" she began, but her exclamation of pleasure was interrupted by the tide of his iniquities overwhelming her. She sat up very erect and set her teeth hard. "Well!" she said, "what do you want?"

"I want an explanation from you. I want to know what was your idea in destroying my papers; I want to know the meaning of Miss Maule's sudden departure; I want to know why your maid is impertinent to me; I want to know the meaning of your tone just now," said John, his looks very black.

She sprang to her feet and stamped on the floor in a passion. "You dare to ask an explanation of me?" she hissed. "Well, there it is!" And she flung at him the scrap of paper she had taken from his office. He stooped and picked it up, and she noticed with a triumphant and bitter laugh that his face was white as he read it.

It was white with rage he struggled hard to control. "Is it because of a letter that does you honor because it honors me, you dared to destroy my work of years? Do you know that this letter, or rather what it invited me to, has placed me in the front rank of the practice? I scarcely think Joe Cramm would be flattered by your want of consideration for us," he said caustically.

"It is very convenient for you that Mr. Cramm's Christian name is Joseph. But a dearer friend, Josephine, wrote that letter," she sneered.

He simply stared at her.

Then, supposing him to be overcome, she poured forth in a torrent her accusation against him. "Now you know that I know everything, perhaps you understand why your books have been packed to be taken away; and you may know also that hours ago I had her baggage expressed to Chester," she said, when her charges had been brought forward; adding, in bitterest irony, "Now, perhaps, you will explain."

For some moments he did not speak; then he said, speaking slowly, not in anger but in anguish. "I thought I had a pure-minded wife! No woman of honest mind," he continued, "out of so light a material could construct a fabrication so utterly vile. I could lay it to your ill-regulated education, to pernicious books you would read, and, as far as I know, have always read. But I cannot. God forgive me! it all seems to me to be a piece of your very self."

"To insult me brutally is no explanation of your conduct," she retorted.

"I shall give you no explanation, and do not know that I shall ever again have any love to give you," he said wearily.

"Love!" she cried. "Why, I hate you!"

He felt naught but contempt; the vulgar brutality of it all disgusted him.

Jack uttered a cry in his sleep. He went over to the crib and took the child in his arms, holding it tenderly to him. Then he laid it softly down, and, without again looking at Grace, left the room.

A week passed without their meeting; for even their meals were taken separately, Grace not going to table unless she was certain that her husband was not in the dining-room. When he knew his wife not to be in the nursery, John would spend a few minutes with Jack. He would have made his visits longer if he could have had the little fellow to himself. But Julia was always hovering about the room, and he had grown to dislike her because he knew she sided with her mistress against him.

At the end of the week there came a letter to Grace which considerably shook her convictions as to John's guiltiness. The letter was from Miss Maule, and that young lady, as she had promised, told Grace that she did not blame her for the manner in which she (Miss Maule) had been dismissed the house on Pine Street. She wrote what was quite a diatribe against John, winding up by the announcement that her pa

approved of Mr. Somers, and that they were to be married as soon as Mr. Maule returned from New Orleans.

She thought over this letter for a long while, and her thinking resulted in an earnest hope that John was guilty, in order that she might have the pleasure of forgiving him. That day she took her dinner with her husband, but beyond his looking a little surprised at seeing her, nothing came of it.

Another week passed by, a week fraught with much of misery to them both. The story of the rupture between them had leaked out through the servants, and wherever John went he found that men were beginning to shun his company, and Grace found herself beset by men and women friends who commiserated her for her forlorn condition. Of the pair, Grace had the worst of it. She knew she was in the wrong, and she was not a hypocrite. She vigorously denied to her friends that John had done any wrong. She even praised him. Her denials and praises had an effect contrary, however, to the one desired. Her friends spoke of her as a dear little saint who had a brute of a husband, who had deserted her. "But she has nothing but kind words for him," they said.

The end of a third week found John thinking about going to live in the far West or South. He was now avoided by every one whose companionship was worth having. It was remarked, too, that he was losing all interest in his profession. He would not be rash; before taking any steps, he would consult with one who had been his old prefect at college and his lifelong friend, Father Lane. He was very thankful to God, in those days, that he was able to conceal his trouble from his mother.

"If any one should call for me," John said to Richard as he was leaving the house, "you'll find me at Father Lane's."

Of late Grace had acquired the habit of putting herself where she could hear the sound of her husband's voice should he speak, and she now heard the order he gave to Richard. She stood still for a moment and thought. Then, such a light as had not been there for many days came into her eyes. She ran swiftly upstairs, and bending over her baby, kissed him, and whispered, "Jack, pray for mamma; pray for her, baby." Then she went to her dressing-room and put on her bonnet and cloak.

John was relating his difficulties to Father Lane when the porter entered the parlor, and, begging to be excused, whispered something to the priest. Father Lane answered him, "Wait

outside," and turned to John and said, "Your wife is waiting to see me."

He had but spoken when the door was again opened, and Grace came into the room.

John started to his feet, composed himself, and stood gazing into space.

Throwing out her hands, Grace implored in a low, broken voice, "Father, I have been a wicked, wicked wife! Won't you help me to gain my husband's forgiveness?"

The priest opened his lips to speak and his voice failed, and he pointed to John, whose face was averted, the hot tears running down his cheeks.

"Ah, father!" she exclaimed, "he is crying." Then, running up to him, she put her arms about his neck and drew his face down to hers. "Don't cry, Jack," she said; "you do forgive me, you do love me, Jack?"

And now there was peace where there had been cruelest war. But never again will Grace dare, as in the old time when love was a poem and she was innocent—never again will she dare to stand before the mirror with John and ask her question, "Aren't we lovely, Jack? Aren't we lovely?"

ROBERT BASSETT.

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NATIVE CLERGY.*

THE Christian priesthood has not been given to chosen races or nations. It is Christ's gift to his brothers, the sons of Adam. Before the time of Christ the head of the family was the priest, succeeded by his first-born son; but this was the natural priesthood. Commentators tell us that the birthright sold by Esau was his priesthood. He threw away the unspeakable privilege for a mess of pottage. When the dying Isaac felt the garments he recognized Esau's priestly vestments, although his unerring ear heard Jacob's voice. Our Lord himself, because he was the first-born, was redeemed by Mary and Joseph according to the law. Among the Jews the sacred offices were the privilege of the tribe of Levi and the priesthood of Aaron's house. While provision was made in the Jewish religion for converts, who were known as proselytes, still they were very few, and Judaism with its priesthood was national and local. But the Christian religion was for all men; hence Christ abolished such restrictions. He made his religion and his priesthood universal. Just as in the new dispensation there is neither Jew nor Greek, Scythian nor barbarian, bond nor free, so the clergy of that religion were to have no restriction save one: they should be men.

The priesthood is for the man, and no race can claim it; no family, religious or natural; no station in life; no pride of intellect, dare assert the prerogative of the Christian priesthood. "For every high-priest taken from among men is ordained for men, . . . neither doth any man take that honor to himself but he that is called of God, as Aaron was." This, however, seems a forgotten truth. Men are disposed to take into account the race and forget the individuals. How often do we hear it said, "The negroes are not fit to be priests," grouping the black race into one body. As a race no people are worthy of the priesthood. It belongs not to races, but to individuals. This distinction St. Paul brings out well in his letter to Titus. Speaking of the Cretans he calls them "always liars, evil beasts, slothful bellies"; yet he commands Titus to ordain these Cretans.

* Rohrbacher's *History of the Church*, second edition of Gaume, 1852; the Mercier edition (Gaume), 1859; the Vivès edition of 1872; the Guillaume edition of 1881.

Les Premiers Prêtres Indigènes du Tong-King. Par Lesserteur. Lyon, 1883.

Société des Missions Etrangères. *Compte Rendu de 1888.* Paris, 1889.

Collectanea Sanctæ Sedis ad usum Societatis Missionum ad Exteros. Parisiis: Chamerot, 1880.

“For this cause I left thee in Crete, that thou shouldest ordain priests in every city, as I also appointed thee.” See what St. Paul says of the Romans: “They changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of the image of a corruptible man, wherefore God gave them up to the desires of their heart, unto uncleanness, to dishonor their own bodies among themselves. For this cause God delivered them up to shameful affections, men working with men that which is filthy.” In his *Formation of Christendom* Allies describes at length the abominable vices of Rome. Who would say such a race was fit for the priesthood? But among them were chosen souls who became priests, bishops, and popes.

Nor is it less evident that the apostles, and the bishops whom they scattered over the world, instituted the priesthood everywhere, establishing everywhere a native clergy, “Ad Christianæ religionis firmitatem et incrementum.” Hence St. Ignatius the martyr, writing to Gentile peoples, the Magnesians and the Smyrnians, as also St. Clement to the Corinthians, exhort the faithful of those lands to their duty towards their bishops, priests, and deacons. While Eusebius, who lived in later days, narrates in his history that St. John the apostle, after returning from Patmos to Ephesus, journeyed to the remotest provinces, partly to consecrate bishops, partly to regulate, and establish churches, partly also to ordain priests. (Instruction of Propaganda to the bishops, etc., of the East, November 23, 1845.)

From the rise of the barbarians till the death of sacerdotal concubinage what a dreary task was that of Holy Church in handling her own clergy, who belonged to that rude race, which nowadays, forgetting the past, despises the rest of men! Did the church cease to ordain? By no means, but she went so far, as Balme assures us, as to ordain the very slaves. In my reading of church history I have not seen that any question was ever raised of a nation's fitness for the priesthood till the opening up of the Eastern missions. The accepted *rôle* of all missionaries, from the apostles to the men who evangelized Sweden, Norway, and Prussia, was to ordain the natives. The great Benedictine order planted its abbeys amid heathen populations, whose sons entered the cloister, followed and often led by their slaves.

Contemporary with the Reformation there arose a fresh impetus for missionary efforts. St. Francis Xavier, St. Peter Claver, Blessed Charles Spinola, St. Francis Solano, and a host of others

renewed in new worlds the distant glories of earlier days. They, however, worked in some respects on a different plan.

The Benedictines planted their abbeys, when, lo! towns grew up around them, civilization and Catholicism together from the same root. It is this plan they are now carrying on in Australia among the aborigines, where their settlement, New Nursia, is perhaps the most successful of all missionary enterprises of the present day. In the spirit of the great order of peace, Cardinal Lavigerie seems to be organizing his "Brothers of the Sahara." As a rule, modern missionary efforts follow a different plan. One missionary is put in charge of an immense area, over which he is ever journeying, having stations here and there, with a handful of laymen, known as catechists, to second his efforts, and in his absence supply his place as far as possible. But in days of persecution these are often a poor shift, unable to help others and helpless themselves. Together with this system of evangelizing there seems to have risen the doubt of a race's aptness for the priesthood. The prevailing caste of the East seems to have had a faint re-echo in the lines drawn between the missionaries and the catechists. As far as our knowledge goes, the companions and fellow-laborers of St. Paul, whose names are written in the book of life, were priests or bishops, although many of them were of the detested Gentiles.

The unerring voice of the Roman pontiffs has unceasingly insisted on a native clergy. They have been providing for those heathen lands vicars-apostolic, who would keep alive the two essentials, in Rome's view, for spreading the Gospel, namely: the episcopate and the native clergy. Hence Propaganda, in the Instruction of November 23, 1845, reminds the bishops of the East of the help sent to them for the building of seminaries for the natives, and tells them of the national colleges in Rome and elsewhere, recalling also the special faculties they enjoyed, by which was made easy the ordination of their indigenous people (*Collectanea*, p. i. chap. 5, No. 167). Innocent XI. went so far as to authorize his two legates, the Bishops of Baalbek (Heliopolis) and Beyruth, to force by canonical threats the vicars-apostolic to prepare and ordain the natives, in order that, he says, step by step a way could be opened to the founding of a native episcopate (*Ibid.*) Beautifully does this apostolic pope call those native priests "*sacerdotes naturales.*" What more natural than that a race should have priests of their own? The exotic, if not an entire failure, is at best but a temporary success. It may be well to recall here the decisions of the Propa-

ganda on this important question. They form the fifth chapter of the *Collectanea* of the Seminary for Foreign Missions, at Paris. Remember, Rome hardly acts in an *à priori* way. Only after repeated complaints or requests, and after much deliberation, are decisions arrived at or decrees promulgated. The slowness of Rome is proverbial. Hence the rapid succession of the series of decrees and instructions from which we shall make extracts, are evidence of how serious a matter in the church's eyes is the ordination of the natives.

The first decree was to the ill-fated Church of Japan. On September 11, 1626, the Propaganda commanded the Bishop of Japan, a Jesuit, living then in Macao, to raise to sacred orders, including the priesthood, in sufficient numbers, such Japanese as were found fit. Only four years later (November 28, 1630) the Propaganda commands that the natives of India should be raised to the priesthood after a careful education and some years of trial, with a view to testing their morals and their use as catechists. For such a command the Holy See adduced these three reasons: First, it is certain from sacred Scripture and ecclesiastical history that it was so done everywhere by the apostles and in the primitive church; second, because natives are more trusted by their people; and third, they know better the languages, customs, and dispositions of their countrymen. The second and third reasons are well worth laying to heart; for they strike the key-note why every race should have their own priests—*sacerdotes naturales*, as Innocent XI. named them. Again, twenty-nine years later, that is, in 1659, the Sacred Congregation declares that its chief reason for sending bishops to the East was that in every way they would strive to so train the youths of those countries as to fit them for the priesthood, to which the bishops should ordain them. The Propaganda consequently commands the bishops in those parts to always have this end in view. We may feel quite sure that this stirring up of the Eastern vicars-apostolic had grave foundations. In this same instruction the Propaganda goes a step further, implicitly advocating, with due precautions, the consecration of native bishops. Four years later (February 22, 1634) Propaganda is again sending out advice about indigenous clergy. In this document the root of church life is pointed out. For the number of native clergy, it is ordered, should be so increased, and they should be so scattered throughout the whole country and even in private houses, that the Faith might more deeply take root, while there would be less danger of the persecutors ousting these native clergy and along with them the Faith.

As the years rolled on and Mother Church saw with watchful eye the many trials of the Eastern missions, she seemed to redouble her longings for a native priesthood. This is seen from the following extracts, which are taken from a letter written in 1802 to the vicar-apostolic of Pondicherry. The words are so strong that we venture to give them in full: "Again and again we exhort and warn your lordship to find laborers; and, since priests of our own race in sufficient numbers cannot be had, strive to find youths of the Malabar race, whose piety and talents are known, who may be raised to orders. For, unless you ordain the natives, never will you be able to command a sufficient supply of laborers. And do not be frightened because the Malabar youth lately ordained by you lost his mind. For this came from illness, and it would be unfair to argue the same sad end in others. We willingly admit that it is not easy to have at hand young natives fit for orders without a place in which to prepare them. But hence your lordship should infer how great need there is of such a seminary. This great work is as yet to be done; and once it is accomplished you will have well advanced toward the stability and succession of the apostolic ministry. Quickly start it, therefore, and with all your strength push it on. If the Sacred Congregation can in anywise help you, gladly will it do so."

The baneful effects of neglecting to ordain the native clergy were made evident by two great disasters to the Eastern missions. The first of these wrought dire evils, while the second brought about healthy results. We refer to the missions of Japan and Tonquin. No work of fiction surpasses the story of the wonderful progress which Christianity made in the land of the Mikado. From the days of St. Francis Xavier down to the expulsion of the European missionaries the annals of the Japanese church teems with the heroic; so much so that the heroic there became the commonplace. The first ages of the church were rivalled in that distant land. Yet the saying that "The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians," however true of the early church, stands contradicted in the case of Japan. It resembled rather Jonas' gourd. It was planted, watered, grew, blossomed, and was destroyed by the first storm. The reason was, it was served by an exotic priesthood. And the loss of Japan to Catholicism in the seventeenth century is an unanswerable proof of the need of a native hierarchy and clergy. We use the word "loss" advisedly, for, just as England and Germany are said—and truthfully—to have been lost to the church by the Reformation, so was Japan lost. In the former countries a remnant of Israel re-

mained true; so in the latter there were found those who would not bend the knee to Baal. And to speak of the paralysis—aye, death—of Christian efforts at evangelizing Japan, which lasted over two centuries, as a loss, is by no means an exaggeration. Alas! 'tis an appalling truth! Rohrbacher, in his history of the church, gives the sad story in details which we sorrowfully produce here for the information of our readers. In the December number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD we made a passing reference to this dark episode in the church's history, but did not care to enter fully into it. We do it now with great repugnance.

After relating the heroic virtues of some Japanese nobility, the Alsatian historian says:

“In the first ages of the church, in the apostolic times, these worthy Japanese nobles would have been forced to receive the priesthood, and even to become bishops, in order to make them the pastors of those whose rulers and kings they were, as was done with St. Denis the Areopagite, Synesius of Ptolemaida, St. Ambrose of Milan, St. Germain of Auxerre” (the Gaume edition of 1859, vol. xxv. p. 28).

After describing the solemn visit of the Japanese embassy to Rome, and the rise of the man destined to persecute the Christians (*Ibid.*, pp. 29, 30, 31), Rohrbacher thus writes:

“The most desirable thing for the Christians of Japan was bishops and priests of their own country; that is, a native clergy. Thus, the apostles and their successors labored for the conversion of Syria, Egypt, Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, and the whole West. It is said of St. Paul and St. Barnabas that in going to Lystra, Iconium, and Antioch, ‘they ordained priests in every church’ (Acts xiv. 20–22). And we have seen St. Paul writing to Titus, his disciple: ‘I have left thee in Crete, that thou shouldst set in order the things that are wanting, and shouldst ordain priests in every city, as I also appointed thee’ (Titus i. 5). Now this command concerns the qualities which a bishop should have, for it was bishops who were in question. It is not said that the bishop should be a stranger; on the contrary, he should have a good testimony of them who are without (1 Tim. iii. 7); that is, of the infidels. This supposes a man of the country, either by birth or long residence. It is, of course, a good rule that he should not be a neophyte, a recent convert, lest he be puffed up with pride. From thirty to forty years, however, Christianity was flourishing in Japan; it had the upper hand in many provinces or kingdoms; the Japanese Christians gave proofs of intelligence and of admirable virtues. Of them St. Paul and St. Barnabas would have chosen more

than one in order to ordain them as priests for the villages and churches. As desired by the Council of Trent, moreover, it would have been easy during forty years to have established a seminary in which to train for the priesthood those wonderful children whom we have read of making themselves the apostles of their families and running to martyrdom as to a feast. In the history of Japan by Chareloix there is indeed mention of two seminaries, but seminaries, or rather colleges, of nobles. No trace is there of a clerical seminary, save in the address of the Japanese ambassadors to Gregory XIII., where it is said that that pontiff had founded in Japan seminaries to form a large number of native preachers, since the natives of those isles enjoyed much light and intelligence. But in the space of forty or fifty years there was not seen established a resident priest—a pastor, properly speaking—in any church, village, or province” (*Ibid.*, p. 33).

In a word, Japanese seminaries existed only on paper. Referring again to Gregory XIII.’s order for the founding of seminaries for the native clergy, Rohrbacher says: “The Jesuits would have done better to have faithfully carried out the papal orders than to give the name of seminaries to the academies of the nobles” (*Ibid.*, p. 35). In the following pages of the historian our readers, if interested, may read not over-edifying descriptions of the disputes which the religious orders brought from the arena of European turmoils, with the result apparently of renewing on new battle-fields the sorrows of the Spouse of Christ. Rohrbacher thus sums up the results of these wranglings, and of the oft-recalled neglect to establish seminaries for the natives. The quotation is only the sadder because of its details:

“The Bishop of Japan, Louis Serqueyra, died in the beginning of the year 1614. As he had no coadjutor on the spot, no well-organized native clergy, his death, occurring on the eve of a general persecution, was a great misfortune. The pope named as his successor another Jesuit, Diego Valens, who, however, never got beyond Macao, and was never able to visit his flock in Japan. On the death of his predecessor the missionaries found they could not agree as to the seat of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The provincial of the Jesuits claimed that by virtue of an apostolic brief he was the rightful administrator of the diocese. This office was also claimed by the superior of the Franciscans, who had been sent to Japan by the metropolitan, the Archbishop of Manila; the secular clergy, who numbered in all but seven priests, finally declared in favor of the superior of the Franciscans and published a document to that effect. This division lasted until the Archbishop of Goa declared, as primate, that the provincial of the Jesuits and his successors alone should administer the affairs of

the diocese of Japan whenever the see should be vacant. This decision was confirmed in 1618 by Paul V. and in 1632 by Urban VIII. A simpler and more radical remedy, after sixty years of Christianity, would have been to execute loyally (*franchement*) the orders of the Apostolic See to found true seminaries in Japan, to form a native clergy, canonically organized. That the native clergy of Japan, after sixty years of religious prosperity, should number in all but seven secular priests, without any ecclesiastical title to exercise authority in case of need, is an enormous fault (*faute énorme*). On whomsoever rests truthfully the blame for this rests also the responsibility for the destruction of Christianity in Japan. The neglect to form a native clergy fostered in the mind of the native ruler (*cubosama*) the insinuations of the Dutch merchants, that the foreign missionaries were but emissaries of the Spanish sovereign, whose sole aim was to prepare for their king the conquest of Japan (*Ibid.*, p. 57).

Rohrbacher refuses to condemn any one or any order for what he calls *une faute énorme*. Nor should we sit in judgment who are of the least of the tribes of Israel, and whose kindred are the last among all the families of the tribe of Benjamin. Were even either Jesuits or Franciscans at fault, it would be grossly unfair to lay at the door of those great orders the shortcomings of some members who were living at the other end of the world. It was a time, too, when often two years or more would go by before letters could be exchanged between Europe and those distant lands. A principal is not bound for such of his agents' acts as exceed his instructions. Nor should a religious order be held for the acts of its members. The more so is this the case when the erring ones are in part subject to another authority—for instance, a religious vicar-apostolic. Should, however, any one haply venture so far as to blame either of these orders for the loss of Japan there is no occasion even then of wonder. The religious orders, of the Catholic Church, whatever may be said of the religious state, are human inventions (Lehmkuhl, vol. i. p. 296), liable to errors and blunders like all human organizations. *Humanum est errare*.

Before leaving Japan it is well to add that all of the above quotations can be seen in these editions of the great historian: in the second Gaume edition of 1852, edited by Rohrbacher himself; in the Vivès of 1872, edited by Monsignor Fevre, and in the Palmè of 1881, of which the editor was Père Guillaume. The extract first named appears in vol. xxv. pp. 32, 34, 35, and 57; in the second named in vol. xii. pp. 16, 17, 28; and in the Palmè in vol. x. pp. 467, 468, and 478. There is a Gaume edi-

tion of 1859, edited by a M. Mercier, who claims to have used Rohrbacher's unpublished notes, which has not these words of Rohrbacher, but others instead, which are, in the main, the praises of a few Jesuit superiors in Japan. These were holy men, no doubt, and worthy to have their names chronicled in the pages of history, but hardly after a dubious fashion. It would have been more manly to have left Rohrbacher intact and have refuted him, as was attempted by the Jesuit Bertrand, in his *Mémoires Historiques sur les Missions* (Brunet: Paris, 1862). Bertrand writes with warmth, as if holding a brief, and in the main labors to prove that there were Japanese Jesuits, giving but scant notice of secular Japanese priests.

The last word on Japan will be pontifical. On May 10, 1775, Pius VI. addressed a letter to the vicars-apostolic of Western Tonquin, Sutchin, Cochin-China, and the director of the Seminary for Foreign Missions, Paris. Among other things his Holiness exhorts them to gather students from China, Tonquin, Cochin-China, Cambodia, and Siam; and towards the end of the letter, in urging the establishment of local colleges throughout the East, the Holy Father writes: "In this way, by multiplying collèges and sending their alumni to their own races, more and more will the increase and safeguard of the clergy be provided for. And in that case, if persecution assails a mission, there will be no danger of the apostolic ministry suddenly ceasing, AS UNFORTUNATELY HAPPENED IN THE JAPANESE MISSION."

Let us now consider another and a more pleasing illustration of our thesis. The Tonquinese Church witnessed the same happy planting and growth as the Japanese; it did not see, however, the same lamentable death. There was a Josue to save it, in the person of the illustrious Jesuit, Father Alexander de Rhodes. His was a broader mind than most of his contemporaries. Driven from Tonquin, he went to Rome, whence, after advising with the pope, he journeyed to Paris, there to inaugurate the great Seminary for Foreign Missions. While in Paris, Monsieur Olier; founder of the Sulpitians, in the fervor of his love for souls, offered himself to go to the East with the great Jesuit, who, however, soon recognized that the saintly founder of seminaries was doing the Master's work best where he was. The story of the evangelization of Tonquin is intensely interesting, and we give it as narrated in a work now before us:

"It was on the 19th of March, 1627, feast of the glorious St. Joseph, that he who was to be the first apostle of Tonquin,

the Rev. Father Alexander de Rhodes, of the Society of Jesus, landed in that country. The Lord blessed the zeal and the work of this holy missionary, and when three years later he was obliged to withdraw the new-born church already numbered more than five thousand neophytes. His departure left the Christians without a pastor, and the precious germs of faith planted with so much labor in this fertile soil would soon have perished had not the following year seen the coming of new missionaries of the Society of Jesus, who were sent to continue the work begun under such happy auspices. From 1631 to 1658 the faith made marvellous progress, and the number of Christians was soon increased to nearly one hundred thousand. The missionaries, however, had to struggle against all manner of vexations and difficulties. One motive alone restrained the king of Tonquin from openly persecuting them—the fear of thus banishing from his court the Portuguese, whose presence there was a source of very considerable revenue to his coffers.

“In 1658, the Portuguese having ceased to visit Tonquin, and no longer bringing the rich presents they had been accustomed to offer the king, the Jesuit fathers, then the sole missionaries in this country, were expelled with the exception of two, who obtained permission to remain in the capital city. This permission, however, was revoked five years later, and in 1663 they too were expelled, and the church in Tonquin was thus left abandoned to itself, without a head and without aid. As a tree of very rapid growth seldom strikes such deep roots as to keep it firm amidst the fury of the storm, even so was it with this flourishing church, which counted scarcely twenty-six years of existence. Deprived of the pilot at its helm, shipwreck seemed almost inevitable.

“Its apostles had spent themselves with a zeal beyond all praise, and the results they obtained were incomparable; but they had made one mistake—that of not establishing the work of evangelization upon a basis capable of securing its stability. They should not have allowed the duties of the present to have made them unmindful of the future; but, convinced that the royal favor now accorded them was transient, they should have established an organization which could exist without them in case they were ever obliged to leave the country. They had indeed instituted an order of native catechists, who lent them invaluable aid in preparing Christians for the reception of the sacraments. But once the missionaries had departed, these precious auxiliaries were powerless, not only to maintain the work of salvation, but also to prevent its perishing. Who, indeed, without an express vocation, and especially without the sacerdotal character, could communicate to souls the sanctifying grace so necessary to the vitality of the church at all times, and more particularly during periods of persecution? Who could raise up their brethren fallen into the snares of the demon, and wash the soul

of its stains, especially at that supreme hour when it is about to appear before the Sovereign Judge? And, moreover, these catechists themselves, having no opportunity of refreshing their own souls in the salutary waters of penance, nor of partaking of that sacred banquet which strengthens one for the combat, must inevitably decline from their first fervor.

“There was, then, in the conception of the general plan for the evangelization of these countries a deficiency, a fatal gap, which could not but tend to the prejudice and ruin of the mission.

“This the Rev. Father Alexander de Rhodes clearly comprehended; and, with a foresight truly apostolic, he, on his return to Europe, petitioned the Holy See to provide for the future of the missions in the far East by establishing a native clergy among them, suggesting on this point that bishops be stationed in those countries, both to bear the responsibilities of the souls confided to their charge, and to elevate to the priesthood such native subjects as seemed worthy of the dignity. In this way there would be created a native hierarchy, taking its place in the church in harmony with the rest of mankind. From this generous initiative sprung the Society of the Foreign Missions; and in 1659 two of its founders, Monsieur Pallu and Monsieur de la Mothe Lambert, bearing the title of vicar-apostolic, were delegated by the Holy See to the especial mission of laboring for the formation of a native clergy.”—(*Les Premiers Prêtres Indigènes de l'Eglise du Tong-King*, p. 4.)

On January 27, 1687, the Sacred Congregation wrote to the vicars-apostolic of Tonquin that among its chief cares the one which weighed most was the keeping up of pastors in those remote regions who would save the flock from being severed from the fold of Christ. Hence it proposed that from the native priests the vicars-apostolic should select the best fitted to be their coadjutors (*Collectanea*).

The Seminary of the Foreign Missions of Paris, thus planted in 1663, through, in no small measure, the efforts of the Jesuit Alexander of Rhodes, has been faithfully at work up to the present day. Its last report in our hands (1888) announces that there were 30 bishops, 745 European and 434 native priests, working under its direction. At Penang Straits settlement this society has a general college, in which were upward of one hundred boys studying for the priesthood. They were natives of Burmah, the Malayan Peninsula, Siam, Cochin-China, Tonquin, Cambodia, China, Japan, and Corea. The language of the house is Latin, but the boys are allowed to speak their own tongues on Sundays and holidays (V. Rev. I. Jackson in *The Colored Harvest*).

Let us conclude this subject by giving some rules which the Propaganda lays down in its letters of November 23, 1845. The first orders that the episcopate be kept up, and that dioceses should be divided when too large. The second emphasizes the need of seminaries for the native clergy. The third, perhaps the most important, urges the consecration of native bishops. Hence, in the fourth, the Propaganda demands the prevalent custom of keeping the native clergy in subordinate positions should be done away with. It adds that merit and service be rewarded without prejudice, and to European and native priests alike. The last regards catechists, who are to be taken from among the ecclesiastical students.

History repeats itself. The disaster of the ill-fated church of Japan may be renewed. The only hope of converting a race, as laid down by Rome, centres in the episcopate and a native clergy. There is, then, no chance to win the Negroes to the faith without priests of their own. True, some old "mammies," who are content to hide behind the pillars of a big church, will tell fashionable ladies that they prefer white priests. But go ask the youth and manhood of the Negro race what they think, and you will hear the cry of laudable race-pride, "We want our own priests."

Consider these cases: There is a Catholic negro youth attending Morgan College (Methodist) here in Baltimore. Some casuist might ask how can that boy receive the sacraments since he is attending a Methodist college? A colored girl of this city is now at the State Normal School, South Framingham, Mass. She is fitting herself to be a teacher. In that school she is the companion of girls who are as respectable as those in any of our convent schools. How can she get a higher education in a Catholic academy? Who would say to that girl that she should forfeit her prospects in life by leaving that normal school? To my certain knowledge there are many other such cases. Here are difficulties soon to be solved, let us hope, by our Catholic educators.

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THE LIFE OF FATHER HECKER.*

CHAPTER XXI.

BROTHER HECKER.

THE Redemptorist novitiate at St. Trond, as well as the house of studies at Wittem, Holland, had been established by the immediate disciples of St. Clement Hofbauer. That great and holy man had introduced the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer into Austria and other parts of Germany several years before the time of which we write. A saint himself, and of wonderful missionary gifts, he was worthy of the title of second founder of the order of St. Alphonsus Liguori. St. Clement was the son of a Moravian peasant, and in early life had been a baker by trade. St. Alphonsus was still alive when Clement, while on a pilgrimage to Rome, was enrolled there in the Redemptorist novitiate. This event was auspicious of the future of the entire community, since his apostolate was the means of propagating the order among the northern nations, and giving to it some of its present dominant characteristics of Teutonic discipline; whereas in the land of its origin it has never fully recovered from the disasters which befell it during the lifetime of its founder. In Germany and the Low Countries, on the other hand, the children of St. Alphonsus and St. Clement were, at the time when the three Americans joined them, the most powerful preachers in the Church. Their vocation called them to give missions—spiritual exercises lasting from a week to a month—to the faithful in every part of Catholic Europe, not excepting France. Their fame was established as the foremost preachers of penance and of the Redeemer's love for sinners.

St. Trond was the novitiate of the Belgian Province, which embraced Belgium and Holland as well as the newly established convents in England and America. The Provincial was Father de Held, whom we saw in Baltimore while he was there on a tour of inspection of the American houses. He was an Austrian German, a man of noble presence, matured spirituality and an accomplished missionary. Father Hecker knew him well in after years, and always counted him as one who understood his spirit and approved his aspirations.

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The convent in St. Trond was in a narrow street of the quaint little city; so narrow, indeed, that one almost fancied that he could touch both walls by stretching out his arms. It was a solid old structure, built by St. Colette for her Poor Clares in the first half of the fifteenth century, an ample guarantee of its conformity to the ideas of religious poverty. It was not architecturally fine, but was a curious and interesting building. In one of his letters home Isaac says that the house was very roomy, with long corridors having cells on each side. It abutted on a church which was open to the public and served by the fathers; a window in the convent chapel looked into the sanctuary. Attached to the house was a garden of three or four acres.

The country around the town is a typical Flemish landscape, flat, fertile, thickly dotted with farm buildings, and highly cultivated. The people are wholly Catholic. The town is an old one, and in its time has had some military importance. Our young novices often walked upon the ramparts which encircled it. There are structures in the neighborhood which were built before the Christian era; quite near by was one of Cæsar's round towers, as well as the deserted ruins of an ancient city named Leo. Curious old churches and monasteries might often be seen by the novices on their long walks into the country. All this antiquity was the more pleasing to the American novices because in their own land the forests, the rivers, and the everlasting hills are all that represent the distant past.

Besides twenty novices there were ten or twelve fathers at St. Trond, who either served the church or went about on missions; and there were also a number of lay brothers. By nationality the greater portion of the novices were Belgians and Hollanders, the others being mostly Germans. The language of the house was French, though Latin was sometimes used. Of course this was an added difficulty to *Brother* Hecker, as he was now called, for he knew practically nothing of that language, though he had studied it a little. But he attacked it resolutely, and, as one of his companions said, learned it heels over head. He never feared to make mistakes, nor dreaded a smile at his expense, and as a consequence was soon able to talk to any one. But his French was always curious, and when he took his turn at reading during meals he gave the community some hearty laughs.

All the new-comers were invested with the Redemptorist habit about three weeks after their arrival, in September, 1845.

“You can scarce imagine the happiness I felt on my arrival here,” he writes to his mother in his first letter home. “For three days my heart was filled with joy and gladness. I was like one who had been transported to a lovelier, a purer, and a better world.” He tells her that he had waited for a fortnight before writing, to learn the place, and then, after expressing his satisfaction with everything in such sentences as the above, he fills the rest of the letter with arguments in favor of the Catholic Church and exhortations to join it. Such was the burden of all of his letters home from both St. Trond and Wittem. We have ten written from the novitiate. An exception must be made as to one which describes in detail the daily order of life in the novitiate. It is addressed to his mother.

He tells her that the first bell rings at half-past four in the morning and the last at half-past nine at night. The time is divided between various common and private devotional exercises, including Mass, meditations, recitation of the office in common, study of the rule of the order, spiritual conferences, spiritual reading, and the like. Silence is broken only for an hour after dinner and another hour after supper. About an hour of out-door exercise is taken every day, and a long walk once a week and on feast-days. All of Thursday in each week, and all the more important feasts of the year are days of recreation, when silence need not be observed during the greater part of the day, and much relaxation is otherwise allowed. All Fridays are days of total silence and special devotion. The letter fails to mention the discipline, or flagellation, which was taken twice a week.

He ends thus: “The time of the novitiate is one year, and its object is to prove our vocation, and form the religious character—the heart. The exercises may seem too many to you, but to us they are quite otherwise. Their frequent changes prevent them from being monotonous, and their variety makes them agreeable. Our time passes without our taking count of it, and our joy is that of a pure conscience, and our happiness that of a clean heart.”

It might seem a matter of peculiar difficulty for a free nature like Isaac Hecker's to conform to the stiff rules of such a system. But it was not so, and a closer look into the matter shows that such a regimen is of much use to an earnest man, however free his character, at the outset of his spiritual career. Experience proves that the test of the genuineness of the interior disposition to serve God perfectly is readiness to surrender

exterior peculiarities. There is nothing in the special graces of God which should hinder a placid acceptance of the routine of a novitiate. The merging of individual conduct into the common custom is the contribution which community life must exact from every member. If a man is to be a hermit he may act from individual impulses alone, though, even so, rarely without counsel. But if one would live and work with others, special graces and individual traits of character must not be allowed to interfere with a certain degree of uniformity, though, on the other hand, that uniformity should not be allowed to cripple the spontaneous action of natural independence, and the inspiration of graces which are personal.

It must be granted that with many souls a novitiate will tend to a routine use of religious aids. Yet it cannot be denied that its discipline forcibly concentrates the scattered purposes of life into one powerful stream. It contributes to symmetry of character. It furnishes efficacious tests of sincerity. It drills disorderly natures into regularity. It acquaints the beginner with the literature of his holy profession, and herein it is of priceless worth. And finally, it provides advisers of approved wisdom during the period of the spiritual life when counsel is most needed, as well as most gratefully accepted. But if it fails in each of these particulars, as no doubt it sometimes does, the novitiate may be said never to fail in detecting an inaptitude for the common life, if such exists; that is to say, a serious lack of the qualities which fit one to get along in peace with the brethren.

Into the novitiates of the religious orders, and into the seminaries which hold their place for the secular priesthood, the noblest men of our race have entered joyfully; some to be wedded to the Divine Spouse in the peaceful seclusion of holy contemplation, and others, of the more militant orders, to be trained to follow worthily the banners of the apostolic warfare against vice and error.

The novice-master was puzzled by his three Americans, though Brother McMaster was easily comprehended—an overfrank temperament, impulsive, and demonstrative. Not only were his banners always hanging on the outward wall, but his plan of campaign also. The other two were a study, and Brother Hecker was a curiosity. Yet both were cheerful, obedient, earnest, courageous. He was annoyed at the Americans' incessant demand for the reason why of all things permitted, and the reason why not of all things prohibited; until at last Brother Walworth was named Brother Pourquoi. As to Brother Hecker,

besides showing the same stand-and-deliver propensity, he occupied much of the time of conversation in philosophizing, plunging into the obscurest depths of metaphysical and ethical problems, using terms which were often quite unfamiliar to strictly orthodox ears, and exhibiting a fearless independence of thought generally conceded among Catholics only to practised theologians. Yet the novice-master was well pleased with both, though we shall see that his journey with Brother Hecker was for some time in the dark.

When the Fourth of July came around he learned that it was the great American holiday, and he called the three Americans to him and asked, "How do you celebrate your national holiday at home?" "By shooting off fire-crackers," they answered with a twinkle. This being out of the question, and the grand military parade which was next suggested also impracticable, Brothers Walworth and Hecker both exclaimed, "Ginger-bread!" "Take all you want," was the answer, "and go off on a long walk, and spend the day by yourselves." And off they went to wander among the ruins of the outposts of the old Roman republic, and make Fourth of July speeches in honor of the great new Republic beyond the sea. Those who have been novices themselves will not be surprised at the boyishness of these three manly characters under the circumstances.

Isaac Hecker's spirit was not anywise cramped by the routine exercises of the novitiate; he made them easily and well. He always seemed to his companions what he actually was, and what he described himself to be in his letters to New York, cheerful and contented. Yet, as one of them since expressed it, he was not a "dude" novice, not the very pink of external perfection, and had a long period of interior trial. He did not exhibit at any time the least hesitancy about his vocation, for his mind was made up. Yet once, when he took a walk with Brother Walworth to visit a house of Recollects, Franciscans of the strict observance, both he and his companion were greatly struck by that charming poverty which the poor man of Assisi has bequeathed to his children; they did ask each other whether they had not made a mistake. This question, however, was but the expression of a shadowy doubt, vanishing as suddenly as it had come.

The novice-master was Father Othmann, and he was by universal testimony entirely competent for his place. He was himself the novitiate. Its austerities, and they were not trifling, its long and frequent prayer, its total seclusion from the world, all

were refined and adjusted to each one by passing through his soul and being dispensed by his wisdom. Father Hecker regarded him as a very remarkable man. He was a student of character, and wise and sagacious in varying the application of religious influences according to temperament and spiritual gifts. Under him the danger of formalism, which occurs to one's mind immediately as the incessant round of exercises is mentioned, was rendered remote; for he used his instructions, and especially the chapter of faults, in a way to infuse into the life of the novices the ever-recurring freshness of individual initiative. His model (after St. Alphonsus) was St. Francis de Sales. He followed him constantly in his doctrine and methods, and often spoke of him and quoted him. He spoke respectfully of other methods and their advocates, but, however prevalent they were at the time, he did not follow them. Brother Hecker was a faithful student in that school and learned much from Father Othmann. The latter especially insisted on the principle of accepting Providence as the chief dispenser of mortifications. He had no objection to self-imposed spiritual exercises, but he did not positively favor them. He taught his young men that the traditional practices of devout souls as embraced in the routine of the novitiate, were good mainly to break the resistance of corrupt nature and render their souls pliant subjects of the Divine guidance in the interior life, as well as submissive to the rule of life prescribed by the order of God in the events of His external Providence.

The assistant novice-master, who took Father Othmann's place during his absence, was a Walloon. His name we have been unable to discover, but he was a holy priest, held up to the novices as their model and esteemed by them as the saint of the novitiate. He was a very pleasant man withal, and no doubt added in every way to the fruits of the long year of spiritual trial.

When Isaac Hecker presented himself as a novice he took his place among the youths learning the A, B, C of the spiritual life, while he himself had experienced for many months the most rare dealings of the Holy Ghost with the soul. This could not fail to come to the knowledge of Father Othmann, and, taken with the other peculiarities of his subject, to elicit his most skillful treatment. "Père Othmann, my novice-master," said Father Hecker, in after years, "had a right to be puzzled by me, and so he watched me more than he did the others." He watched and studied him and gradually applied the two sovereign tests of genuine spirituality, obedience and humiliation. These were

all the more efficacious in this case, because Brother Hecker was a man of great native independence of character and naturally of an extremely sensitive disposition.

Such was the common austerity of the life that it took some ingenuity to inflict on a novice a mortification which had not grown stale by use in the case of one or more of the others. But in searching the interior of the soul the director could find tender places into which his weapon would be plunged to the bone. But it is more than probable that for some time he misunderstood Brother Hecker, and that he even suspected him of being under delusions. For several months, at any rate, he treated him at his weekly confession with the utmost rigor, producing indescribable mental agony. Many years afterwards, and when near his death, Father Hecker once said to the writer: "While I was kneeling among the novices, outside Père Othmann's room, waiting to go to confession, I often begged of God that it might be His will that I should die before my turn came, so dreadful an ordeal had confession become on account of the severity of the novice-master." Yet, as recorded in the memoranda, the victim was eager for the sacrifice when the knife was not actually lifted over him. "I begged the novice-master," he said on another occasion, "to watch me carefully, and when he saw me bent on anything to thwart me. I did not know any other way of overcoming my nature. He took me at my word, too. For example, once a week only we had a walk, a good long one, and we enjoyed it, and it was necessary for us. I enjoyed it very much indeed. So, sometimes when we were starting out, my thoughts bounding with the anticipated pleasure, he would stop me midway on the stairs: 'Frère Hecker,' he would say, 'please remain at home, and instead of the walk wash and clean the stair-way.' It would nearly kill me to obey, such was my disappointment, grief, humiliation."

In conjunction with these trials from without came a recurrence of resistless interior impulses. "During my novitiate," he is recorded as saying in 1885, "I found myself under impulses of grace which it seemed to me impossible to resist. One was to conquer the tendency to sleep. I slept on boards or on the floor. After a while I was able to do with five hours sleep, and often with only three, in the twenty-four. Père Othmann was not unwilling for me to follow these impulses as soon as he became convinced of their imperative strength. Yet I now see that such practices were in a certain sense mistaken. They necessarily consumed in mortification vitality that I could now

use, if I had it, in a more useful way. Still, how could I help it?"

The end of this period of his humiliations, which was not far from the end of his noviceship, is thus described: "One day after Communion I was making my half-hour thanksgiving in my room, when Père Othman came in and examined me about my form of prayer. Oh! it was just then that I had reached the passive state of prayer: *I* did nothing, *Another* did everything in my prayer. From that time, having put me down in the gutter he raised me up to the pinnacle, whereas I should have been in neither place." On another occasion he told how the change of prayer had happened: "I was on my knees one day after Communion, making a regular thanksgiving, when suddenly God stopped me, and I was told not to pray that way any more. *Question*: How were you told—what words were spoken to you? *Answer*: Cease your activity. I have no need of your words when I possess your will. 'Tis I, not you, who should act. My action in you is more important than your thanks. I cease to act when you begin, and begin to act when you cease. Be still—tranquil—listen—suffer me to act. Abandon yourself to me, and I will take care of you."

When in Rome, in the winter of 1857-8, he was compelled by circumstances, which will be told in their place, to make a written summary of his spiritual experience. In it he says: "My novitiate was one of sore trials, for the master of novices seemed not to understand me, and the manifestation of my interior to him was a source of the greatest pain. After about nine or ten months he appeared to recognize the hand of God in my direction in a special manner, conceived a great esteem (for me), and placed unusual confidence in me, and allowed me without asking it, though greatly desired, daily Communion. During my whole novitiate no amount of austerity could appease my desire for mortification, and several gifts in the way of prayer were bestowed on me."

On March 6, 1885, while in a state of almost utter physical prostration, he communicated to the writer the following: "Forty years ago, in my novitiate, God told me that I was to suffer in every fibre of my being." "Perhaps," was remarked, "you have not suffered all yet." *Answer*: "Perhaps not, but God has kept His promise in every limb, member, and function of my body." It may become necessary to refer again to these interior occurrences. We leave them with the remark that his novitiate was characterized by a continuance of Divine interferences similar to

those which had occurred at intervals from the time he was driven from home and business to seek the fulfilment of his aspirations.

The following is the record of a brave soul's failure to become a Redemptorist. It is given in a letter dated September 14: "Brother McMaster, who returns to the U. S., gives me the opportunity of writing a few lines to you," etc. It was a profound disappointment for Mr. McMaster to be obliged to return home a layman, and it shocked his companions. It is a little singular that Father Othmann told him that his vocation was not to be a religious, but an editor. He carried with him Brother Hecker's messages of affection to his friends and relatives, and rosaries of Isaac's own making for his mother and his brother George.

On August 26, 1846, writing to his brother George, after some tender and affectionate words, he says: "I have now nearly eight weeks until the time of taking the vows. Oh that it were but eight minutes, nay, eight seconds, when I shall be permitted, with the favor and grace of God, to consecrate my whole being and life to His sole service! Millions of worlds put on top of one another could not purchase from me my vocation. We make fifteen days' retreat before we take the vows. You must recommend me very particularly to the Rt. Rev. Bishop McCloskey; tell him the time of my taking the vows (Feast of St. Teresa, October 15), and give him my humble request to remember me at that time in his prayers."

On the feast of St. Teresa, October 15, 1846, the two American novices took their vows, and became members of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. On the very morning of that event, at half-past eight, Brother Hecker wrote a letter to his mother, in which he goes over all of his trials and experiences in following the Divine guidance since he first quitted business. It breathes intense affection in every word, and is written in a solemn mood. We would give it to the reader entire, but that he has already learned what it contains. It ends thus: "Dear mother, in half an hour I go to the chapel to consecrate my whole being for ever to God and His service. What peace, what happiness this gives me! To live alone for His love, and to love all for His love, in His love, and with His love!"

Some time during the day, after the ceremony was over, he wrote as follows to his brother John:

"DEAR BROTHER JOHN: This day, with the special grace of God, I have taken the holy vows of the Catholic religion,

which are obedience, poverty, chastity, and final perseverance. These vows bind me to the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer for my natural life, and the Congregation in the same manner to me. Thanks to God for His kind Providence. My vocation is once for all, for ever settled, firmly fixed. During the year and more of my novitiate I have not had any temptation against my vocation, nor any desire on my part to return to the world.

“As you were not certain whether I would return after the novitiate or not, I suppose you left my name in connection with yours and brother George’s in the firm. But now that this (separation) is certain, would it not be best for you to destroy that agreement we made with each other some time ago, that no future difficulty can or may arise? All this I leave to your judgments; and as for me, dear brothers John and George, in respect to the business, you may regard me as though I had never been connected with it, nor had any title or claim upon it whatever. I am simply your dear brother Isaac, who loves you from the depth of his heart. This love, be assured, will never be diminished by any event; whatever happens will only give me new motives to love you the more. My conduct is under your inspection, yours especially, dear John, as being the eldest of us three, and I trust your sincere love for me will not let any word or action of mine pass unnoticed which may be the least unpleasant to you.

“My love, my gratitude, and my prayers to and for you all. Remember me to all my friends.

Your brother,

ISAAC.

“*St. Trond, October 15, 1846.*

“I have forgotten to say that if you have not already made use of the things that I left, such as clothing, you should do so. I.”

In bidding adieu to the novitiate we think Father Hecker’s last meeting with his old novice-master, as we find it recorded in the memoranda, will be of interest: “Père Othmann was one of my best friends. Shortly before he died I happened to be in France (this was after leaving the Redemptorists), and I heard that he was extremely ill at the Redemptorist house at Nancy. I wrote to him that if he wished I would call and see him. He answered me at once, begging me to come immediately, as he desired above all things to see me before he died. So I made a journey to Nancy, and we had some hours of pleasant conference together, and I bade him farewell.”

CHAPTER. XXII.

HOW BROTHER HECKER MADE HIS STUDIES AND WAS ORDAINED PRIEST.

THE day after the taking of the vows, Brothers Hecker and Walworth started by stage-coach for the house of studies, at Wittem in Dutch Limburg. The route lay nearly east through a country pleasant on account of the fertility of its soil and the industry of its inhabitants, and interesting from its churches, monasteries, and curious old villages. The travellers crossed the Meuse at Maestricht and reached their destination before night-fall. Wittem is a small town, thirty miles east of St. Trond and about ten west of Aix-la-Chapelle. This part of Holland is entirely Catholic, and its people possess a fervor which has sent missionaries to the ends of the earth. Everywhere shrines were to be seen by the roadsides. The country is not so level as that west of the Meuse, and the Redemptorist students often made excursions among the hills, our young Americans admiring the shepherds guarding their flocks, with their crooks and their dogs.

The house of studies was an old Capuchin monastery, large and plain and very interesting. The friars had buried their dead under the ground floor, which enabled the students to dig up an abundant supply of skulls as *memento moris* till the rector forbade it. The students were more numerous at Wittem than the novices had been at St. Trond. They were mostly Dutchmen, with a sprinkling of Belgians and a few Germans; but the language of the house was French or Latin. We have not been able to make quite sure of the name of the Rector; possibly it was Father Heilig, who certainly was there at this time, either in charge of the house or as one of the professors. The Master of Studies was Father L'hoir, who soon became one of Brother Hecker's dearest friends.

They found the students men of fine character and every way lovable, being earnest and devoted religious. The two Americans admired their thorough proficiency in all classical and literary studies, the result of old-world method and application. Mentally and physically they were splendid men. The whole race of Flemings and Dutch was found by our young recruits to be a grave and powerful people, although exceptional cases of mercurial temperament were not rare. Some curious individuals were to be found among them, as is more the case with European nationalities in general than with our

own. Both Americans were much liked and respected by all their new-found brethren, though Brother Hecker, for reasons soon to be told, was sometimes ridiculed in a way that distressed him. Brother Walworth, having studied much before entering the order, was placed at once in the theological department and Brother Hecker in the philosophical. The former was even dispensed from one year of his theology, taking but two years of the three which formed the full course. This difference of studies separated the two companions almost wholly from each other, members of the two departments not being allowed even to speak together except on extraordinary occasions.

All went smoothly with Brother Walworth. Not so with Brother Hecker, who was expected to make two years of philosophy and meantime to increase his stock of Latin. But his faculties had been subjected to spiritual experiences of so absorbing a nature that he found study impossible. And when Brother Walworth was in due course ordained priest, in August, 1848, his companion was stuck fast where he had begun. It need not be said that so earnest a soul made every effort to study, but all was in vain. In the statement made in Rome ten years later and referred to in an earlier chapter, we find the following:

“My wish was to make a thorough course (of studies) and begin with philosophy. This the superior granted. My intellect in all scientific (scholastic) matters seemed stupid, it was with great difficulty that its attention could be kept on them for a few moments, and my memory retained of these things nothing. At the close of the first year (at Wittem) all ability to pursue my studies had altogether departed. This state of things perplexed my superiors, and on being asked what they could do with me, my answer was, ‘One of three things: make me a lay brother; send me to a contemplative order which does not require scientific (scholastic) studies; or allow me to pursue, at my free moments, my studies by myself.’ Instead of either of these they gave me charge of the sick, which was my sole (regular) occupation for the whole year following. During this year my stupidity augmented and reduced me to a state next to folly, and it was my delight to be treated as a fool. One day, when my fellow-students were treating me as such, and throwing earth at me, an ancient father, venerated for his gifts and virtues, suddenly turned around to them and with emotion exclaimed, ‘You treat him as a fool and despise him; the day will come when you will think it an honor to kiss his hand.’ At the expiration

of the second year (at Wittem) the question came up again, what was to be done with me. My superior put this question to me, and demanded of me under obedience to tell him in writing how, in my belief, God intended to employ me in the future. Though the answer to this question was no secret to me, yet to express it while in a condition of such utter helplessness required me to make an act of great mortification. There was no escape, and my reply was as follows: It seemed to me in looking back at my career before becoming a Catholic that Divine Providence had led me, as it were by the hand, through the different ways of error and made me personally acquainted with the different classes of persons and their wants, of which the people of the United States is composed, in order that after having made known to me the truth, He might employ me the better to point out to them the way to His Church. That, therefore, my vocation was to labor for the conversion of my non-Catholic fellow-countrymen. This work, it seemed to me at first, was to be accomplished by means of acquired science, but now it had been made plain that God would have it done principally by the aid of His grace, and if (I were) left to study at such moments as my mind was free, it would not take a long time for me to acquire sufficient knowledge to be ordained a priest. This plan was adopted."

A more explicit statement of the supernatural influences by means of which God informed him of his mission was made in after years to various persons, singly and in common. It was to the effect that the Holy Spirit gave him a distinct and unmistakable intimation that he was set apart to undertake, in some leading and conspicuous way, the conversion of this country. That this intimation came to him while he was at Wittem is also certain; but it is equally so that he had premonitions of it during the novitiate. It was the incongruity of such a persuasion being united to a helpless inactivity of mind in matters of study that made Isaac Hecker a puzzle to his very self, to say nothing of those who had to decide his place in the order. Father Othmann, in bidding him farewell at St. Trond, had told him to become "*un saint fou*," a holy fool; a direction based upon his excessive abstraction of mind towards mystical things, and his consequent incapacity for mental effort in ordinary affairs. Once, at least, during those two eventful years at Wittem, Father Othmann visited the place, and when he saw Brother Hecker he embraced him and exclaimed, "O here is the spouse of the

Canticles!" His farewell injunction on parting at St. Trond had been perforce complied with.

It took far more than ordinary penetration to perceive anything but a kind of grandiose folly in Brother Hecker. The irrepressible impulse to talk about the conversion of America, to plan it and advocate it, to proclaim it possible and prove it so, to philosophize on the profoundest questions of the human reason, to do all this with an air of matured conviction and with the impact of conscious moral authority, but in terms as strikingly eccentric as the thoughts were lofty and inspiring, in execrable French, the declaimer known to be *minus habens* in his studies and utterly incapable, was the very make-up of folly; and Brother Hecker was no doubt thought a fool. But how holy he was his superiors soon found out. We find the following among the memoranda:

"Père L'hoir was my superior in the studentate. He was a holy man and a good friend, but he was surprised at my state of prayer. He asked me how it could happen that I, a convert of only a few years, should have a state of prayer he had not attained though in the Church all his life and striving for perfection. I told him that it was God's will to set apart some men for a certain work and specially prepare them for it, and cause them, as He had me, to be brought under the influence of special Divine graces from boyhood. L'hoir then began to send anybody with difficulties to me, and God gave me grace to settle them. Then murmurs arose that he was too much under my influence, and he was removed from his position over the studies. But afterwards they replaced him; he was very efficient in his place."

The confidence of his superiors in Brother Hecker was shown by their causing him to receive tonsure and minor orders at the end of his first year at Wittem, though he had made no progress whatever in his studies.

The following notes are found in the memoranda:

"The time in my whole life when I felt I had gained the greatest victory by self-exertion was when, after weeks of labor, I was able to recite the *Pater Noster* in Latin.

"My memory finally failed me in my studies to that degree that at last I took all my books up-stairs to the library and told the prefect of studies I could do no more to acquire knowledge by study.

“*Question.* How long were you unable to study? *Answer.* Two years in Holland and one year in England. I never went to class those years. I was a kind of a scandal, of course, in the house. When I got a lucid interval of memory I studied, though much of the time I hadn't a book in my room. Yet, when they came to ordain me, I knew enough and was sent at once to the work of the ministry.”

That his stupidity was not blameworthy is shown by the sympathy of Isaac's superiors; that it was not natural is known to our readers by their acquaintance with his native ability exhibited in his journals and letters. The difficulty was confined almost wholly to study; to fix his attention on the matter in the text-books, or to grasp it and hold it in memory, was beyond his power. Meantime his letters to his friends in New York and elsewhere were full of life. He kept a copy of a carefully written one, addressed to an old-time friend of the Brook Farm community. It is a model of brief statement of great truths, and proves that the social difficulty can only be fully remedied by the Catholic Church, which has an elevating force incomparably more powerful than any other known to humanity. The method used and the choice of arguments are peculiarly Isaac Hecker's own, and the tone, though affectionate, is one of authority, as that of an exponent of evident truth. His letters to his mother and his brothers are full of controversy, abounding in appeals to Scripture, to the voice of conscience, to the dictates of reason; and although the tone is one of deep affection, the attacks on Protestantism are keen, and the use of facts and persons as illustrations full of intelligence. Most of the letters which we have found were addressed to his mother, for whose conversion he had an ardent longing. With one of these letters he sends her a little manuscript treatise on true Bible Christianity which he had himself prepared. We give the reader extracts from two letters, the first from one to his brother John and the second from one to his mother:

“Your lamentation, dear John, on my separation from you, excites in me a great astonishment. To justify this separation it seems to me that you have only to open a page of the Gospels of Christ, and to read it with a sincere belief in the words and a generous love of the Saviour. As for me, I regret nothing so much as that I have not a thousand lives to sacrifice to His service and love. Yes, I love you all more than I ever did, and I would count

nothing as a cost for your present and eternal good. Yet, by the grace of God, I love my Saviour infinitely, infinitely, infinitely more. Alas! when will those who profess to be Christians learn the significance of Christ's Gospels and His blessed example. I am not ignorant nor insensible of the love we owe to our parents and relatives—no, I am not insensible of this love; but in me it is all in Christ, as I would wish yours were. . . . I embrace you, dear brother, in the love of our crucified Lord.”

“DEAR MOTHER: There have been times when, considering the wickedness of the world, sensible of its miseries and my own, and at the same time beholding obscurely and as it were tasting the things of heaven, I have longed and wished to be separated from the body. But when coming back to myself, and thinking that with the aid of grace I can still increase in God's love and hence love Him still more in consequence for all eternity, I feel willing to love and suffer until the last day, if by this I should acquire but one drop more of Divine love in my heart. And so it is, as St. Paul declares, that we should count the trials here as nothing compared with the glory that awaits us. Now, all these considerations, dear mother, join together to increase my desire to see you in the communion of the Holy Catholic Church, to which God has singularly given so many means of growing in grace,” etc., etc.

Notwithstanding these marks of active intelligence, Brother Hecker could not study, except by fits and starts. Often he could not get through the common prayers, and in ordinary conversation his tongue would sometimes be tangled among the words of a sentence before he was half through with it. The reader has already learned that the penalties of utter stupidity were not unknown to the unwritten law of the Wittem student-ate, notwithstanding that the young men were devout religious; and hence Brother Hecker must have had many hours of anguish. But we cannot suppose that his native cheerfulness was quite suppressed. His dulness of mind was accompanied, or rather was the result of, the close embraces of Divine love. It was the bitter part of that intimate communion with God which is granted to chosen souls. No doubt he was profoundly humiliated by the disgrace involved in his failure to study, but he was willing to suffer that external degradation which was the complement of, and the means of emphasizing, the teaching of the Holy Spirit in his interior, and which was the means of purify-

ing his soul more and more perfectly. In after years he related an instance of his lightness of heart, a natural quality which he shared with his companion, Brother Walworth. The bishop of some neighboring diocese, Aix-la-Chapelle, if we remember rightly, happening to visit the house at Wittem, was told of the two American students. He asked to see them and conversed with them, the language being French. Then he said: "I know how to read English, but I have never heard it spoken; can you not speak a little piece for me?" "Certainly," was the answer. After a moment's consultation the two young men in all seriousness recited together "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers," etc. No wonder that the prelate was astonished at the peculiar sound of English. Then he asked them for a song. "Oh, of course," was the answer, and they sang in unison "The Carrion Crow," with full chorus and imitations.

Besides the care of the sick, for which he was admirably fitted by nature, Brother Hecker made himself generally useful about the house. He spent much time working among the brothers in the kitchen, and the writer has heard him say that for nearly the whole of his stay in Wittem he baked the bread of the entire community. He also carried in the fuel for the house, using a crate or hod hoisted on his back.

In August, 1848, Brother Walworth was ordained priest, and it was decided that he and Brother Hecker, together with two young Belgian priests, Fathers Teunis and Lefevre, should proceed to England, the Redemptorists having been recently introduced there. As the cassock is not worn in the streets in England they were sent from Wittem to Liège and there equipped with clerical suits, the tailor being cautioned not to be too ecclesiastical in the cut of the garments. He produced a ridiculous compromise between a fashionable frock-coat and a cassock, the waist being high and tight and the tails full and flowing and flopping about their heels. As the young clerics journeyed from Liège to Amsterdam and thence to London, people stopped and stared at them in their stylish array, and some laughed at them. In this instance Brother Hecker's chagrin was not overcome by his sense of the ludicrous, for he was naturally very sensitive of personal unbecomingness, and although not precisely a martinet for clerical exactness, he had strict notions of propriety.

The new Redemptorist foundation was at Clapham, three miles south of London Bridge. The house was a large, old-fashioned mansion and had been owned by Lord Teignmouth, a

notorious anti-Catholic bigot. Some of the larger rooms had been thrown together into one, and this was used temporarily as a public chapel. Just as the young Redemptorists arrived, Father Petcherine was preaching to the congregation. He was a Russian convert, and the new-comers were astonished at his good English and his eloquence. He was one of the many extraordinary men who adorned the order at that time. He seemed to be master not only of his native tongue, but of English, German, Italian, French, and modern Greek, and could preach well in all of these languages. Clapham was reached on September 23, 1848, and shortly afterwards Father Walworth was sent to do missionary as well as parish work in Worcestershire, and remained there the greater part of the two years which were spent by our Americans in England.

From Clapham Brother Hecker wrote, on September 27, 1848:

“I am at present, dear mother, in a newly-established house in the city of London, having come here by order of my superiors to continue and finish my studies. Bodily I am nearer to you than I was, and naturally speaking I am much more at home here than I was on the Continent. But this is of little or no moment, for a good religious should find his home where he can best execute the will of his Divine Master. And would you not, dear mother, rather see me in China than in the United States if, by being there, I should be more agreeable to our Blessed Saviour, who left the house of His Father to save us poor abandoned sinners upon the earth? Our house here is situated somewhat out of the dense and busy part of the city, at Clapham; a fine garden is attached to it, and even in a worldly view I could not desire it to be more agreeable. And did not our Lord promise to give those who would leave all to follow Him, ‘a hundred fold more in this world and life everlasting in the world to come’? Alas! how many profess to believe in the Bible and have no faith in the words which our Lord spoke,” etc., etc.

The difficulties of Wittem were not abated at Clapham; rather they were aggravated by Brother Hecker having to deal with new superiors. “I remember seeing Hecker at Clapham, looking hopelessly into his moral theology,” said Father Walworth to the writer. Father Frederick de Held, whom we left in Baltimore, had returned to Europe, being Provincial of the Belgian Province, which at that time included the English as well as the American

missions. It must have seemed strange to him that Brother Hecker had been sent to him; he had no house of studies to put him into and could give him no regular course of instruction. We cannot even surmise what word was sent to Father de Held about this curious young man, whom he had seen flitting into Baltimore and out of it early one summer's morning three years before, taking with him the Provincial's leave to enter the novitiate. Perhaps the case had been sent to him because it was too perplexing for any authority less than his to settle. At any rate, it placed him in an awkward position, to decide the case of this lone applicant for orders, who had made no studies and could make none, and yet who was of so marked a character, so full of life, so zealous, working willingly about the church, eagerly working in the kitchen, talking deep philosophy and forming plans for the conversion of nations. His case was peculiar. The difficulty was not confined to the question of divinity studies. Brother Hecker's general education was scant, and his English was still faulty. And yet he was silently asking ordination in a preaching order, for which a thorough education is a prerequisite. It happened once that after some devotional exercises in the church in which Brother Hecker had recited the rosary with the congregation, a lady inquired of one of the fathers the name of the young man who led the prayers, and who had addressed Our Lady as the Admirable Wirgin!

We quote from the memoranda:

“Father de Held was superior at Clapham and for a year he treated me as Henry Suso says a dog treats a rag—he took me in his teeth and shook me. At last I went to him and begged him to settle my case one way or the other: ordain me, or make a lay brother of me, or take off my habit and dismiss me to another order; though I told him that would be like taking off my skin. Father de Buggenoms then went my surety. He had been my confessor at Clapham and was then absent. But he wrote to De Held that he would guarantee my conduct if ordained. De Held then changed and became my fast and constant friend.”

This is the first mention we find of Father de Buggenoms. Father Hecker ever venerated him and cherished his memory as that of a saintly friend and benefactor.

On another occasion we find a fuller account of the same events:

“Only for Father de Buggenoms I should not have been ordained at all.”

“Who was De Buggenoms?”

“A Belgian, and my confessor while I was at Clapham. I was there, not ordained, nor yet making my studies. I had been forced to give them up; I could not go on with them. De Held did not know what to make of me, and he treated me harshly and cruelly. Finally I went to him and told him my thoughts; I said I was absolutely certain I had a religious vocation; that he might compel me to take off the habit, but it would be like taking off my skin; and so on. After that interview De Held changed toward me and was ever after my warm friend. He was a very prominent member of the Congregation. You know he came within a few votes of being Rector-major. He was very warm in his sympathy with us during our trouble in Rome. Well, Heilig, a German, was about coming over to England as superior. He had been my director for two years. Before he came he wrote me a letter that gave me indescribable pain. He wrote that I must change—that I was all wrong, and so on. I answered that it was too late to change; that he had been my director for two years, knew me well, and had been cognizant of my state. If he wanted me changed he must do it for me, for I did not see how to do it for myself. When he came, De Buggenoms told him to have me ordained, set me to work at anything, and he (De Buggenoms) would be responsible for me in every respect. Heilig complied. I asked him afterwards why he wrote that letter. ‘Because,’ said he, ‘I thought you needed to be tried some more.’ ‘Why,’ said I, ‘I have had nothing but trial ever since I came.’”

From this it would seem that the case was finally settled by Father Heilig after Father de Held's departure for the Continent, which took place, as well as we can discover, some time in the summer of 1849. Father Heilig's letter, written from Liège, is before us; it is dated the 24th of March, 1849. It is a complete arraignment of Isaac Hecker's spiritual condition. It is gentle, considerate, choice of terms, but condensing all that could be said to show that his young friend had been deluded by a visionary temperament, applying to himself what he had read in mystical treatises and the lives of the saints. The letter was indeed a deadly blow. Father Heilig had been Brother Hecker's confessor for two years at Wittem, and had at least tacitly approved his spirit; and now came his condemnation. No wonder that Isaac

was profoundly distressed by it. Yet his conviction of the validity of his inner life was not shaken for an instant. Nor was the trial of long duration. We have found a letter from Father Heilig dated two months later than the one we have been considering, and it is full of messages of reassurance and encouragement. The intervention of De Buggenoms completed the work. It is possible that Father Heilig had not simply a desire to test Brother Hecker's humility, but, by studying the effect of the trial imposed, to remove doubts still lingering in his own mind. Some words in both the letters referred to lead us to this inference.

Father L'hoir had not forgotten his young friend, who received a letter from him a couple of months after leaving Wittem, which breathes in every word the tenderest utterance of friendship; and a year after another one, similarly affectionate, congratulating him on his ordination. This Father L'hoir must have been a noble soul to write so lovingly; we wish that space permitted us to give his letters to the reader.

Amongst the papers left by Father Hecker we found one carefully preserved, bearing date at St. Mary's, Clapham, the feast of St. Raphael (Oct. 24) 1848, a month after his arrival there. It is a manuscript of thirty-nine closely-written pages of large-sized letter paper. It is an account of conscience made, no doubt, to Father de Held, though its preparation may have occupied some of his time before leaving Wittem. We will make some extracts. It begins thus:

“ Before commencing what is to follow, I cannot resist making the confession of my feebleness and incapacity to express even conveniently those things which I feel it my duty to relate, that I may walk with greater security and quicker step in the way of God. It would not surprise me if one who has not taken the pains to investigate this matter sufficiently should doubt indeed whether such singular graces, seeing the faults I daily commit and my many imperfections, had really been given to such an individual. A similar remark to this was made by my last director. But this is a cause of much joy and consolation to me; (that is to say) that my interior life is hid and unknown to others except those who direct me. All that I can adduce in behalf of its truth and credibility are these words of sacred Scripture: *Spiritus ubi vult spirat* (the Spirit breatheth where He will); and, *ubi autem abundavit delictum, superabundavit gratia* (but where sin abounded there did grace more abound.)

“ At that time (towards the end of the novitiate) I felt a

special attraction and devotion toward Our Blessed Lord in the Holy Sacrament and an almost irresistible desire of receiving the blessed Communion of Divine love. This desire so far from having abated has greatly increased, so that I have a constant hunger and thirst for Our Lord in the sacrament of His body and blood. If it were possible I would desire to receive no other food than this, for it is the only nourishment that I have a real appetite for. I cannot consider it other than the source and substance of my whole spiritual and interior life. The day on which I have been deprived of it I have experienced a debility and want of both material and spiritual life like one who is nearly famished. The doctrine of the real presence of our Lord seems to be with me a matter of conviction arising more from actual experience than from faith. At times, when I would make my visit, I am seized with such a violent love towards the Blessed Sacrament that I am forced to break off immediately, being unable to support the attraction of the Spouse, the Beloved, the Only One of my soul. For some time back, wherever I may be, or on whatever side I turn, I seem to feel the presence of Our Lord in the Sacrament in the tabernacle. It seems as though I were in the same sphere as our Lord in the sacrament, where there appears no time nor space, yet both are.

“At times, especially during the great retreat before making the vows, I was as it were inebriated with love, so that I scarcely knew what I said or did.

“This was the stage of my interior life on entering the house of studies at Wittem October, 1846. Here the principal acts in all my spiritual exercises were those of resignation and conformity to the will of God, an entire fidelity to the inspirations and attractions of the Holy Spirit, and a total abandonment of myself to the conduct of Divine Providence. God seemed always engaged in my soul by means of His grace in repressing my own activity. The end of my proper activity, I said to myself, is its destruction. God commands a total and entire abandonment of the soul to Him in order that He may with his grace destroy and annihilate all that He finds in it against His designs and will. God at times seemed to demand of me a frightful and heroic abandonment of my soul to His good pleasure. God alone knows how to exercise the soul in virtue, and the Holy Spirit is its only true master in the spiritual life. Not only did the spirit of God excite and elicit in me voluntary acts of self-

abandonment, but often my soul was as if stripped of all support, and placed, as it were, over a dark and unfathomable abyss, and thus I was made to see that my only hope was to give myself up wholly to Him. The words of Job well express this purgation of the soul when he says: 'The arrows of the Lord are in me, the rage whereof drinketh up my spirit, and the terrors of the Lord war against me.' [Here follow other quotations from the book of Job.] Sometimes these pains penetrate into the remotest and most secret chambers of the soul. The faculties are in such an intensive purgation that from the excessive pain which this subtile and purifying fire causes they are suspended from their ordinary activity, and the soul, incapable of receiving any relief or escaping from its suffering, has nothing left but to resign itself to the will and good pleasure of God. Though enveloped with an unseen but no less real fire, suffering in every part, limb, and fibre from indescribable pains, fixed like one who should be forced to look the sun constantly in the face at midday, she is nevertheless content; for she has a secret consciousness that God is the cause of all her sufferings, and not only content—she would suffer still more for His love."

[Here follows an account of the mortifications to which this interior pressure drove him, shortening of sleep, wearing hair-shirts, severe discipline, abstinence and fasting, and the like.]

"There were no penances that I have read of that seemed to me impossible. The vilest habits and other things that I was allowed to wear and to use gave me the greatest pleasure. The thought of not having wherewith to cover my nakedness, to be contemned, ridiculed, and spit upon, gave me an extreme joy. My delight consisted in wanting that which is considered necessary. . . . All this I did not only do without reluctance, difficulty, and pain, but with great pleasure, ease, and joy. They seemed as nothing, and I was as though I had scarcely need of a body in order to live, or, in other words, it seemed that I lived for the most part independent of the body.

"It was about this period that God gave me the grace which I had long desired and sighed after: to be able to act and suffer without the idea of any recompense. I call it a gift, for although I had so long wished and demanded of God the power to act and to love Him disinterestedly, still I was unable to do so. I felt myself a slave and hireling in the service of God, and this

mortified me and made me much ashamed of myself. But when this grace was given, which happened unexpectedly, I could not forbear going immediately to my director to express my joy of the favor I had received, and the freedom and magnanimity of soul which it inspired me with. I do not mean to say that the soul has no idea of any recompense, for she has it tacitly, but this is not her formal intention in her actions; for she is to such a degree animated to act for the good pleasure and sole glory of God, that she quasi forgets all else. . . .

“Sometimes I have felt singularly present and in intimate communion with certain of the saints, such as St. Francis of Assisi, St. Bonaventure, St. Thomas, St. Peter of Alcantara, our holy father Alphonsus, etc. During this time—and sometimes it is for many days—the life, the virtues, the spirit with which the saint acted occupies almost exclusively my mind. I seem to feel their presence much more intimately and really than that of those who are around me. I understand and comprehend them better, and experience a more salutary influence from them than perhaps I would have done had I lived and been with them in their time. . . . Twice I remember having experienced in this manner the presence of Our Blessed Lord. While this lasted I felt myself altogether another person. His heroic virtues, His greatness, tenderness, and love seemed to inspire me with such a desire to follow Him and imitate His example that I lost sight of all things else. His presence excited in me a greater love and esteem for the Christian virtues than I could have acquired otherwise in years and years. . . .

“About the commencement of the second year of studies, during some weeks my faculties were drawn and concentrated to such a degree towards the centre of my soul that I was as one bereft of his exterior senses and activity. Before the vacation I had desired to pass that time in solitude and retreat, but it was not allowed.”

We have omitted much of this singular document, including detailed accounts of supernatural occurrences, and also quotations from the works of Görres, St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, St. Bonaventure, Father Rigoleu, Richard of St. Victor, Scaramelli's *Directorium Mysticum*, and other mystical writings. These references he had collected to certify to the reality of his experience.

Throughout all these three years of trial he had employed what he calls his “lucid intervals” of mental power in studying

in his own way, God aiding him in *His* own way to the destined end, as He had hindered him from choosing any other. These intervals seemed so slight in his memory that the reader has seen his statement that he had not studied at all. Yet when he had been a year at Clapham he was found, on examination, to be well enough prepared, as he had promised he would be. Having been ordained sub-deacon and deacon at Old Hall College, by Bishop Wiseman, he was ordained priest by the same prelate in his private chapel in London. The event took place on the 23d of October, 1849, the feast of the Most Holy Redeemer. Father Hecker said his first Mass the following day at Clapham, that being the feast of St. Raphael the Archangel: one year from the date of his account of conscience written out and given to his superiors.

The following is from a letter to his mother announcing his ordination:

“DEAR MOTHER: You have been doubly blessed by Almighty God within the past few weeks. Your youngest son has been ordained priest in God’s one, holy, Catholic Church, and prays for you daily when he offers up to God the precious body and blood of His beloved Son, our Lord; and besides you have received, by the marriage of another of your sons [George], a new daughter, who, being also a child of the Holy Church, must be kind, dutiful, pious, fearing God, and loving above all things our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Are not these, dear mother, blessings? Do they not convey to your heart joy and consolation? They ought and surely do. Your latter days, dear mother, will be your happiest.”

The remainder of the letter is filled with exhortations to enter the Church, and arguments drawn from Scripture.

We may mention a letter written to Father Hecker by Father Heilig on the eve of the former’s departure for America; a message full of affectionate good wishes and claims of friendship and union in prayer with the singular young pilgrim from the Western World.

The following extracts from the memoranda may be of interest as embodying Father Hecker’s views of how to study divinity, resulting from his own experience in preparing for the priesthood:

“*March, 1884.*—I told Father Hecker in course of conversation about my reading the life of the Curé of Ars. He said: ‘A

saintly man indeed, and one gifted with a supernatural character to an extraordinary degree. But it seems to me that his biographer misunderstood him somewhat. He seems to admit that the Curé of Ars had a naturally stupid mind, because he had so much difficulty in getting through his studies for the priesthood. The truth, probably, was that just at that time the supernatural action of the Holy Spirit came upon him and incapacitated him for his studies. But everything about his after life shows that, though a rustic man, he had a good mind, a keen native wit, quick and clear perception. I had something the same difficulty myself.

“During my novitiate and studies one of my great troubles was the relation between infused knowledge and acquired knowledge; how much one’s education should be by prayer and how much by study; the relation between the Holy Ghost and professors.

“In the novitiate they were all too much on the passive side—unbroken devotional and ascetic routine. In the studentate, too much on the active side—leaving nothing for infused science and prayer as a part of the method of study. They soon broke me down. I told them so. If I went on studying I would have been driven mad. Let me alone, I said. Let me take my own way and I will warrant that I will know enough to be ordained when the time comes. They said I was a scandal. Then they sent me to England to De Held. I am persuaded that in the study of divinity not enough room is given to prayer and not enough account made of infused science.”

THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

OF the many services which Cardinal Manning has rendered to the church and to the people, his zealous advocacy of the rights of the poor has been the most conspicuous, at least recently. He has consequently excited the interest of newspaper editors, and one of these, having heard that the Pope had condemned Socialism, leaped to the conclusion that the Cardinal was involved in the condemnation. The Cardinal has thought it worth his while to remove this impression; and as everything which falls from his lips on such a subject deserves attention, we reproduce here the substance of what his Eminence said.

Holding it to be hardly possible to define Socialism (for every definition given is contested as inaccurate by three distinct schools of Socialists) the reasonable man must be content with knowing what is not Socialism; and then the Cardinal lays it down that there is nothing socialistic in all just and popular legislation by legitimate authority which reaches the social needs of the whole commonwealth in all its manifold classes and interests. There are impassable gulfs between Socialism and social legislation, the first of which is, that while the society of man is of a Divine origin, springing from the Divine creation of human nature, Socialism looks upon it as of human origin, and aims at changing, and even creating, the fundamental principles on which society rests. True and just legislation must be social, aiming at the preservation of the primary laws of human society, which are authority, obedience, and brotherhood, and must have in view eminently the protection of poverty and labor. Social legislation aims at correcting the social evils which have arisen through the growth of tradition and custom and the vicissitudes of time; but Socialism identifies social evils with society itself. For example, Socialists seeing that the accumulation of property, whether in capital or land, is the chief evil of our times, in order to cure it deny the right of property to individuals, a right which is founded radically in the law of nature. Social legislation will aim at redressing these inequalities by a just system of taxation, specimens of which are found in England in the income-tax, the laws of succession to real property, the poor laws. In this way the Cardinal draws the distinction between socialistic and social legisla-

tion, a distinction so clear that no one who knows what Socialism means can confound the two together.

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Another misconception of the opinions of the Cardinal has been corrected by a letter written by his Eminence to one of the secretaries of the Catholic Social Congress of Liège, and published in a Belgian paper. It had reference to the communication addressed to the Congress, which we quoted in our November number. His Eminence explains that by the law (*mesure*) for the regulation of profits and wages, which he looks upon as necessary, he did not so much mean a legislative act as an open and recognized agreement made between employers and employed; and that, in his own view, recourse to the legislature ought to be avoided as much as possible. The having recourse to the legal regulation of wages as the ordinary course was the point which excited the greatest surprise at the Liège Congress, and called forth no little criticism. Now that it is explained, his Eminence's suggestion amounts, it appears to us, to something very like the plan for several years in force in the Yorkshire mining districts, the necessity of possible recourse to legal interposition being, however, recognized.

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We cannot conclude these notes on Cardinal Manning's utterances on social questions without referring to a letter which he has written to the editor of *Le XX^{ième} Siècle*, a new review recently founded by a group of young Catholics in the south of France, the aim of which is to further the doctrines of Christian Socialism. We quote the Cardinal's own words: "We have been up to now hampered by an excessive individualism, and the next century will show that mankind is greater and more noble than any individual. This doctrine, which has its foundation upon nature's law and Christianity, is taxed with being socialistic by thoughtless and rash people, as well as by capitalists and the wealthy. But the future will see the light of reason shed upon the social state of the laboring world. We shall then ascertain what laws are fundamental in a Christian country. Politicians and political economists of the modern school have had their day. The twentieth century will be the day of the people, and of a well-ordered, prospering Christian commonwealth."

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In the October number of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* we referred to the International Convention for the Suppression of the Slave Trade, which was signed at Brussels last June by seventeen

powers. After months of diplomatic discussion this agreement had been arrived at, and everything seemed to promise results of the most beneficial character for the future of the black population. The only obstacle to the realization of these hopes was found in the obstinate refusal of Holland to sign the Convention, or (to call it by its correct name) the Act of the Brussels Conference. We have now to record the fact that on the 30th of December last, as a result of further negotiations, the Dutch minister put his signature to the Act, and by so doing gave to it all that was wanting to render it valid.

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Students of the question look upon this action of so many powers as one of the most remarkable achievements of modern civilization, remarkable in itself and in the practical measures adopted, remarkable in the manner in which it was accomplished. That so many nations should be so deeply interested in the welfare of the negro, should have it so much at heart as to agree to sacrifice the commercial interests of their subjects, to take upon themselves burdens of no trifling character, to give up points of honor long contended for, is indeed an evidence of the growth of a genuine respect for the rights of man. We notice, too, with pleasure that the part in initiating this movement taken by Cardinal Lavigerie, which we referred to in our previous notice, is recognized by the British Anti-Slavery Society. A fair account of the events which led up to this Act for the Civilization of Africa (as it has been termed) would be: Cardinal Lavigerie, sent and commissioned by Leo XIII., stirred up the conscience of Europe, and especially that of England; the English government, moved thereto by speeches made in Parliament, suggested a conference; this suggestion was accepted by the other powers, and after long deliberation the Act was drawn up and in the end signed. Will it be put into execution? or will it become a dead-letter? The answer to this depends upon the reality and energy of public opinion and the degree in which it is made to realize the monstrous evils of the slave trade and to continue to do so. To contribute to this result the Pope has made it certain, by public utterances, that the church's influence shall be continuously exercised; and for this end he has ordered that each year the matter shall be brought before the entire Christian world by mention of it in every Catholic parish; and furthermore, that practical assistance to Cardinal Lavigerie's work in Africa shall be afforded by means of annual collections for the support of the crusade against the slave trade.

That even in the Old World the road to distinction is not shut to men of character and ability in the lower orders of society is illustrated by the careers of two men whose deaths have just been announced—Cardinal Simor and Dr. Schliemann. The former died Archbishop of Gran and Primate of Hungary, but was by birth the son of a cobbler. With scarcely any advantages of education or even manners (for he is said to have been somewhat rough and outspoken, and in no sense a courtier), by force of talent alone he attained the highest ecclesiastical position in Hungary; and when, in 1870, the Emperor of Austria was crowned King of Hungary it was before the low-born archbishop that the heir of the oldest and perhaps the proudest dynasty in Europe knelt to receive the royal consecration. Notwithstanding his exalted rank and the immense revenues attached to his see, the cardinal is said to have been remarkable for the extreme simplicity of his manner of living.

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The career of Dr. Schliemann was in its way still more remarkable. Although perhaps he cannot be looked upon as an accurate scholar in the strictest sense of the term, yet he was more enthusiastic about classical studies and did more for them than many who would take the first rank among scholars. And the name of Schliemann will for ever be associated with Homer and the Trojan war. He died at Athens, and as a tribute of honor to his memory his funeral was attended by the King of Greece and his eldest son the Crown Prince, the members of the cabinet, and the diplomatic body, the American representative delivering a speech. The man to whom these honors were paid started at the age of 11 to earn his living as a grocer's errand boy. At 19 he was a cabin-boy on board ship, and having been shipwrecked reached Amsterdam a beggar. He succeeded in getting a place as a merchant's porter for the magnificent salary of \$160 per year, and lived in a garret, spending for the meal which he called his dinner the sum of four cents per day. But he had noble aspirations, and nothing discouraged him; he devoted his spare time to the learning of languages, and having fortunately moved to Russia he ultimately acquired a fortune in commercial life. It was not before he was forty-eight years of age that he began his life-work, which, as our readers know, was the archæology of Greek classical literature. This work has made him famous. The idea of it he had conceived in his earliest days, and in all the ups and downs of his career he had never lost sight of it.

The case of Cardinal Simor, above referred to, is not the only illustration of the powerlessness of aristocracy to extinguish the democracy of merit in the Catholic Church. The son of old farmer Ganglbauer was Cardinal Prince Archbishop of Vienna. When he was buried from St. Stephen's Cathedral, a little over a year ago, with the mingled magnificence of papal and imperial pomp, beside the emperor and his family stood as chief mourners the peasant brothers and sisters of the dead prelate, clad in humble garments amid the glittering array of court uniforms. And the Prince Archbishop of Cologne, Monsignor Crementz, is the son of a Coblenz butcher. The late Prince Archbishop Dinder of Posen was a shoemaker's son. Prince Archbishop Kopp of Breslau is the son of a journeyman weaver of Duderstadt, Hanover.

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The railway strike in Scotland has been an event of no little importance and interest in the conflict now going on between labor and capital. The workmen have been defeated; but from their defeat ultimate victory for the cause they represent may result if the lessons which the strike is calculated to teach are brought home and realized. The reasons for striking seems to have been good and sufficient—at least one of the two reasons, for the other object which was aimed at deserves but a qualified sympathy. The just reason for striking was the immoderate length of the hours of labor.

A few well-authenticated instances cited at haphazard will show how good this reason was. A fireman's daily average of work for eight months was fifteen and a half hours, leaving him eight and a half hours for sleep and the other duties and the pleasures (if any) of life. An engine-driver's average for the same period was fifteen hours and fifty-five minutes. In a third case (that of a man in the goods department) the daily average was thirteen hours and eight minutes. In the case of a fifth the daily average was fifteen hours, fifty-three minutes; on one day he worked for twenty-four consecutive hours, the shortest day's work being for ten hours. Against this system of labor representations and petitions had been made for more than a year; but to all these the company turned a deaf ear. It is only fair to say that the principal offender was the North British Company. The other company involved in the strike had made important concessions to the just complaints of the men. It was among the employees of the North British that the strike took its origin, those of the Caledonian Railway com-

ing out rather from sympathy than on account of their own grievances.

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Some 9,000 men of all grades, engineers, firemen, signalmen, freight-handlers, turned out. The North British, on account of defective arrangements in its ordinary management, was very unpopular. This fact, together with the real grievances of the men, gained for the strike at first a very wide-spread sympathy. Help came to them from all parts of Great Britain, not only from trade unions of skilled and unskilled laborers, but also from members of Parliament and noblemen. Provosts and mayors espoused their cause, and clergymen and ministers spoke in their support. A leading Presbyterian minister (Principal Rainy) by his zeal and activity gained for himself the title of "the Cardinal Manning of Scotland."

Business was paralyzed, the price of coal doubled; at the goods station of the North British Company there were miles and miles of cars containing undelivered freight. This state of things lasted for weeks, and, in the words of the Edinburgh Town Council, constituted a national calamity. So great was the power of the strikers. And yet, notwithstanding all the sympathy at first elicited and the general inconvenience suffered, the object of the strike was not gained. The men had to capitulate unconditionally.

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What were the causes of this failure? This is the important question, and the one upon which the main interest in the matter depends. The chief cause is to be found in the fact that the law was actually broken by the strikers, and that in several ways. And first, the men left off work without giving the notice required by their contracts. This way of acting alienated the sympathies of many; and rightly so, for the peace and safety of each member of the community depend upon the supremacy of law. To it all must bow in every civilized community: and no grievances, however real and genuine, can excuse violation of law. "The best way to repeal a bad law is to enforce it" is a wise saying attributed to General Grant. Moreover, violent measures were in many cases resorted to—stone-throwing, window-breaking, assaults on "black-legs." Besides the actual breaches of the law, there was a well-founded apprehension that the success of the strike would be looked upon as the triumph of the principle of lawlessness. The strikers were unfortunate in their friends. Mr. John Burns, the apostle of the "new unionism,"

went to Scotland and made a number of speeches in which he inculcated the duty of absolute and complete disregard of law, calling it opinion manipulated by shopkeepers, lairds, and ministers, advising the strikers to become the Rob Roys of the nineteenth century. Counsel was sought, too, of that eminent statesman, Mr. Cunninghame Graham, who has made himself responsible for what is called the "La Cannie" doctrine; that is, the doctrine of deliberately scamping work and yet taking wages. Men with such self-chosen teachers naturally lost the sympathy of an honest community, and made it willing to bear the immense inconveniences which the strike entailed upon them and to give the railway companies time to engage and train men as substitutes for the strikers. A second reason for the failure was the unbending attitude assumed by the men, who scouted all attempts made to secure arbitration unless their demands were conceded to the letter. The nature of these demands themselves formed the third cause of the failure. The demand for shorter hours, for the abolition of over-time, and for the adoption of a uniform ten-hours day was recognized as a just and reasonable demand. The other point, however, upon which the strikers insisted did not meet with and, in the opinion of many impartial judges, did not deserve the like sympathy. They claimed the right to send the secretary of their union, a man not in the employ of either of the companies, to negotiate with the managers and to arrange terms with them. This is one of the points of the "new unionism," and it is one of which it is not easy to see the justice. It seems to some of the workmen's best friends that an employer ought to have the right to deal directly with the men whom he employs, and not be compelled to come to terms with an intermediary of whom he knows nothing, and who may be a professional agitator.

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But has the strike, complete failure though it has been for the men who took part in it, been without fruit? On the contrary, it would seem that it is likely to mark the beginning of a new era in the struggle now going on. The magnitude of the strike has called the attention of the public to the relations existing between the railways and those employed by them. As a result a motion was made in Parliament to give to the Board of Trade the power to regulate the hours of labor for railway servants. The motion was not accepted by the government, indeed, but several of the government's supporters were in its favor, and the president of the board had to promise that a select

committee would be appointed to make inquiries into the whole question. That something must be done is widely recognized, and that something will be done may now be confidently looked forward to. This hopeful prospect is the outcome of the strike, and is the fruit to be reaped from it. Satisfactory though this may be for those hereafter to be in the employment of the railways, we fear it will not be very consolatory to the 1,200 men who are left in the cold as a result of the strike. But every good cause has had its martyrs.

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The contest between free and union labor has been continued in the shipping trade of England and Ireland since the beginning of the present year, and we fear that a number of isolated conflicts are but the prelude to a pitched battle between the ship-owners and merchants on the one hand and the dockers, lightermen, seamen, and their allied organizations on the other. As we have already noticed last year, the ship-owners formed a large federation to combat the organizations of their employees and to provide, among other things, for the furnishing of non-union or "free" men to any ship-owner whose freedom of action was interfered with by the unions. Ever since then a conflict has been raging between the rival bodies. As a specimen of the unsatisfactory position of things for some time back the following may be taken: The owners of a certain vessel rendered assistance in discharging the cargo of a vessel which was owned by a member of the Shipping Federation. To punish this the Dockers' Union blocked the former vessel; that is, prevented all unionists from assisting in its discharge. The owners, however, secured non-unionist men. Thereupon the Dockers' Union offered the services of union men, but this offer was naturally declined. Then the union called out all the dockers at work on board vessels owned by members of the federation, with one exception, and the Lightermen's Union, together with the Seamen's and Firemen's Union, made common cause with the dockers. On the other side, the ship-owners came to the determination that they would not fill up the places of any who should leave, but would lay up their steamers, an action which would, of course, ensue to the injury of many more besides those immediately involved in the strike. This, as we said, is but a specimen of many similar occurrences which have taken place in several parts of the United Kingdom, and which indicate a state of unsettlement for which we hope a sufficient remedy will soon be found, without resorting to a general strike.

General Booth's *In Darkest England* has brought the state of London and its poorest districts home to all. What is true of London is admitted to be true proportionately of the other large towns in Great Britain. But what about rural England—the small towns and villages which are so beautiful to the eye, and so attractive to the lover of English pastoral scenery? A writer who signs himself “A Village Priest” has, in an Anglican journal, given a most melancholy account of the population dwelling in these districts, and we may be sure that so impartial an observer would not represent unfavorably the state of things. First of all, there is extreme deficiency in the house accommodation provided for the poor. Large families—father, mother, grown-up sons and daughters—huddle together under conditions utterly inadequate for the observance of the ordinary decencies of life. Sleeping together, having “all things in common,” in numberless instances gross acts of immorality precede the holy state of matrimony. Mr. Froude has asserted that the custom which exists in the black Republic of Hayti, for persons to practise illicit union before binding themselves permanently in wedlock, is equally prevalent in rural England. Mr. Froude, however, is so little worthy of trust that we should not have accepted his statement. The “Village Priest,” however, asserts that without doubt purity as taught by Christ is a dead letter in the moral code of many thousands in rural England, and gives an instance in which out of an unusually large number of marriages in one year, two-thirds were the result of sin.

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Another correspondent speaks of the villages as having through neglect been permitted to fall into a worse than heathen degradation. In one parish the vicar found an efficacious remedy for illegal and sinful unions in the doctor's refusal (except in cases of real danger) to attend confinements which were the result of sin. In yet another parish it was the custom to give a Bible on the baptism of the first child whose birth-date proved that no stigma could attach to its parents. It is in no spirit of jubilation that we notice these sad accounts. High-Churchmen and Ritualists are never tired of pointing to the large number of unbelievers which is said to exist in Catholic countries; and to blazon this supposed fact abroad as a mark of the failure of the Catholic Church. The fact is exaggerated, and the vast numbers of simple Catholics who faithfully practise their religion are rarely alluded to. The facts with reference to rural England just mentioned enable us to turn the tables, and these facts rest upon the

statements, not of hostile critics, but of those who would be the last to acknowledge the truth, if it were not so evident as to render denial impossible.

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Ever since the Royalists of France stooped to enter into an alliance with Boulanger, and even to provide for him the fund with which he carried on his electoral campaign, and especially ever since the disgraceful defence made by the Count of Paris of that disgraceful alliance, Catholics in France must have begun to ask themselves whether it was wise and prudent to hope for much for the church and for religion from a party so deservedly discredited and defeated. The republic has indeed done much to alienate the minds of all good Catholics, has driven out the religious orders, laicized the schools, forced seminarists to serve in the army. Yet of late the most extreme enemies of the church have been opposed by the more moderate Republicans. Under these circumstances it was that the now celebrated toast of Cardinal Lavigerie was proposed. In proposing it the cardinal declared that "when the will of the people has been distinctly affirmed; when the form of government contains, as Leo XIII. has lately proclaimed, nothing contrary to the principles which alone can give vitality to civilized and Christian peoples; when to save the country from threatening dangers, adhesion without reserve to this form of government is absolutely necessary—the moment has come to declare that the time of trial is over; and in order to end our divisions to make every sacrifice that conscience and honor allow, or rather command, for the welfare of our country." This speech has been looked upon as a manifesto. Several bishops have since spoken in a similar spirit. Mgr. Freppel, it is true, has spoken in a contrary sense, and has urged Catholics to continue their opposition to the "militant atheism" which is now in power. But it would seem that the advocates of reconciliation are the more likely to prevail; and such is especially the case if what is said in the papers is true, that the Pope himself has approved of the cardinal's utterances. One thing worthy of note has occurred recently which confirms this view. For the first time for many years a special service was held by the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris for the opening of the parliamentary session, and to ask God's blessing upon its labors. We hope that this may be the beginning of a new era in the relations between church and state in France.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S *Protestant Life*,* as it is called, fills by itself more space than is often accorded to the whole career of even a great man by his contemporaries and immediate successors. Two bulky volumes, containing something like nine hundred closely printed pages, are here devoted, by a most conscientious editor, to the task of presenting the child, the youth, the man Newman "in his habit as he lived" up to the day when he attained the goal toward which all his previous steps had tended. They had tended thitherward unconsciously at first; afterwards they went by ways well known to him and long esteemed secure, but across which rifts in an unexpected quarter of the heavens began at last to discover weak places, cracks, and then a yawning abyss, unescapable save by a return upon his tracks and a new departure. Yet, such had been the accident of his hereditary position that every step had told, and each had been essential.

Unlike the subject of the biography now proceeding in the pages of this magazine, Newman did not start comparatively free and unhampered in his pursuit of religious truth. While Isaac Hecker was born, so to say, on the level earth, and found few obstacles not purely natural between him and the Delectable Mountains of eternal life, Newman came to the birth midway in a modern tower of Babel, lighted only from within, and from which no safe egress was possible but by descending to its foundation and getting out again into common sunlight and onto common earth. He had to grope his way down to fundamentals in the order of revealed truth through a mass of erroneous doctrines, bulwarked by inherited prejudice and false tradition of a most specious description. Certain truths of the supernatural order were accepted by him very early, but, as he has himself explained in his *Grammar of Assent*, and again in a passage from the just published Autobiographical Memoir, which we are about to quote, these were so combined with errors that his mind had to go through a long and tedious process of sloughing them one by one. In the Memoir he prefaces the subjoined paragraphs with a well-known extract from his essay on Assent, explanatory of the fact that in assenting to a number of propositions all at once,

* Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman during his Life in the English Church. With a brief Autobiography. Edited, at Cardinal Newman's request, by Anne Mozley. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1890.

“we run the risk of putting upon one level, and treating as if of the same value, acts of the mind which are very different from each other in character and circumstance. For instance, the fundamental dogma of Protestantism is the exclusive authority of Scripture; but in holding this a Protestant holds a host of propositions, explicitly or implicitly, and holds them with assents of various character.”

In the *Memoir* Cardinal Newman goes on to say:

“Applying these remarks to his own case, he used to say that, whereas, upon that great change which took place in him as a boy there were four doctrines, all of which forthwith he held, as if certain truths—namely, those of the Holy Trinity, of the Incarnation, of Predestination, and of the Lutheran apprehension of Christ—the first three, which are doctrines of the Catholic religion, and, as being such, are true, and really subjects of certitude, and capable of taking indefectible possession of the mind, and therefore ought not in his case to have faded away, remained indelible through all his changes of opinion, up to and over the date of his becoming a Catholic; whereas, the fourth, which is not true, though he thought it was, and therefore not capable of being held with certitude, or with the promise of permanence, though he thought it was so held, did in the event, as is the nature of a mere opinion or untrue belief, take its departure from his mind in a very short time, or, rather, was not held by him from the first. However, in his early years, according to the passage quoted from his essay, he confused these four distinct doctrines together, as regards their hold upon him, and transferred that utter conviction which he had of what was revealed about the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity and the Divine Economy to his state of mind relatively to Luther’s tenet of justification by faith only.

“Having this confused idea of Christian doctrine, and of his own apprehension of it, and considering the Evangelical teaching true, because there were great truths in it, he had felt and often spoken very positively as to his certainty of its truth, and the impossibility of his changing his mind about it Fifty or sixty years ago the intellectual antagonist and alternative of the Evangelical creed was Arminianism. The Catholic faith, Anglo-Catholicism, Irvingism, Infidelity, were as yet unknown to the religious inquirer.”

It is considerations like these which explain why an intelligence so penetrating as Newman’s, and a moral sense so clear and unhesitating in its pronouncements, should have taken so long to find room and freedom for their proper exercise. In so far as he lived a truly rational and spiritual life, he always

did so in the strength of the actual verities he held; but his life never came to blossom and fruitage until it had been rooted in a soil free from weeds and disencumbered of debris and rubbish.

In accordance with Cardinal Newman's expressed wishes, the history of the first half of his long life has not only been arranged by a Protestant, but it consists almost exclusively of letters written to and received by him, from Protestant friends. His own notion was that

"the true life of a man is in his letters. Not only for the interest of a biography, but for arriving at the inside of things, the publication of letters is the true method. Biographers varnish, they assign motives, they conjecture feelings, they interpret Lord Burleigh's nods; but contemporary letters are facts."

While this may be quite true as a general rule, and is without doubt conspicuously so in the case of men like Newman, who are at once expansive with those whom they admit to intimacy and transparently candid in rendering their inner life into words, yet the general reader, let loose among a mass of letters, is in the very nature of things deprived of one very essential means of forming an estimate of their writer which was possessed by their recipients. If he has either a vivid imagination or a tolerably accurate knowledge from other sources of a cloud of details which, as it were, surround all parties to a correspondence and create a special atmosphere to which strangers must become acclimated, he does, in fact, do for himself what an autobiographer like Newman has done in the *Apologia*, and Mr. Wilfrid Ward in his interesting biography of his father. The most naïve and confidential of actual letters probably never give all the necessary materials for complete knowledge. They presuppose in the reader to whom they were addressed an imaginative conception of their writer quite apart from the special places, persons, actual circumstances, or existing trains of thought recorded by them. Letters which supply materials for this are only to be found in novels like those of Richardson and Fanny Burney.

It seems to us, therefore, that these volumes, in so far as they consist of letters, neither add to nor further elucidate the knowledge gained of Cardinal Newman from his own books. The letters are almost without exception interesting, and they confirm the existing belief in his capacity for truth, his love for it, and his absolute honesty of conviction and action in every circumstance of his life. But that belief stood in no need of such con-

firmation. The letters are a gain, of course, but they serve now only to ornament a structure, not to cement, above all; not to lay a foundation for it. The most interesting and the most instructive part of this history of his "Life in the English Church," is contained in his own Memoir, as was to be expected. In that he instinctively addressed himself to persons beyond his own circle and so supplied the necessary means of ingress. Shall one dare to say that what was most like a fault in his make-up—that love for native land, home, kindred, personal friends, which in him touched excess, as the deficiency of it in most men reaches poverty—makes itself felt in this last effort to vindicate an honesty above suspicion and conciliate those no longer foes? We speak now, of course, of the letters only. The Autobiography, which is concerned only with the years up to the summer of 1832, contains new matter of a most interesting nature. Its fourth and last chapter, which gives the reason for the "premature separation from the office of college tutor" of himself and Hurrell Froude, and which closes with the statement that "humanly speaking" the Tract movement "never would have been, had he not been deprived of his tutorship; or had Keble, not Hawkins, been provost," is a real contribution to the history of the period. As a revelation of self the Autobiography is wonderful for its simplicity and plainness of speech. Over many a page in it one's attention needs to be forcibly recalled to the fact that it is himself that the writer of it is describing. This portion of the work it would be pleasant and convenient to have bound up alone.

The United States Book Company send us a neatly bound copy of their "authorized edition" of Mr. Besant's *Demoniac*, and also a note in which, alluding to a remark in the February CATHOLIC WORLD, they say that the books they reprint are neither "cheap nor pirated." The copy concerning which we spoke last month was not brought out by them, and as it has disappeared from our table we do not know what house should be credited with its rather shabby get-up. Their general shabbiness, however, is not the greatest offence of unauthorized, unpaid-for, or inadequately-paid-for, reprints of popular novels, but their dishonesty. Long-continued dishonesty in this wise not only makes it possible for a publishing house to get into a position where it can dress its kidnapped bantlings becomingly, but also to arrive at a state of mind which permits as much proprietary pride in their neat appearance as though they were, both in law and equity, their own.

We make our first acquaintance with the works of Rosa Nouchette Carey* in an authorized reprint brought out by the company named above. This specimen of it is innocuous, pleasant, and so exactly adapted to that section of the British reading public long catered to by Miss Charlotte Yonge, as to explain its author's past success, and justify a prediction of its long continuance. Nothing but the disendowment, disestablishment, and utter downfall of the English Church as a centre of social influence will ever be likely to interfere so largely with the succession of homes wherein nice girls of the upper and upper-middle classes shall be superintended and led in the way they should go by their nice and well-principled mammas and governesses, that books like this one of Miss Carey's will drop out of fashion. It would be a pity if they should while the alternatives to them are so apt to be corrupting in their influence. Miss Carey writes fluently, and quotes appositely from "the best authors." In narrating the career of the "Widow Blake," ex-Mrs. Mat. O'Brien, we observe that she ranges herself in entire opposition to some recently expressed views of another popular British authoress, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, on the question of felony and penal servitude as affording a justification for separation, concealment, or divorce. As is customary in English domestic novels, literal, exact truth in speech and action is held up as the very highest of the virtues. We incline to take much the same view, but cannot help wondering how it is that when the English youth emerges into politics out of homes like those here described, he so often falls away into Balfourisms, Salisburyisms, and Froudities. As this can hardly be the result of an early surfeit, how would it do to look for the cause in the purblindness induced by too exclusive attention to a small class of facts and circumstances and persons as the proper scope for the exercise of truth?

Such books as Mr. Chauncey Thomas's,† like the better known one by Mr. Bellamy belonging to the same class, depend very largely upon an almost mechanical device for their success with the public. Had Mr. Bellamy written an essay saying that, in his opinion, the time was likely to come in which people would live in such and such ways, and under such and such conditions; or had he produced a treatise showing that it would be well if the world of men should conform themselves to certain

* *Lover or Friend?* By Rosa Nouchette Carey. New York: United States Book Company. Lovell's International Series.

† *The Crystal Eutton; or, Adventures of Paul Prognosis in the Forty-ninth Century.* By Chauncey Thomas. Edited by Geo. Houghton. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

modes of bettering their material conditions, it is improbable that he would have secured much attention. Similarly, if Mr. Thomas had attempted to prove that this earth would be a much more comfortable place to live on if people could travel faster, fly through the air, no longer be harried and worried by poverty, produce their own climates, and so on, no one would care to dispute his thesis, and his book would have dropped still-born from the press. But when Mr. Bellamy projected himself into the future and made a novel of his dreams, saying that they had been already realized, and stringing his notions on a thread of love-story, his book sold at a great rate. There seems to be no good reason why Mr. Thomas's, which is planned on similar lines, should not also sell well—unless because it comes too late before the public. It is pretty nearly as plausible, and in some respects better written, and the story it tells is much superior.

Paul Prognosis, the hero, receives a blow on the head which paralyzes and renders him apparently unconscious for ten years. During this period his inner life is lived in "the city of Tone," the product of a civilization just three thousand years later than our own. It is a wonderful place, as Paul Prognosis sees it, though probably not so wonderful as any great city will be if the world stands so long and continues its present rate of material progress. A new civilization has long been flourishing, as a result of which poverty has been abolished, universal peace reigns, sickness has been nearly got rid of, though death remains; and crime, whenever it crops up, is eliminated by a neat device for preventing its hereditary transmission. The well-known "parliament of man" presides over this and all other matters calling for deliberative and executive ability, and everybody is happy. How could they help it when even poor men's wives live in delightful pyramidal structures, without "areas" to be sure, but still abundantly supplied with what, in these backward days, we call "every convenience"? Paul Prognosis says to the wife of "an employée at the observatory, who had a minimum income, so that his quarters would well represent what could be done with small means in the way of housekeeping":

"'Excuse me,' said Paul, 'but I do not see how you manage with your washing, in the absence of an area. Our back yards were mainly devoted to the duty of clothes-drying.'

"The wife opened a large closet and explained that this was her drying-room, where she had but to hang the wet clothes and admit a powerful current of hot air. The ventilation of all the rooms was evidently perfect, and they were all lighted and

cheerful. Paul was free to confess that his own house was not one whit more comfortable as a home."

All these improvements and many more, for which our reader may consult Mr. Thomas's pages, have been brought about by the combined operation of natural advances in mechanics, sanitation and the like, and the general conversion of mankind to the doctrine of one John Costor, whose symbol is a crystal button, and whose teaching inculcates the one great duty of always speaking the truth. For once we must allow ourselves the luxury of truth, although we antedate by thirty centuries its perfect advent as here described, and say that Mr. Thomas is a most depressing prophet. And for a reason not far to seek. The "truth" of which the "crystal button" is the symbol is wholly material and social. There is in it not only no vestige of spirituality, but not one glimpse of anything worthy to be esteemed the natural beatitude of rational creatures. It is only the pig that is contented when his belly is full and his pen "rustles with sufficient straw." What a comment the whole brood of these forecasting novels unconsciously supply on our Lord's question: "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find, think you, faith on the earth?"

Colonel Johnston's novel* is an exceedingly good one; the best, perhaps, that he has written. It is a tale of life in Georgia sixty years ago, whose somewhat stiff and formal style in its narrative portions seems to have been the effect of an intentional adaptation of its manner to its matter. It is more like a contemporary study than a retrospect. While all the characters are very distinctly drawn and become well known to the reader, the chief success is the figure which gives the book its name. The Widow Guthrie is, so far as our memory goes, not only a quite unique conception, but one which carries with it unmistakable credentials of fidelity. Colonel Johnston guards well the secret of her eccentricities; so well, that although when it is disclosed it fully accounts for them, yet it fails to startle. It was not meant to do so, to be sure; but only the quiet confidence with which the simple story is conducted, and the complete absence of unnecessary touches, cause it to break on the reader as a welcome but mild surprise. The widow has been so natural, despite her unnatural conduct; she diverges by so little from the line which divides general crankiness from particular madness,

* *Widow Guthrie*. A Novel. By Richard Malcolm Johnston. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1890. Illustrated by E. W. Kemble.

that the pity she at last awakens has been latent all along under the irritation and anger she provoked.

Pierre Loti* is the pen-name of a French naval officer, M. Julien Viaud, whose books, even when they do not wholly please—which is pretty nearly always—are never without singular charm and distinction. The present volume is dedicated to the Queen of Roumania, and was written at her suggestion. We take it to be what it claims to be, genuine autobiography, extending from a child's earliest recollections up to fourteen or thereabouts. And the child was a dreamer, a poet, an artist in words by pure virtue of his temperament. It is very delightful reading, this story of an infancy and childhood in a French Protestant home, at the side of an adored mother, but with almost no childish companionship. As usual in this writer's work, the sea and its fascinations play an important part. He describes here, and with what seems to us wonderful vividness, his first sight of it, and even before he speaks in detail of that only other constant passion of his life, his love for his mother. He had been taken by his parents as a very little child to spend the bathing season at a fisherman's cottage at Saintonge :

“I knew that we had come for what was called the sea, but I had not yet seen it; a ridge of sand-hills hid it from me by reason of my being so small, and I was in a state of great impatience to make its acquaintance. So after dinner, as it was growing dusk, I slipped out alone. The sharp, briny air had a smell of something unknown, and a strange sound, low but immense, was audible behind the little humps of sand to which a path led. Everything was fearsome to me—the bit of unknown path, the twilight under a cloudy sky, and the very solitude of this corner of a village. However, strong in one of those sudden resolutions which the most timid creatures sometimes form, I set out with a firm step.

“Then suddenly I stood still, rigid and shivering with terror. In front of me lay something—something dark and sounding, which had risen up on all sides at once and seemed to be without end; a spread of motion which gave me a deadly sense of giddiness. *That was it*, evidently; not an instant of doubt, nor even of surprise at its being like this; no, nothing but awe; I recognized it and trembled. It was of an obscure green, almost black; it looked unstable, treacherous, greedy; it was seething and raving everywhere at once with sinister malignity. Above it stretched the sky in unbroken leaden-gray, like a heavy cloak. Very far, and only very far away, in the unmeasurable depths of the hori-

* *A Child's Romance*. By Pierre Loti. Translated from the French by Mrs. Clara Bell. Authorized edition, New York: W. S. Gottsberger & Co. 1891.

zon there was a rent, a slit between the clouds and the waters, a long vacant rift of dim yellow pallor.

"We remained face to face a moment—I fascinated by the sight. From that very first interview, no doubt, I had an undefinable presentiment that the sea would at length take possession of me, in spite of all my hesitancy, in spite of all the wills which would combine to withhold me. What I felt in its presence was not simple dread, but above all a nameless melancholy, a sense of desolate solitude, desertion and exile. And I turned away, running with my face very much puckered up I should suppose, and my hair tossed by the wind, in the greatest haste to be with my mother again, to throw my arms around her and cling to her; to be comforted for a thousand coming and unutterable woes which had wrung my heart at the sight of those vast green depths."

Nor can we forbear to transcribe this touching and exquisitely expressed page. Pierre Loti—we have said as much before in speaking of his work, but it is inevitable to repeat it—is extraordinarily fortunate in his translator:

"On this first appearance in my book of memories of that thrice-blessed face I would fain, if it were possible, greet it with words made on purpose for her, such as indeed do not exist; words which of themselves should make tears of healing flow, and should have I know not what sweetness of consolation and forgiveness; which should include, too, a persistent hope, unfailing and invincible, of an eternal reunion in Heaven. For, since I have touched on this mystery and this illogical vein in my mind, I will here say, by the way, that my mother is the only living soul from whom I do not feel that death will divide me for ever. With other human beings whom I have loved with all the powers of my heart and soul, I have tried passionately to imagine any kind of hereafter, a morrow somewhere else, a something—I know not what—immaterial and everlasting; but no—nothing—I cannot; I have always had a horrible consciousness of abysmal nothingness, very dust of very dust.

"But with regard to my mother I have preserved my early beliefs almost intact. Still, meseems that when I shall have done with playing my poor little part in this world, have done with seeking the impossible over endless unbeaten tracks, have done with amusing other folks by my fatigues and torments, I shall go to rest somewhere, welcomed by my mother, who will have led the way; and the smile of serene assurance which she now wears will then have become a smile of triumphant knowledge. . . . And my love for my mother, which has been the only unchanging love of my life, is altogether so free from every material tie that it alone is almost enough to give me confidence in one indestructible thing, namely, the soul; and gives me at times a sort of inexplicable forlorn hope."

Charles Reade, in one of his novels, tells of a patient in a lunatic asylum who had invented a contrivance by means of which, he believed, one man might be able to "lobster-crack" another and thus work him incalculable woe. Mr. S. Heydenfeldt, Jr., has written a pamphlet on *The Unison of the Conscious Force*, in which he strongly recalls Mr. Reade's lunatic by explaining that it is possible for one person to "electro-incyst" another, and thus bring him into a state of abject subjection to the will of the "electro-incyster." So far as we are able to judge of Mr. Heydenfeldt's meaning, it is that hypnotism and a great number of other problematical things may be explained on the ground that one brain may be connected with another, or any number of others, by means of "electro-magnetism," the word being used in some queer sense unknown to ordinary physicists. When brains are thus connected, thoughts are borne from one to the other on the wings of a "conscious force" which may be generated by friction or the use of chemicals; and so powerful is this force that "the beard of a man, which contains animal magnetism, can be made to be seen on the face of a beardless man, or on that of a woman, if they are connected by a current of electro-magnetism." In this country, according to the author of this remarkable *brochure*, there are to every ten thousand inhabitants eighteen persons who control all the rest of us through the transmission of the "conscious force" to our brains by means of powerful batteries in their possession. The pamphlet is about the absurdest piece of pseudo-scientific writing that has for a long time been brought to our notice. Its author places equal reliance on the statements of Francis Galton and Madame Blavatsky, and from this fact alone the soundness of his intelligence and the breadth of his knowledge may fairly well be estimated. The pamphlet is addressed "to the medical profession," which possibly may derive from it some new matter of peculiar interest to alienists, though it can hardly be of much service to general practitioners.

The Prig's new booklet* is most amusing. It is in the forecasting vein common to so many of the fictions written within the last three or four years, but, aside from its other differences, it enjoys the unique distinction among them of having conceived a long distant future from which Christianity shall not have been eliminated as a working force. For the rest, it is full of the old, sharp, and yet good-tempered satire to whose pungent

* *Black is White; or, Continuity Continued.* By the author of "The Prigment," "Dulce Domum," etc. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1890.

flavor the Prig has accustomed so many readers. He handles his new conceit of the Re-established and Pre-established churches of England with a deft adroitness, a dividing asunder of the bone and marrow of his victims, which reminds one of the old woman's eels, skinned so cleverly that they "are used to it and don't mind it." The Prime Minister of the future, finding the popular cry for disestablishment growing yearly louder, be-thinks himself of stablishing "that unstable institution by the simple process of re-establishment," and introduces a bill to that effect. His scheme is to incorporate all, or nearly all, the religious bodies of the day, the Methodists, the Unitarians, the Elsmereans (whose patronal feast is the Publication of Robert Elsmere), the Salvation Army, the Esoteric Buddhists, the Baptists, "within the pale of a powerful, benevolent, and highly elastic church." The bill proves immensely popular and is carried, but a section of the clergy of the church-as-it-was refuse to conform to the new regulations, and depart for Edinburgh, Dublin, and elsewhere, to carry on their services in the old fashion, and in such poor and shabby places of worship as their funds will warrant. The cathedrals, parish churches, bishops' palaces, and so on remain, of course, in possession of the Re-established Church. The Prig's old readers do not need to be enlightened as to how well this suggestive parallel to present and past events in England is worked out. The book is extraordinarily clever, and, we suppose, is like enough to be reprinted on this side of the water.

Of the two plotty novels, dealing in mystery and murder, which come to us from Cassell's, the translation* from the French of Madame Gréville is by far the best. Mr. Hudson's, † however, is better than any of his detective stories we have thus far seen. Madame Gréville's mystery seems to us not well preserved. Raymond's suicide explains itself to the reader as soon as it is committed. If she really desired to hide the reason for it, the author should not have put her theories of love in evidence in her earliest pages, nor coupled them with an allusion to Estelle's resemblance to her husband's aunt. In other respects the story is well told.

* *A Mystery*. Translated from the French of Madame Henry Gréville by Anna Dyer Page. New York; Cassell Publishing Co.

† *The Man with a Thumb*. By W. C. Hudson. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

SINCE the beginning of our movement for the diffusion of good literature we have invited expressions of opinion from all available sources, and especially from those competent to decide on the value of practical plans to promote the welfare of the Catholic reading public. Our readers may judge of the success of our efforts, and whether we have followed with sufficient persistency the policy best adapted for the end in view. Many encouraging words have been spoken in conversation concerning the Columbian Reading Union by distinguished representatives of the church in the United States. To no one are we more indebted than to the Right Rev. J. J. Keane, D.D., Rector of the Catholic University. At an early stage of our progress he gave assurance of his deep personal interest in the plans proposed for securing to Catholic authors by the aid of Reading Circles the recognition so justly due to them. Among others at the University who have been in active sympathy with the Columbian Reading Union, we feel it a duty to acknowledge the valuable assistance given by Rev. P. C. Yorke in extending the influence of our book-lists to British Columbia.

* * *

We are deeply grateful to the accomplished Professor of Literature at the University for the favorable estimate of our work kindly given in the following letter:

“I have long been interested in the Columbian Reading Union. It is the brave beginning of a great and good work.

“Now that the market is kept glutted with new books there is danger that the old ones—too often the better ones—will be pushed to the back of the shelves and seen no more.

“It is not very much that any man can read in a life-time, and the question is what to read—a most serious question for the consideration of Catholic youth. Your list is long and varied, and it is constantly increasing. It is wide enough in its range to suit every taste. The Catholic reader has no longer an excuse for a slight knowledge of English literature, and of the *best* English literature. With your aid he may form his taste, and with your judgment to guide him he is not likely to go astray. I wish you all possible success.

“CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

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“*The Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.*”

Various reasons have been urged in defence of the commercial inactivity of publishers who should have their eyes open to discern the prospects of trade. For all who can see a good thing after it is in print, there is an object lesson to be learned in profitable enterprise from the undoubted success of the volume on *Books and Reading*, by Brother Azarias, republished, in great part from THE CATHOLIC WORLD, by the New York Cathedral Library. It has reached a third edition, handsomely bound in cloth, and contains many pages of new matter embodying original studies of Wordsworth, Browning, and Tennyson. These contributions to the critical study of English literature merit the attention of all students. A complete index has been added to facilitate reference.

These additions have given the book a permanent value, and increased the price to seventy-five cents, post-paid. The book can be procured from any bookseller, or from the director of the Cathedral Library, Rev. Joseph H. McMahan, 460 Madison Ave., New York City. We give unusual prominence to this book, already noticed in the two former editions, because it is justly regarded as one of the notable results of our movement to establish Catholic Reading Circles.

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In compliance with our special request the following notice was written by one well qualified to form an impartial judgment:

“The Catholic Educational Union, which has for its object the promotion of education and culture among Catholics, by a prescribed and systematic course of reading, is forwarding its work through the publication of the *Catholic Reading Circle Review*, a monthly magazine published at Youngstown, Ohio, under the direction of Mr. Warren E. Mosher.

“Now that the Reading Circle movement has become general, a periodical is undoubtedly the only efficient means for carrying out its work.

“The editor has, I think, adopted a plan in the management of the *Review* which will make it successful. It contains forty-four pages of reading matter, one-half of which is literary, and the remainder devoted to the department of the Reading Circle, containing a programme of systematic readings, a series of questions and answers on the works contained in it, accounts of local Circles, etc., etc.

“The literary part contains articles of interest by well-known Catholic writers, and this feature is a necessary element for its success. Without original literary contributions it would not attract the attention of the general reader, and would fail in its work.

“In its present form I think the *Catholic Reading Circle Review* worthy of the support and patronage of Catholic readers.

“H. H. W.”

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AN ANALYSIS OF “PALMS.”—A NOVEL BY MRS. A. H. DORSEY.

“Write from memory the description of the Roman villa with which this story opens. From beginning to end of the story locate the geographical points; if possible have a map of the city of Rome, and locate the buildings and streets mentioned. Read descriptions of these structures; make a list of the mythological terms used, and consult a classical dictionary regarding them. Let no word pass the meaning of which you do not understand. Prove from Roman history that ‘A good emperor was too good for his times, and therefore short-lived.’ Select the most striking sentence in chapter i., also in chapter ii. Was Zilla a judicious nurse and instructor? Begin your study of the character of Nemesius, and also of the angelic Claudia. What fine tableau in chapter iii.? Note the contrasts, the lights and shadows of Roman life. Comment on the sufferings and triumphs of the martyrs. Notice the drift of the thoughts in which Nemesius indulges at this stage of the story. What do you foresee regarding Laodice’s part in the drama? What are your thoughts and emotions as you read of the Lady Sabina and her fate? These may be taken as a test of your own spiritual condition. Note the force of the expression, ‘There was still a Pope.’ Was the emperor’s friendship for Nemesius an inconsistency? What sentiment expressed in chapter ix. impresses you most deeply? Was Fabian wise to resolve to circumvent fate? Is it only the blind who need to be guarded against morbid sensitiveness? Note the beauty of the description with which chapter x. opens. What think you of Fabian’s value of time? Comment on Vivian’s insincerity and on the manner in which the knowledge of her blindness comes to Claudia. Note how skilfully Claudia’s changed mental condition is depicted. Comment on the assertion, ‘Loyalty is not a matter of sentiment; it is a principle that is proven by a man’s acts, not his beliefs.’ Comment on the statement, ‘The religious system of a state is the keystone of its safety.’ Also on this: ‘Is it piety or political sagacity that dictates the granting of freedom of conscience in a state?’ What was disappointing to Fabian in the last words of Socrates? Comment on the statement that universal doubt and absolute indifference bring tranquillity to the mind. Is tranquillity peace? Is either of them happiness? Is he ‘who accepts things as he finds them, and worships the gods of his fathers,’ accountable for his errors in belief? What is the difference between being impressed and convinced? Reflect on the sentence, ‘Thou hast tossed away a trifle, yet it will be a mighty tree to outlive centuries.’ Study as portrayed in Claudia the mental attitude of one who learns for the first time the awful lesson of death. Note the admirable

courage of Nemesius in his first visit to the Catacombs, and his high honor in all his dealings with the Holy Father. Is true nobility, think you, ever left in the darkness of an erroneous belief? How full of meaning is the sentence, 'It was no longer a pillar of cloud, but one of fire, that was leading him out of the darkness.' Is there any unreality or inconsistency in the sudden conversion of Nemesius? What has been in all ages the inspiration of art? How does modern art compare with ancient art, even among pagans? Is it justifiable to court martyrdom? What means 'My Achates,' so often used by Fabian in addressing Nemesius? Is any lesson to be learned from the bull-fight and its termination? Note Fabian's interpretation of it. What means the expression, 'artful as Circe'? 'With an heredity of the cruel blood of Egypt, the crafty blood of Greece, and the hot blood of Italy, etc.' (chap. xix.); 'How far may one plead heredity as an excuse for evil disposition?' Write a sketch of St. Lawrence and of the suffering of the martyrs, from memory of what you have read in this book."

The above analysis, prepared at St. Clara's Academy, Sinsinawa, Wis., will be of interest to all who have followed our list of historical novels.

M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- MOODY MOMENTS. Poems by Edward Doyle. New York: Ketcham & Doyle.
 BLACK IS WHITE. By the author of *Dulce Domum*, etc. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.
 THE EMERALD ISLE. A Poem. By the Rev. Patrick O'Brien. Cleveland, O.: A. M. Walsh.
 VISITS TO ST. JOSEPH. By a Spiritual Daughter of St. Teresa. New York: Fr. Pustet.
 INSTRUCTIONS FOR FIRST CONFESSION. By the Rev. F. H. Jaegers. St. Louis: B. Herder.
 IPSE, IPSA; IPSE, IPSA, IPSUM: WHICH? By Richard F. Quigley, LL.B. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.
 SCHEMES. New York: National American Publishing Co.
 THE HOLY FACE. Compiled by the Very Rev. Dean Kinane, P.P. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.
 THE LIFE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. By Francesco Tarducci. Translated from the Italian by Henry F. Brownson. Detroit: H. F. Brownson, Publisher.
 THE BLIND APOSTLE and A HEROINE OF CHARITY. By Kathleen O'Meara. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.
 MARY IN THE EPISTLES. By the Rev. Thomas Livius, C.S.S.R. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.
 ST. JOSEPH. MEDITATIONS FOR MARCH. By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.
 MANUAL OF INDULGENCED PRAYERS. By the Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O.S.F. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.
 LETTERS OF ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI. Edited by the Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.S.S.R. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.
 FRANCISCAN TERTIARY MANUAL. By a Franciscan Capuchin Father. Preface by the Bishop of Salford. The Monastery, Pantosoph, Holywell.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

- MISSION WORK AMONG THE NEGROES AND INDIANS. Baltimore: Foley Bros.

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